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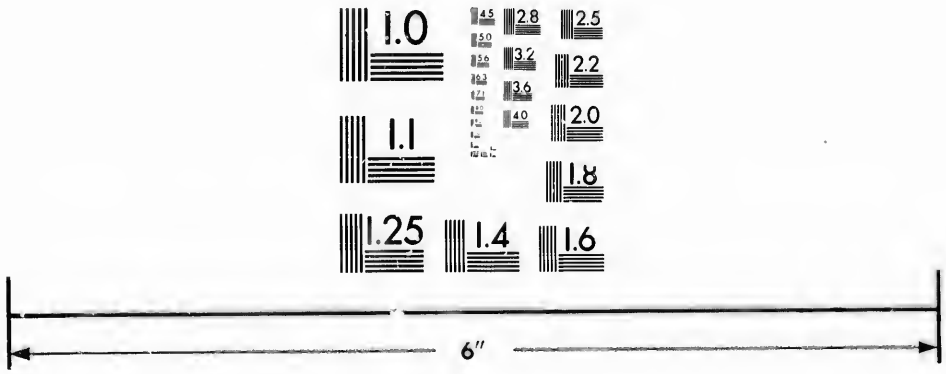

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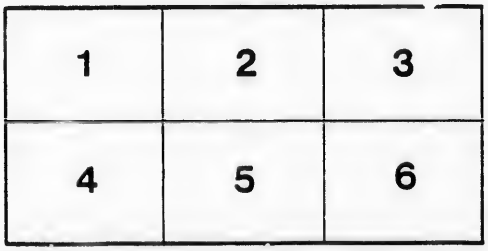

Tomas Howe
St. John
1890

THE

From the Author

HARP.

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1969

THE HARP.

CONTENTS.

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(ORIGINAL.)

PSALMS AND SACRED SONGS.

[*PART FIRST.*]

1 Absent Friends.

THOUGH distance divides us,
Our spirits shall meet
At the foot of the Cross
In communion most sweet,
When we pour out our hearts
To our Saviour above,
And weary and faint
Are refreshed by his love.

How near to each other,
Bowed reverently there,
At the feet of the same
Loving Father in prayer;

With one heart, one devotional
Life, making known
Kindred wants, to the same
Great and bountiful Throne.

How full of consoling,
How glorious, the thought!
He hears us, will answer,
Hath loved us, hath bought;
Will protect us, will bless,
Keep us safely as kings
In his fortress of love
'Neath the shade of his wings.

What is there can harm us,
When God shall defend?
We are weak—yet how mighty!
On him we depend.
Who shall wrest from his love
What he purposed to keep,
When he laid down his life
For the least of his sheep?

O then let us frankly
And freely confide
Every anxious desire
To this Friend fully tried;
Let each trembling emotion
Repose on his love:
We shall bless him on earth,
We shall bless him above.

2 At The Gate.

WITH a burdened heart, I wait
At the beauteous Gospel Gate;
On the holy threshold kneel
Looking for Thy power to heal,
Crying in my agony, ——
Saviour, open unto me.

Nothing in my hand I bring
But a promise of the King—
Richer far than gems or gold,
Having precious wealth untold.

In my hand this treasure see,
Saviour, open unto me.

How this kindness of the Son
Loving kindness has outdone,
Thus to furnish for our need
Promises to intercede,
Sweet assurances, to bring
As an incense to the King.

And this favor came for nought,
Never was this mercy sought;
All unasked it was bestowed
By a reconciling God,
Who with invitations sweet
Calls transgressors to his feet.

Pardoning grace is thine to give,
Grace that makes the dead to live.
Health and healing flow from thee
As a glorious shoreless sea,

And thy words give kindest cheer,
Therefore I am drawing near.

---

3 98 Psalm.

O SING unto God a new song,
Extol HIM——the faithful and strong,

For his right arm hath wonders achieved,
And the sound of his might is believed.

He hath his salvation made known,
And his righteousness openly shown.

He remembers his mercy and truth
To Israel pledged in their youth.

The foes of his chosen are quelled!
Lo the ends of the earth have beheld!

O laud ye his glorious name,
With the harp and the voice of a psalm,

Let cornet and trumpet, accord
A peal of high praise to the Lord.

Let the sea's multitudinous roar
With joyful acclaim shake the shore!

And a triumphant shout mount above
From the world and the peoples thereof,

Clap your hands, ye charmed oceans
and rills,
Be joyful together ye hills,

Before him—he cometh—the Lord!
Just Judge, lo he brings a reward!

Oppression and outrage shall quail,
And equity, only, prevail.

4 Christ the way.

LORD, I should not dare
To lift up my prayer,
If thou wert not mighty
To save from despair.

Hadst thou not bowed thy head,
Had thy blood not been shed,—
If thou hadst not suffered,
And lain with the dead,

All, all were in vain,—
Unbroken the chain
Whose cankering fetter
Should rust and remain.

But, triumphant in might,
Thou art come from the fight,
Leading, bound to thy chariot,
The powers of night.

Thou hast put up thy sword,
O, Ever Adored,
Delighting in mercy
Our God and our Lord.

Having wonders achieved,
Having all things received,
Reign, glorious King!
Be adored and believed.

At thy feet—low I fall,
On thy great name I call,
And crave thy rich mercy,
My Saviour my all.

5 Psalm 133.

O witness! how good and how pleasant
Are brethren in unity bound;
The kindness and love always present,
Spread union and friendship around.

Thus ointment, the fragrant and holy,
In the Desert on Aaron was shed;
To his beard it went dropping & slowly,
And o'er his rich vesture was spread.

It resembles the dew that descended
On Hermon and Zion before:
There Jehovah the blessing commanded
Of gladness and life evermore.

6 123 Psalm.

To THEE my longing looks are given,
O thou whose throne is highest heaven.

As servants come with sadness laden,
As to her mistress looks the maiden,

With doubtful hope and fear before us,
We wait Thy mercy shining o'er us.

Have mercy, Lord, have mercy on us,
The proud contemptuously shun us,

The ones at ease deride our mourning,
And we are filled with griefs and
scorning.

7 Earth and Heaven.

THE earth is filled with varied form,
The trusting heart is fond and warm,
It bodes no ill it dreads no storm,
And will not go to Jesus.

How needs it things of firmer base?
The earth is its abiding place,
It hath the goal, includes the race,
Why should it run to Jesus?

Hark! mutterings gather on the hills,
Heaven's azure face with blackness fills,
Hath hope its shroud and life its ills,
That men should seek to Jesus?

Then, by the gloomy hour dismayed,
Joys rises to cheat, and bloom to fade
And woe unrolls its dismal shade,
And all is dim but Jesus,

With night opprest, with sadness worn,
Who lives to hear the prisoner mourn?
One - the neglected - sold in scorn,-
Compassion dwells with Jesus.

He smiles, and lo! the night is day,
He speaks,-the fetters fall away,
Immortal life pervades the clay,
And praise begins to Jesus.

Cast by thy garments, lingering soul!
And run to him who maketh whole;

Rich grace shall be the staff and stole
Of all who run to Jesus.

7 A Morning Hymn.

THE morning breaks in beauty,
And earth and heaven rejoice:
It is a pleasant duty
To mix my thankful voice
With all the glad creation,
Praising my Maker too,
Thanking him for salvation,
And kindness ever new.

Through the night's gloom and stilness,
Me he has safely kept,
I wake preserved from illness,
In quiet I have slept.

Unconscious were my slumbers,
To lurking ills exposed:
God—who my hairs all numbers—
Watched till those slumbers closed.

How great his daily kindness
To me continued still;

And yet how great my blindness,
  And proneness unto ill!
Lord, my transgressions pardon,
  Revive me with a word:
O leave me ne'er to harden
  My heart against the Lord.

Make me obedient, willing,
  Believing, faithful, just;
All acts of love fulfilling,
  Learning in thee to trust.

Dress me in robes of beauty
  Whose whiteness hath no stains:
Help me in every duty
  Which to my state pertains.

Let trials cares and crosses
  With meekness each be borne,
Till death and shadow passes,
  And all be life and morn.

8 Psalm xcvii.

A PARAPHRASE.

THE Lord! ——
Dejected earth, rejoice with smiles,
Be glad, ye multitudes of isles.
Clouds and darkness round about him,
Blind his foes and all who doubt him.
On righteousness and judgement mixt,
His everlasting Throne is fixt.

He reigns: ——
He only is the Mighty God;
His name how vast, his rule how broad
Shake from earth's doles, its pomps,
its bridals,
The gods of dust, the senseless idols:
Earth! hear thro' all thy dim abodes,
Bow down and worship him, ye gods.

He comes: ——
High heaven his righteousness has felt,
The hills behold their God and melt.
His lightning like a troop assembles,
Roused earth afar beholds & trembles,

His enemies are bound in heaps,
Devouring fire before him leaps.

O King: ——
Zion was glad—she heard the noise,
And Judah's daughter did rejoice.
Thy judgements, Lord, blazing with glory,
Shall live in unforgotten story:
Thou art The Lofty—thou alone;
Over all gods high rules thy Throne.

Behold——
Light for the righteous ones is sown,
Joy for the pure in heart alone.
While fools in sin regardless revel,
O ye that love the Lord, hate evil:
Rejoice ye righteous, sing and bless
Remembering his holiness.

9 Trial.

In sorrow, Lord, to thee I look,
Remembrance searches o'er thy book

With hasty sweep and anxious heed,
For promise suited to my need.

The hour of trial finds me weak,—
A bruised reed about to break,
And smoking flax that scarcely shows
The living spark that hidden glows.

Lord, but 'tis written for my need,
Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Thou wilt not quench the smoking flax
—So kind the covenant mercy makes.

O that I prized this grace aright!
O that each thought with chief delight
Pressed to thy kind inviting arms,
Attracted, Jesus, by thy charms.

10 Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord is my shepherd indeed.
My wants shall be amply supplied;
In green pastures he makes me to feed
And lie down the still waters beside.

He kindly restoreth my soul
From the desert of error and shame;
He leads me—with gentle control,
For the sake of his merciful name.

Tho' I walk thro' the valley of death,
In its shadow my heart shall not fear,
Thou art with me thine arm is beneath,
And thy rod and thy staff always cheer.

For me thou a table hast spread
In the presence and sight of my foes;
With oil thou anointest my head,
And the cup of my joy overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy adored,
Will follow me all of my days;
I shall dwell in the house of the Lord
Forever to love him and praise.

11 Arise.

RISE from the dust, O slothful one!
Now ponder what thy Lord hath done;
Is heaven's high portal opened in vain?
And wilt thou choose the bed of pain,
Where sorrow and eternity
Shall hold companionship with thee?

Alone— for aye———alone, alone,
Where torture pours unceasing moan;
And hope which dries the mourner's tear,
And love which wakes the sleeper's ear,
And joy which language gives the dumb,
Shall never—no! shall never come.

Lo now benignant Mercy waits,
Proclaiming pardon at thy gates,

Crying aloud, O fool, be wise!
Thou lingering, heedless one, arise;
The life—the ransom is prepared,
My right arm for your aid is bared.

12 Hymn.

'NEATH the still, sweetest shade of thy glorious wings,
Hide me and keep me, O Monarch of Kings.
Let my heart as the streams be directed to thee,
Let thy mercy descend as the dew-drops to me.

Let me love thee, O Jesus, and walk in the way
Which leads to Thyself——the perfection of day.

There at last let me bow, with the hosts who adore,
Redeemed from the earth—to taste sorrow no more.

O God of my fathers, O tower of their trust!
My spirit is weakness, my flesh is but dust!
Yet strengthen me, guide me, inspire and control,
Every act of my will, every thought of my soul.

Let the love of thy truth, let the arm of thy power
Encircle me, save me, uphold every hour:
Let thy bounty, the things which are lacking, supply;

For thou hearest the needy and poor
when they cry.

13 Faint, but Pursuing.

SAD—faint is my heart, and oppressive
my load,
And my bosom in woe would
despair;
But upward I'll look to that holy abode,
For sinners prepared, on sinners
bestowed,
I will look —— and betake me to
prayer.

Hell hath laid its deep plots to ensnare
and deceive,
And sharply its legions assail;
But as o'er each advantage I ponder and
grieve,

I hope in my heart, and will try to
believe,
That the arm of the Lord shall prevail.

There's a fountain, pure, precious,
where sinners may lave,
There is raiment which waxeth
not old:
There's a path where no galley hath
broken the wave,
It leads to a kingdom, where riseth no
grave,
And the heart shall no longer be
cold.

14 Prayer.

ADORED be the grace
Which gives us a place
At the feet of our crucified Lord,
Where pardon is given,

And blessing and heaven,—
Unspeakably glorious reward!

Then forget not to pray,
Though the answer delay,
In due season it surely will come;
And God, the most kind one,
Will rescue the blind one
Who would cease—(but yet cannot)—
to roam.

Strength, blessing and grace,
And the smiles of his face,
Are the purchase of Jesus' blood;
And the armor of light,
And the robe clean and white,
To appear in before the great God.

15 When Musing.

WHEN musing in thy light, Eternity,
Such glorious visions compass me around
Of those who walk thy thrice exalted bound,
And know all knowledge pure and blissfully,
That earth becomes a dark and worthless mote
Borne on the spring-time floods: and I behold
The heavenly kings and priests with crowns of gold
Starry and rich. I hear the rapturous note
Of high thanksgiving, which doth aye reflow,

Like the sweet billows of a sea of love
That hath no shore.——
And these once drank of woe
Mingled with gall. But henceforth evermore.
Sinless and griefless their great friend adore,
Their Father God and Sacrifice, above.

16 Trust.

MAY *I* in the Almighty trust?
I who am sinful grovelling dust?
May *I* upon that arm be stayed
Which earth and heaven and all things made?

Yes! 'tis the voice of mercy calls;
Clear and distinct the utterance falls:
Turn while it yet is called to day,

Make God thy portion, strength, and
stay.

Placed in a world of death and snares,
Where perils seize us unawares,—
Temptations, sin and woe abound,
And no security is found:—

Placed where such watchful foes assail,
O, what protection can avail?
None but the hand which built the
spheres
Can guard our ways, or wipe our tears.

Here there is neither rest nor stay;
We change, we fade, we pass away:
The tree, the fruitage, and the bloom,
Alike partake the spacious tomb.

But light breaks o'er the firmament,
A voice from highest Heaven is sent,

It comes in kindness, comes in grace,
To each of all the fallen race:

O feeble, faltering child of dust,
Come make the living God your trust.
God is a helper always near,
A stronghold——safe from every fear.

---

17 Lonely.

LONELY—lonely,—
I am lonely and sad:
The dreams of my heart have perished,
The visions which it cherished,
Visions golden and glad.
Brief—but how beautiful!
Their brightness hath passed away:
Like clouds of eve they faded:
And the night is heavily shaded,
Its shadows have scarce a ray.

Sadness——sadness,—
It presses my nerve and brain;
A weight how sluggish and weary!
Which busy thought may vary—
Must vary—to sustain.
O wasteful Child of earth!
Lift unto Heaven thy love:
There nestle the only pleasures,
The only unfailing treasures:—
That bliss no change shall move.

---

18 Psalm I.

HAPPY the man whose cautious feet are walking,
Not where the godless stray!
Who from the scoffer's seat, the scorner's talking,
Departs alway.

His chief delight is in the law most holy,
God's glorious faultless law.
At morn he meditates, at even lowly,
In night's deep awe.

Lo like a tree by copious rivers planted,
His changeless leaf is green;
Ripe fruits in season, to his boughs are granted,
Crowning the scene.

Not so the ungodly: — As the chaff is driven
By the stern wind away;
So shall he perish from beneath the heaven,
With brief delay.

Sinners shall stand not in the congregation,

Mix'd with the just ones there:
The righteous God will save the righteous nation,
Sin quaffs despair.

---

19 Psalm 3.

LORD, how are my troublers increased,
How many against me arise!
They mock me with hearts that are eased:
No help for him comes from the skies.

But thou, O my God, art my shield.
And the kind lifter up of my head,
The glory around me revealed,
The morn that in bounty is spread.

I cried unto God while I wept,
He heard me away from his hill:

I lay down in quiet—I slept;
I awaked: he supported me still.

Ten thousand encompass me round,
Strong thousands against me array'd;
The tramp of their host shakes the ground,
But ne'er shall my heart be afraid.

Arise! O, thou God of my life,
The word of discomfiture speak,
Take thine arrows and enter the strife:
Thou hast smitten my foes on the cheek!

Salvation belongs unto God,
The arm of his might is confessed;
His haters shall fall by the rod,
On his people his blessing shall rest.

20 Hymn.

My dear Redeemer, dost thou say
I am the truth, the life, the way?
Behold I come alone to Thee,
For thou art all in all to me.

'Gainst thee have my transgressions been,
Thou art the refuge from my sin;
Cleanse me according to thy word,
And love me freely, gracious Lord,

I have no other Friend to love,
No other Advocate above:
Lord, thine I am, and thine would be,
No other tasted death for me.

O then, a willing mind impart,
Write thy commandments in my heart;

All stubborness and sin remove,
And make me peaceful in thy love.

O leave me never more to stray
In the broad road and crooked way;
But hide me underneath thy wings,
My Lord, my hope, O King of Kings.

21 Do Good for Evil.

Ah, why should hatred stir up hate?
And wrong provoke envenomed wrong?
Retaliation, watching late,
O'erthrows itself—in evil strong.

Do good for ill, do good to all:
This heavenly mandate if obeyed,
Would from each cup extract the gall,
And strip the earth of half its shade.

22 Fining.

HE shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.—— *Malachi.*

IN the fiercest fire of fining,
While with scoria combining,
Faintly yet the ore is shining,

Hidden oft, or evanescent,
Dimly seen or vaguely crescent,
Changing, trembling in the present.

But a careful eye o'erlooketh
While the fearful furnace smoketh,
Aids the flame——but never mocketh.

Soon the precious ingot, purely
Purified, and brightened surely,
Quits the fire that tries it sorely.

To the soul where grace is shining,
Love with faithfulness combining:
What is earth? This fire of fining.

Hotly round Christ's loved it blazes,
Draws the soul from earthly mazes,
Fits it for eternal praises.

For a burst of admiration
In the City of Salvation,
Boundless, endless in duration.

Bear up then, o'erburdened spirit!
Trust thy Saviour's word and merit,
Endless joy thou shalt inherit.

Hotly though the furnace smoketh,
Christ is with thee--and not mocketh,
With a tender heart he looketh.

He alone is good and loving,
Moves thee with his holy moving,
Fits thee for his last approving.

Whom he loves that love must chasten,
Till the heart from earth unfasten;
Till those weaned affections hasten

To the Lamb who bought us dearly,
Of his own good pleasure merely,
And will show us this more clearly.

Happy soul, whom Christ is training!
Whom his right hand is sustaining,
And will lift where he is reigning.

23 Works of God.

LORD—Glorious One! where'er I look,
Marks of thy hand I see,
Written in a most golden book,
For ever new to me.
The wave that breaks upon the shore
Tells of thy power for evermore;
And even the smallest mote it bears,
Brings light and glory unawares.

Great in the loftiest of thy ways,
Great in the least of all;
Each world repeats perpetual praise,
Each atom e'er so small.
Amazing wisdom, matchless skill!
Moving and operating still.
There are no, v onders, Lord, but thine,
No other rays of glory shine.

24 Ride Forth and Conquer.

RIDE forth and conquer, victorious Lord!
Unsheathe the bright sword of thy glorious word,
And sever the bands which are binding in night
The nations that know not thy marvellous light.

Lo! the mouldering gods of the pagan shall shake,
Lo! the kingdom of night to its centre shall quake;
Their chains shall fall off, and thy people be free,
To the desolate bounds of the uttermost sea.

O! arm of the Lord which wast glorious
of old,
When Egypt relinquished the flock of
thy fold,
When thou leddest them forth through
the desert and sea,——
Wake, O! arm of the Lord, and thy
sons shall be free.

---

25 Hope in God

HOPE, hope and the thickest shadow
Will pass—pass like the night away;
Like a vision of cloud from July's
meadow,
Like the mantle of snow in April's
day.

Give not thy heart for a fountain of sor-
row,

Nor thy cheek to be channelled by
brooks of woe:
Not of the past nor the future, borrow
A fardel of ill or a tomb-like show.

Not for these things was being given,
Not for such things is grace bestowed;
An angel is near thee——an angel of
heaven,
To strengthen thy heart and to bear
thy load.

Hope, for the Father of Mercies hath
offered
His love in the gloomiest hour to thee:
There is life—life in the blessing
proffered,
And the golden links of eternity.

26 He Careth.

Casting your care upon HIM, for
HE careth for you.

"CASTING your care upon him:"—
Even so,
The inviting words are writ in marks
of light:
"He careth for you," cometh to our
woe
Like a dear face, and gladness in the
night,
Earth oft is dark,
Storms toss our bark:
But these sweet voices walk the wrath-
ful waves in white.

How weak is our self-help! how little
serves
The unceasing care that preys upon
our powers;

Although it for a brief sad moment nerves
To stem the tumult while the tempest lours.
The wearied breast
Sighs oft for rest,
For balmy isles of green, fair trees and opening flowers.

"Casting your care upon him." These sweet words,
Like a rich Eden just before us rise,
Wooing with quiet— such as Heaven affords:———
A couch of kindness, at our feet it lies.
Where the great load
That pressed our road
Is laid, and heart is eased of tears and swelling sighs.

27 Land of Glory.

THERE is a Land of Beauty,
In glory hid away,
Where the weary are at rest evermore.
There the ransomed ones are singing,
They sweetly singing say,———
The sorrows of a toilful world are o'er.
They strike their harps of gold
With ecstasy untold,
Brightly glowing in the everlasting day:
And the memories of their journey,
Into golden joys unfold,
As they talk of their trials by the way.

Say whence have ye journeyed?
We are from the Vale of Tears,

That low and dangerous valley walled
with gloom.
With light there mingled shadow,
Through all the heavy years,
But we left it at the entrance of the
tomb.
O yes! we left the gloom
At the passage of the tomb,
And dwell in dazzling splendour ever-
more.
In the mansions of our Father
We have found abundant room
And gladness — even an overwhelming
store.

How entered ye this glory?
It was Jesus brought us here.
He loved ns with an everlasting love.

To accomplish our redemption,
In that world he did appear,
Having bowed the very highest heaven above.
He bore extremest loss———
Even loved the cruel cross,
To ransom us from thraldom we were in;
Encircled us with favour,
And refined us from our dross;
Gave holiness, and took Himself our sin.

He raised us, and we marvel.
O was ever grace so great!
And what could loving kindness have done more?
We are his for ever lasting,
Heirs of his vast estate;

And joyfully we serve him and adore.
We bless him for his word,
The sure promise of the Lord,
Which is mightier than sin, and death and hell.
We bless him for the earth,
Which with heavenly things was stored.
We love him—for he first loved us so well. ———

Come, Brothers, now be joyful,
Though we're in the Vale of Tears
This low and dangerous valley walled with gloom.
With light there mingles shadow,
Through all the heavy years;
We shall leave it at the entrance of the Tomb.

Yes! we shall leave the gloom
At the passage of the tomb,
And dwell in radiant glory evermore.
And the rod which kindly chastened us,
Like Aaron's rod will bloom,
Laid up before our Father on that shore.

There is boundless joy before us,
There is safety even here,
For the Lord our faithful Keeper slumbers not.
Then press on through light and shadow,
Until we at last appear
Midst the countless ones his precious blood has bought.
Safe is his gracious word,

Salvation's of the Lord.
For he alone has vanquished death and
hell;
And life to us, and honour
To his Father's law restored;
And he will raise us up with him to
dwell.

---

28 Saviour.

SAVIOUR, let my dwelling be
In the hidden place with thee.
Day by day, while time is welling,
Saviour make my constant dwelling
In the secret place of wonders,
Hid from wrath's terrific thunders;
Underneath the peacefnl shadow
Of thy glorious, glorious wings,
Where the joyful spirit sings
Sweet as bird in leafy meadow.

Saviour let my resting be,
As a bidden guest with thee.
At the gospel feast reclining,
Where thy gentle face is shining;
On thy loving bosom leaning,
Catch thy looks of tender meaning,
Melting oft and re-assuring:
Full of wondrous, wondrous things.
Lifted thus on morning's wings,
To a radiant world enduring.

29 Invitation.

In the glorious Revelation,
Gracious is the invitation,
To the Fountain of salvation.

Golden love, in love displaying,
Lo, the Gracious One is saying,
Sinner, come! no more delaying.

Foolish heart! what is it keeps thee?
Hasten ere the tide wave sweeps thee,
Where despairing anguish steeps thee.

Come—in willingness and quickness;
Come—in guiltiness and weakness;
Come–for pardon, grace, and meekness.

Let no hindrance, sin, or trouble;
Mountain dark, or glittering bubble,
Hinder a devotion noble.

Haste, the feast is worth the tasting;
Haste, the day is quickly wasting,
Death and judgement both are hasting.

30 Good News.

LISTEN, my heart, to the sweet invitation
Thy Saviour hath left in the book of his love;
Come freely O sinner, inherit salvation;
I will hear thee on earth and receive thee above,
I will pardon on earth and will crown thee above.

Look up, my eyes, to the purchased possession,
The glory thy Saviour has bought with his blood:
How costly the purchase; how great the salvation;

How vast is the distance he brings
us to God!
We have wandered what lengths! yet
he calls us to God.

31 "The Way Of Transgressors is Hard."

THERE is a cloud of awful gloom,
Scaled like the cold unknowing tomb;
No light on its thick folds shall fling
Radiance and gorgeous coloring,
Such as throbs o'er a summer heaven
Where heavy clouds repose at even,
Rent by a thousand bursts of light,
And verged with snows of lustrous
white.

But, like a midnight moonless shroud,
Abides this cold usurping cloud,
While yet the awful thunder sleeps,
Impendent, round the vengeful steeps
Of treacherous black and slippery sin.
O, child of death! what canst thou win?
Stumbling upon the gloomy hills,
Through ills which ope to mightier ills.

The cloud of thy transgressions, bound
In blackness to the heavens around,
Rejects the holy light above,———
The light of God, the light of love.
Thy pathway,—whither does it lead?
And who shall aid thee in thy need,
When blacker gulfs, terrific, roll
Endless confusion on thy soul?

Now there is One can blot the shade

From the barr'd heavens, which sin
has made;
And pour upon thy thickest night
The marvel of surpassing light;
And on the mirkest shade above
Outstretch the rainbow of his love;
Thy alienated spirit bring,
With thoughts that mount, and lips
that sing.

O Traveller! on a dangerous road,
Arise and call upon thy God.
The phantoms which allure are vain:
Thy labor is the scoff of pain:
Thy light——a dream that haunts the
blind,
Thy hope—a cloud borne by the wind;
Thy joy—a flower on torrents crest;
Thy soul—a wing that can not rest.

Arise!—the Everlasting make
Thy muniment which shall not shake.
God's mercies are a boundless sea,
His arms of mercy wait for thee.
Arise, what hast thou here to choose?
What is there here thou wilt not lose?
Awake, awake, O deathless mind;
With Jesus thou shalt all things find.

32 He Hears.

FAIL not to pray. 'Tis God invites
The poor and needy to his feet;
And, while his rod in anger smites,
He hears us from the mercy seat.
Is there a thought can be more sweet,
Than the dear thought, that God will hear?
That pardoning love our souls will meet,
And Jesus as our friend appear?

Hail, glorious Advocate above!
Whose condescension brings us life;
Whose pity opes the gate of love;
Whose arm victorious ends the strife.
Long as the journeying days arrive,
Thy condescension will be sung;
Those left to perish will revive,
The dumb and stammerer find a tongue.

---

33 Beyond.

Is there aught to cheer us
In this vale of sorrow?
Is there aught to cheer us,
Aught beyond to-morrow?

Wake, O sleeping lyre!
Wake in anthems glorious,
Sing, with heavenly fire,
Sing the Lamb victorious!

Yes, a crown most dazzling,
Those who seek shall gain it;
Yes, a robe of beauty,
Not a sin shall stain it.

Far beyond this ocean
Lies the Land of pleasure,—
Far beyond this ocean—
There lay up your treasure.

Time is ever gliding,
Ought it not be dearer?
Towards the goal we are sliding
Every moment nearer,

Here the sweetest flower
Knows but short endurance,
Fading in an hour,—
Say, is this assurance?

O lay up your treasure
Where can come no sorrow,
And joy beyond all measure
Shall be yours to-morrow.

Is not life worth living,
Though all ills come o'er us;
Gall not worth receiving,
With a crown before us?

34 A Voice.

AFFLICTION and darkness my footsteps surround,
As I wander in fear on an enemy's ground,
Where the evening wolf prowls, where the winds wildly beat;
But I hear midst the tumult, a Voice very sweet.

Pleasure tempts but to vanquish, it
wins to destroy;
A moment's possession, to gall turns
its joy:
Like the soft breath it comes, — like
the tempest shall fleet,—
But no! 'tis not thus with this Voice
very sweet.

Where the boldest shall quail, where
the strongest shall fall,
In a wild of dismay, I have heard this
Voice call:
When the friends of my heart ——be-
come foes——made me flee,
They were "sins of my heels:"— It
said, Come unto Me!

Though mournful and doleful the des-
ert I go,

Where the foes of my life have heaped
chains on my woe,
Though the earth prove a furnace,
destruction a sea,
I know that sweet Voice, which saith,
Come unto Me.

Deliv'rer go with me, thy face make to
shine,
Achieve,—for O Captain, the glory is
thine;
Not the race to the swift, not the field
to the strong.
But through Thee we shall triumph,
aud join the saved throng.

Redeemer, O stooping one, cause me
to greet
Thy Voice very often, thy Voice passing
sweet;

Reveal thy rich love, let thy name be
my song,
And my portion at last with thy blood-
ransomed throng.

---

35 Father in Heaven.

FATHER in Heaven! the only good and
wise,
To thee from earth's uncertainty
and trial,
A wayward helpless child, I lift my
eyes,
And cry with zeal that can not
brook denial,
Grant me thy sure—thy covenanted—
love,
Which will exalt me to thy courts
above.

Here brood thick night dejection and dismay,
Sorrow and sighing and affliction sore;
While in thy presence dwells eternal day,
And care and sin and death afflict no more,
Nor doubts perplex, nor fiery darts—concealed—
Startlingly fall from faith's uplifted shield.

O! I entreat thee, let me evermore
Dwell in the secret place of the Most High,
Beneath the Cross which my Redeemer bore,
Under the watch of thine unsleeping eye;

Low at thy feet I cast my soul my care,
For there is safety no where else but
there.

Lord, I have given my worthless self
to thee,
To thee the Saviour of both body
and soul,
To thee for time and for eternity;——
Each thought, each motion, of thy
grace control,
Enrich and guard me by thy power divine,
And make me ever and completely
thine.

35 In Temptation.

REDEEMER, shield me, sin allures,
Satan's mischievous scheme matures:
My foes are strong, my will is weak,
Thy watchful pitying care I seek.

Oft from the path I ought to tread,
My faltering foolish heart is led,
Knowing, but failing to obey
The unerring word that points the way.

O now incline my heart aright,
And arm thy servant for the fight;
So shall I strive, and overcome,
And hear at last the welcome home.

39 A Psalm.

DEAR Saviour, could my heart rely
With humble confidence and joy,

On that almighty arm of thine,
What treasures of delight 'were mine!
From morning's flush to evening's close
How sweet the blessing and repose.
To thee my thoughts look up and flee,
My hope and refuge are in thee;
Effectual aid proceeds from thee.

How vain all other good besides;
How brief with each the day abides:
A span of life, an hour or so,
Is our allotment here below.
How lightly prized, how quickly gone,
And death and judgement knock anon.
Then who in such extremity
Can give effectual aid but thee?
Can be a refuge, Lord, but thee?

To thee my thoughts arise and run,
Thou art my hope, my life my sun.

Though unbelief with hostile hand
Oft and again my steps withstand;
Though inbred evil to me cling,
And fears appal; yet will I sing,
Salvation cometh from the Lord,
And strong is his delivering word:
My expectation grasps his word.

The heavenly light that I have seen
Has photographed thy word within:
Though fears and sin and hell assail,
The promise lives and must prevail.
Eternal truth, unchanging love,
Which fear nor sin nor hell can move,
Comprise my hope my life my trust,
And exaltation from the dust:
'Tis these that lift us from the dust.

38 The Source.

As from the golden orb of day
Each planet fills its horn;
So the small dew-drop drinks the ray,
And sparkles in the morn.

'Tis thus the high archangels shine
In their Creator's light;
And man from the same fount divine
Must drink, or be in night.

39 Emmanuel.

When dangers assail me, when troubles oppress,
Let me think of the Saviour, to him let me flee:

O Lord, be my refuge in every distress,
Let me find all redemption and pleasures in thee.
Be my righteousness, Lord;
Let thy life-giving word
Speak peace and salvation and pardon to me.

Attract me, and lead to the foot of thy cross,
A sinner all helpless, completely undone:
Whate'er was my gain, let me count but my loss,
For all things are gained when the Saviour is won,
May I come unto thee,——
To Emmanuel flee,
And find him Emmanuel ever to me.

Though pining in bondage, Lord, able thou art
To break the strong bands: 'tis the year of release,
May the trump of thy gospel bring joy to my heart,
The trumpet of zion, the message of peace.
Its glorious voice
Bids the captive rejoice:
Its sweet sounds are freedom, abundance and ease.

---

40 O Shepherd.

O SHEPHERD, the faithful and kind,
Thy sheep wanders foolish and blind,
Where the shadowy mountains affright
And threat'ning and bleak is the night.

O save from the blast and the cloud,
Where the storm of the mountain is
loud
And darkness and solitude meet,
And the driving rain mingles with sleet.

Where the ravening wolf is abroad,
And the spoiler that feareth not God;
And chasms, unnoticed and deep,
Midst crags of the precepice sleep.

O seek me Good Shepherd, and win
Thy lost sheep from mountains of sin.
From the wilderness, desert and bare,
Conduct to the flocks of thy care:

To the waters that quiet and sweet
Meander the plains at thy feet;
Where the fields are eternally green
And the sun all unclouded is seen.

In blossoming meads to repose,
Where the bland air revivingly flows;
And the quiet wave, soothing and
sweet,
Spreads beauty and life at thy feet.

Kind Shepherd, to roam not again
On the desolate mountains of sin:
But guarded by faithfulness there,
Ever feed with the flock of thy care.

---

41 Changing.

THE world is changing:— on its brow
Is writ the chilling word—decay.
All, all it yields of sweetness now,
With all its power, must pass away.

O Lord, how cheering is the trust,
While time's dim scenes flit rapidly

And faltering life assumes the dust, —
To live forever blest with Thee.

This strengthening hope o'ercomes the pain,
And frequent sorrows of the heart;
Teaches the bosom to sustain,
And wait the moment to depart.

Cold, cold and rayless is the tomb,
Without one cheering soothing sense,
Until thy glory pierce the gloom:
Great Conquerer, thou hast risen thence.

---

42 Whisper.

WHISPER that whisper
Of love to my heart,

Which sweetly will linger
When earth shall depart.
When the things of this life
Seem but weeds on that River
Which rolls its dark floods
To the mighty Forever.

Whisper that whisper
Of peace to my soul,
Which the world cannot give,
Which it cannot control.
That peace that will last,
Till on life's troubled sorrow,
Ariseth the light
Of a radiant to-morrow.

Whisper that whisper
Of pardon, my God,
The purchase of tears,
And the purchase of blood.

A trust which will lift
To the realms of the glorious!
Where the trembling ones sing,
Where the weak are victorious

---

43 Turn Ye.

HOLY voice of dying love;
Hear it whisper, softly whisper:
Gentle voice of deathless love,
Hear it softly, sweetly whisper:
Take the gift thy God doth give;
Turn, lost sinner! turn and live.

Is there aught in earth to stay thee?
Fading, dying—changing, wasting.
What is there in earth to stay thee,
Thorny, treacherous, gloomy, wasting?

To a Land of endless day,
Come, lost sinner, come away.

Unto you, O men, I call,
  Lo, the Ransom, perfect ransom,
From the blood-stained cross I call
  Now accept, embrace the ransom.
More could heavenly love have done
Sinners to your Saviour run.

Lord, what is there here to keep us?
  Nothing, nothing but our blindness,
There is nothing here to keep us
  But our folly, deafness, blindness.
Let thy voice reach every heart,
All will then from sin depart.

44 Rock of Thy People.

Rock of thy people, O Holy and High,
To the saving strong hold, of thy mercy I fly;
Thou wast offered, my Saviour, then why should I die?
Jesus, O Jesus, my all.

Atoner, I bring not an offering to thee,
I only would plead what thou borest for me,
I only would crave that thy face I may see:
Jesus, O Jesus, my all.

Forgetful neglectful, unworthy and vile,
I pray for thy pardon, I plead for thy smile,

That thy Spirit may change me, thy
thy blood reconcile;
Jesus, O Jesus, my all.

By phantoms allured, by pleasures betrayed,
Too long have my steps in this fallen world strayed;
Now low at thy feet be my wanderings laid,
Jesus, O Jesus, my all.

---

45 Christ the Lord.

From thy burden and thy sorrow,
Plans and doubtings of the morrow:
In thy hoping and thy fearing,
When before the Throne appearing:
Look, O helpless, feeble, faltering,

To the strong and the unaltering,
Christ the Lord.

Jacob's Fear, and Israel's Keeper,
Sleepless watching o'er the sleeper;
Fainting not, nor ever weary;
Changeless——no! he cannot vary,
He to whom the world is pointed,
To salvation's work anointed,——
Christ the Lord.

To the thousands of Manasseh,
Gentle is his yoke and easy;
Plain the way, and nought the burden,
To the feet made light with pardon:
Thousands praise him at the fountains,
On salvation's glorious mountains:——
Christ the Lord.

Here, though weeping--born to sorrow,
Life awakes beyond to-morrow,
Without sighing, without mourning,
With no night to quench its morning;
But eternal bliss and blessing
Purchased for a long possessing.——
Christ the Lord.

Earth is moving, moments wasting;
Softly, solemn things are hasting;—
Stealthily as shades of Even
Slowly creeping over heaven,
Surely and inevitable:———
Flee my soul, to Him that's able,
Christ the Lord.

With each burden, every sorrow;
With my doubtings, with my morrow;
With my hoping and my fearing
When before the Throne appearing;

I will look, all feeble, faltering,
To the kind and the unaltering,
Christ the Lord.

46 Psalm viii.

How excellent, Lord! is thy glorious name,
How wide through the earth has extended thy fame.
Thy glory is bursting, with marvellous light,
From the loftiest heaven, to the earth's nether night.

From the feeble and weak, yea, the suckling at length,

Lo thou hast ordained wondrous treasures of strength;
That thy foemen might halt on the mountains of ill,
And the deadly avenger desist and be still.

When I think of yon heaven, the work of thy hands,
With its infinite hosts which obey thy commands;
Oh, what are the wandering children of clay,
That thou shouldest so tenderly love them alway?

Somewhat lower than angels, at first man was made,
Thou hast crowned him with glory that never can fade:

With honor the chiefest in heaven must
own,
And placed him at length side by side
on thy throne.

Thou hast given him dominion and
wide-spreading care,
O'er thy beasts of the field, o'er thy
fowls of the air;
O'er thy hills, o'er thy valleys that ver-
dantly sleep,
O'er thy fish, o'er thy monsters that
sport in the deep.

Air earth sea, with their treasures, are
placed 'neath his feet,
Dominion how vast! loving kindness
how sweet!
How excellent, Lord! is thy glorious
name;

How wide through the earth has re-
sounded thy fame.

---

47 Midnight.

'Tis midnight —and the darkness
Mingles with wind and rain,
For the fury of the tempest
Smiteth the hill and plain:
The spent brooks rouse with thunder,
And thunder answers again,

Winds roar, and lightning flashes;
And clouds, by blast swift ridden,
Gather for rout and riot,
As guests to a wild feast bidden:
Quiet has fled the earth,
And day's glad face is hidden.

Yet, with the coming future,
Gladness will come again;
Nature will smile with beauty,
Brighter for all the rain:
And scarcely will remembrance
One painful jot retain.

Tis midnight, and life's darkness
Gathers with wind and rain!
Affliction as a tempest
O'erwhelms both hill and plain:
Woe at the heart stands knocking
Over and over again.

Often, and oh how often,
We watch for the rain to cease;
For the rumble of the thunder
And the torrents to decrease;

For the tempest voice to falter,
And the morn to usher peace.

It tarries, oh it tarries:
But to hope it rises dim,
Though midnight's gloomy figure
Stalketh terribly grim:
And heart in the mirky shadow
Chaunteth a mournful hymn.

Yes, gladness comes and Heaven,
Sweeter for all earth's pain:
It comes with shout and triumph,
Brighter from night and rain:
And never shall remembrance
One painful jot retain.

Soon, from the pilgrim weepers,
'Tis God who wipes the tears;
Healeth each chronic sorrow;

Forever allays all fears:
And takes us in his bosom
For all succeeding years.

There is bliss enough in heaven
To make a life's ills sweet:
It is indeed our Father
Sits on the mercy seat:
To him we take our failings
And hearts that sadly beat.

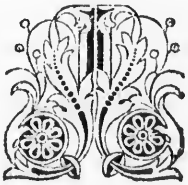
48 Hymn.

O Lord, from my sin and my pain,
I look to thy temple again:
I press, to thy merciful throne,
Bringing with me my great need alone.

My faint supplication attend;
Thy tender ear graciously bend:
No other can succour and free;
I have none in high heaven but Thee.

O give me repentance and faith;
Redeem from destruction and death,
From the snare of the fowler, and gin
Which the hunter has baited with sin.

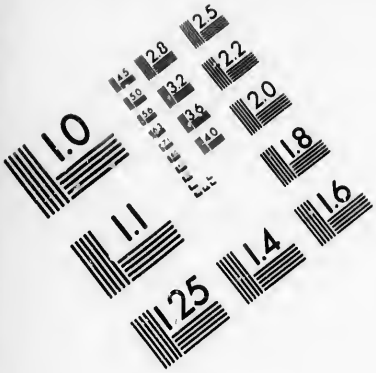
Thy gracious assistance impart;
Write the law of thy love in my heart,
Give the gold, the tried gold which thou hast,
And cancel the sins of the past.



49 Discover.

Discover now, my gracious God,
Thy hands and side once pierced for me,
And let thy pardon-speaking blood
Set me from sin forever free:
Lord, make me thine, to worship thee
Ever, in spirit and in truth.
Let me thy saving glory see,
And drink thy love in endless youth.

There, where no sorrow more shall
come,
Nor sin again invade my breast,
Within the mansion and the home
Of promised bliss, of purchased rest.
How poor without thy love possessed;
For thou alone canst make me free:
Lord, let me ever love thee best,
For I have none in heaven but thee.



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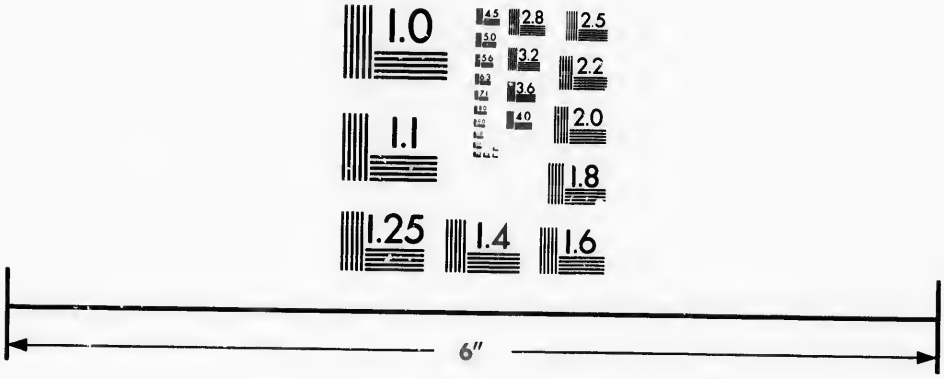

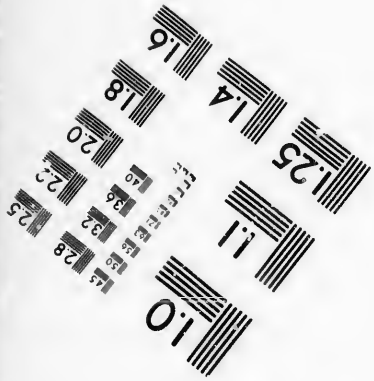

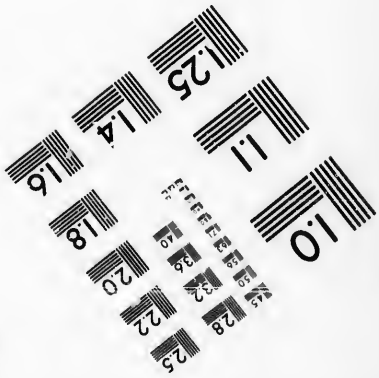

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50 At Carmel.

"GET thee up! get thee up
From the field of the slain,
For there cometh a sound
Of a plentiful rain."
And Kishon's shrunk waters
Moved sluggish and red:
And the Prophet went up
From the Brook of the Dead.

On Carmel, the vine's
Soft luxuriance mourns,
For the rain in its season
No longer returns.
And the clear fiery sun
Casts his withering beam;
He has drunk the last drop
From the mount and the stream.

Where the leaf of the palm tree
Is scorched at its birth,
Who casts himself down
On the verdureless earth?
On that mountain, once fresh
As a glorious vase,
Who boweth him lowly?
Who hideth his face?

His hands press his brow,
And his hands press his knee:
"Go up——get thee up,
And look towards the Sea."
And the messenger went
From the Prophet of God;
On the far-looking summit
Of Carmel he trod.

To the yet bending Tishbite
He speedeth again:

"There is nothing! why tarries
The token of rain?"
Still wrapt in his mantle,
Still bending and low,
He speaks but not moves:
"Till the seventh time go."

No darkness envelopes
The breast of the deep,
Its waves like the pulse
Of the sleeping ones sleep;
And the heat falleth down
And the loud winds are dead,
And the wither'd leaf floats
Like the dreams which are fled.

Shall the word of the Lord
Ever vainly be given?
He looks——lo the mountains
Are molten and riven!

He frowns——see! the nations
Are scattered in scorn;
He smiles——*was* there night?
There *is* glory and morn!

Shall the Seer of the Lord
At the last be deceived?
At the feasting of Baal
Oh who was believed?
Yet six times hath the messenger
Stood on the steep,
Six times vainly gazing
Along the far deep.

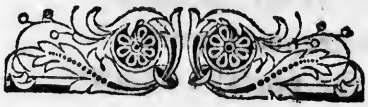
'Twas the seventh: The Prophet
Looked up as he ran:
"There ariseth a cloud
Like the hand of a man."
There cometh a cloud
From the heart of the sea:

Did the Holy, at Cherith
Not hearken to thee?

"Let the chariot of Ahab
Be bound to its steeds,
Go down, bid him haste
From the tempest that speeds."
And the air is fast fettered,
But strangely and still,
Low murmurs creep over
The brink of the hill.———

Loud, loud rush the winds
With the dust of the plain;
Black, black grow the heavens
With the clouds and the rain.
And the horses of Ahab
Dash fleet o'er the road. ——
And the Prophet arose
'Neath the hand of his God.

Lo, Jezreel's walls
In the tempest cloud dim;
And faint and afar
Lo a chariot's gleam.
But, wrapt in a mantle,
There speedeth a Form,
More swift than that chariot
Which rolls through the storm.



51 Affliction.

WHILE sadly I languish,
And burdened complain;
Midst trouble and anguish,
Again and again,
I pour out my heart
Unto One who is near me;

Who, though I behold not,
Can see me and hear me.

The night slowly speedeth,
With restlessness prest;
The morning succeedeth,
How feeble in zest.
But I pour out my heart
Unto Jesus the rock,
At the entrance I wait,
At the portal I knock.

Some trials allotted,
Some griefs must be borne,
Life, somberly dotted,
Has reason to mourn.
But though it be checkered
With brightness and gloom
From the Cross light is streaming,
Hope stands o'er the tomb.

Then let the afflictions
    Endured on the road,
Transfer my affections
    To Christ and to God,
In the kingdom of joy
    Let me lay up my treasure,
Where moth nor rust enter,
    Nor woe dashes pleasure.

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52 Trust in God.

TRUST in God. The clouds may roll
Darkly, thickly o'er thy soul,
They may show no genial ray
Of the cheerful, golden day,
Echoing the storm-peal back
Bosomed in the pitchy rack;
And the blast may be abroad,
Wild and loud, yet trust in God.

Trust in God. 'Tis good to trust,
For thou art of helpless dust,
Feeble in thy natal hour,
Fragile in thy bud and flower,
Hasty, and in beauty brief;
Sear and withering in thy leaf,
Which death's storm shall sweep
abroad,
Long to rot: yet trust in God.

Trust in God——the only trust,
God—the merciful and just;
God—who holdeth the unseen,
God—who governs what hath been;
God—to whom all things are known;
God the glorious, the Alone:
Him who spread the heavens abroad,
And saves the soul: O trust in God.

Lord, but wilt thou in very deed
The vilest of the vile ones heed?
Receive the sons of shame defiled
Ransom and make him even thy child,
Reclaimed and clothed, redeemed renewed
Made meet for heaven's beatitude?
And wilt thou aid whate'er betide?
Hear! slave of sin, Christ Jesus died.

53 Sympathy.

THERE is a fount that brightly flows
For others' griefs, for others' woes;
A bosom'd thought that deeply swells
With all the tear of pity tells.

The flowers of spring in sweetness
twine,
The stars of eve in softness shine,
And bland the summer breezes float,
And mild the mingling woodland note;

And deep and dear the varying tone
Of torrents in the midnight thrown;
When, in the calm hour's solitude,
The strange heart seemeth most endued

But calmer, deeper, purer, fraught
With feeling's rich selected thought
Enduring, filling, comforting;
Without a shade, without a sting,——

O ever such the tear must be,
The sacred tear of sympathy;
When the regarding spirit, owns
A brother's griefs, a brother's moans.

The dew falls down at dead of night,
The rain-drop forms concealed from
sight;
The flower-bud hath its secret cell,
The mountain rill its hidden well:

Thus unobserved, and thus unknown
The sense of kindness forms alone:
The dew, the rill, the rain, the flower,
Fair fitting emblems of its power.

The bow of beauty loves its cloud,
The ray of eve its thunder shroud:
In swiftest stream the star is still;
The eve lone lingers on its hill:

And thus enraptured, thus impress'd
On woe's disturbed conflicting breast,
The sacred beam of kindness flows
In mild and cherishing repose.

Ere the bright sword o'er Eden waved,
Ere woe was born, or souls enslaved,
Ere sin had made fair earth a tomb,
And life's deep vale a vale of gloom:

When man was in his amaranth
bowers,
Encircled by the undying hours,
There—then, there was no shade for
thee
Affliction's soother, sympathy.

But death has passed, and sin has
changed,
Behold the last loved work estranged:
And he the crowning, noblest one——
He stands undoing and undone.

But peace falls o'er the earth like even,
For Righteousness looked down from
Heaven
And pitying Love hath stooped to see:
Its earthly name is Sympathy.

54 The Soul.

THE stars shall fade. They into night
Rayless and formless shall return,
Though so undying and so bright
Their beauteous torches burn.
And thou, bright glory of the day,
Sun! in thy car of splendor riding,—
The dying years shall bear away
Thy Flame amidst them gliding.

Thou shalt become as empty dust
Beneath the battle chariot rolled,

Gather'd with forms of mortal trust
Into decay's strong hold.
But in this clay there dwells a spark,
Around this faltering dust, a glory,
Which shall relume when thou art dark
And endless days grow hoary.

I stand upon this world's cold brink
My thoughts—as winged with power—
ascend:
It is a startling thought, to think
That Time shall have an end.—
But lift thy musings to the seat
And dazzling sceptre of the Holy
While God exists, while cycles fleet
Shall live this spirit lowly.

Nor this alone. Two seperate states
Of future life, exchanged no more,

Each of life's busy tribes awaits,
Accepted evermore.
A state of suffering unexpress'd,
A state of boundless joy enduring:
Surely to shun the bale is best,
A golden crown securing.

---

55 As I Wander.

As I wander along in this valley of woe,
Thy guidance and blessing, O Jesus bestow:
Let my sins pass away on the floods of thy love,
Let thy bounty descend like the drops from above.

Can the plant flourish green in the winter's cold snows?

Then the soul not of earth in this earth may repose!
No, no, let me look to the regions of bliss,
For the pleasures of time are but phantoms in this.

Here the smile and the tear in one garland are blent;
Here the flower with the breath of affliction is bent;
Here the spring drieth up, here the heart groweth grey
Ere the sun standeth full in the zenith of day.

But the streams of thy pleasures, O God, never dry;
And the staff never moves in thy mansions on high;

And the eye hath no shade, and the
smile hath no tear,
Where the hosts of the saved with their
Saviour appear.

56 Thy Word.

THY word, O Lord, calls forth the
flower
That flourishes and dies unseen;
Giving its tender structure power,
Gemming, and painting it with green.
For it thy gentle breezes come,
To cull its scent, to waft its bloom.

Thy holy word adorns the wing
That brightly flits from tree to tree,
To gaily sport, to sweetly sing,
Midst summer's lavish drapery.

Thy bounteous hand its need supplies,
Thine eye o'erwatches where it dies.

If thus an unexhausted love
Perpetual and unfailing flows;
If fleeting things that bounty prove,
The bird that dies, the grass that blows;
Should man not trust, O gracious Lord,
Thy glorious power thy changeless word

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57 When the Poor.

When the poor lifts his voice,
And he who hath no friend nor helper cries,
Then dost thou hear, O God, and give supplies,
And bid the heart rejoice.

Then do the joyless sing
In the abundance of thy mercy blest:
And those who sit where shades are hovering
Put off their weeds and rest.

Hark! the afflicted cries;
Who pities him? Who careth for him? None!
And shall he perish, far from all supplies?
Lo! the Almighty One,———

He bends a gracious ear,
He speaks, and help is come. The fetters seem
As straw to ashes burnt, and disappear:
He wakes from troubled dream.

Hour of amazing grace!
Deliverance lifts him up, to stand on high,
And leads him to behold his Father's face,
Tranquil beyond the sky.

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58 Dirge.

THOU hast riven the veil which enwraps the unseen,
And the torch of eternity falls
Through the cavern of time where thy footsteps have been,
O'er the chain which no longer enthrals.

Could we see as thou seest! could we feel as thou feelest

And grasp with the knowledge of
Heaven!
Could we know as thou knowest, could
we kneel as thou kneelest,
Adoring, contrite, and forgiving!

But faint is our dream of the Land of
Delight,
Our love for the Kingdom of Glory,
While the shadow partakes of the sha-
dow of night,
And the world waxeth selfish and
hoary.

But a halo is spread round the steps of
the blest,
And they bask in the vision of
God,
Where love is enjoyment, where know-
ledge is rest,

Where eternity fills their abode.

Faint, few are the gleams of this desolate sky;
Bleak, long is the wail of its blast;
But the heaven of your joy——it shall ne'er know a sigh,
And like gems are the thoughts of its past.

59 Triumphantly.

TRIUMPHANTLY, ride
In thy chariot of might,
Redeemer of sinners,
Dispenser of light:

Let the foes of thy glory
Be scattered in scorn,

And thy children rejoice
In the brightness of morn.

For the arm of thy mercy,
O what is too strong!
Joy awakes for the lost
And the Lord is their song.

Commiserate, King
Of Salvation, and crown
The souls with thy goodness
Who sink at thy frown.

Deliver their feet
From the horrible clay,
From the pit of despair,
And destruction's dark way.

Now unfold to their vision
The deeps of that love

Which drew thee from throne
Of thy splendor above,

To mix with transgressors,
To veil in their dust,
That man might be glorious
And God yet be just.

Big, red were the drops
Of thine agonized soul
When the wrath of the Holy
Around thee did roll ;

When the crimes of a world
On thy shoulders were laid,
And the debts of the vile
By the sinless were paid.

60 Hitherto.

In the hour of pressing need,
  When my path seems hedged about,
None to sympathise or heed,
  Let me trust and cease to doubt.
Though He hides his face from me,
  He is faithful kind and true:
Jesus will my helper be,
  He has helped me hitherto.

Can I doubt his power to aid?
  Can I doubt his willingness?
Will he hear me to upbraid?
  Will he mock at my distress?—
Great and precious promises
  Bring his tender heart to view;
And my life assures no less,
  He has helped me hitherto.

Oft and oft, at my request,
He has granted what I asked;
Oft relieved when greatly prest,
Oft surprised when sorely tasked.
Though unworthiness abound,
He is changeless, kind and true:
In his name my help is found,
He has helped me hitherto.

With salvation's glorious hope
For a buckler and a shield,
With the cunning I shall cope,
In no conflict ever yield;
But, though weak, shall victor prove,
And though halting still pursue;
Through a Saviour's grace and love,
Who has helped me hitherto.

61 Conflicts.

THE TEMPTER.

WHERE wilt thou flee, O wretched one!
for thou art sold to sin?
Yea, though the gate of God stands
wide, thou canst not enter in;
How canst thou with this heavy load
of agravated guilt?
In vain to thee a Saviour calls, in vain
his blood was spilt!
Within thy fleshly heart there dwells
an inbred stone of woe,
Which drags thee down when thou
would'st rise, which fixes thee below.
Thou canst not break the yoke of sin
which on thy neck is bound:
Thou canst not burst the fettering
brass which closeth thee around.

And thou wilt lose the earthly good, by
seeking heavenly gain;
Wilt spend thy days in bitterness, and
sink at last in pain.
Up, up! and shake this mood away
from thy desponding heart;
The earth is full of gain and glee, be
up and share a part.

THE SOUL.

Thou cruel tempter! hie thee hence,
though I am sold to sin,
God's gate of mercy opes for me, and I
must enter in.
Yes, he himself will break thy yoke,
and take thy bonds away;
Thy brazen bands shall be as flax, in
God's joy-giving day.
He's stronger than the strong man
armed, who holds my soul in thrall.—

O Lord, behold my helpless state; save
me: Thou art my All.

THE TEMPTER.

Think'st thou that God will hear thy
prayer? Thy cries to him are vain.
Thy sins are mighty—far too great for-
giveness to obtain.
Why has he not released thy soul,
when thou hast cried before?
Know then, God hears not such as thee,
thy day of grace is o'er.
Could God be holy and forgive a wretch
so base as thou!
Thy heart is sin and stubborness and
brass has been thy brow.

THE SOUL.

I tremble, O thou wily one, yet hear
my Saviour speak,
Come unto Me whoever will, and ye
shall find who seek.———
And though my sins are magnified
even unto heaven; O Lord,
Forgive my grievous wickedness according to thy word.

THE TEMPTER.

Thy prayers are but deceitful breath,
come only from thy lips;
Look at thy base ingratitude, and think
of all thy slips!
How sweet was wickedness erewhile,
and thou wilt love it yet:
Vile worm, thou diest! thou canst not
live, for God can not forget!

Can he be just and thou escape? take
such as thee to heaven?
No, no! such grace is not bestowed;
thou canst not be forgiven.

THE SOUL.

Thy fiery darts, O cruel one, wound
me with stinging pain,
Yet from the burning mouth of hell, I
look to Heaven again.———
My conscience and my deadly foe, my
deeds before me lay;
Lord, I confess that I am all that my
accusers say.
Yet, Lord, I would forsake myself, and
cleave to thee alone;
Taking me wholly to the grace and re-
fuge of thy throne.
Now as the vilest of the vile, I press
beneath thy cross:

I know thy grace is greatest gain, its
loss is greatest loss.
Hast thou not called me of that grace,
made me thy voice to hear,
That voice which bade creation rise;
and wakes the sleeper's ear?
And I was deaf and knew it not, was
sold, nor dreamed thereof;
A slave, supposing I was free; dead,
knowing not thy love.
Not from myself has been the light,
that round the trembler shone,
That made, the end of all my ways
and death and dangers known.
Not from myself has been the power
that did my aim defeat,
When I was fleeing from thy face, and
brought me to thy feet.
Lord, I indeed have felt thy rod, yet
hoped in my distress,

That thou didst chasten me in love and
tender faithfulness.
And have I not been hitherto with sup-
plications led,
While mercies silent as the dew have
round my steps been shed.
Hast thou not heard me oft and oft, and
and gave me that I asked,
Relieved my spirit when in straits, my
thoughts when sorely tasked?
Are these not tokens of thy love midst
hidings of thy face?
And wilt thou not complete the work,
and crown with endless grace?

---

62 In the Hour.

In the hour of temptation assist me to think,
While foolishly lingering on sin's fearful brink,
That the road of the vile is the pathway of woe,
And leads to the gulf of the hopeless below.

When the false, cheating phantom arresteth my mind,
With its power to seduce, its allurement to blind,
Lord, let me remember the gall and the spear
And melt to contrition, and own thee most dear.

Thou borest the scoff of the scorner for me,
And can I not suffer denial for thee!
On thy shoulders the load of my errors was laid,
And now can I grieve thee and run from thine aid!

Thou borest the buffets my soul should have borne,
Wore the robe of the mocker, the crown of sharp thorn,
Thou didst enter the dismal abode of the tomb,
And spoil the dark tyrant of terrors and gloom;

Thou didst seek me when wandering averse to thy grace,
When I loved not thy light, when I sought not thy face:

And thy form was not comely, thy voice
was not sweet,
Till burdened and trembling I fell at
at thy feet.

And can I such love with my wan-
derings requite,
Till thy locks are suffused with the
drops of the night!
Lord, grant me to know thee and live
to thy praise,
And spend to thy glory the remnant of
days.

---

63 Stanzas.

Beyond these clouds,
And the silent shadows of time, which
fall
With a power and gloom that covers all
Earth's busy crowds.

Beyond these skies
Where burning suns are thickly strown
As sands on the shore of the ocean lone
Fair worlds arise.

O who shall walk
That beautiful undiscovered shore,
Where voice of weeping is heard no more,
And the happy talk?

Youth shall outlast
Thick-falling years, aye banking bright
As stainless snows in the golden light
Of the storied past.

Redeemer, Friend!
Heaven is for those who come to thee,

For where thou art there thine shall be
Days without end.

Yes, from thy tomb
The glorious light of hope has burst,
And a voice that reaches to the worst
Is crying, Come!

O come, O come,
From sin, from sorrow and way of hell
Come and be blest, and ever dwell
With Christ at home.

---

64 Heaven.

AMAZING and rapturous thought!
Shall we dwell with the ransomed above,
With the hosts of the countless blood bought,
In the kingdom and mansions of love?

What glories undreamed wait us there,
What marvels of infinite might!
What joys beyond thought or compare
At the source of all blessing and light.

We shall see our Good Father above,
And our Brother the kind one and dear,
Who bowed down the heavens in love,
Who wept and who died for us here.

O thought, how transporting and full
Of eternity glory and bliss;
Vast cycles can never annul
The relish the beauty the peace.

O weeping ones, chastened each day,
We are passing beneath the kind rod:
But our Father will lay it away,
When we reach the high home of our
God.

And sweeter, far sweeter will be
For our chastisement sorrows and tears
The song of the joyous and free
Through the train of eternity's years.

Cheer, faint heart, and climb with a
song
Rough passes that lead thee to God.
The darkness and storm may last long,
But the shield of the promise is broad.

Salvation's assurances come
Like angels to strengthen our feet,
Till we reach to our God and our
home,
And our Saviour and absent ones meet.

65 Similitude.

As, midst a chamber's light-excluding walls,
On the prepared, mysterious tablet falls
An image beauteous, which can ne'er depart;
So rests Thy glorious image on the heart.

Moments or days may ask to bring it forth,
Or draw the veil that quite obscures its worth;
Yet in fidelity the form is there;
The veil shall drop, and it arise how fair!

The heart, this heart must be by grace
prepared;
All adamant unpolished rough and hard.
Vainly on its unaltered nature falls
The light of God amidst its dreamy
walls.

Break from the tomb, O lineaments
divine,
In this sepulchral heart arise and
shine;
Imperishably photoghaphed appear,
Washed from neglect and night by
many a tear.

Like Mary, to the sepulchre I come
To see my Saviour risen from the tomb.
I hasten in this day of death and woe,
Embrace thy feet and will not let thee
go.

66 Declension.

ZION is languishing; the showers
Descend not on her drooping flowers,
Coldness and gloom oppress the hours,
O, Lamb of God, behold,
Behold:
Come not in wrath, draw near in love,
The deadness from our hearts remove,
And fill with life untold.

The solemn feast, the sacred place,
Lonely, and in desertion lays;
Shed from thy throne reviving grace;
O, Lamb of God, behold,
Behold:
Descend and visit us in love,
The evil and its cause remove,
And warm to life the cold.

Where joyful multitudes adored,
How few attend to hear the word,
How few to wait upon the Lord;
O, Lamb of God, behold,
Behold:
In anger come not, but in love
Icy indifference remove,
Revive with grace untold.

Where faith its triumphs once detailed
Where love and unity prevailed,
Oft has forbearing kindness failed,
O, Lamb of God, behold,
Behold.
Come not in wrath, draw near in love,
These evils from our hearts remove,
And fill with peace untold.

Light of the morning, break and shine,
Breathe, Heavenly Breath, upon this
vine;

Fall, sacred showers, with life divine;
O, Lamb of God, behold,
Behold:
Come thus with blessings, come in love,
Descend to pardon——not reprove,
Enrich with choicest gold.

Desiring crowds will gladly meet
To bow and worship at thy feet;
Angels will fly with tidings sweet:
O, Lamb of God, behold,
Behold:
Come to our midst with pardoning love
In pity save, inspire and move,
And fill with joy untold.

See! garments beautiful bedeck,
And chains of gold adorn the neck:
Hark! joyful songs exulting break;

O, Lamb of God, behold,
Behold.
Come thus to save, draw near in love,
Discord and deadness shall remove
And heavenly life unfold.

67 Revenge.

Thou hast been wronged? Well——
let it pass,
'Tis but an atom of the mass
Which every day's experience brings
Of this bad world's perplexing things.
The natural heart with all its show
Conceals a bitter fount below.
Alas—alas! the poisoned spring,
Yet—and again is issuing.

Would'st thou retaliate? Ah no;
Be noble, let it not be so;

'Twere most unworthy of this state,
In which 'tis thine to watch and wait,
To bear—forbear, be gentle—kind;
To others' failings almost blind:
Returning good even when unsought,
And suffering ill but doing not.

And wonld'st thou still that wrong resent?
And know'st thou not thou shalt repent
In this a double injury
Inflicted on thy foe and thee?
Because he errs should'st thou too err?
Forgive and be the happier:
Resentment is thy deadliest foe,
Armed to the teeth to lay thee low.

O inconsiderate mortal! pause,
Think of thy Maker's broken laws,

Each passing day has left its stains,
And yet the Holy One refrains.
And wilt thou still the more provoke
Until his dreadful anger smoke?
Forgive—and pray to be forgiven:
So shalt thou live and enter Heaven.

68 Psalm 88.

A PARAPHRASE.

LORD GOD of my salvation, day and night
Before thee I have cried:
O let my prayer ascend into thy sight,
Nor turn my quest aside:
For I am full of troubles, and my life
Draws near the grave, the bourn of earthly strife.

Counted with those who go into the pit,
My glorious strength is fled
The slain are with me, and around me sit,
As inmates with the dead.
Lo, thou hast cut them off, they are forgot,
Earth tramples o'er them, thou regardest not.

Lord, thou hast laid me in the lowest crypt
Of darkness and the deeps:
Thy dreadful wrath around my soul has swept,
Assails in thunderous heaps.
Companion–lover–thou hast reft away,
And made me their abhorrence day by day.

O Lord, why dost thou thus cast off
my soul?
Why hidest thou thy face?
Thy terrors fierce in fiery billows roll;
As furious lions chase
My helpless spirit, all unfriended driven,
As if forsaken by benignant Heaven.

Imprisoned, through the bars I look
away
While tears run down my cheek:
Lord, I have called upon thee every
day,
Have stretched my hands to seek
Thine aid. Wilt thou show wonders
to the dead?
Shall they arise and sing from earth's
cold bed?

O shines Thy lovingkindness in the grave?
Or thy sure faithfulness,
Will it from strong complete destruction save?
That state of hopelessness?
Lord, shall thy wonders in the dark be spread?
Thy righteousness amidst the pulseless dead?

But in the morning shall go up my prayer,
Moving thy gracious ear,
Ascending from the border of despair,
The glens of doubt and fear.
Lord, thou wilt hear, thy love will not delay;
It comes, and all my griefs are chased away.

69 Abide With Me.

COME in, my Saviour, and sup with me,
Though all unworthy the mansion be
And crowded already with many a guest
Who fill me with shame, and mar my rest.
Come in, my Lord, my helper be,
O cast them out and abide with me.

Oft have I urged them hence with pain
Have driven them out, but they come again,
And mocking my desolate heart, intrude
Anon on its saddest solitude.
Come in, my Lord, my helper be,
O cast them out and abide with me.

There is unbelief augments my woe,
Tells me my Saviour stoops not so low
Disturbs my rest and would make me afraid
Of the arm on which I should be stayed.
Come in, my Lord, my helper be,
O cast it out and abide with me.

And the lusts that seem but half subdued,
Return again with strength renewed,
And wound me oft with secret smart,
Till I flee to my Saviour with bleeding heart.
Come in, my Lord, my helper be,
Cast out my foes and abide with me.

Bring every desire of my soul to own
Allegiance to thee, to thee alone;

Subject in all things to thy will,
Delighting to do it, at peace and still.
Come in, my Lord, my helper be,
Subdue my heart and abide with me.

Draw me with bands of love, my Lord
Comfort and stay me with thy word.
Let me cast myself and every care
On those arms which hosts of worlds upbear.
Come in, my Lord, my helper be,
Renew my heart and abide with me.

Stronger than hell or the sullen grave,
Is thy word which has gone forth to save;
That word great Teacher, I would trust
And rise to Thee from sin and dust,
Then come, my Lord, my helper be,
Cast out my foes and abide with me.

70 Elijah.

WHO bows on Carmel's top,
His visage hidden by each shading palm?
No cloud obscures the sky, nor threats the calm;
While, on the western slope,
As from a furnace roof impinge the rays:
So hath it been for days.

Is this the man who late
Laughed at the priests of Baal? Can this be he?
They gashed themselves in their extremity,
Judged to a bitterer fate.
And now he hides his face; and one in haste
Runs o'er the scorched hill's waste.

Only perhaps an hour
Hath lengthen'd out the shade upon the dial,
Since he approached the altar of his trial;
And with a prophet's power
Asked God, and fire—which fell before their eyes,
Burnt the drenched sacrifice.

The water in the trench
And stones served but for fuel. The people cried,
"The Lord is God!" and Baal's prophets died;
Their guilty blood did drench
The thirsty valley, poured out like a sea,
For vile idolatry.

He prophesied of rain
Before fierce Ahab. Doth the rain delay?
Who stands on topmost peak and looks away?
He runneth back again;
Coming like one on anxious mission sent,
Swiftly and somewhat bent.

"Master, I see no cloud!
The sky is clear and fiery, and the heat
Kindles the stones that scorched my hasty feet."
With head yet deeply bowed,
Hand-covered face that rests between his knees,
Far forth the Prophet sees.

He said, "Go yet seven times."
Oh, words of import unto sinking hearts!
Thus wafted fragrance out at sea imparts
Note of approaching climes:
Isles of ripe fruitage nestling in the Deep;
For which we wish and weep.

In sorrow hast thou gone
To gather garlands fresh from God's displays,
Laboring and looking carefully for days
Over the high heaped stone;
The red ray beating on thy hapless head,
While fail thy brooks unfed?

Cease not: yet SEVEN times go.
The cloud of promise surely will arise
Small as a hand in the unpillared skies;
And wide and far below,
Will fall the cooling life-imparting showers,
Gladdening for hours.

Oh voice of earnest prayer,
How it can move the Hand that moves the spheres,
And call down golden succours to our tears:
And, ere we are aware,
Set us upon a mountain top of God,
In gladness bright and broad.

71 Few Voices.

Few voices hath the smitten heart;
Though many whispers round it wake
Its silent communings are deep,
Its tears are hidden———if it weep,
Its thoughts like lone low billows
break.
Few voices hath the smitten heart,
Though many forms in vision rise;
They may be beautiful and bright
With more than mortal love and light,
The rainbow tints of summer skies.
But that which once deep welcome gave
To greenwood, hill and moonlit wave,
To hope and joy; and that sweet charm
Which flings o'er all a radiance warm—
That soul of bliss, hath passed awa y,
Leaving sad vestige of decay:

Thoughts which are withered as the
wood
Things which have wasted as the flood;
Sad relics! which alone declare
That joy and blessing have been there.

Vainly the earth, O smitten heart,
Offers a balm to heal thy bruise;
Its joys are disappointing things,
Its golden hopes have sombre wings,
False is the choicest light it strews.
Vainly the earth, O smitten heart,
Appoints its specious times to heal.
Then whither, whither wilt thou look?
One Book alone, one ancient Book,
Can something for thy aid reveal.
Volume of beauty, power and light!
Its radiance streams along the night.
That book, God's ample, glorious book

Brings grace and healing for thy stroke,
Unlocks a hall of wealth to thee,
Limitless as eternity.
Light unapproachable, hath made
That holy word, its softened shade.
Kindness unspeakable, therein
Lifts the lost soul from death and sin.

---

72 The Rock.

THERE is rest for the pilgrim
  In a dry and scorching land,
It is found beneath the shadow
  Of the great rock at hand.
The mid day sun looks redly,
  Pours forth its burning beams;
It drinks the wasted river,
  It drains the sandy streams
It has charred the scanty verdure

That fringed the desert sands;
It binds the arid desert
With fierce and fiery bands:
But there's refuge for the pilgrim
On this hot and pathless land;
It is found beneath the shadow
Of a great rock at hand.

There is hope for the pilgrim
In life's desert scorched and dry
Pressed with pain and fainting
Beneath a scorching sky.
Streams of cooling water;
Perchance he fails to see,
Follow in his journey,
Sweet waters, flowing free.
A secret place of shelter
In a high and glorious Rock,

Where the searching beams and tempest
In their fury fear to look.
There is refuge for the pilgrim
In this wild and weary land,
It is found beneath the shadow
Of this great Rock at hand.

---

73 All.

In the hour of need the sorest,
Succour me, O Thou who borest
Direful pangs and indignation
For thy peoples' full salvation.
Prostrate at thy feet I fall,
I am nothing, thou art All.

Holy One, the best and kindest,
Bind me as thy sheep thou bindest,

With the bands of love and favor,
Golden bands that last forever.
Prostrate at thy feet I fall,
I am nothing, thou art All.

Lord, thou art my refuge glorious,
Thou my Rock make me victorious;
Lift me by thy saving Spirit,
Till thy purchase I inherit.
Prostrate at thy feet I fall,
I am nothing, thou art All.

Standing on the mingled ocean,
Midst the saved, with sweet emotion;
Waving palms, and harps the golden,
Where victorious chant is holden,
Rapturous at thy feet I'll fall,
Less than nothing, Thou art All.

74 Contemplation.

OBSERVE the bright hosts of the star-
spangled sky,
Suns——luminous sands, on its silent
shores lie.
Thought, wearied and baffled, returns
from its flight
To the nearest which glints through
the casement of night.
Who can tell their vast numbers? un-
erringly trace
Their orbits and change in the bosom
of space?
Or fathom the deeps of one glowing
abyss?
Or one wisp of its splendor compell to
confess?

There the hand of Omnipotence lately
hath been!
There the change and the rushings of
splendor is seen;
Clouds of light swiftly swept with the
storm-bearing blast,
Inexpressibly fleet, inconceavably vast.
Overpassing the speed and the splendor
of thought:
Time itself seems o'erleaped, and space
crumbles to nought.
Central glories, that swim in a nebulous haze.
Changing stars, on the pharos of wonderful ways;
God knoweth their secrets,—He calls
by its name
Each system; each orb, every seperate
flame.

Impels their vast masses, assigns each
its place,
With its motions and laws, in the in-
finite space.

O wisdom the wondrous! Nor great
things alone,
But the least, to the wonderful Maker
is known.
Every atom is fashioned with exquisite
skill,
It cries to the doubting, Believe, and
be still.
Each breathing of perfume the spring-
time awakes,
Each dust of the petal the summer
wind shakes,
Each infinitesimal atom he scans:
Sees deep in its heart——and sees also
in man's;

Beholds in the distance each thought thou wilt think
While walking this lovely earth's emerald brink

Knows each motion of soul, counts each hair of thy head;
Not the least unregarded, unnoticed is shed.
Skill, wisdom and might, walk in vestments of state,
And the least thing of all cries aloud,
GOD IS GREAT.

---

75 Increase My Faith.

INCREASE my faith;
O Thou the only good, increase my faith,
Subdue beneath my feet, sin, hell and death;

Make me triumphant o'er my bitterest foes,
And with a smile await life's certain close.
O Lord, increase my faith.

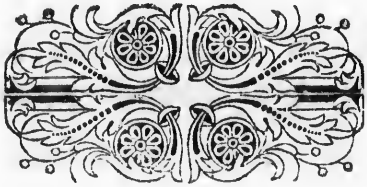
Increase my faith:
How small how faltering is it even yet:
How oft distrusting, hasting to forget
Deliverances and mercies manifold,
Prayer answers set in costly types of gold:
Master, increase my faith.

Increase my faith:
I know indeed that thou hast heard me oft,

Hast answered me with voice the still
and soft,
Gave what I asked, regarding my re-
quest;
Or did for me the good that was the
best:
Yet, Lord, increase my faith.

Increase my faith;
For when my sore unworthiness I see,
Like Peter, from the Ship on Galilee,
Walking vexed waters, sinking in the
wave:
I also sink, yet crying, Master, save!
Save, Lord, increase my faith.

Increase my faith.
Increase even as a grain of mustard seed,
Reaching the limit of extremest need,
Exalting in thy righteousness to heaven,
To see Thy face, and rest with the forgiven.
Master, thus crown my faith.



[*PART SECOND.*]

BAPTISMAL SONGS:

OCCASIONAL.

76 Golden City.

FROM the jewelled Golden City,
O'er the pavements rich and glowing,
Where the living tides are flowing,
Crowned, and robed in dazzling white-
ness—
There the Lord God is the brightness—
From this golden jewelled City
Voices float of love and pity.

To the Land where joy shall blossom
Let us onward, on together,
God the Lamb invites us thither;
To the ever beauteous mansions

In the kingdom of expansions,
Where our budding hopes shall blossom
Sweetly on Emmanuel's bosom.

Take thy cross and follow ever
Where the good Chief Shepherd leadeth,
Go where'er his flock he feedeth,
O'er the rough ways and the even
Till thy worn feet enter heaven.
Hope devoutly, follow ever,
Through the wave and o'er the river.

There comes night and there comes morning,
Darkness closed in sparkling wonders,
Peradventure storms and thunders:
But thy Lord keeps watch from heaven.

Gently fall the dews at even.
There is night, but cometh morning,
Morn without a night returning.

In the City gemmed and golden,
Where the saved have sweet employment,
Tasting every blest enjoyment;
Walk with holy contemplation
By the river of salvation;
In the City gemmed and golden,
Sweet communion will be holden.

There the toils of life are ended,
And its throbbing and its sighing,
And its sinning and its dying.
Grant to us, O Lord, the favor,
Where thou art to be forever:
When our toils and days are ended
Let our joy with thine be blended.

77 Spring.

THY smiles in this spring-time surround us
This fragrant and blossoming spring:
But the wild where benificence found us,
Nor fragrance nor blossoms could bring.

'Twas the glen of a blind ruined nature,
Where the sunlight of reason is veiled;
Where love to a bounteous Creator,
Like a stream unreplenished had failed.

He led us about, he instructed,
Gave eyes to discover new things;
Delivered, and kindly conducted,
As an eagle uplifted on wings.

Till here on, the marge of this river,
We come his command to obey:
We view where the crystal waves cover
The wonderful grave where he lay.——

O Thou, of ten thousand the fairest,
Son of David, and Saviour divine!
For me thou hast suffered and carest,
I follow, and claim Thee as mine.

And as I emerge from the river,
This laver of crystal most pure,
Enshrine me, and strengthen forever
To fight the good fight and endure.

78 The Cross.

SAVIOUR, thou the word hast spoken,
  Granting life and offering grace,
Sealing it by sacred token,
  To the whole of Adam's race

On the cross for our transgression
  Pressed with anguish thou wast nailed;
Risen again for intercession,
  Having suffered and prevailed.

Here we lowly bow, submissive,
  Take thy yoke and bear thy cross;
Waiting for the day decisive,
  Counting all the earth but loss.

By thy work of love and anguish
  Freely borne for us the poor,

Strengthen us where'er we languish
  Help us hardness to endure.
Nature's strength is unavailing,
  All its efforts downward tend:
Strengthen us by grace prevailing,
  Make us conquerors in the end.

To thy name shall be the glory
  In our hearts and at the Throne,
While we tell salvation's story,
  And the Lord is God alone.

---

79 By this fair flowing.

By this fair flowing stream we meet,
  'Neath these still heavens and glorious sun;
Here in this beautiful retreat
  To do as our dear Lord has done.

John was baptizing midst the hills,
  In Jordan's clear meandering wave;
When He who came to bear our ills
  Went down into the watery grave.

The cooling stream around them ran,
  And he was there immersed by
    John;
The Lamb of God, the lowly Man,
  The King of Kings and Lord alone.

Now we are willing to obey,
  And with him at the last would be;
We look around to find the way,
  And lo he answers, Follow me.

Let others do what they prefer,
  Turn from the path they plainly see,
Lord, be it ours thy voice to hear,
  We will arise and follow Thee.

80 Follow.

THE beautiful river is flowing
Sweetly, sweetly,
The days of our lives are going,
Fleetly, fleetly,
Our Saviour's voice is falling,
Follow, follow;
In tenderest accents calling,
Follow, follow.

Down went He into the water,
Jesus the holy;
We follow thee through the water
Meekly and lowly.
Close to thy wounded side keep us;
Jesus, Master;
Till silent earth o'erheap us,
Jesus Master.

Till we see thy face in heaven,
Jesus Master;
And shout with the hosts forgiven,
Jesus, Master!
Where all thy purchased assemble,
Raised to bless thee;
With hearts that have ceased to tremble
Redeemed to bless thee.

---

81 Obedience.

O HAPPY souls who hear the voice
Of Jesus, from the mercy seat,
Inviting them to heavenly joys,
And thrones of honor near his feet;
Happy, who with obedience sweet,
In duty's paths are swift to move;
Their Master them with smiles will greet,
Their souls accept, their work approve.

O happy converts, see the way
  Your condescending Jesus trod;
In Joseph's sepulchre he lay,
  But first in Jordan honored God,
  Bowed in the wave on which he trod,
Was buried in the water thus:——
  He—while all worlds obeyed his nod—
Fulfilled all righteousness for us.

---

82 To Do Thy Will.

On this green bank beside this tranquil river
  To do Thy will we come,
Here where thy golden beams on waters quiver,
  Amidst thy summer's bloom:
The breath that steals upon us speaks thy love,
And all is fair around us and above,

Master! the word of thy commandment written
We hasten to obey
We felt that we were lost and sorely smitten
We sought thy face, thy way.
Thou didst not scorn us in our agony,
But smiled upon us, saying, "Follow me."

Saviour, thy steps have been amidst the waters,
Thy gentle voice we hear
Plainly instructing all thy sons and daughters,
And adding pledges dear,——
Obedience with salvation to it joined:
We trust thy word and leave the world behind.

83 At Even.

GENTLY the purpling day descends,
  Softly the fragrant zephyrs sigh,
While here, a little band of friends
  Noticed by Thy benignant eye,
We meet upon this peacefnl beach
Thy pure command to do and teach.

Lord, what are we, poor, helpless, vile,
  Unworthy, hell-deserving ones,
That thou on us shouldest deign to smile,
  Change us and place us with thy sons?
O matchless grace! we thank, we bless
Thy mercy and thy faithfulness.

Dear Saviour, thou hast marked the
way,
Hast gone thyself into the wave;
Type of thy death we here display,
And rise in symbol from the grave.
Thy life death resurrection, Lord,
Have life and hope to us restored.

O that our rising from the stream
May be to live and love anew,
To trace afar the golden beam
This dark and dangerous valley
through.
Lord, let thy right arm be our guard,
Thyself our portion and reward.

84 Autumnal.

'Tis but a whisper of the blast,
And earth's deceitful charms are past;
'Tis but the rippling of a tide,
And time and change no more abide.

Life like this moving stream flows on;
Each of this group will soon have gone,
Like leaves from an autumnal tree,
To the eternal shoreless sea.

So swift so evanescent seems
A life of sorrows cares and dreams,
And so insensibly appears
The moment that concludes its years.

But if this life is short in date,
Lord, an untried enduring state
Brings its impressive counsels near,
And claims each earnest effort here.

Lord, thou hast endless life to give,
Hast said, Believe and ye shall live;
Take up the cross and follow me,
And I the Truth will make you free.

In Jordan's surging sacred breast
We notice where thy foot-marks rest;
Will in thy high and holy name
Be plunged beneath the yielding stream.

85 Sudden Shower.

SAVIOUR, thy sky is lowering o'er us,
The hour grows dusk, the rains descend:
But thou hast placed thy word before us,
That loving word to which we bend.

The jailer in the ancient prison,
Trembled, believed, and was baptized:
And we who know our Lord arisen,
Would haste discreetly, thus advised.

While in the ruffled stream descending,
We thus profess thy holy name:
While in its grave submissive bending,
Grant us devotion's fitting frame.

When from the typic tomb arising,
O let it be to walk anew;
Assist us, Lord, with grace sufficing
To aid us all our journey through.

Shed richly thy anointing Spirit
To make us ever wholly thine:
Unmitigated wrath we merit,
The grace that saves us is divine.

---

86 Trembling.

LORD, to a broken contrite heart,
To trembling doubts and searching fears,
The succours of thy grace impart,
And rainbow light through showering tears.

This is the pathway Jesus chose,
  His feet went down into the wave:
He—God with men, and Man of woes,
  Was buried first in Jordan's grave.

No doubtful light illumes the road
  We follow no illusive guide
We take thy yoke, our Saviour God,
  Obey thy word whate'er betide.

Now let us die to sin, and be
  Hidden within the typic grave,
Triumphantly arise with thee
  And ever trust thy power to save.

87 Winter.

WINTER has sealed the water's face,
  Earth wears a bridal robe of snow;
Yet come we to this fitting place
  To seek the waves that hidden flow.

Here to observe that sacred rite
  Ordained by Him, the Crucified.
We take his burden with delight,
  Rejoicing that for us he died.

We tarry not for vernal gales
  To loose the stream that moves below:
The thought that cheers our heart, prevails
  O'er keener airs, and frost and snow.

The glittering snow is not so white
As the fair garment Christ bestows.
Aid us to walk amidst thy light
Bearing thy cross till time shall close;

Then to receive the welcome sweet
From the dear lips of Christ our God,
Behold him on his glorious seat,
Exalted to his high abode.

Thus in the last the trying hour,
Come, Lord, receive us to thy love;
Safe from our foes and all their power.
Forever with our Lord above.

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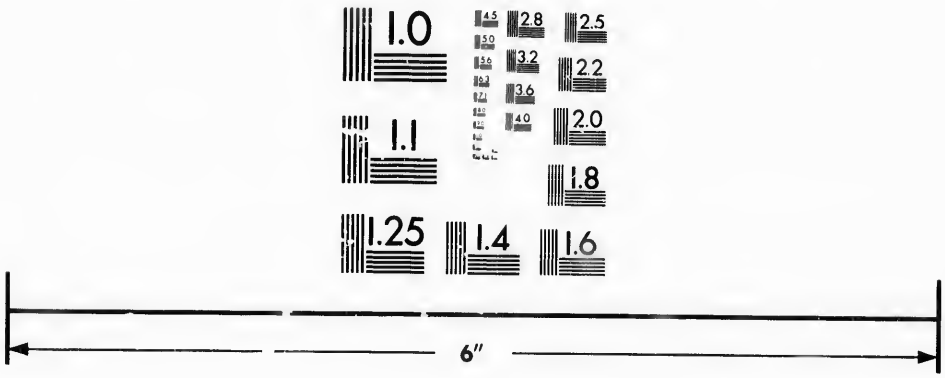

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88 Paul and Silas.

LACERATED—see them bleeding!
  What their error, or offences?
  Persecution's vile pretences.
Is there human kindness pleading?
Not upon the earth indeed,
But the Lofty One will heed.

Hark, from inner dungeon ringing
  Sacred songs of praise, and praying,
  Smarting pangs of earth allaying,
Pain to glorious rapture springing.
Christ the omnipresent there
Sups with them, and craves their care.

Awful darkness through the prison
Reigns, and lo, an earthquake shaking!
Suddenly the guards awaking,
See the sturdy keeper risen.
Chains fall off his prison charge,
Doors swing open—all at large.

Then he drew his sword, supposing
Each from loathsome cell had broken,
Paul a word has loudly spoken,
"All are here," thus interposing,
Rash one! rest thy lifted arm,
Pause, and "do thyself no harm."

Solemn midnight veiled the city
When that earthquake shook the prison—

Paul and Silas had arisen
From the stocks, when with entreaty
In that wild and awful night
Called the jailer for a light.

Prostrate falling, pale and trembling
At the peril's sharp suggestion
On his lips a prompted question
Felt and prest without dissembling,
An interrogation new.
"To be saved, what must I do."

O thou dreaming one and careless
On the icy peak of ruin,
Snow-lit verge of vast undoing;
Fearless of thy fall and prayerless,
Asks thy heart this question new,
To be saved, what must I do?

Trust in Jesus, said the preacher,
  Life is linked with thy believing,
  Had by cordially receiving,
Make the Crucified thy Teacher,
Christ eternal life will give,
Thou and all of thine shall live.

In that midnight deep and solemn,
  Faith into their souls descended,
  And their hearts through love were
    blended,
Raised by hope's supporting column.
Each a risen Saviour prized
All believed and were baptized.

---

86 There are Songs.

THERE are songs before the Throne,
There is gladness here on earth;

Child of sin becomes a son
Of the High and Holy One,
By a second birth.
Happy soul, ascend!
Here there is no fixed abode,
Earnestly go up the road
To the Eternal City.

What was lost is found again,
Christ who suffered claims his own;
Purchase dear of stripes and pain,——
He who lives and once was slain
Changed the heart of stone.
Happy soul, ascend!
Here there is no fixed abode,
Earnestly go up the road
To the Eternal City.

[*PART THIRD.*]

JUVENILE ODES.

90 Young.

GIRDED to pass through many scenes,
Life now beside a River leans,
How long each day that intervenes!
For I am young.

Hope rising points to future years,
Portraying joys that have no tears,
Delights that live exempt from fears,
For I am young.

And I must wrestle with the strong,
Upward and patient pass along,
Achieve the right, avoid the wrong,
While I am young,

For hark! a voice of warning comes,
A murmur rife with fates and dooms;
A voice that issues from the tombs,
Though I am young.

Asleep in cold unbroken shade,
There side by side the young are laid;
Fair flowers! they opened but to fade,
Cut down while young.

I too, though full of life and hope,
May be some moment called to stop;
The earth may on my coffin drop,
Though yet so young.

How needful then to be secure,
Having eternal joy made sure,
Inheritance that will endure
When earth is gone.

On Jesus Christ then let me call,
The Lord of life the Lord of all,
Before him let me humbly fall
While I am young.

Show me myself, and what I am,
Show me Thyself, O bleeding Lamb,
And on my forehead write thy name
While I am young.

---

91 Look unto Me.

STORM rises on the clearest day,
The fairest blossom fades away;

Earth's brightest water hath a moan,
Earth's beauteous main a tempest tone:
And these are emblems of the heart,
Whose richest earthly hopes depart.—
Lost wanderers on a treacherous sea,
A voice from Heaven! Look unto Me.

O stooping Mercy, could'st thou speak,
Such words to illume the wasted cl eek?
To cheer the bosom of despair?
To wake immortal raptures, there?
The stifled sigh, the gathering tear,
The forms that rise yet scarce appear--
Oh what are these? Oh what are ye!
Lord, thou hast said, Look unto Me.

Redeemer, when the prosperous morn
In kirtle of rich cloud is born;
While life which hath this early day,
Dreamless and fearless of decay,

Is round my buoyant footsteps spread,
Fresh as the leaf above the dead,——
The leaf which speaks not death to me,
Lord, let me hear and Look to Thee.

And when by darker hours dismayed
In life's accustomed deepened shade;
When toiling on the thorny road
To death's still city of abode,
With none perchance my steps to cheer,
With none to dry the falling tear;
Then, in my soul's humility,
Redeemer, let me Look to Thee.

For thou, the Prophet and the Priest,
Art gone into the holiest;
And not with blood of bullocks slain,
But with the droppings of thy pain;
Those precious drops which ever plead
And with the Father intercede.

And by that blood and agony,
Lord, thou art saying, Look to Me.

There–there on high, unbuilt by hands,
The City of Salvation stands,
The mansions of eternal rest,
Which fill the kingdom of the blest.
No sin no sigh, no doubt no fear
Amidst the ransomed hosts appear;
And yet, from sin and misery,
Redeemer, once they Looked to Thee.

---

92 Evil Habit.

A TUFT of mist in the morning grey
Is resting on the River—
A Phantom on the stream it stands
While glittering waters quiver:
It casts no shadow on the wood,
No shadow on the river.——

Oh ho! it creeps, it creeps, it creeps,
As creeps the thief at even!
The darkness of its dizzy plume
Is blackening earth and heaven,—
How it has crept most stealthily
Like murderer at even!

It widens—thickens—blackens,—till
The Sun to burial goeth;—
That cloud of haze, like valley clods,
His bright locks overfloweth.——
For the heavens have hid their blessed face,
And the sun to burial goeth.

The earth is gone, the heavens are gone,
And flower and tree have perished:
Thus Habit circumvents the soul,
And blots the forms it cherished,
Till in that subtle atrophy

Heaven, earth, the heart,—have
perished.

What then the Past? A faded strand,
Perchance where memory turneth;
The Present? A sahara's sand,
Which still the scorched foot burn-
eth;
While an immitigable pit
Is that Future whence none re-
turneth.

93 Waiting for God.

On the cheerless pavement lying,
Face upturned, suffused with sighing,
Woe in life, thus early testing,
Lo a little lad is resting.

Heedless moving o'er the street,
Oft and oft come changing feet;
But of passers stern or mild
None regards the little child.

Fever his fair face suffuses
Life insensibly unlooses
The rich cord, before its breaking
Frees the soul, to life awaking.
Upward look those longing eyes,
Piercing the uplifted skies,
Heedful, anxious, wearily;
Who will turn aside to see?

Pity on the lone one taking,
Pity one kind heart is waking;
And aside his steps are turning,—
Kindness oft will speak to mourning.
"Child, why lying in the road?"
"I am waiting here for God."

"Waiting do you say for whom?"
"God.——O he will surely come.

"They are with him—father, brother,
And at last he took my mother.
When on bed of languor lying,
When that last dear friend was dying,
She assured me God would be
A father—mother—friend—to me,
Would come and tarry at my side,
And see each pressing want supplied.

"I have no home; nor is there any
To dry my sorrows which are many,
I have no friends, am worn and weakly;
Yet I have tried to bear up meekly:
Now, weary, I am resting here,
Watching the sky, so blue and clear,
From this hard pavement as a bed,
Till God shall come as mother said.

"My mother's up with God in glory;
She would not—could not tell a story:
My father also and my brother——
O they are each with one another,
And all with God. And can you think
He will not soon step down the brink
Of this clear sky, as mother said,
And help her child ere he is dead?"

Tears fill the stranger's eyes to flowing
For Heavenly Providence is showing
A pleasant path, the path of duty,
And opes the gate all rough with
beauty.
"Yes, little lad, thy God has come,
And moves me now to take thee home.
Faithfulness is his name; and still
He sends us help by whom he will."

The boy leaps up, for light has broken
Around his path with heavenly token;
His cheek, like wild rose, freshly
blooming—
"How long—yet no—how quick in
coming!
But God has sent—I cease to sigh,—
My mother never told a lie:
Jesus was all her joy and stay;
I knew his love did but delay."

---

94 Rain.

It rains. The gentle rain
Comes down on plants and flowers;
It falls upon the growing grain
With life for future hours.

The husbandmen rejoice,
The fields look fresh and green;

The wild birds flit, with summer voice
  Enlivening the scene.

God gives the precious rain
  To fertilize the earth:
He sends the golden light again
  On wings of swiftness forth.

Thus be his grace bestowed
  Upon my budding mind,
Until a richer harvest nod
  Of well filled sheaves to bind.

---

95 Come Forth.

COME forth to the sunshine, and let us
Away and pluck flowers by the rill!

There is One who will never forget us,
Who beautifies valley and hill.

How sweet is this fragrance of roses
Spread over the brook and beyond,
While the lily in beauty reposes
On the motionless breast of the pond.

How kind is the Wonderful Father
Who makes these rich blossoms arise!
What wisdom and love toil together
Beneath the broad light-giving skies!

God decks the fair earth for our pleasure
With foliage and blossoms and fruit;
He stints not his good to our measure:
O why is our thankfulness mute?

96 The Earth is Before Thee.

THE Earth is before thee,
And where wilt thou rest?
At the foot of the hill?
On the mountain's proud crest?
Wilt thou rouse the full power
Which exists in thy soul?
Or brood where the sighing brooks
Pensively roll?
Earth's days are all gems—
Wilt thou pawn them away
For the cheat of an hour?
For the sloth of a day?
For a heart free from care?
And a garb free from soil?

Lo the careless wear rags,
And the mighty must toil.

Up! up! stolid sleeper,
And rub off the rust
Which hath cankered the key
To thy casket of trust.
Wert thou sent to this world
To be groping in night
With a chain on thy powers?
With a heart wearing blight?
While the gifts which thy Former
Intrusted, are made
Unreal—availless,—
A cavern of shade,
Where the golden sun shines not,
Nor morn's waking comes,
Where the bat and the owl
And dark death build their homes?

No! formed for a purpose,
Endowed as seemed meet
To the Mighty One throned
In eternity's seat,
Thou hast much to accomplish,
Let much be thine aim;
Let the thoughts of thy heart
Be a sun-gathered flame.
Let the hope of that future,
Which God doth invest
With a glory and shadow
A fear and a zest,
Be quickened with toil,
And be chastened with prayer,
That thy rod may bud forth,
That thy branch yet may bear
Such fruit as refreshes
The pilgrims of years,
Who toil in this valley
And pathway of tears.

97 Commemorative.

THE night of the grave hath shut over
The promise and light of thy soul;
And the green turf, which hides friend and lover,
Hath closed with thy bell's mournful knoll.

With thy hope and thy fame, it was morning,
The bud of thy youth had put forth;
Disease had not spoken its warning,
Nor calumny wounded thy worth.

Those blightings which visit man's dwelling,
Unharmful thy spirit had past;

And thy heart of affection was swelling
With a trust which we trusted would
last.

O how hath the gifted one perished!
The strings of his lyre are unbound,
And the friendship affection had
cherished,
Hath kissed the dark dust of the
ground.

Time's shadow can claim no reviving;
All, all is most mute in the tomb:
There none for the mastery is striving,
And only destruction shall bloom,

Had years been allotted thy spirit,
Earth's records thy name had up-
borne;

But death has enshrouded thy merit;
And those who have known thee
must mourn.

So uncertain is life in its glory,
So certain our heritage—death:
To-day but repeats the sad story,
Existence seems only a breath.

How quickly some enter the portal
That leads from this strange world
of dreams:
Trust in Christ, and thou shalt be im-
mortal,
Where glory is all that it seems.

98 Evening.

THE evening is lovely,
And, shining afar,
In the west softly twinkles
Eve's earliest star.

The river is lagging
In beauty along,
And the grasshopper cheerily
Sings its shrill song.

The music of warblers
Is hushed midst the wood;
But nature re-echoes
The footsteps of God.

He is walking in beauty
Amidst the still night;

To his eyes never closing
The darkness is light.

We do not discover him,
Yet he is here;
All around us the marks
Of his wisdom appear.

His skill made the flower
That is shut at our feet
And the fountain that flows
From its shady retreat.

He spread the blue heavens,
All countless with lights;
And provides for us kindly
What hosts of delights!

And when, for our forfeit,
His favor was gone,

To die to redeem us
He sent forth his Son.

O kindness the wondrous!
And shall we not love
This Jesus who came,
From the mansions above?

---

99 Morning.

MORNING is breaking,
Life is awaking
In multiplied forms;

Soft music is ringing
From birds sweetly singing,
While insects and worms

All bask in the splendor:
Each fails not to render
Some tribute of praise,

Some sign of thanksgiving
To God ever living,
The God of all grace.

In love and in kindness,
Though night and though blindness,
Me, me he has kept.

How safely I slumbered
Hours solemnly numbered;
While stealthily crept

Armed ills: I was armless,
They passed me all harmless;
Unmerited grace!

What have I to render
My careful defender?
Or plead to his face

For talents neglected,
For favors rejected,
Which conscience heeds well

For heartless devotions,
For sinful emotions
What merit I? Hell.

O wonderful Father,
Do thou the rather
Change me, and make

Within a right spirit
Rich hopes to inherit,
Which time cannot shake.

100 Easy to Stray.

How easy it is to stray
From the pleasant path of good!
How easy to run the flowery way
With the giddy multitude!
But danger lurks in every path,
While muster the clouds of fiery wrath.

Then guide me, Gracious One,
In the safe the narrow way.
My journey through life is just begun,
'Tis the dawning dusk and grey:
Nor know I what perils I shall meet
In the morning cool or the noonday
heat.

So easy it is to stray,
Saviour, I thee implore
To keep beside me all the way

Till the journey of life is o'er;
Till toil be past and I shall rest
Where sin and care no more molest.

---

101 Ambition.

When wild ambition prompts the heart,
And earth's delusive fame allures;
When on the soul those raptures start
Which time or chance or sin matures;
Oh think thou then, what best endures
The still researches of thy heart,—
What lasting loving peace ensures,
And from the tempting snare depart.

The calm approval of thy mind
Is the sweet potion in that cup
Which hath all bitterness combined,
Which mortals mix, and man must sup.

O be thou not the willing dupe
Of cheating sin, whose end is woe;
Nor to those arts and falsehood stoop
Which long remorse would well forego.

Ah, think not in thy lighter hour,
A moment's joy repays the tear
Which still must fall with burning power
To make thy heart's young foliage sere.
Nor deem all blest who blest appear;
The fleeting pleasure of the soul
Is but a blossom on a bier,
A gleam on waves that wailing roll.

What is a name unto the dead,
If gained by evil or by shame?
If sin's bale light be round it shed,
Unto the soul what is that name?

The soul that turneth whence it came,
Abides the audit of its God:
Oh is that cheating thing the same
When Justice lifts his awful rod?

---

102 Cheerfulness.

'Tis good to wear a cheerful brow,
Whatever ills the heart molest;
Beneath whatever toils we bow,
How fair the look of rest!

It is the sunbeam on the surge
That loudly dashes on the shore,
A spark of Heaven that lights its verge.
And lives the conflict o'er

No selfish motive prompts the smile
That still an answering smile
would seek,

The heaviness of woe beguile,
And light another's cheek.

But limning hope the gloom portrays
With golden breaks and orient streak;
Each baffled quest with light arrays,
And makes a gladness speak.

And o'er the ocean of the soul
Floats balm from green and clustering isles;
Comfort from Heaven obtains control,
And life and promise smiles

---

103 Dawn.

It is the light of kindling day;
O see!

How those slow moving clouds that lay
Over the hills so far away,
Exchange their sombre tints for gold
And wake in forms of richer mould.

High mounts the glory from its nest;
And yet,
Like summer warbler it is drest
In costly plumes and varying vest,
While hidden, slowly climbs the sun
And morning yet is scarce begun.

Did you ever chance to dream,
O say,
Your little heart with scarce a gleam,
A cloud in such a dawn might seem,
Ere yet the light has reached its fold
Converting it to molten gold?

Tis so, indeed 'tis even so,
How sad!

But there's a Sun whose golden glow
Changes to Heaven this earth below,
It is the Sun of Righteousness:
Pray that this light thy heart may bless.

104 Procrastination.

'Twas to myself I purposed,
In my own thought I stood,
I said I would achieve it!
And believed in my heart I would.

But ever, while I purposed,
An hour stole by unseen;
The birds sang eve and matin,
And the flowers grew on the green.

I waited for the moment
Propitious to begin;

High deeds were what I purposed,
  And much I wished to win.

But still the hour propitious
  Its loving glance delayed,
Though the tree grew by the fountain
  And the birds sang in the shade.

The tree grew by the fountain,
  Every day it grew,
Till the vulture blasts of autumn
  Amidst its foliage flew.

At evening and at morning,
  As still the weeks went by,
I sat beneath its branches
  To meditate and sigh:

To sigh, for still the Future
  Came up before me bright!

With a living voice of music
  And a loving eye of light.

Its vision—that was glory,
  Its feeling—that was power;
And I sighed to think of many
  An intervening hour.

Over the hills and over
  The same sun rolled again,
His wheels were swift and fiery,
  Nor paused on mount or plain.

He roll'd up every morning
  However dark or fair;
And towards the west at even
  I turned—and he was there.

The seasons at his bidding
  With unmolested pace,

And visible mutation
  Still passed o'er nature's face.

I watched the years that murmured
  Like fountain voices by;
That tree spread broad and broader,
  But so, alas, not I.

For yet the deeds I purposed
  Were vague and unbegun,
And I chronicled long cycles
  Ere the benignant one.

The splendor of the morning,
  The nestling gloom of night,
The straying moon of shadows
  Which left no footprints light :

The bud that burst ere summer,
  The leaves that waved in June,

And the stripping blast of autumn
  Which sang its old wild tune:

And the tree which by the fountain
  Extended evermore,
And the fount which in its rippling
  The smoothe round pebbles wore:

And the cloud which in its whiteness
  Seemed motionless—yet moved;
All these my heart upbraided
  All these my sloth reproved.

But the moment which I waited
  Seemed still as much remote;
Tho' the tree had grown in shadow,
  And the brook through shade could
    float.

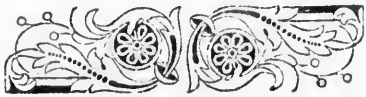
Then I heard a voice at even,
  I heard a voice at morn;
It came to me at midnight
  O'er hill and forest borne.

It waked whene'er I slumbered,
  Nor slept when I awoke;
I moved, it traced my footsteps,
  It spoke whene'er I spoke.

It was a peaceful message,
  Up-bubbling from all things,
Which nerves the arm to action,
  And makes the soul have wings.

And I marvelled in my spirit
  That I so old had grown
Before I learned the language
  Of this mysterious tone.

Then sloth was cast forever,
  Like weeds, from out my breast,
And Action like a river
  Rolled forth and did not rest.



105 Omniscience.

How can I my follies conceal,
Or cover the sins of my ways,
When the past, with its good and its ill,
Lies open, Great God, to thy gaze?

Thou knowest the way that I take,
The emotions that rise in my soul,
Dost see me, asleep or awake,
With each motive that holdeth control.

Thou knowest the thoughts I will think
When the light of to-morrow shall
come:
Then teach me from evil to shrink,
Remembering the night of the tomb.

Assist me to walk in thy ways;
To lay up a treasure in heaven,
That when thou shalt number my days
I may dwell in Thy presence forgiven.

106 Contrast.

STRAIGHT is the way Thou would'st
have me to go,
And the glory of Zion delights it with
lustre:
While the worldling eats ashes, drinks
waters of woe,

Dropping fruits of rich joy o'er the
holy path cluster,
And the cooling sweet streams of thy
grace and thy love
All sparkling with glory delightfully
move.

Blissful the end Thou would'st have me
attain,
To see thee and dwell in thy presence
forever;
While the worldling must drink from
the ocean of pain,
In darkness and sorrow devoid of thy
favor.
Lo! the anguish, the wailing, reproach
and remorse,
Where the chain laxeth not, nor the
ban, nor the curse!

Early the hour Thou would'st have me incline
My ear to thy gentle and sweet invitation:
While the worldling with scorn treats the message divine,
Assails his delights, is o'erthrown by temptation.
For thy friends thou hast glory that shall not decay,
For thy foes night and sorrow that move not away.

---

107 Not by Might.

Not by might and not by power,
Is the fettered soul made free;
Not the struggle of an hour
Vanquishes eternally:

Not by this weak arm, with pain,
Is the soul's destroyer slain.

But the High and Holy One,
  Dwelling in the endless days;
He that fought and he that won,
  Breaks the bands, attunes to praise,
Heals the stripes, assumes the load,
Leads to Heaven the safe abode.

108 The World Passeth.

We dwell not here forever;
    When other suns shall come,
The silver cord must sever,
    The dust must be our home.
Within that earth are sleeping
    The hosts of eldest years:

The mournful with their weeping,
The fearful with their fears.

The warrior's steel is rusting
Beside the regal crown,
Which from the brow once trusting
Relentless hurled it down.
But, pride and envy buried,
Thus victor—vanquished—lie,
The steel no longer serried,
The sceptre mouldering nigh.

Plebeian and patrician
Commingle bone with bone;
Time writes its admonition:
O'erthrowing and o'erthrown.
The golden footed hours
Will make the grave's nest green,
Will plant the heart with flowers,
Will change the anxious mien.

What is the same forever?
Day unto day gives place
Lunations fill—but never
Shall man renew his race.
Stars shine and fade together,
Suns tireless rise and set;
And dark and sunny weather
Commingle gold with jet.

As sunbeams' rosy fingers
Around some crumbling wall,
Where now no glad tone lingers
Of those which filled that hall;
As silvery moonbeams tender,
Thrown o'er the dark sea's surge;
So floats a far off splendor
On earth's remotest verge.

109 Climbing.

Over the mountain looks the sun,
Dark clouds are gathering round him;
And yet the day is just begun:
Why has the shadow found him?
So early? Is it often so?
And doth that sun inherit woe?
O, child of earth, I answer, No!
Those clouds are far beneath.
Shadows have nought to do with him,
His golden eye is never dim.
Those clouds are but the wreath
Which for a moment hides his light
With sable plumes of flying night,
Night that is but a name.

Climbing a mountain, hastens one;
Thick mists are falling round him:

His march to Life is just begun:
Have storm and darkness found him?
Thus early? Is it often so?
And doth the Saved inherit woe?
O, child of earth, I answer, No!
Those clouds are from beneath.
His earnest hope, his staff of faith,
Will aid him at the pass of death:
Those mists are but the wreath
Which for a moment blind his sight;
But higher up the mountain height
With molten gold will flame.

110 Where dost Thou Hide, O Beloved?

WHERE dost thou hide, O Beloved!
  Whither, O whither, would'st flee?
I awake in the night of my sorrow,
  And search, O thou Chiefest, for
    thee.

Stoop from the throne of thy splendor,
  Enter thy garden of love:
Scatter the cold night of weeping
  With morn in thy skirt from above.

Come with the early wind's breathing,
  Wafting and waking perfume;
All dewy and dropping with roses
  Which under thy footsteps will
    bloom.

Fair birds in green branches will warble
The eloquent songs of delight:
Cool streams will meander in beauty,
Dark clouds change to golden and
white.

Where art thou hid, O Beloved?
Whither, O whither, would'st flee!
I awake in the night of my sadness,
And sigh, O my Saviour, for thee.

---

111 Peace.

THERE floats a vanity around
The yearnings of the heart;
A searching still for gems unfound,
For phantoms which depart.

The gorgeous thoughts that gaily rove,
The dreams of which we dream,

Vanish like silver clouds above,
  Like diamonds in the stream.

While no advantages confer
  The quiet which we crave;
The leaves without emotion stir,
  The calm lie in the grave.

The flowers without emotion change,
  Without emotion fall;
The time of rest has ample range,
  Peace lays its hand on all.

How still the bustling—side by side,
  Down by oblivion's wave!
How droops the haughty head of pride,
  How mingles prince with slave!

And is this all that earth and life
  Can offer or bestow?

A cheating hope for all our strife,
  A bed of rest how low!

While crowds with vain decision move,
  On hasty purpose bent,
Kind arms are reaching from above,
  Inviting words are sent.

Come and receive the gentle peace
  From God's right hand that falls,
That bids the thirst for evil cease,
  The bondman disenthrals.

A peace not wrapt in sable vest
  Of murky midnight's gloom,
But growing to a sabbath rest
  Beyond the sheltering tomb.

112 Return.

Redeemer, didst thou once for me
Expire upon the torturing tree?
And shall I not return to thee,
Forsake my sins and come?

Providing for my sorest need,
Was it for me that thou didst bleed?
Expire to heal, and rise to plead?
And can I slight such love!

To thee earth's distant nations raise
The tearful eye, the songs of praise:
Shall I be careless all my days,
Nor claim thy matchless grace?

Or do I fear thou wilt upbraid
The sinful soul that seeks thy shade?

To thee I come to be arrayed
In garments clean and white.

O Lord, thou scornest none who bring
Their sins and troubles, sorrowing;
The lame shall walk the dumb shall sing,
The Lord be God alone.

---

112 A Prayer.

FOOLISH, corrupt, by sin enslaved,
Yet, yet I lift my heart to Thee,
And crave a boon, a precious boon,
Which none but Thou canst give to me.

Eternal King, almighty Lord,
Thou who art wisdom, kindness, light,
Dispel the folly from my heart,
Redeemer! shine upon my night.

I ask an understanding heart,
I ask for faith in Jesus' blood,
Eternal life through Him who died,
Eternal peace with thee, my God.

113 Then.

When troubles arise, and the fears
of the night,
The souls who would flee to thy mercy
affright;
When the way, always rugged with
rock and with thorn,
Affects us to weeping—though vainly
we mourn;
Then, King of Salvation,
O, life-giving Word,
In tender compassion,
Draw near to us, Lord.

There's a shadow which flees not at
dawn of the day,
A mist ever brooding, which rolls not
away,
O'er the hearts of the chosen at inter-
vals spread,
It dims the clear light which with
blessing is shed.
Then, then for salvation,
O, Glorious Word,
In kindness and pity,
Remember us, Lord.

When the sun of this earth in its
glory is bright,
And the heart is assailed with the
sweets of delight;
When that rapture is rife which would
win us away
From the Rock of our hope, from the
God of our stay;

Then, King of Salvation,
O, life-giving Word!
In love and in favor,
Draw near to us, Lord.

---

115 Night.

'Tis night—the still and balmy night!
No cloud obscures the azure high:
A soft, a silent thoughtful light
Embathes the steeps; and nature's sigh,
That sigh which evermore awakes——
A tone and tense of sweetness takes.

'Tis night, and the unclouded Moon
Walks like a Seer of ancient time,
And all the stars, so meek so boon,—
Fair spirits of a purer clime,

Make choral chaunt and symphony
From out the rich immensity.

There falls a whisper from the trees,
 There steals a murmur on the air,
Muffled and low as memories
 Of that which was most fond and fair:
Till even the heart of many cares
Is caught and ravished unawares.

And holy thoughts run up and down,
 From earth to Heaven, from Heaven
 to earth:
Each wears a rich and shining crown,
 And radiant pinions waft it forth,
An angel's joy, an angel's guise,
And power's unrivalled mysteries.

All nature, bowed and worshipping
 Before the Everlasting Throne,

Is fragrant as an offering,
And precious as a priceless stone.
And smiles this moment, fresh from tears,
As if it had not wept for years.

And now the wearied sons of time
Have laid their cankering cares aside
To list the visionary chime
Of distant rill or rippling tide.
To such the night—it is not night,
But day more dim with thoughts more bright.

Slumber hath balm for heavy woes,
In dreams the sad may even be blest;
The homeless wanderer finds repose,
And earth has peace, and mortals rest.
Semblance of quiet yet more deep,
Where crowds recline in breathless sleep.

116 Ye Weep.

Ye weep.— O what is weeping?
What hath the heart to do with those
fresh tears?
Why should the desolate earth in its
long years,
Up-bubble sadness from its wells of
sleeping?
What doth the heart with tears?—
Eden was lost.———

It were a painful glory,
To sit as the star-watchers in their
lights
O'er the calm grandeur of most sump-
tuous nights,
And listen to the grey earth's painfu
story!

What doth the earth with lights?—
Hope has come down.—

Ye weep——it is but sorrow,
Just the unsealing of the heart's well-spring,
Only the dropping of the clouds that fling
A doubt and presage o'er the soul's hoped morrow,
And o'er the soul's well-spring.—
And there is joy.

Yes, now ye pained weepers,
Let joy with plumage dipt in gold, come forth
With summer songs: ye are of glorious worth,
And joyful destination. Be not sleepers,
Arise, aspire henceforth.
God giveth life.

The Lord Our Righteousness.

No, I have nothing of my own,
But I must cleave to Christ alone;
Look for the pardon of my guilt
To the dear blood on Calvary spilt.
O precious blood, that can alone
The sinner heal and sins atone,
Yes, justify us and atone.

All that I do is mixt with sin,
My holiest works must cry, Unclean,
My prayers are but polluted breath,
Provoking wrath, deserving death,
But these to God through Christ I lift,
The altar sanctifies the gift,
Yes, both the giver and the gift.

Blest Sacrifice! 'tis all in all,
Low at thy feet, my Lord, I fall,
Thy life, thy death, thy rising—these
A God of holiness appease.
Thy life thy death thy rising—are
The things that save me from despair
  Yes, endless pain and strong despair.

O, shine from thine Anointed's face
With melting rays of love and grace;
Dispel the night of doubt and sin,
And write thy love and grace within;
Remove the clouds of unbelief,
Chase every fear, heal every grief:
  O Saviour, send me swift relief.

Lord, I will think of all thy grace,
Will meditate thy promises;
How full, how free, how manifold!
More precious each than gems & gold.

These, these my feeble hope sustain,
Each with its Yea and its Amen,
Thanks be to God for his amen

---

118 Autumnal Stanzas.

THE leaves are falling in showers
On the breath of melodious hours;
They fall like beautiful flowers
From the gorgeous forest tree.

Reft and low they are lying,
While the sweet soft air is sighing,—
While an unseen Hand is dyeing
Their sumptuous drapery.

While the sunlight calm and golden
With life and power enfolden,
Its crystal Keep hath holden
O'er the waves of a lucid sea.

Frail forms! they are gather'd to sleeping,
Where dust its darkness is keeping,
While mountain rills are weeping
Old tones of minstrelsy.

Thus beautiful when they perish
Are the joys we fondly cherish,
Rich leaves of this hour—they perish,
Gorgeous, exceedingly.

All that is earthly is dying,
And dust makes no replying
To bosoms vaguely sighing
For sure felicity.

But a volume old in glory
Speaks through the shadows hoary,

Telling a marvellous story
Of life from Calvary.

The highest Heaven is bending,
Lo! Life's great Lord, descending
To purchase life unending
On the astonished tree.

119 Ask, and ye shall Receive.

Ask—Hast thou told us, Lord, indeed
To ask of thee the things we need?
To stand upon thy footstool here,
And tell our wants to reach thine ear?

Can it be possible that thou,
To whom vast clouds of angels bow,

And holy hosts their faces veil,
Wilt hear a sinful mortal's tale?

Can it be possible thou wilt
Incline thine ear to earth and guilt?
Note every tear that wets the cheek,
And hear when dust and ashes speak?

Yes! thou wilt hear, O God the Lord,
Wilt hear according to thy word;
Wilt be exalted in the grace
Extended to a fallen race.

Then hear us, condescending Lord,
Hear for the honor of thy word;
Grant us the shinings of thy face,
To us extend thy saving grace.

The Triumph.
A Temperance Ode.

UNFOLD the black portal,
Bring hither the chain;
Make room for the vanquished
In regions of pain!
Let the gulf be prepared,
Let the blackness be deep,
In that Pit of dismay
Where the Monster shall sleep.

Are there records of love
From men's bosoms effaced?
Are there hearts burned to ashes,
And households made waste?
Yes! the tears of the reft,
And the voices of blood,
And the cry of the orphan
Have reached unto God.———

He hath shut his mad victims
In cells of despair,
Night and day hath he watched them
With caution and care;
And his priests have been merry
With viol and song,
And riot and mirth
Have gone up the night long.

And his priests have been clad
With the riches and spoil,
The hard garnered fruits
Of a provident toil:
They have laughed in the garden,
Have ploughed in the field,
Whence the widow was thrust
Broken hearted and peeled.

And each priest of the Monster
Hath shielded his head———

Have the wings of proud Nations
Above him been spread!
Is that fire in their coffers,
A tithe of the gold
Which he wrung every day
From the souls they had sold!——

A voice from the Earth—
Shall the guilty profane—
Shall the gifts of my joy
Be the tribute of pain?
A voice from the Nations,
It lives, it awakes!
And the cordon of Error
Most fearfully shakes.

A voice from the Volume
Prophetic, of Heaven:
Wo! wo! to the Spoiler,
Be recompense given!

Cast out the Destroyer,
As sassin of peace,
Who hath nourished his heart
With the life blood of Bliss.

And a joy have the Nations,
A fear hath the Fiend,
His triumphs are numbered,
And hasteth his end.
Bright—strong are the links
Which shall bind him on earth,
And drag him deep down
To the Pit of his birth.

Unfold the black portal,
Make ready the chain:
Room! room for the vanquished,
Dire region of pain;
Earth's millions shall laugh
At the noise of his fall,

And the light be more golden
Which rests over all.

121 Time Yet is Mine.

TIME yet is mine: But moving on,
Scene after scene is quickly gone.
Youth guides the car, and speeding still
The wheels roll onward o'er the hill.
The goodly opening view invites
With promise rich, with rare delights,
Promise and joys which may not come:
Hope dies and rude winds strip the
bloom.

Time yet is mine: but ah, my heart
With earth's enchantments loth to part,
Lays up its love, its treasure, where
Come ails and anguish, cark and care:

Privation keen with timeless ache,
Relentless ills that bid us quake,
Assaulting thefts and hard mishaps,
And death itself with long collapse.

Time yet is mine, but dim and deep
Those mist-enveloped waters sleep,
Hiding the future, muffled dark;
A sea on which I must embark.
No barrier youth can interpose,
To hope's and life's impending close,
Then let me cry, O Lord, impart
Thy saving wisdom to my heart.

---

122 O Thou.

WHILE strength despairs, while hope forsakes,
And heart distrusts the path it takes;

My spirit cries, my thought awakes,
Struggling to Thee.

O Thou, whose voice was heard before
By him who climbed the sycamore,
Prest with his ways, and fearing sore
To miss the sight.

O Thou, whose goodness pass'd again
Before the weeping gate of Nain,
And crowned with smiles the Widow's pain,
Gave back her Son.

How oft those gracious lips of Thine
Dropt clusters richer than the vine,
And bade eternal glory shine,
And griefs depart!

In love speak once again to me;
My state, my griefs are known to Thee:
My healer, hope and portion be,
So shall I sing.

---

123 Dejection.

When gladness shades its youthful brow,
And strong affection wakes to weep;
How darkened float the days and slow,
Giving their voices drear and deep.
The thoughts that recollection keep
Revive the shapes of buried hours;
The soul goes forth in tears, to reap
Of other days the harvest flowers.

Of hope—the trust how beautiful,
And sadness seeks—to find it gone!

A goodly tree once budding full,
Whose rifled boughs hang reft and lone.
O blest, if thus, when overthrown,
Its aspirations kiss the dust,
Light from the holy Heaven is thrown
O'er glorious aims and nobler trust.

Light to the blind bewildered soul,
Life to the creature dead in sin,
Power to uplift, confirm, control,
Kindness to heal the wounds within:
The might the grace are all divine,
The light, the life, the hope, the stay:
The grace of Christ alone can win
Man's wandering soul from error's way.

124 The Prodigal.

Two sons—they seem but striplings,
At table did recline:
"Father, give to me the portion
Of the goods that will be mine;
For I desire to travel
Into rare and distant lands,
Where mystery and adventure
Attract with golden bands."

He hearkened—that kind father,
To his younger son's request;
Divided him his treasures,
And folded to his breast.

Not many days thereafter
He gather'd all he had,
Bade farewell to his kindred,
With looks that were not sad.

Addressed himself to travel,
To know what could be known;
Threading dark and toilsome passes
Through mountains wild and lone;
Tent-guarded fields all dotted
With grazing herds and flocks,
And deep and sluggish rivers,
And valleys rough with rocks.

Then visited gay cities,
Where mirth and riot made
The lamps outburn the midnight,
And tinge the brooding shade,
Till morning waked to witness
Excess that never blushed;
The lean and haggard visage,
The cheeks that wine had flushed.

Thus indolence and riot
Drew forth his waiting gold:

His precious pearls were lavished
Until the last was sold.

Then armed with want came Famine,
He wandered forth; and yet
With an unsated longing,
An inglorious regret.
For the phantoms he had follow'd
His secret heart would pant:
Yet he journeyed from the city,
And began to be in want.

In a rough and barren region
Behold him herding swine,
Where the oak cast crude and bitter mast,
But grew not palm nor vine.
None pitied his condition,
And no man gave him meat:

And he fain had filled his belly
With the husks the swine did eat.

At length he came unto himself,
All starving, stript and bare:
"How many hired servants
Of my father have to spare,
While here I die with hunger!
I will arise and go
Again unto my father
In this my state of woe.
Saying, Father, before Heaven
I have sinn'd and in thy sight,
And am no longer worthy
As thy son to taste delight:
Make me as a hired servant,"
And he arose and went.
And as he journeyed, still his heart
Called up what he had spent:
His former days of plenteousness,

And foolish discontent.
His goodly portion wasted
And fled like mists of morn:
With self reproach he hasted,
And raiment patched and torn.

A day was wearing slowly,
And at his threshold sat
The anxious father, musing
His long-lost offspring's fate.
How sad had been his absence,
What long months had gone by!
And whither had he wandered
Alone? Perhaps to die
By wild beasts in the desert,
By troops on evil bent: —
Nay, hope could scarcely bring him
More to his father's tent.

Amidst his mournful musing,
And ere the hour grew late,

Afar there came a stranger
With worn and wearied gait.
His old and tattered garments
Were lifted by the wind;
Yet speedy recognition
Surprised the father's mind.
He knew him after wanderings,
Even at distance great,
He knew him notwithstanding
His sadly changed estate.

The heart's outgoing kindness
Could scarce make speed enough;
Swiftly he ran, and met him
While yet a great way off,
(Who knows that kind heart's yearning
What secret tears he shed?)
Fell on his neck and kiss'd him,
While the son repentant said:
"O, my Father, before Heaven
I have sinn'd and in thy sight,

And am no longer worthy
As thy son to taste delight.
Make me as thy hired servant."
But the generous father cried,
With compassion strong and tender,
To the servants at his side:
"Bring forth the choicest garment
And let him be array'd;
Adorn his feet with sandals,
His hand with yellow braid
Holding in its golden meshes
Jewels of olden worth:
Make haste and kill the fatted calf;
Let there be joy and mirth.
Bring forth all pleasant instruments
For this my son, (he said,)
Was lost—but he is found again,
He lives—and he was dead."

Jubilant, and very sweetly,
Came the music from the tent,

When the elder brother halted,
(For the hours of toil were spent,)
As he heard the feet of dancers
And the harp and viol sweet;
Asked concerning the rejoicing,
And refused to joy or eat.

Quickly, kindly, with entreaty,
Came the generous father out:
But his elder son was angry,
Questioning with acts of doubt:
Prodigal the better treated!
More beloved—without a cause!
"Lo these many years I serve thee,
Have I e'er transgressed thy laws?
Yet thou never gav'st me, Father,
So much as even a kid
That with friends I might make merry
Once—as others did.
But when thy vagrant son is come
Who squandered thy estate,

For him the fatted calf is killed,
And feasting crowds thy gate."

"Son, thou art ever with me,
And all I have is thine:
And ought not Gratitude arise
And bid the feast to shine,
When he thy brother—gone so long—
Returneth safe and sound——
Was dead—but is alive again,
Was lost—but now is found?"

---

125 If the Darkest.

If the darkest shadow compassed
The gladness of my way,
Till my pleasant visions melted
Into cold and still decay:
If great rocks up-piled around me,
And no star a track could ope

Through the heavens thick and hazy,
I would hope.

Hope is written in the volume
Of the heart—how broad!
Plainly in the vast and golden,
Glorious, holy Book of God.
Light has burst the bands asunder,
Gleams the broken masses ope;
Lofty flashes crown the orient:
There is hope.

126 Remember.

REMEMBER thy Creator
In thy joyful time of spring;
While distant days of evil
No sign portentous fling.

While the sad years draw not nigh thee,
When thy weary heart shall say:
I have no pleasure in them,
Nor ask for their delay.

While yet earth's cheering objects
Are painted on thy sight;
And the dazzling orbs of heaven
In all their glorious light.

Before the day be darkened,
And after falling rain
Returns the wind with rushings,
And clouds come back again.

Then the keepers of the castle
Will tremble with dismay,
Bowing before the forces
That wrest their wealth away.

All music's charming daughters
For sorrow will be mute:
The windows closed and darkened,
The silent doors be shut.

Think now of thy Creator
Amidst the flowery spring,
Ere sorrow or disaster
The time of trial bring.

Ere the golden bowl be broken,
Or loosed the silver cord;
Or vase at fountain shattered
That can not be restored.

Then shall dead dust be hidden
Beneath the green, low sod;
Then shall the living spirit
Return unto its God.

127 The Tempest.

LOUD was the tempest: around the Bark
Fierce crested billows were rolling dark,
Tossing the great ship wild and fast,
As a fallen leaf in autumnal blast,
Like an angry lion roused the Night,
Mane black and fiery eyes of light.
Fiercely on close reefed spar and mast
Red lightning blazed and swiftly passed,
And rumbling thunder shook the deep,
As the waters were hurtled heap on heap
While the vessel was tossed and plunged on its way,
Startling the stoutest with dismay.

In the cabin a lady and her knight:
And the lady trembled with wild affright:

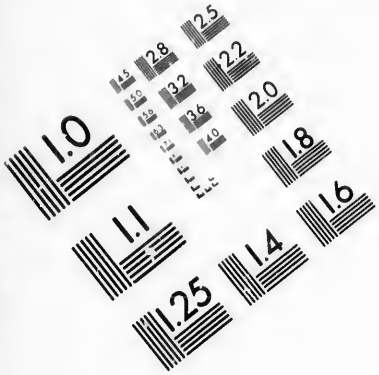
But o'er her lord passed no emotion,
From the plunging bark and the turbulent ocean,
From the flaming clouds and the crashing peal,
Daunting the stout ones armed in steel.

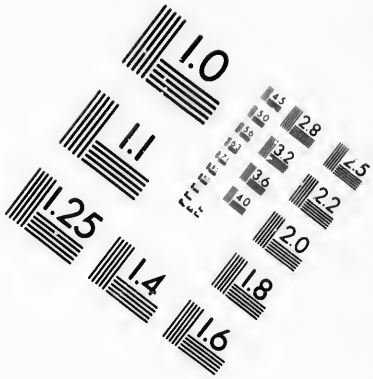
"Thy cheeks pale not, thine eyes are calm
As the wafted tones of a trusting psalm!
What makes thy heart so peaceful and light
In the dismal storm and the driving night?
Midst the surges that lash us reft of sail,
Like gossamer in the sportful gale."

He drew his bright sword from its rest,
Suddenly held to the lady's breast

As if about to pierce it deep:
O shricks she wildly, does she weep?
"My heart is dauntless, for I feel
The hand that holds the deadly steel,
The fierce devouring tusk of strife,
Never could harm me for its life.
The steel that has routed the murderous band,
Its threat is from a friendly hand:
I am safe in that husband's changeless love,
Hence the act dismaying fails to move."

"Dear one! I also turn not pale,
Knowing the Hand that holds the gale,
The scathing lightning and the peal,
The wave that dashes our helpless keel,
The watery deluge and the rain,
And the rushing force that heaps the main.





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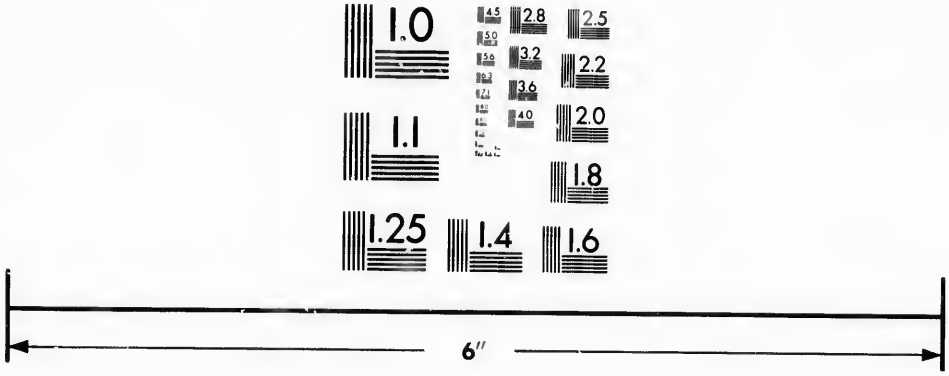

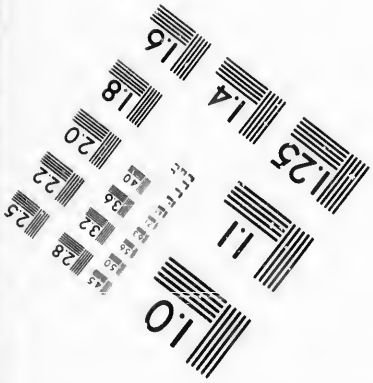

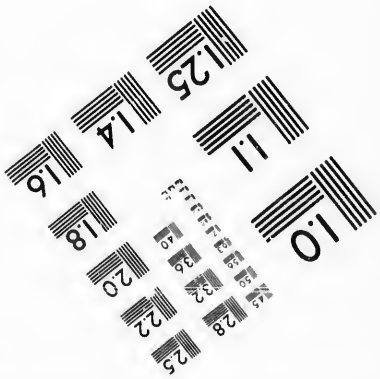

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That Hand has rescued me, I know,
From endless bale, from mundane woe.
Loud bursts the storm: let billows roll,
Nor storm nor wave disturb my soul.
Though dreadful the sword flames from above,
I am safe in a Father's changeless love."

Exalted hope! thrice glorious trust
Which frees the soul from shackles of dust;
And while days with ceaseless changes fleet
Seats it at peace by its Father's feet.

---

128 The Two Rivers.

EARTH's streams of pleasure glitter
As on this life they roll:

Casting a ray most winning
  Upon the journeying soul.
Come and drink, O Mortal!
  Songs from the River say,
Ere Death with ponderous portal
  Exclude you from the day.
This moment is the bounteous,
  The future may not come;
Seize the glowing Present,
  For flowers grow o'er the tomb;
But joy and wealth and glory
  Evade its dim recesses:
Hope has no history there,
  And kindness no caresses.

God's streams of pleasure glitter,
  As on this life they roll:
A River full and golden,
  Meandering near the soul.

Come and drink, Immortal!
  Songs on the waters say,
Ere Death with its black portal
  Exclude the jewelled ray.
Now is thy time of wisdom;
  The golden signet set:
Now is thy time of sowing;
  The harvest is not yet.
Long years extend beyond thee,
  Thro' scenes which must be known,
When earth like mist has vanished,
  And time has been o'erthrown.
Shun the earth's drowning stream,
  Avoid its dire abysses:
Woe dates its history thence,
  And wails o'er sad excesses.

THE

EXHUMED MINER.

A POEM.

Many years since, on opening a mining shaft which had been closed for a long time, the body of a young man, in a state of complete preservation is said to have been discovered. None knew him, or had even heard of the accident which caused his death. At length however an old woman tottering with extreme age, came forward from the crowd, who recognized him as her betrothed lover.

YES, thou hast housed for many years
In the dark earth excluding fears ;
That earth which all of life must press
In long and low forgetfulness ;
And there be hid, and there be changed,
Even from all living forms estranged,

And made the thing we wot not of,
Which never can one wish behoove.
Shut out from motion light and breath:
To be whate'er we deem of death.
But this appears not yet thy lot:
Although thou seemest quite forgot,
For none among the gathered crowd
Can rise and claim thee for the shroud,
Or breathe thy fate, or name thy name;
Although thou risest still the same,
And on thy yet unwasted cheek
There only lacks life's flushing streak;
That sanguine tinge, which comes and goes,
With loves and bliss, with fears and woes,
Blending the feelings of the heart,
Till life's bewildering scenes depart.

Oh, Woman! thou art bent with age,
In Sorrow's lengthened pilgrimage;

And now thou totterest on the brink
Of the old earth, about to sink.
Why should'st thou tax the weary limb?
What canst thou know or dream of him?
Why should'st thou fix thy faltering
gaze,
As peering in the cave of Days?
But lo! the tear stands in her eye,
And lo her bosom heaves a sigh,
A tremor flashes through her frame —
The truth has burst—he is the same!

A few short weeks had seen them wed –
They rise—the living and the dead.
How time has changed the maiden grace
Which lived upon that wither'd face!
And stolen the ringlets as they curled
Like fair vines of a fairer world.
But thou—the Lover—years have not

Passed o'er the change that death has
wrought;
Youth bends above thy hearseless brow
Which changed at once and pales not
now,
Nor seems as that which pass'd away,
Or takes the nature of decay.

Ah, who can know how many a thought
Is with thy bosom's web enwrought;
And how thou conjurest up to thee,
In fancy's potent sorcery,
Those choice impressions of the heart,
That fondness which may not depart,
But long survives to breathe its spell
However unavailable.
Thou picturest days of starry sheen
Which were thy hope, and should have
been,

When he—thy lover—gently pressed,
Should share the transport of thy breast,
And cheer thee on the stormy road
That leads to Death's obscure abode.

All this is o'er——yet thus ye meet:
One heart that beat, has ceased to beat,
And one that beats hath ceased to glow
With life's quick, ardent, youthful flow.
And oh! how time hath poured its scorn
On life's abode and beauty's morn!

Yet, Woman, sure thou mock'st that form
Which late hath bow'd it to the storm;

Thou standest strangely by his side—
No, thou could'st ne'er have been his
bride!

Alas, how dark a tale may roll
Its floods of sorrow round the soul,
And mock the heart through many years,
With that it is—but not appears.
And surely fancy's wildest dream
Might seem more sooth than that ye
seem.

O, Woman! in thy wither'd eye
Grief's fountain fails not seems not dry.
The heart's red waters changed to tears,
Flow on and flow to latest years!
As if they would not, could not fail,

While grief or life were left to wail,

And oh, that feeling how severe,
Which found in earth no word nor tear
When life's fair hope, which freshly
stood,
Was nipt and blighted in the bud:
When thy fair Bark at sea went down
Without an omen or a frown:
When on thy morn's refulgent light,
Fell midmost starless, lampless, night.

Yet Woman! thou the shock withstood,
And wander'd on in widowhood.
Perhaps some gentle gleam of God
Illumed the painful path you trod;
Perhaps that Arm of holy love
Came gently reaching from above.
Whate'er it was that gave the power,

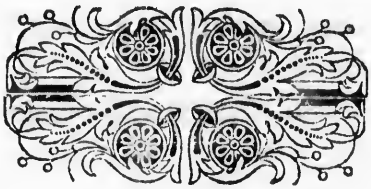
Thou yet hast journeyed to this hour,
To greet thy Lover once again,
Where hope is dead and life is vain.

Strange is this scene:—but yet more
strange
Will rise earth's last event and change;
When from sarcophagus and dust—
The sea that ne'er betrayed its trust—
Vapours impalpable—the air
Wafting its trophies every where,
O new and wonderful surprise!
A host—nay! myriads shall rise.
Not like this corse resembling life,
But fill'd with vigor gushing rife.
Each power, for suffering or delight,
Revived with an immortal might.
The patriarch with his load of years:
The infant with its hour of tears:

The haughty monarch used to state,
The beggar crouching at his gate:
The mummy of earth's earlier day
Redeemed from lean and long decay.
O strange assemblage! all that e'er
Of men inhaled earth's vital air,
All meet—yet each as if alone
Standing before the Great White
Throne.
Terrific Throne of stainless white,
With truth insufferably bright!

Midst flaming worlds and trembling
hearts,
Whilst with loud thunderings time de-
parts;
When earth and sky—the imposing
whole,
Are wrapt together as a scroll,

And right divides the hosts of men,
O where shall be my dwelling then?
Great God—the Judge—yet King of
Grace,
Grant me with joy to see thy face,
Washed in thy blood, which once was
spilt,
From every taint of earth and guilt:
Clothed with that righteousness of thine,
At thy right hand rejoice and shine.
And, life and death and judgment o'er,
Dwell where thou art for evermore.



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