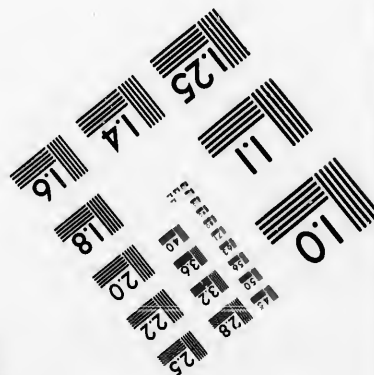
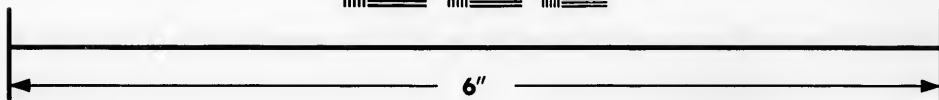
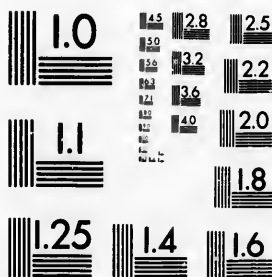


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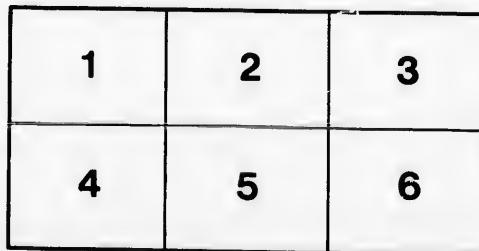
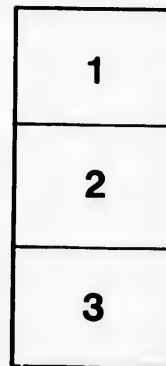
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SONGS

FOR THE

3

WILDERNESS.



“Speaking to **YOURSELVES** in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs.”—Ephes. v. 19.

“Teaching and admonishing **ONE ANOTHER** in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the **LORD**.”—Col. iii. 16.



KINGSTON:

JAMES M. CREIGHTON, PRINTER, COR. KING & BROCK STS.

1855.



P R E F A C E.

THESE "SONGS FOR THE WILDERNESS," (many of which are published it is believed for the first time in Canada,) are presented to the people of God, in the hope that the truths they contain may be the means of strengthening their Faith, and animating their Hope. It has been an object with the compiler to choose such as are expressive of a Christian's simple trust in Jesus, and of his expectations in consequence of his union with the Saviour; thus it is hoped that many, while looking back to the "horrible pit whence they were drawn," and realizing the security of the Rock on which Grace has placed them, will be able to sing with renewed confidence, that Song of Praise, which has been already put into their mouths, and to anticipate that glory in which the exceeding riches of the grace that has already saved them, will be fully known.

Should these hymns be perused by any who are conscious that they have as yet no portion with the Lord's people—no heart in unison with the "Songs of the

Redeemed"—let them be entreated with all earnestness and affection to remember that Jesus is still the open door into the fold of God—that His salvation is freely offered to all—that they are invited, not to toil and labor and wait, but to *believe* His love, to *receive* the reconciliation He has made, and to rest in His finished work—then will their mouth too be filled with praise, and their heart with joy and gladness.

KINGSTON, NOVEMBER, 1855.

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1. THE INVITATION ACCEPTED.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."
—John vi. 37.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O! Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O! Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though toss'd about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
"Fightings within, and fears without,"
O! Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O! Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O! Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love I own,
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O! Lamb of God, I come!

ELLIOTT.

2.

THE WELCOME.

1 John iii. 1, 2.

The wanderer no more will roam,
 The lost one to the fold has come,
 The prodigal is welcom'd home,
 O! Lamb of God, in Thee!

Though clad in rags, by sin defiled,
 The Father hath embrac'd His child,
 And I am pardon'd, reconcil'd,
 O! Lamb of God, in Thee!

It is the Father's joy to bless,
 His love provides for me a dress,
 A robe of spotless righteousness,
 O! Lamb of God, in Thee!

Now shall my famish'd soul be fed,
 A feast of love for me is spread ;
 I feed upon the "children's bread,"
 O! Lamb of God, in Thee!

Yea, in the fulness of His grace,
 He puts me in the children's place,
 Where I may gaze upon his face,
 O! Lamb of God in Thee!

I cannot half His love express,
 Yet, Lord! with joy my lips confess,
 This blessed portion I possess,
 O! Lamb of God, in Thee!

It is *Thy* precious name I bear,
 It is *Thy* spotless robe I wear,
Therefore, the Father's love I share,
 O! Lamb of God, in Thee!

And when I in Thy likeness shine,
 The glory and the praise be Thine,
 That everlasting joy is mine,
 O! Lamb of God, in Thee!

M. J. W.

3. JEHOVAH TSIDKENU.—“THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.”

I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load ;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehoviah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure, to soothe, or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure, and John's simple page ;
But e'en when they pictur'd, the blood sprinkled tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu seem'd nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul ;
Yet thought not that my sins had nail'd to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu—t'was nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die ;
No refuge, no safety in self could I see,
Jehovah Tsikdenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name ;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free,
Jehovah Tsikdenu is all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu ! my treasure and boast,
Jehovah Tsidkenu ! I ne'er can be lost ;
In Thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breast-plate and shield.

Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
 This "watch-word" shall rally my faltering breath;
 For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
 Jehovah Tsikdenu, my death-song shall be.

M'CHEYNE.

4. THE BLOOD OF SPRINKLING.

Heb. xii. 24.

When first to Jesus' cross I came,
 My heart o'erwhelm'd with sin and shame,
 Conscious of guilt and full of fear,
 Yet drawn by love I ventured near,
 And pardon found, and peace with God,
 In Jesus' rich atoning blood.

My sin is gone, my fears are o'er,
 I shun God's presence now no more;
 With child-like faith I seek his face—
 His throne, a theme of boundless grace;
 Sprinkled before the throne of God,
 I see the rich atoning blood.

Before our God our Priest appears—
 Our Advocate the Father hears;
 That blood is e'er before his eyes,
 And day and night for mercy cries:
 It speaks, it ever speaks to God,
 The voice of that atoning blood.

By faith that voice I also hear,
 It answers doubt, it stills each fear :
 Th' accuser strives in vain to move
 The wrath of Him whose name is Love ;
 Each charge against th' elect of God,
 Is silenced by th' atoning blood.

Here I can rest without a fear ;
 By this to God I now draw near,
 By this I triumph over sin,
 For this has made and keeps me clean ;
 And when before the throne of God,
 I'll sing of the atoning blood.

DECK.

5. THE INVITATION ACCEPTED.

—
John. i. 16.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Come unto me and rest ;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast.
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn and sad,
 I found in Him a resting place,
 And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Behold I freely give
 The living water ; thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink and live.

6.

I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 I am this dark world's light,
 Look upon me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright.
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till travelling days are done.

BONAR.

6. LOST, BUT FOUND.

—
 1 *Peter* ii. 25.

I was a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold ;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controll'd.
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home ;
 I did not love my father's voice,
 I lov'd afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His Sheep,
 The Father sought His child ;
 He followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts, waste and wild.

He found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint and lone ;
 He bound me with the bands of love,
 He saved the wandering one.

He spoke in tender love,
 He raised my drooping head ;
 He gently closed my bleeding wounds,
 My fainting soul He fed.
 He washed my filth away,
 He made me clean and fair ;
 He brought me to my home in peace,
 "The long-sought wanderer !

Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole.
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep ;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

BONAR,

7. CHRIST'S ALL-SUFFICIENCY.

Rom. v. 1.

I thought upon my sins and I was sad,
 My soul was troubled sore and filled with pain ;
 But then I thought on Jesus and was glad,
 My heavy grief was turned to joy again,

I thought upon the law, the fiery law,
 Holy, and just, and good in its decree,
 I looked to Jesus and in him I saw
 That law fulfilled, its curse endured for me.

I thought I saw an angry, frowning God,
 Sitting as judge upon the great white throne;
 My soul was overwhelmed,—then Jesus shewed
 His gracious face, and all my dread was gone.

I saw my sad estate, condemned to die;
 Then terror seized my heart and dark despair;
 But then to Calvary I turned my eye,
 I saw the cross, and read forgiveness there.

I saw that I was lost, far gone astray,
 No hope of safe return, there seemed to be;
 But when I heard that Jesus was the way,
 A new and living way prepared for me.

Then in that way, so free, so safe, so sure,
 Sprinkled all o'er with reconciling blood,
 Will I abide, and never wander more,
 Walking along in fellowship with God.

BONAR.

8. NATURE AND GRACE.

1 *Cor.* xv. 10.

All that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,
 My death was all mine own;
 All that I *am* I owe to Thee,
 My gracious God alone.

The evil of my former state
 Was mine, and only mine;
 The good in which I now rejoice
 Is Thine, and only Thine.

The darkness of my former state,
 The bondage—all was mine;
 The light of life in which I walk,
 The liberty is Thine.

Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
 And taught me to believe;
 Then, in believing peace I found,
 And now I live, I live.

All that I am, e'en here on earth,
 All that I hope to be;
 When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
 I owe it Lord to Thee.

BONAR.

9.

I AM A DEBTOR.

—
Luke vii. 42.

When this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When we stand with Christ in glory,
 Looking o'er life's finished story,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call,
 On the rocks and hills to fall;
 When I see them start and shrink,
 On the fiery deluge brink,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
 Dress'd in beauty not my own,
 When I see Thee as Thou art,
 Love Thee with unsinning heart,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
 Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heav'n I hear,
 Loud as thunder to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

Even now as in a glass,
 Darkly, let Thy glory pass,
 Make the promise seem so sweet,
 Make the Spirit's aid so meet,
 Ev'n on earth, Lord, let me know,
 Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,
 Waken'd up from wrath to flee,
 Hidden in the Saviour's side,
 By the Spirit sanctified,
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
 By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walked beneath the cloud,
 Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
 But when fear is at its height,
 Jesus comes and all is light;
 Blessed Jesus! bid me show,
 Doubting Saints how much I owe.

M'CHEYNE.

10. THOUGHTS FOR THE JOURNEY.

Ps. civ. 34.

I journey through a desert, drear and wild,
 Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled,
 Of Him on whom I lean my strength, my stay,
 I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of His love—the root of every grace,
 Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling place,
 The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright
 And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears—
 The tale of love unfolded in those years
 Of sinless suffering and patient grace,
 I love again, and yet again, to trace.

Thoughts of His glory—on the cross I gaze,
 And there behold its sad, yet healing rays;
 Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,
 Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimm'd eye.

Thoughts of His coming—for that joyful day,
 In patient hope I watch, and wait and pray;
 The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,
 Oh! what a sun-rise will that Advent be!

Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
 My thoughts and meditations are so sweet,
 Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
 I can forget the sorrows of the way.

J. M. W.

11. CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

Coloss. i. 19.

I lay my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all and frees us
 From the accursed load;
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains,
 White in his blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
 All fulness dwells in Him;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on his breast recline.
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
 Like fragrance on the breezes
 His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

BONAR.

12. THE CHRISTIAN TRUSTING AND RE-
 JOICING IN GOD.

Rom. viii. 31.

Is God for me? what is it
 That man can do for me?
 Oft as my God I visit,
 All woes give way and flee.
 If God be my salvation,
 My refuge in distress,
 What earthly tribulation
 Can shake my steadfast peace?

The ground of my profession
 Is Jesus and His blood ;
 He gives me the possession
 Of everlasting good.
 In me, and in my doing,
 Is nothing on this earth ;
 What Jesus is bestowing
 Alone is truly worth.

For me there is provided
 A city fair and new ;
 To it I shall be guided—
 Jerusalem the true !
 My portion there is lying,
 A destined Canaan—lot ;
 Though I am dying daily,
 My Canaan withers not.

My heart within me leapeth,
 And cannot down be cast ;
 In sunshine bright it keepeth,
 A never-ending feast.
 The sun which smiling, lights me
 Is Jesus Christ alone ;
 And what to sing invites me,
 Is heaven on earth begun.

13. THE DEBT OF LOVE.

1. *John*, iv. 19.

We love the Lord, because when we
 Had erred and gone astray,
 Thou didst recall our wand'ring souls
 Into the homeward way.

When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
 In sin and sorrow's night,
 Thou did'st send forth a guiding ray
 Of thy benignant light.

Because when we forsook thy ways,
 Nor kept thy holy will,
 Thou wert not an avenging Judge,
 But a gracious Father still.
 Because we have forgot thee, Lord,
 But thou hast not forgot,—
 Because we have forsaken Thee,
 But thou forsakest not.

Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
 With everlasting love ;
 Because thou gav'st Thy Son to die,
 That we might live above ;
 Because when we were heirs of wrath,
 Thou gav'st the hopes of heaven ;
 We love because we much have sinned,
 And much have been forgiven.

14.

RESIGNATION.

Matt. vi. 10.

My God, my Father while I stray
 Far away from my home, on life's rough way,
 Oh! teach me from my heart to say
 "Thy will be done!"

If Thou should'st call me to resign
 What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
 I only yield Thee what was Thine;—
 "Thy will be done!"

Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 My Father, still I strive to say
 "Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with Thine and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say
 "Thy will be done!"

Then when on earth I breath no more,
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done!"

15. LEANING ON JESUS.

Cant. viii. 5.

Oh! Holy Saviour! Friend unseen,
 Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me cling,
 Help us throughout life's changing scene,
 By faith to cling to Thee!

Bless'd with this fellowship Divine,
 Take what Thou wilt, we'll not repine;
 For, as the branches to the vine,
 We only cling to Thee!

Though far from home, fatigued, opprest,
 Here we have found a place of rest;
 As exiles still, yet not unblest
 Because we cling to Thee!

What though the world deceitful prove,
 And earthly friends and hopes remove,
 With patient uncomplaining love,
 Still can we cling to Thee!

Though oft we seem to tread alone,
 Life's dreamy waste with thorns o'ergrown,
 Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone
 Whispers "Still cling to me!"

Though faith and hope are often tried,
 We ask not, need not, ought beside,
 So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
 The souls that cling to Thee!

They fear not Satan, nor the grave,
 They know Thee near, and strong to save,
 With Thee all danger they can brave,
 Because they cling to Thee!

Bless'd is our lot, whate'er befall,
 Who can affright or who appal—
 Since as our strength, our Rock, our all,
 Jesus! we cling to Thee!

ELLIOTT.

16. THE LOWEST PLACE.

2 *Phil.* vi. 7.

Our God and Saviour, from thy birth,
 Thy footsteps to the cross we trace;
 And all along thy path on earth,
 We see Thee take the lowest place.

The world, its bitter hate and scorn,
 Was met by Thee with patient grace;
 Its taunts in meekest silence borne,
 For Thou did'st take the lowest place.

Thus did'st thou pour contempt on pride,
 The pride of Adam's fallen race;
 For Thou did'st all Thy glory hide,
 To take, as man, the lowest place.

And in Thy Church, Thou did'st indeed,
 O! gracious Lord, thyself abase;
 As servant of Thy people's need,
 Stoop down and take the lowest place.

That we might learn Thy lowly mind,
 (So fully hast Thou met our case,)
 And also have the joy to find
 Thy presence in the lowest place.

Yea, from the manger to the cross,
 We see Thee go with steadfast pace;
 Enduring grief, reproach, and loss,
 To suffer in the lowest place.

"A little while," our God, and we,
 In glory shall behold Thy face;
 Teach us till then to take with Thee
 Thy place on earth—the lowest place.

M. J. W.

17. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

Is. lii. 7.

Bride of the Lamb, there is for Thee,
 One only safe retreat,
 Where Jesus is, thy heart should be,
 Thy home at His dear feet.

When Satan tracks thy lonely way,
 There his temptations meet;
 In Jesus' presence watch and pray,
 Yea, conquer at His feet.

Since thou hast much to learn, e'en though
 Thou art in Christ complete,
 In grace and knowledge seek to grow
 By sitting at His feet.

Though tribulation hasten on,
 With Christ the Cross is sweet;
 The "little while" will soon be gone,
 Weep *only* at His feet.

Hath he not wept? Consider Him,
 His mournful cries repeat;
 And though thine eye with grief be dim,
 Still worship at His feet.

Bride of the Lamb, forget the past,
 Prepare thy Lord to greet—
 'Tis thine to share His throne, and cast
 Thy Crown before His feet.

M. J. W.

19. MY TIMES ARE IN THY HANDS.

Psalm.

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

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with cheerful smiles,
 And to wipe the weeping eyes—
 And a heart at leisure from itself
 To soothe and sympathise.

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

Wherever in the world I roam,
 In whatso'er estate,

I have a fellowship of hearts
 To keep and cultivate ;
 And a work of holy love to do,
 For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied ;
 And a mind to blend with outward things,
 Whilst keeping at Thy side ;
 Content to fill some little space,
 So that *Thou* art glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
 In my cup of blessing be,
 I would have my spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to Thee ;
 More careful not to serve Thee much,
 But to please Thee perfectly.

There are trials besetting every path
 That call for patient care,
 There is a cross in every lot
 And an earnest need for prayer,
 But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
 Is happy every where.

In a service that thy love appointed
 There are no bonds for me,
 In my heart is taught the secret truth
 That sets thy children free,
 And a life of self-renouncing love,
 Is a life of liberty.

19. THE POWER AND PRESENCE OF JESUS
BESOUGHT.

Ps. xvii. 5 8.

Jesus lead us by Thy power
Safe into the promised rest;
Choose the path—the way whatever
Seems to Thee, O! Lord! the best;
Be our guide in every peril,
Watch and keep us night and day,
Else our foolish hearts will wander
From the straight and narrow way.

Since in Thee we found redemption,
And salvation full and free,
Nothing can our souls dishearten,
But forgetfulness of Thee;
Naught can stay our steady progress,
More than conquerers we shall be,
If our eye, whate'er the danger,
Look to Thee, and none but Thee.

In Thy presence we are happy;
In Thy presence we're secure;
In Thy presence, all afflictions
We can easily endure;
In Thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer we can die;
Wand'ring from Thee we are feeble
Let thy love, then keep us nigh.

20. NEARNESS TO GOD DESIRED.

Psalms cxlviii. 14.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my songs shall be,
 Nearer my God to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
 Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
 Steps unto heav'n;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy giv'n;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
 Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
 Nearer to Thee!

And when on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky;
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
 Nearer to Thee!

21.

THE BLESSED HOPE.

Titus ii. 13.

My soul amid the stormy world
 Is like some flutter'd dove;
 And fain would be as swift of wing
 To flee to Him I love.

The cords that bound my soul to earth
 Were broken by His hand;
 Before His cross I found myself
 A stranger in the land.

That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep,
 The vinegar, the gall,
 Were Jesu's golden chains of love
 His captive to enthral.

My heart is with Him on the throne
 And ill can brook delay,
 Each moment listening for the voice,
 "Rise up, and come away."

With hope deferr'd oft sick and faint,
 "Why tarries he?" I cry :
 And should He gently chide my haste
 Thus would my heart reply :

"May not an exile, Lord, desire
 His own sweet land to see ?
 May not a captive seek release,—
 A prisoner to be free ?

"A child when far away may long
 For home and kindred dear ;
 And she that waits her absent Lord,
 Must sigh till He appear.

"I would my Lord and Saviour know ;
 That which no measure knows ;
 Would search the mystery of Thy love,
 The depth of all Thy woes.

"I fain would strike my golden harp
 Before the Father's throne ;
 There cast my crown of righteousness,
 And sing what grace hath done.

"Ah! leave me not in this dark world,
 A stranger still to roam ;
 Come, Lord, and take me to Thyself ;
 Come, Jesus, quickly come !"

CHAPMAN.

22.

SOON AND FOR EVER.

1 *Thes.* v. 8, 11.

"Soon and for ever,"
 Such promise our trust
 Tho' ashes to ashes,
 And dust unto dust;
 "Soon and for ever"
 Our union shall be
 Made perfect, our glorious
 Redeemer in Thee!
 When the sins and the sorrows
 Of time shall be o'er,
 Its pangs and its partings
 Remember'd no more;
 When life cannot fail,
 And where death cannot sever,
 Christians with Christ shall be
 "Soon and forever."

"Soon and for ever"—
 The breaking of day
 Shall drive all the night clouds
 Of sorrow away;
 "Soon and for ever"
 We'll see as we're seen,
 And learn the deep meaning
 Of things that have been.
 When fightings without us,
 And fears from within,
 Shall weary no more
 In the warfare with sin;
 Where tears and where fears,
 And where death shall be *never*,
 Christians with Christ shall be
 "Soon and for ever!"

Soon and for ever"
 The work shall be done,
 The warfare accomplish'd,
 The victory won!—
 "Soon and for ever,"
 The soldier lay down
 His sword for a harp,
 And his cross for a crown ;
 Then droop not in sorrow,
 Despond not in fear,
 A glorious to-morrow
 Is brightening and near !
 When blessed reward,
 Of the work of their Saviour,
 Christians with Christ shall be
 "Soon and for ever."

23. "HIMSELF HATH DONE IT."

Is. xxxviii. 15.

"Himself hath done it" all—Oh! how those words
 Should hush to silence every murmuring thought.
 "Himself hath done it,"—he who loves me best,
 He who my soul with his own blood hath bought.

"Himself hath done it."—Can it then be ought
 Than full of wisdom, full of tenderest love ?
 Not *one* unneeded sorrow will He send,
 To teach this wandering heart no more to rove.

"Himself hath done it"—Yes, although severe
 May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,
 'Tis His own hand that holds it, and ' know
 He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.

"Himself hath done it"—Oh ! no arm but His
 Could e'er sustain beneath earth's dreary lot ;
 But while I know He's doing all things well,
 My heart His loving kindness questions not.

"Himself hath done it"—He would have me see
 What broken cisterns human friends *must* prove ;
 That I may turn and quench my burning thirst
 At His own fount of ever-living love.

"Himself hath done it"—then I fain would say—
 "Thy will in all things evermore be done ;"
 E'en though that will remove whom best I love,
 While Jesus lives I cannot be alone.

"Himself hath done it"—precious, precious words ;
 "Himself," my Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Whose faithfulness no variation knows ;
 Who, having loved me, loves me to the end.

And when in His eternal presence blest,
 I at His feet my crown immortal cast ;
 I'll gladly own, with all His ransomed saints,
 "Himself hath done it" all—from first to last.

24. JESUS IS MINE.

S. Song iv. 6.

Pass away earthly joy,
 Jesus is mine !
 Break every mortal tie,
 Jesus is mine !

25. REST FOR THE WEARY.

Matt. xi. 28.

My only Saviour! when I feel,
 O'erwhelmed in spirit, faint, opprest,
 'Tis sweet to tell Thee, while I kneel
 Low at Thy feet—Thou art my rest.

I'm weary of the strife within;
 Strong powers against my soul contest;
 O! let me turn from self and sin,
 To Thy dear cross—there, there is rest!

When with a trembling heart I try
 My state by truth's unerring test,
 If it condemns me, yet I fly,
 To Thee for freedom—Thee for rest.

Oh! sweet will be the welcome day,
 When from her toils and woes released,
 My parting soul with joy shall say,
 "Now Lord! I come to Thee for rest."

HULBERT.

26. THE PILGRIM'S WANTS.

Phil. iv. 19.

I want that adorning Divine,
 Thou only, my God, can'st bestow;
 I want in those beautiful garments to shine,
 Which distinguish Thy household below.

I want every moment to feel
 That Thy Spirit resides in my heart,
 That His power is present to cleanse and to heal,
 And newness of life to impart.

I want, Oh! I want to attain
 Some likeness, my Saviour to Thee!
 That longed-for resemblance once more to regain
 Thy comeliness put upon me!

I want so in Thee to abide,
 As to bring forth some fruit to Thy praise!
 The branch which Thou prunest, tho' feeble and dried,
 May languish, but never decay.

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

I want by my aspect serene,
 By my actions and words to declare,—
 That my treasure is placed in a country unseen,
 That my heart's best affections are there.

I want, as a traveller, to haste
 Straight onward, nor pause on my way—
 Nor forethought, nor anxious contrivance to waste,
 On the tent only pitched for a day.

I want—and this sums up my prayer—
 To glorify Thee till I die;
 Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care—
 And breathe out—in faith my last sigh!

27. LABOR FOR CHRIST.

Gal. vi. 9.

Go labour on! spend and be spent,
 Thy joy to do thy Father's will;
 It is the way the Master went,
 Should not the servant tread it still.

Go labour on! 'tis not for naught,
 All earthly loss is heavenly gain!
 Men heed thee not, men praise thee not;
 The Master praises! What are men?

Go labour on! enough, enough,
 If Jesus praise thee—if He deign
 To notice even the willing mind,
 No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go labour on! while it is day,
 The long dark night is hastening on;
 Speed, speed thy work—up from thy sloth;
 It is not thus that souls are won!

See thousands dying at your side,
 Your brethren, kindred, friends at home;
 See millions perishing afar,
 Haste, brethren, to the rescue come!

Toil on, toil on; thou soon shalt find
 For labour rest, for exile home;
 Soon shall thou hear the Bridegroom's voice
 The midnight peal, "Behold I come."

28. COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Heb. x. 19.

Lord, I am come alone with Thee !
 Thy voice to hear, thy face to see,
 And feel thy presence near ;
 It is not fancy's lovely dream,
 Though wondrous e'en to faith it seem,
 That thou dost wait me here.

A moment from this outward life,
 Its service, self-denial, strife,
 I joyfully retreat ;
 My soul, through intercourse with Thee
 Strengthened, refresh'd and calm'd shall be,
 Its scenes again to meet.

How can it be that one so mean,
 A sinner, selfish, dark, unclean,
 Thus in the holiest stands ?
 And in that light divinely pure,
 Which may no stain of sin endure,
 Lifts up rejoicing hands !

Jesus ! the answer Thou hast given !
 Thy death, Thy life have open'd heaven,
 And all its joys to me ;
 Wash'd in Thy blood—Oh ! wondrous grace,
 I'm holy as the Holy Place
 In which I worship Thee.

How sweet, how solemn thus to lie,
 And feel Jehovah's searching eye
 On me well pleased can rest !

Because with his Beloved Son,
The Father's grace has made me one,
I must be always blest.

The secret pangs I could not tell,
To dearest friend—Thou knowest well,
They claim Thy gracious heart ;
Thou dost remove with tender care,
Or sweetly give me strength to bear
The sanctifying smart.

Thy presence has a wondrous power !
The sharpest thorn becomes a flower,
And breathes a sweet perfume :
Whate'er look'd dark and sad before
With happy light shines silver'd o'er,—
There's no such thing as gloom.

Thou know'st I have a cross to bear ;
The needful stroke Thou dost not spare,
To keep me near Thy side ;
But when I see the chastening rod,
In Thy pierced hand, my Lord, my God!—
I feel so satisfied !

Now, while I tell Thee how, within,
I oft indulge my bosom sin,
How faithless oft I prove ;
No cold repulse, no frown I meet,
But tender, soul-subduing, sweet
Is the rebuke of love.

29. THE SUFFERER CHEERED.

2 *Cor.* xii. 9.

"Say,—shall I take the thorn away"—
 So spake my gracious Lord,—
 "O'er which thy sighs are heav'd by day,
 Thy mighty tears are pour'd?
 Say—shall I give thee rest and ease,
 Make earth's fair prospect rise,
 And bid thy bark, o'er summer seas,
 Float smoothly to the skies?

"Shall peace and plenty's cup swell high,
 Health leap through every vein,
 And all exempt, Thy moment's fly
 From bitter inward pain?
 Be naught to check the inspiring flow
 Of human friendship's tide:
 And every want thy heart can know,
 Be quickly satisfied?

"Know, thine ease-loving heart might miss
 The comfort with the care!
 And that full tide of earthly bliss
 Leave little room for prayer!
 Few were thy visits to the throne,
 Unhasten'd there by pain;
 Thou, o'er thy bosom-sins, alone,
 Would'st small advantage gain!

"Nor dream the highest, holiest joy,
 A stranger still to woe;
 Blest servants in my high employ,
 Most closely link'd they go.

My love illumes with tenderest rays
 The path of self denial ;
 And burning bright the glory's blaze
 That crowns the fiery trial !

"In conscious weakness thou shall hang
 On my almighty arm !
 Soon as the thorn inflicts its pang,
 I'll pour my love's rich balm.
 Thou plainest in thy deepest woe,
 Shall feel me at thy side ;
 And for my praise, to all shalt show
 Thou art well satisfied.

"Then, wilt thou in thy master's cup
 Consent awhile to share ?
 Know, when in love I drank it up,
 No wrath was left thee there!
 Thy Saviour's love and power to bless,
 Trust where thou cans't not see!
 And in your howling wilderness,
 Step fearless forth with me."

" Lord ! magnify Thyself in me !"
 With faltering lips I said ;
 For, strong to bear as faith may be,
 Weak nature quails with dread,
 But he, who, through the shrinking flesh,
 The spirit's will can read,
 Smiled on his work, and bade afresh
 All grace meet all my need.

30. SUBMISSION UNDER CHASTISEMENT.

Mal. iii. 3.

Welcome Thy gentle scourge, thou precious Lord;
 Small are the cords Thy love hath intertwined,
 And light the stroke. I own the just award
 Of strife, when in Thy temple Thou dost find
 Unmeet intruders—traffickers abhorred,
 That grieve Thy loving spirit's gentle mind,
 Making the holy place, where Thou should'st reign
 Alone, a den of earthliness again.

Thou wilt destroy this temple, for within
 A fretting leprosy is on the walls;
 Nor can this plague-spot of indwelling sin
 Be purified until the fabric falls;
 And though, at times, to feel Thy work begin
 Dismays the thinking flesh, yet faith recalls
 The blessed hope, that as Thy word is true,
 Thou wilt return and build it up anew.

Yes, Lord! a body glorious as thine own
 Shall upward from the dusty ruin spring;
 And the unsightly grain, in weakness sown,
 Shalt rise in pow'r, a holy, heav'nly thing;
 When Thou shalt come to sit on David's throne,
 And rule in righteousness as Zion's king,
 With all Thy risen saints. Oh! soon again,
 Lord Jesus, come! take Thy great power and reign!

31. THE VOYAGE OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Matt. xiv. 27.

Toss'd with rough winds, and faint with fear,
 Above the tempest soft and clear,
 What still small accents greet mine ear?
 'Tis I; be not afraid.

'Tis I, who wash'd thy spirit white;
 'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;
 'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light;
 'Tis I, be not afraid.

These raging winds, this surging sea,
 Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
 That storm has all been spent on me:
 'Tis I; be not afraid.

This bitter cup, I drank it first,
 To thee it is no draught accurst;
 The hand that gives it thee is pierc'd:
 'Tis I; be not afraid.

Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
 Mine arms are underneath thy head,
 My blessing is around thee shed:
 'Tis I; be not afraid.

When on the other side thy feet
 Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
 One well-known voice thy heart shall greet
 'Tis I; be not afraid.

32. THE CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGED.

Isaiah xl. 31.

Faint not, Christian! though the road,
 Leading to thy blest abode,
 Darksome be, and dangerous too—
 Christ, thy guide, will bring thee through.

Faint not, Christian! though in rage,
 Satan would thy soul engage;
 Gird on faith's anointed shield,
 Bear it to the battle-field.

Faint not, Christian! though the world,
 Has its hostile flag unfur'd:
 Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
 Thou shalt overcome at last.

Faint not, Christian! though within,
 There's a heart so prone to sin;
 Christ, the Lord, is over all,
 He'll not suffer thee to fall.

Faint not, Christian! though thy God
 Smite thee with the chastening rod;
 Smite He must with Father's care,
 That He may His love declare.

Faint not, Christian! Jesu's near,
 Soon in glory He'll appear;
 And His love will then bestow
 Power over every foe.

Faint not, Christian! look on high,
 See the harpers in the sky;
 Patient wait and thou wilt join—
 Chant with them of love divine.

33. THE MERCY SEAT.

Ex. xxv. 22.

From every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sweet retreat;
 'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads,
 A place than all besides more sweet—
 It is the blood-stain'd Mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
 And friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
 Around our common Mercy-seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
 Or how the host of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat?

There, there, on eagle's wings we soar,
 And time and sense seem all no more,
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

STOWELL.

34. A HOLY WALK ENFORCED.

Col. ii. 6.

And do we hope to be with Him
 Who on the cross resign'd his breath,
 Who died a victim to redeem
 His people from eternal death?

Then should the question oft recur,
 What do we more than others do?
 How do we show that we prefer
 The things above to things below?

Where is the holy walk that suits
 The name and character we bear?
 And where are seen those heavenly fruits
 That show we'er not what once we were?

Allied to Him who bore the cross,
 And call'd the people of the Lord,
 The world to us should seem but loss,
 And worthless all it can afford.

As pilgrims on their journey home,
 'Tis thus His people should be found,
 Who seek a city yet to come,
 And cannot rest on earthly ground.

'Tis thus his people prove their birth,
 'Tis thus they glorify their Lord;
 To others they resign the earth,
 And hasten to their bright reward.

KELLY.

35. THE HOPE OF THE BELIEVER.

Heb. iv. 9.

My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here ;
 Then why should I tremble, when trials are near?
 Be hush'd my sad spirit, the worst that can come,
 But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
 And building my hopes in a region like this ;
 I look for a city which hands have not piled—
 I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow—
 I would not lie down e'en on roses below ;
 I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
 Till I find them for ever on Jesus' loved breast.

Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy,
 One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy ;
 And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,
 Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
 They only make heaven more sweet at the close ;
 Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
 A home with my God will make up for it all.

With a scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
 I march on in haste, through an enemy's land ;
 The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
 And I'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.

36. THE GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

Rev. xix. 7.

Bride of the Lamb, awake! awake!
 Why sleep for sorrow now?
 The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
 A child of glory thou.

Thy spirit through the lonely night,
 From earthly joy apart,
 Hath sigh'd for one that's far away,
 The Bridegroom of thy heart.

But see the night is waning fast,
 The breaking morn is near;
 And Jesus comes with voice of love,
 Thy drooping heart to cheer.

This earth, the scene of all His woe,
 A homeless wild to thee,
 Full soon upon His heavenly throne,
 Its rightful King shall see.

Thou too shalt reign—he will not wear
 His crown of joy alone,
 And Earth his royal Bride shall see
 Beside him on the throne.

Then weep no more, 'tis all thine own,
 His crown, his joy divine,
 And sweeter far than all beside,
 E'en he, himself is thine.

37. THE HOPE OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Heb. x. 37.

“A little while” our Lord shall come,
 And we shall wander here no more;
 He'll take us to our Father's home,
 Where he for us has gone before—
 To dwell with Him, to see His face,
 And sing the glories of His grace.

“A little while”—he'll come again;
 Let us the precious hours redeem;
 Our only grief to give him pain,
 Our joy to serve and follow him,
 Watching and ready may we be,
 As those that long their Lord to see.

“A little while”—'twill soon be past,
 Why should we shun the promised cross?
 O! let us in his footsteps haste,
 Counting for him all else but loss;
 O! how will recompense his smile,
 The sufferings of this “little while.”

“A little while”—come, Saviour, come!
 For Thee thy bride has tarried long;
 Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
 To sing the new eternal song,
 To see Thy glory, and to be
 In every thing conform'd to Thee!

38.

I'M GOING HOME.*Heb. xi. 13.*

I am a stranger here,
 No home, no rest I see,
 Not all earth counts more dear,
 Can wing a sigh from me.
 I'm going home.

Jesus! Thy home is mine,
 And I Thy Father's child,
 With hopes and joys divine,
 The world's a weary wild.
 I'm going home.

Home! Oh! how soft and sweet,
 It thrills upon the heart!
 Home! where the brethren meet,
 And never, never part.
 I'm going home.

Home! where the bridegroom takes
 The purchase of his love;
 Home! where the Father waits
 To welcome her above;
 I'm going home.

And when the world looks cold
 Which did my Lord revile,
 A Lamb within the fold
 I can look up and smile;
 I'm going home.

When its delusive charms,
 Would snare my pilgrim feet,
 I'll fly to Jesu's arms,
 And yet again repeat,
 I'm going home.

And as the desert wild
 The wilderness I see,
 Lord Jesus I confide
 My trembling heart to Thee.
 I'm going home.

While severing every tie
 That holds me from the goal,
 This, this can satisfy
 The craving of the soul;
 I'm going home.

Ah! gently, gently lead,
 Along the painful way,
 Bid every word and deed,
 And every look to say,
 I'm going home.

39.

THE MEETING PLACE.

Isaiah xxxv. 10.

Where the faded flower shall freshen,—
 Freshen never more to fade;
 Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
 Brighten never more to shade;

Where the sun-blaze never scorches ;
 Where the star-beams cease to chill ;
 Where no tempest stirs the echoes
 Of the wood, or wave, or hill :
 Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
 And the moon the joy prolong,
 Where the day light dies in fragrance,
 'Mid the burst of holy song ;
 Brother we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder,
 Where life's vain parade is o'er,
 Where the sleep of sin is broken
 And the dreamer dreams no more ;—
 Where the bond is never sever'd ;—
 Partings, claspings, sob and moan,
 Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
 Heavy noon-tide—all are done.
 Where the child has found its mother,
 Where the mother finds the child,
 Where dear families are gather'd
 That were scatter'd on the wild—
 Brother we shall meet and rest,
 'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where the hidden wound is healed,
 Where the blighted life reblooms,
 Where the smitten heart the freshness
 Of its buoyant youth resumes ;
 Where the love that here we lavish,
 On the withering leaves of time,
 Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
 In an ever spring bright clime ;

Where we find the joy of loving,
 As we never loved before—
 Loving on unchill'd, unhinder'd,
 Loving once and evermore;
 Brother we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where a blasted world shall brighten
 Underneath a bluer sphere,
 And a softer gentler sunshine
 Shed its healing splendor here ;
 When earth's barren vales shall blossom,
 Putting on the robe of green,
 And a purer, fairer Eden
 Be where only wastes have been ;
 Where a king in kingly glory,
 Such as earth has never known,
 Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
 Claim and wear the holy crown ;
 Brother we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest.

40. THE ETERNAL JOY.

1 *Thess.* iv. 17.

For ever with the Lord!
 Amen, so let it be :
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
 A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home to my soul how dear ;
I long to see Thee, and I sigh
Within Thee to appear !

My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the home I love ;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

And though there intervene
Rough roads and stormy skies ;
Faith will not suffer ought to screen,
Thy glory from mine eyes.

There shall all clouds depart,
The wilderness shall cease ;
And sweetly shall each gladd'ned heart
Enjoy eternal peace.

MONTGOMERY, (*altered.*)

FINIS.

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