

HYMNS AND POEMS

FOR BELIEVERS.

By W. YERBURY.

“HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.”

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—
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PREFACE.

THE author of these Poems has long since fallen asleep in Jesus; several friends to whom he was well known, having expressed a wish for their publication, they are now sent forth, not so much for their poetical value, as for the truth they contain.

They were not originally intended for publication, it is therefore hoped that the christian reader will bear with imperfections.

The love and grace of God towards ruined man, as displayed in His Son the Lord Jesus, the author's constant theme, will be found told out in every page.

They are the simple breathings of a heart realizing the blessed truth of pardon and peace through the blood of the Lamb. Many were written during times of deep trial, and some of the last but a short time previous to his departure.

Should any of the children of God, through the perusal of these "simple rhymes," find their hearts drawn more closely to Jesus; or any weak or sorrowful one be strengthened or comforted, then to God be all the praise; and (to use the author's own words) their joy

"———shall blend with his, when breaks
The gladsome day in keeping."

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION.

O! LITTLE BOOK of simple rhymes
When any read thy pages,
If there be aught to take the eye,
And thus the heart engages;
And there be chords that vibrate there,
Touched by thy strains, though lowly,
Then bid the music of that heart,
Acceptable and holy,
Ascend to Him who worthy is,
The source and *end* of blessing,
And he who penned the "simple rhymes"
(Unknown, *his end* possessing),
Will be content, for his the joy
To sow to others reaping,
Whose joy shall blend with his, when breaks
That gladsome day in keeping.

HYMNS AND POEMS.

*“Because of the savour of Thy good ointments, Thy
Name is as ointment poured forth.”*

CANT. i. 3.

THY name we love, Lord Jesus!
And lowly bow before Thee;
And while we live, to Thee we'll give
All blessing, worship, glory;
We sing aloud Thy praises,—
Thy beauty's all transcending,
For Thou alone we worthy own,
Our hearts and voices blending.

Thy name we love, Lord Jesus!
It tells Thy love unbounded
To ruin'd man, ere time began,
Or heaven or earth were founded;

Thine was a love eternal,
That found in us its pleasure;
That brought Thee low to bear our woe,
And make us Thine own treasure.

Thy name we love, Lord Jesus!
It tells Thy birth so lowly;
Thy patience, grace, Thy gentleness,
Thy lonely path, so holy.
Thou wast the "Man of Sorrows;"
Our grief, too, Thou didst bear it;
The bitter cup Thou drankest up;
The thorny crown didst wear it.

Thy name, we love, Lord Jesus!
God's Lamb thou wast ordained,
To bear our sin (Thyself all clean),
And hast our guilt sustained.
We see Thee crown'd with glory,
Above the heavens now seated,
The vict'ry won, Thy work well done!
Our righteousness completed.

Thy name we love, Lord Jesus!
For though Thy toils are ended,
Thy tender heart doth take its part,
With those Thy grace befriended.

Thy sympathy how precious,
Thou succourest in sorrow,
And bidst us cheer while pilgrims here,
And haste the hopeful morrow.

Thy name we love, Lord Jesus!
For service unremitting,
Within the veil Thou dost prevail,
Each heart for worship fitting;
Encompassed here with failure,
Each earthly refuge fails us;
Without, within, beset with sin,
Thy name alone avails us.

Thy name we love, Lord Jesus!
And wait Thy revelation,
In sweeter song to join the throng
Of the redeemed creation.
Soon shall the bright archangel
Call forth Thy saints to meet Thee;
Our only Lord, alone ador'd,
We'll then with gladness greet Thee.

Thy name we love, Lord Jesus!
We long to see Thy glory,
To know as known, and fully own
Thy perfect grace before Thee.

We plead Thy parting promise,
 "Come quickly" to release us,
And endless praise our souls shall raise,
 For love like Thine, Lord Jesus !

"From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when
my heart is overwhelmed: Lend me to the Rock
that is higher than I."

Psalm lxi. 2.

O ! JESUS, blest Saviour, whose love hath no bound,
Whose heart in Thy chosen its full joy hath found ;
Who sawest her ruin with pitiful eye,
From realms where the rock shades that's higher
than I.

Thine eye alone pitied, and *Thine* was the might,
To save and to meeten Thy Bride for Thy sight ;
And Thou, as her pattern, in sorrow didst fly,
To the holds of that rock that is higher than I.

What riches of glory ! what fathomless grace !
Thyself Thou didst humble, to take her low place ;

*One with her in weakness, wherein Thou couldst cry,
"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."*

O! Jesus, blest Saviour, 'tis this that endears,
Thy name to my heart in this valley of tears,
That Thou shouldst descend from Thy glory so high,
To trust in that rock that is higher than I.

Thy pathway of sorrow, Thy suff'rings and shame,
A rich meed of honour hath gotten Thy name,
And skill'd Thee so fully: on Thee I'd rely,
To lead to the rock that is higher than I.

Then should the clouds gather, and howl the wild
blast,

Thine ear abides open, to Thee may I haste,
And bear to Thy bosom Thine own plaintive cry,
"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

And tempests will gather, and oft may the heart
O'erwhelm'd be with sadness, and oft the tear start:
In the hour of my sorrow, to Thee when I hie,
Then lead to the rock that is higher than I.

But soon will that morning no cloud e'er can know,
The heart light with gladness once darken'd with woe,
Its joy will be perfect, no more shall I sigh,
"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

And then, dearest Saviour, Thine eye shall behold,
With holiest transport, the myriads untold,
For whom Thou didst travail, and cam'st from on high
To lead to that rock that is higher than I.

I wait for the dawning of that happy day,
When deep scenes of glory Thy grace shall display;
Thy Person surrounding, with the ransom'd I'll cry,
All praise to the rock that is higher than I.

Hebrews ix. x.

JESUS, our great High Priest!
By faith our souls ascend,
To where Thou now dost intercede,
At God's right hand.

Thy toil and woe are o'er;
Sin's full atonement made;
And Thee we hail, exalted now,
Our living head.

Yes, by Thy precious blood
Thou hast us fully freed,

Hast enter'd now the holiest,
For us to plead.

The *vail* no longer hides,
The way is manifest;
By it we now may enter there,
And find our rest.

Yes, rest in Thee, in God,
Whence nought our souls should move;
Rest in the riches of His grace—
His perfect love.

Yea, rest, for Thy rich blood,
Doth all our guilt exceed;
And Thy one offering perfect all
Who trust indeed.

With tend'rest sympathy,
Thou feel'st in all our woe;
For deepest floods of bitter grief
Did Thee o'erflow.

In sorrow's lonely hour;
In all our varied need;
Whene'er the heart is deeply press'd,
Then Thou dost plead.

In trial, deep and long,
When clouds obscure the day,
In tribulation borne for Thee
Along the way;

When Satan's fiery darts
Fiercely our souls assail;
Or when concealed, with guileful arts
He would prevail;

Then shall our souls be strong,
Shall more than conqu'rors be;
Our weakness be forgotten then,
Sustained by Thee.

If but by faith we rise
To where our souls should rest,
And view Thee interceding there,
Our great High Priest.

“On His Head were many Crowns.”

Rev. xix. 12.

“Thou art worthy.”

Rev. iv. 11.

KING of Glory! Glorious Lord!
By Thy saints admired, adored,

Full of truth and full of grace,
We will sing Thy matchless praise.

Though our praises humble be,
(Most unworthy, Lord, of Thee),
Thou acceptest, for they rise.
From our hearts a sacrifice.

Angels sing Thy praise above,
But 'tis ours to know Thy love ;
Of Thy fulness we receive,
Thou our all, in Thee we live.

Alpha and Omega Thou !
Many crowns adorn Thy brow ;
Who shall utter all Thy praise ?
Who shall tell Thy matchless grace ?

Lord, we need seraphic fire ;
Lord, we long for seraph's lyre ;
Nor shall an eternal day,
All Thy worth, Thy praise display.

Son of God ! and His delight,
Ere the starry gems of night,
Sun and moon, or worlds display'd,
Or unseen, by Thee were made.

Son of God ! what thought can trace,
The deep, calm glories of that place ?
Glories radiant, Lord, from Thee.
Gems of unveiled Deity !

Son of Man ! the virgin's seed,
Thou didst feel Thy people's need ;
Thou wouldst like "the children" be,
That they might confide in Thee.

Gracious Shepherd ! only "good,"
Thou in our defence hast stood,
Faced the foe to rescue us,
Thou alone could'st pity thus.

Holy Lamb ! Thy precious blood
Hath procured our peace with God,
Lasting as His throne above,
Full and perfect as Thy love.

Once that wrath, our due alone,
Fell on Thee, Thou didst atone ;
Lamb of God, Thou once wast slain,
Once, enough that peace to gain.

Once, how infinite in price !
Once, for aye, the sacrifice ;

*Once beheld, what joy it gives ;
Once, who looks, for ever lives.*

*Priest of God ! Melchisedec !
Unto Thee Thy people seek :
Priestly King, and Royal Priest,
Thou hast made Thy people blest !*

Righteousness and peace are Thine,
Thine by conquest—right divine ;
Thine to meet our constant need ;
Thine before our God to plead.

Faithful, now the vail within,
Where Thy worth and power are seen ;
True to Him who made Thee thus ;
Merciful to pity us.

Much we need Thy presence there,
For unceasing priestly care ;
Much the succour every hour
Of Thine ever-living power.

While we sojourn here below,
In this place of death and woe,
Anxious care the heart oft knows,
Oft the tear of sorrow flows.

Often he who reigns supreme,
This world's god and source of sin,
Draws our foolish hearts away,
Leads our feet from God astray.

Jesus! in each hour of need,
Thou wilt not forget to plead;
Thou who once *for us didst die*,
Thou *for us dost live* on high.

King of kings, to Thee we bow,
Though the world rejects Thee *now*;
Power is Thine, and Thou shalt reign,
Earth shall own Thy title *then*.

Thou shalt reign, for Thou alone
Worthy art to fill the throne;
Thou the first-born Son, the Heir,
All things for Thy glory are.

Thou shalt reign, for *just* Thou art,
Nor Thy kingdom e'er depart;
Thou wilt rule in godly fear,
All the meek of heart to cheer.

Thou shalt reign in Sion, King:
Daily praises earth shall bring;

Heart-felt songs shall then proclaim,
"Thou art worthy, Lord, to reign."

Thou shalt reign with widest sway,
While the sun shall hold his way;
Till Thy foes before Thee fall,
And our God be "all in all."

The Bread of Life.

"My Father giveth you the TRUE bread from heaven."—John vi. 32.

O! JESUS, gift of heaven,
The *true* and *living bread*,
For our sustainment given,
And meeting all our need;
Thou camest life bestowing,
Abundant and divine,
To all, in spirit, knowing,
Thee in that death of Thine.

There faith's eye penetrating,
The clouds which nature throws,

And glory antedating,
Finds in Thy bitter woes
Her life, and peace, and gladness,
Invigorates her strength,
And husheth all her sadness,
To run the journey's length.

Lord, in the dreary desert,
The weary wilderness,
Where thorns impede our footsteps
And num'rous trials press ;
And all is desolation,
Our manna, day by day ;
Thou art, and dost sustain us,
Through all the toilsome way.

But, Lord, we sing of glory,
Where radiance wreaths Thy brow,
Where seraphim before Thee
With lowliest rev'rence bow :
And taught by Thy blest Spirit,
That goodly land we see,
And fain would now inherit
Our portion there with Thee.

Yea, Lord, with mind enlighten'd,
And truth-anointed heart,

We know and own adoring,
With Thee we *now* have part :
There blest in Thy perfection,
We'd know Thy fulness, Lord,
To strengthen us for service,
And victory award.

For many, Lord, and mighty,
Untiring, too, our foes,
And meat from heaven must strengthen
Who would their power oppose :
But where the hills of glory,
Sweet fields of blissful light,
And life's fair tree and river,
Fix our enraptur'd sight :

'Tis there, O Lord, Thou dwellest,
The highest heavens above,
Alone there all things fillest,
(And faithful is Thy love),
The joy of all around Thee,
The theme of seraph's songs;
The Alpha and Omega
Of thousand thousand tongues.

Yea, joy, delight, sweet savour,
Where God hath found His rest;

His food, the "*hidden manna*,"
Whereon we, too, may feast.
Lord, blest with *such* communion,
We shall our strength renew—
Shall overcome the mighty,
Nor tire the journey through.

The Water of Life.

"He clave the rocks in the wilderness."—Psalm lxxviii. 15, 16.

"And (they) did all drink the same spiritual drink," &c.—1 Cor. x. 4.

O! JESUS, Rock of ages!
What streams in Thee arise,
Rich streams our thirst assuaging,
Beneath these lower skies.
O! Rock, Thou once wast smitten,
(’Twas Justice gave the blow),
And hence the living waters
Perpetual, freely flow.

Nor Egypt now we dwell in,
For Thou hast set us free;

We've pass'd the Red sea's waters,
(Baptized in death with thee,)
Nor rest on earth are seeking,
As strangers here we roam;
And oft as pilgrims weary,
Athirst to Thee we come.

Thou source of living fountains!
Thou spring of life divine!
None cometh to Thee vainly,
None unrefreshed repine;
None knoweth all Thy fulness;
None e'er shall mete the whole;
None knoweth half its freshness
To cheer the drooping soul.

O! Lord, when worn with travail—
For toilsome is our way,
And oft its varied trials
Our feebleness display—
Or when by foes obstructed,
We force our passage through—
Then let Thy streams refresh us,
Untiring to pursue.

Rest in the Lord.

“Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him.”—Psalm xxxvii. 7.

MY soul, amid the changing scenes,
Which chequer earth's abode,
“Rest in the Lord,” who changeth not,
And stay thee on thy God.

“Rest in the Lord,” when morn begins;
“Rest,” when the noon is high;
“Rest in the Lord,” when day declines,
And stars bedeck the sky.

When suns of bright prosperity
Their radiance round thee fling,
O! then's the time thou should'st repose
Beneath His sheltering wing.

“Rest in the Lord,” mid gathering clouds;
“Rest,” mid the tempest's blast;
A shelter He, and hiding-place,
Till storms be overpast.

“Rest in the Lord,” when sorrows press,
And thou dost lonely seem;

When joyfulness thy heart uplifts,
O! rest thee then in Him.

When friends grow weary and forsake;
When many are thy foes;
Still He's a *friend*: to Him betake,
And undisturbed, repose.

"Rest in the Lord;" *that evil heart*
Which thou dost ever bear,
Is moved by earth's unquiet things—
Is prone to constant care.

"Rest in the Lord;" *that wicked one*
Unwearied seeks thy harm;
Would fain by subtle arts annoy,
Disturb, perplex, alarm.

There rest; for thou art welcome there;
('Tis free—'tis purchased rest,)
There peace alone and safety are;
There nothing can molest.



The Beauties of Jesus.

Meek and lowly Lamb of God!
We are Thine by precious blood;
(Precious blood, whose power we'd know
To separate from all below,)
All Thy glories we'd explore,
That we may admire, adore;
That we may conformed be,
Lord, in all things unto Thee.

Thou wast *high* in glory, Lord,
Cherubim Thy name ador'd;
Sons of light with rev'rence heard,
With delight obey'd Thy word;
Countless worlds Thy praise declare,
Thou Creator, First-born, Heir;
Who shall sketch, O! Son of God!
The glory of that bright abode?

Thou didst *stoop* with wondrous grace,
To redeem our *fallen* race;
Clothe Thyself in meanest guise,
For the joy the shame despise;

By *this* grace, which in Thee shone,
Lord of life, yet lowliest One ;
By Thy blood, which makes us free,
Let us learn to follow Thee.

Can an angel's tongue narrate
All His glories uncreate?
Can the creature mind conceive
What's His power by whom we live?
Worlds on worlds existence gave,
Rules, sustains, alone can save?
These were Thine, Lord, when with woe,
Thou didst travail here below.

When the rebel creature, vain,
Questioned, would a triumph gain,
Meekness marked Thy truthful word,
Silenc'd Thine opponent, Lord;
To *his* bar for judgment brought,
Mock'd, and scourg'd, and set at nought;
Yea, to death Thou bow'dst Thine head,
Like the lamb for slaughter led.

By *this* grace, which in Thee shone,
O! Thou meekest, gentlest One ;
By Thy silence under wrong,
With Thine arm of might so strong;

By Thy precious, precious blood,
Separating us to God,
Saviour, let us learn of Thee,
Like Thee meek and gentle be.

The Glory of God in Creation.

Psalm xix.

Thy glory, Great Creator,
Thy various works declare,
And each Thy Godhead's nature,
Doth speak, though from afar.
The sun of dazzling brightness
Doth tell of Thee by day;
And moon of silv'ry whiteness,
As lone she wends her way.

The wand'ring meteors, strolling
In countless fields of light;
The planets' constant rolling;
The stars which gem the night,

As in their course, unwearied,
They run and never rest,
And seasons which e'er vary,
Each—all, of Thee attest.

But these Thy *word* excelleth;
Its beams are cloudless bright;
Nor more Thy creature needeth
To guide his footsteps right.
'Tis worthier our seeking,
Than richest treasures *here*;
'Twill well reward our keeping;
'Twill warn when danger's near.

How perfect all its laws are!
Its precepts, oh, how pure!
The simple making wiser,
The soul converting sure;
Its statutes, right, unchanging,
Mingling our joys below;
Its judgments, true and righteous,
No shade of error know.

Its promises, how during,—
How could they firmer stand,
(In darkness, light ensuring,)
Writ by Jehovah's hand?

Than nect'rous honey sweeter,
Though from the rock it flow;
Than sorrows they fly fleeter,
And heal each rising woe.

Jesus! Thou sum and substance,
Alpha, Omega, End,
(Circumference, as centre,
Whereto God's ways all tend,)
Lord of the whole creation!
Its one desire art Thou;
Then, haste Thy promised coming,
That all to Thee may bow.

Then, as Thy will in heaven
Is done by seraphs bright,
So shall pure praise be given
By earth in her delight;
Then, all harmonious nature
More perfect shall declare,
Thy glory, Great Creator!
Nor speak as from afar.



Ephesians i. ii.

Thrice-blessed be Thy glorious name,
O! God and Father of our Lord!
For wondrous are Thy works and fame,
And worthy Thou to be ador'd.

Thrice-blessed, for Thy matchless grace
To man—to sinful, ruined man,
Whose breadth no human thought can trace,
Nor height, nor depth, nor wisdom scan.

We sing (and while we sing, adore)
Of all the truth that Thou hast taught;
But fain would in *Thy light* explore
The wonders Thou for us hast wrought.

Born from above, we fain would see
The hope which by Thy calling's given,
And the rich glory 'tis to be
Thine heritage and heirs of heaven.

To us-ward, who believe, that power,
Its mightiness, with wisdom fraught,

Wrought in Thy Son, in that blest hour,
When He again to life was brought :

That power which raised Him up on high,
And glory gave at Thy right hand ;
That rule and principality,
And all things set at His command ;

The power that *with Him* made us one,
That quicken'd, rais'd, and bless'd us *there* :
His members we, bone of His bone :
Bridegroom and Bride, we blessing share ;

That is the power we fain would know ;
In that our souls would calmly rest ;
There scan the gifts Thy hands bestow,
And tell how truly we are blest.

O! then, thrice-blessed be Thy name,
Thou God and Father of our Lord !
For wondrous are Thy works and fame,
And worthy Thou to be ador'd.



Filial Confidence.

MY Father, bow Thine ear,
And hearken to my cry;
I know that Thou art ever near,
And hear'st the softest sigh.

Simplicity impart;
Trust in a Father's love;
Bid anxious care flee from my heart,
And gloomy doubt remove.

Thou wak'st the lightning's flash,
And bid'st the storm arise;
But till Thou give permissive word,
Not e'en the sparrow dies.

Disease's deadly shafts
Fly ever near my breast;
But till Thy love direct them there,
There none can ever rest.

Thou lov'st me: Thee I love;
My Father, I am Thine;

Thou askest filial confidence,
O! be that blessing mine!

Then, though the tempter strive,
Vain must his efforts prove;
I stay me on *Thy faithfulness*,
Nor aught my soul can move.

Submission.

OUR Father! "even so,"
For Thou art good and wise;
When by affliction's painful rod,
In love, Thou dost chastise.

Yes, "even so," for we
Are Thine—for ever Thine;
One with our Head, the heir of all,
And share Thy love divine.

What though the rod we feel;
Though we are sorely tried;

Though present pains our spirits press;
Yet Thou in love dost chide.

If fiercely rage the flames,
Or floods increase amain;
If clouds and darkness gather round,
Thou wilt our souls sustain.

“Then, be it even so,”
Faith, Abba Father, cries,
“Though painful proves Thy chast’ning love,
For Thou art good and wise.”

Penitence.

FATHER! my spirit bows!
It bows to Thee, and while it lowly bends,
Hear Thou the prayer that to Thy throne ascends;
Behold the tear that flows.

O! I would prostrate bow;
And let Thine eye search through mine inmost soul,

Unveiling in *Thy light* to me the whole,
Things hidden from me now.

O! Father, doth Thine eye—
Thy searching, holy eye, that from whose light
Nor deep-laid purpose hides, nor shades of night,
The act, or low or high;

Thine eye that scans each thought,
Intent, desire, volition, motive, all,
As on my prostrate soul its glances fall,
With power full fraught;

O! doth it naked lay
The high, the lofty thought, that ill befits
The worm (and worm I am), or fly that flits
And dies (its life a day);

The thought that doth delight
In being aught, or seeks the approving smile
Of mortal man; or fears his frown awhile,
Be they or wrong or right?

I bow, and still would bow
To Thee alone, and meet Thy piercing gaze,
While humbly confident, my voice I raise,
And plead the cross e'en now.

The cross! the cross! O God,
(Endur'd by Him, Thy first-born, Thy delight,
With brightest glory crown'd, above all height,)
I plead, and precious blood.

I plead that shameful cross,
For there our load of guilt on Him was laid,
By Thine own hand, there full atonement made,
By death, and shame, and loss.

The cross! 'tis there I hie,
'Tis there I hide; there rests my spirit now:
Father, forgive, for Him who once did bow
His head thereon, and die.

The cross! the wondrous cross!
Wonder of wonders that, and oft I'd turn,
With meditative eye, and seek to learn
Its gain, all else but loss.

The cross: there let me read
Thy glory; there Thy sentence, just on all
Man's glory, gain, or he doth goodly call,
Unchangeably decreed.

Be that my boast alone;
And when my heart with pride would be elate,

Or vain, or seek esteem, or something great
Would *be*, or would *have* done;

Father, in *sov'reign* grace,
Then let Thy Spirit's still small voice be heard
Whisper, "The cross;" and bid my soul regard,
And take its proper place.

Give me the lowly mind
Of Him who bore that cross, despised the shame,
That *self* denies, so it may spread Thy fame,
And there its joy and rest to find.

Stanzas.

O! for an eye to penetrate
The clouds which oft obscure the day;
A faith to realize my God
In all I meet along the way.
Then would my spirit free herself
Th' oppressive power of earthly things;
My heart grow warm, and drooping soul
Mount up, as borne on angel wings.

The Bride of Jesus.

2 Peter i. 13.

BRIDE of Jesus! (chosen of the Father,)
How He doth love thee; but why *thee* rather
Than another, fairer one?

Bride of Jesus! thou art His soul's beloved;
But not for aught in thee art thou approved;
But for His own name's sake.

Bride of Jesus! it was the time of love,
When first He saw thee, and His soul did move
In tenderness unto thee, and bade thee live:
For thou wast in thy blood.

Bride of Jesus! deep was that tenderness
For thee He felt, as with what eagerness
His garment He spread o'er thee, and thou, by troth,
Becamest His for ever.

Bride of Jesus! for thee what hath He done?
When Justice called, He interposed His own
To save *thy* life; and shame, and cruel scorn,
And mighty woe (the hiding of the face of God)
For thee hath borne.

Bride of Jesus! this was thy purchase price;
'Twas thus He bought thee: this the sacrifice
Which ever perfecteth: the righteousness,
In which thou now art seen before the throne,
Accepted and approved
In Him, the well-beloved.

Bride of Jesus! thou hast not seen His face,
Yet thou dost love Him—thou hast proved His grace,
How deep! unsearchable!
Not mortal tongue or angels e'er can tell.

Bride of Jesus! hear thou the Bridegroom's voice:
"A little while, and thou shalt then rejoice—
"A little while: for I will come again,
"Quickly, and thou shalt share my glory then,
"And throne for ever."

Bride of Jesus! that day is drawing nigh;
Ah! rests thy heart on that, and rests thine eye
Unmoved, uncharmed, by aught the world affords,
The world that hated Him who loved thee so?
(Loved unto death and deeper woe.)

Bride of Jesus! burns thy heart to meet Him?
And sighs thy soul—and longs, and faints to greet
Him?

When He shall leave His Father's throne,
To take His own?

Bride of Jesus! since thou His throne shalt share,
Then deck thee now, thy royal robes prepare,
Put on thy beauteous garments, meekness, grace,
Love, lowliness (for thus was He adorn'd),
That thou, with joy, may'st meet Him face to face,
Nor be ashamed before Him.

Bride of Jesus! dwell on His deeds of love,
The wondrous grace which brought Him from above;
Recount His matchless worth, His spotlessness,
His pleadings now before the Father's face,
Thy oneness with Him there, thy perfect peace,
Thy future joy, th' eternal weight of bliss:
So shalt thou purify thy native dross,
Delight to follow Him, to bear thy cross,
And ready be, and long for His appearing,
When thou shalt wear His image fair,
That hope thy spirit cheering.



“Thou art fairer than the children of men.”

Psalm xlv. 2.

IS there a name thou lovest more than a brother's?
A name thine heart approveth above all others?
A name with glories radiant, all, all transcending?
And graces, rich and fragrant, alone there blending?

Then tell that name, to spread its fame,
Say, is it Jesus?

Is there a Being, glorious beyond comparing,
By native right, nor rival His honour sharing,—
Seek we (and seeking wonder) in regions nether,
Or worlds of glory yonder, which hang in ether?

Then tell His name, to spread His fame,
Say, is it Jesus?

O! is there One who's worthy (all *hearts* adore Him),
The tongue's true praise, and th' bowing all knees
before Him,

For deeds of His own doing, love self-denying,
(The wayward heart thus wooing,) in death undying?

Then tell His name, to spread His fame,
Say, is it Jesus?

There is a *name* that charms me more than a brother's;
There is a *Being* glorious above all others;
Whose *deeds* proclaim Him worthy (all *hearts* adore
Him),
The tongue's best praise, and th' bowing all knees
before Him:

I'll tell His name, to spread His fame:
I tell—'tis Jesus!

STANZAS.

THOU Infinite! Creation's God!
Thy love we wondrous own;
Boundless, eternal, like Thyself—
But like Thyself alone.

Whene'er our thoughts excursive scan,
The products of Thy power,
By night, by day, Thy ev'ry gift
We gratefully adore.

But the rich boon, Thy dearest Son—
The ransom Thou didst give,

Nor language e'er can speak its worth,
Nor finite minds conceive.

[Man in Jehovah's image made,
Behold him prostrate now ;
Sin's slave, sold by himself for nought,
How hopeless is his woe !

Doth hist'ry trace man's deepest love,
That *friend* hath died for *friend* ?
But God delights His *foes* to bless,
And doth His love commend.

In the pure page that He hath writ,
(O ! sinner, say how true,)
The wonder shines : behold it there,
If thou canst bear the view.

His Son, His equal, best lov'd,
In whom His glory shines,
Given to redeem, an off'ring made,
To expiate thy crimes.

Gaze, sinner, gaze, upon the scene,
With meditative eye,
Gaze, till it break thy rocky heart,
Nor let thy tears be dry ;

Till Justice lay aside his frown,
Assume an aspect mild;
(Justice and mercy each embrace,
By Jesus reconciled.)

Gaze, till thou see the crimson stream,
Fast flowing from His heart,
Thy deepest guilt doth wash away,
Till every stain depart.

Gaze, till the love, the power of sin
Be broken by the sight,
And in the service of thy Lord,
Thy every power delight.]

My heart grows warm, my soul doth rise,
And bids time be more fleet,
That *I* may, mid yon upper skies,
Gaze, bowing at His feet.

O! bright is that morning we look for,
When Jesus with shouting shall come,
To perfect all that we now hope for,
And take us Himself to our home.

"I communed with my own Heart."

Eccles. i. 16.

"I am a Stranger."

Psalm xxxix. 12.

I MUSED, as once I trod earth's mazy way,
And through its thronging thousands pass'd along,
What am I? what my end while here I stay?
Where bound? and what my hope, how weak, or
strong?

O! I'm a stranger here, and of the cross,
Nor brightest visions now of earthly bliss
Enslave me nor enchant; I count them dross,
And vain the pomp and pride of blighted realms like
this.

The cross! I gazed upon that wondrous thing,
And bonds of earth and hell at once were riven;
It gave me peace, and made me gladsome sing,
And patient tread the thorny way to heaven.

The cross! I started thence that goal to gain,
And by its power a stranger thence was made;
And ever and anon, to soothe my pain,
To comfort, strengthen, nerve, would seek its powerful aid.

The cross! forbid it, Lord, that I should shun
Its shame (that shame endured, despised, by Thee):
Nay, captive be, thoughts, feelings, every one
To it, and it alone, my glory be.

The cross! my *end*, to tell its glories forth,
To show its power long as I sojourn here;
Then let me *daily stoop* to learn its worth,
And bear the burden forth as thing most dear.

A *pilgrim* I, and *bound* for Canaan's shore,
Where all my wand'rings end, my sorrows cease;
Where trouble, turmoil, sin, afflict no more,
And love immortal reigns, to bless with joy and peace.

O! sacred Canaan! to thy blissful bound,
Through hostile lands I haste, with willing feet;
Though foes obstruct, and thorns infest the ground,
Thy regions, glory lit, I soon shall greet.

Yes, *hope*, a *vital hope*, inspires my breast,
That burns with thoughts of deep and living love ;
Fruit of the cross ; its stedfast place of rest,
E'en God, as known within the veil above.

An heir of hope and glory, though I roam
An exile, distant from my father-land,
Expecting till the first-born Brother come,
To take me hence away, to Canaan's peaceful strand.

The Return.

Once like the simple sheep we stray'd,
Far, far from God, from bliss, from home,
Nor loved Him then, but loved to roam—
But we're returning.

Nor knew we then His love and grace,
Nor valued Christ, our righteousness ;
Did sin prevail ? how He can bless,
Now we're returning !

'Twas Jesus (kindest Shepherd He),
Who sought us in our misery,
Found, and restor'd rejoicingly :
 Thus we're returning.

Polluted deeply by our sin,
His precious blood hath made us clean :
"Abba!"—and we are *one* in Him ;
 And we're returning.

His love we know, we feel His grace ;
Him, too, we love ; and face to face
Shall prove His kind, His sweet embrace,
 At our returning.

He came, the lost to seek and save ;
He died, but triumphed o'er the grave ;
Then left us, but the Spirit gave,
 Our guide returning.

Yes, He hath reached our Father's home,
Where He for us prepareth room :
For us ! and thither we shall come—
 We are returning.

Doth Satan tempt our feet to stray ?
His grace restores us to the way ;

And strength is equal to our day,
While we're returning.

Do storms arise and tempests lower?
Afflictions press us every hour?
He is our hiding-place and tower,
While we're returning.

Do foes encompass? friends forsake?
Our heart's strength fail us?—heart-strings
break?
Him friend alone, and strength we'd make,
While we're returning.

And friends our spirits much may grieve,
And those beloved by us may leave,
But shall we not the closer cleave
To Him returning?

What though no sun upon us smile!
No flowery path our way beguile!
But pierce our feet the thorns awhile!
'Tis but *returning*.

Then, let no tear bedim our eye;
Though clouds obscure our earthly sky:
The christian's joy should never die,
As he's returning.

Soon, soon our pilgrimage shall cease,
And strife and war be changed for peace,
And death for life, and toil for ease,
And *end* returning.

Chorus.

THOUGH sweet the song, yet sweeter then,
“Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain,—
“Worthy, for He’s redeemed us men,
“Hath cleansed our souls in His own blood,
“Hath made us kings and priests to God :”
Worthy the Lamb to live and reign,
For ever, ever, Amen, ever !

Salvation ! God is all in all !
And power and princedoms to Him fall ;
Let wisdom, honour, glory, be
To Him—and might, and majesty,
Dominion, riches, blessing, all,
For ever, ever, Amen, ever.



*Written as an Introduction, or Dedication,
to an Album.*

JESUS! Thy name so far surpasseth worth,
As tongues must fail to tell or minds conceive:
Yet still, as sweetest odours, scatter'd forth,
By gentlest breezes borne, their fragrance give,
Permit these pages, humble though they be,
To spread its savour, and its praise proclaim;
And as a tribute meet, O Lord, to Thee,
On the first page shall stand Thy blessed name:
But Thou art worthy, Lord, of boundless, endless
fame.

Behold in Jesus the Eternal Word:
What glories meet? what truths the *types* afford!
There He's the *glorious priest*, and off'rer lowly;
The sacrifice, and He the altar holy—
The whole *burnt offering*, of savour sweet,
Whose worth is ours, in which we stand complete;
The *atoning Lamb*, and He the "food of God;"
Our offering of peace when reconciled with blood;
The meat of fellowship (celestial fare!)
Wherein with God we common portion share;

The veil—the way within the holiest ;
The mercy-seat—God's chosen place of rest ;
Aye, sum and substance He, of great and small :
Then learn that living Word, till known as “all
in all !”

Stanzas.

Awake, my soul ! my heart awake !
Wake all my powers and sing :
Sing Jesu's free, unmeasured love,
A deep, exhaustless spring.

A willing wand'rer, once I starved
On sin's bare mountain-top,
Lost in the wasteful wilderness,
Without one ray of hope.

His loving-kindness sought me there,
With joy He brought me home,
And bade me feast upon His love,
And never, never roam.

Now what a pleasant lot is mine!

Its prospects, O how fair ;
E'en lovely Eden fearful fades,
Nor can with them compare.

There, still as summer's evening breeze,
Do living waters glide ;
And life's fair tree, and pastures green,
Luxuriates on each side.

(That living stream of love and grace,
How *sov'reign* is its spring !
The *throne* of God and of the Lamb !
This cheers : 'tis thus I sing.

Far from the busy scenes of earth,
Its strife, its sorrows, care,
My weary soul, to rest awhile,
Would thither oft repair.

There no unhallowed eye intrudes,
For all is holy ground ;
And holiest calm and quiet reign,
And love and joy abound.

There Jesus is, whose love we know,
And there the sprinkling blood,

The blood-bought throng, and Sion's mount,
The city of our God.

Yea, ye my goodly portion are,
My Jesus and my God ;
Alone sufficient to my wants,
And heaven my loved abode.

Why should I fear, if earth combin'd,
And hell t' assault me dare ?
How vain their malice, vain their rage,
If I but hide me there.

"The South Wind blew softly."

Acts xvii. 13.

HOW oft the south wind softly blows,
And man indulges hopes in vain,
His tackling looses, spreads his sails,
And thinks he'll soon the haven gain :
He cheers himself with hope, mid fav'ring gales ;
But oh ! how soon despondency assails !

How oft the south wind softly blows !
What a short-sighted being, man !

He sees not that the gentlest breeze
 Precedes the storm, with direst ban,
That blasts his hopes and wrecks his fragile craft,
And scarcely leaves for life a broken shaft.

How oft the south wind softly blows!
 All ends well, though the tempest lay
With fury on, and rudely toss
 Our little bark for many a day;
Nor sun appear, nor star, and most forlorn,
We cast our costly things away and wish for morn.

How oft the south wind softly blows!
 'Tis well we know not what *shall be*,
We learn of Him who only knows;
 Our folly and our ruin see;
The storm He waketh and controls the waves;
Wrecks what we fondly trust, while us He saves.

How oft the south wind softly blows!
 And yet how slow we are to turn
Our hearts from whence their sorrow flows,
 'Tis *thus* we *will* our lessons learn:
But happy he and wise who dwells on high,
Where all the will of Love he may descry;
At anchor lay, or sail, as guided by His eye.

“**W**hoso offereth Praise glorifieth me.”

Psalm l. 23.

REJOICE in the Lord, ye righteous, rejoice,
And bow ye the heart, and bless with the voice :
To you it is given His praises to tell :
Whose sins are forgiven should speak of Him well.

Rejoice in the Lord, for right are His ways,
The works of His hands in wisdom and grace :
Though oft His acts grieve us, and ways often be
Behind a black cloud, or untraced in the sea.

Rejoice in the Lord, when dawneth the day ;
At noon-tide rejoice, 'neath Sol's direct ray ;
When the grey shades of evening are mantle-like
spread,
And moon's milder glories around us are shed.

Aye, always rejoice, 'tis comely to raise
A sweet-savour'd song, an offering of praise ;
'Neath the cloud and the tempest, the fire and the
flood,
O render thanksgiving, because it is good.

Rejoice in the Lord, O! think of that love,
So sov'reign and free, which did His heart move!
So sad our condition, so ruined, undone,
He saw with compassion, and spared not His Son!

His Son (His delight and glory) He gave,
His wrath to endure—by suff'ring to save;
Sure love so amazing, unmeasured, untold,
No *evil* can do us, no *good* will withhold.

Rejoice in the Lord; so rich is His grace,
Though far from Him once, estranged from His face,
By blood we are purchased, are cleansed, and made
nigh,
And blest in His presence, with Jesus on high.

Again, then, rejoice, give thanks to the Lord;
The due, welcome tribute, O! let us accord;
Bind, bind to the altar, (that altar so meet!)
The willing oblation, of savour most sweet.

“By Him, therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to His name.”—Heb. xiii. 15.

Death and Life.

Col. iii. 3.

“FOR ye are dead;” thus speaks the sacred word,
With deep-toned truth; O! that ’twere true in me—
True in my soul’s experience day by day—
True hour by hour, and as the moments pass :
Dead to the world and all that it doth own ;
Dead to its customs rife, innumerable,
Vain and ever-changing as the wind ;
Enslaving customs ! swaying with iron hand
Its millions, and the mighty ones of earth.
Would I were dead to all its vanities—
To all the deep desires the eye doth know,
That captivate the mind, that the flesh feels,
And all life’s pride ; to these would I were dead.
Why should I see as others ? Why mine eyes
Drink eagerly delight from streams
Polluted in their source ? Let them be dark
To all that charms the earthly-minded man ;
Or why as others hear, or think, feel, speak,
And act, as those, who “living,” have not died ?

O ! God, my Father, by whose grace I live,
In whom, with Christ, that life is hidden now,

Fain would I know th' omnipotence of grace,
The power of that life. Not dead am I,
But yet *have died*, and now again I live,
A new, an endless life, derived from Him,
The Lord of life, the quick'ning Spirit
From above. There ris'n with Him at Thy right hand,
Where all is holiness, and love, and light,
Let all my mind centre, and there rest
The affections of my heart. I long to live,
Not in a world ideal, a fairy land,
The regions sketched by the strong light and vain
Of man's imagination, but to wend
The weary way, this chequered scene, of sin
And sorrow, strife and care, presents, as He
Who lonely walked, in lowly guise, on earth
A stranger.

Born from above, as He, and blessed there;
And destined soon to see His face, and be
Fully conformed to Him, the first-born Brother :
So would I witness while I sojourn here,
That I am from above; nor fearing frown,
Nor seeking smile of man : *Thy* smile my joy,
My sunshine ever; *Thy* frown, the darksome night
That spreads its shadows o'er the soul, in more
Than death-like gloom. Father! be mine *Thy*
thoughts

As they were His—Thy thoughts of all below—
The world, and what it loves, and all it hates,—
The world, whene'er its restless soul is wrought
To madness, and it wreaks its fury on
Thy chosen ones; or when, at Thy command,
The storm is hush'd, and with a lavish hand,
Its golden favours it would scatter forth,
That blind, inebriate, destroy.

The Race and the Prize.

Heb. xii. 1, 2.

MY soul, attend: there is a race,
A noble, arduous race to run;
A glorious prize before thee lies,
By perseverance to be won.

True, 'tis a narrow, rugged road,
Where watchfulness thou must maintain,
And patient care is needed there,
Ere thou the distant goal canst gain.

Myriads around of witnesses
(A mingled throng) intent survey;

Most mighty foes, who'd fain oppose;
Would see thee falter in the way;

And kindly spirits, strong and brave,
A faithful and obedient band,
Are watching there, and strength they bear,
To help thee o'er the rugged land.

There, too, are elders, who have gained,
In days gone by, a goodly name :
The high, the low, in weal and woe,
Inspired by faith, they overcame.

To these, to all, the friend, the foe,
Thou bearest witness on the road :
There, spirits lost, and heavenly host,
May see the wisdom—grace of God.

And yet another there behold,
Who views thee with benignant eye,
Who suffered loss, endured the cross,
But now exalted, rests on high.

And oh, sweet thought, 'tis He alone,
Thy gracious Lord, whose hand shall place
Upon thy head, if thou succeed,
A crown of *righteousness in grace*.

Then gird thee now, and yet again,
And lay aside whate'er retard ;
And o'er the waste, with ardour haste,
For that immortal, bright reward.

Be strong, be strong, be faithful, firm ;
"A little while"—it hasteth near,
And toil shall cease, and rest, and peace,
And joy, and glory, shall appear.

Be strong, be strong, there is a source
Of infinite, unfailing strength :
'Tis God, and He must strengthen thee,
To perfect all the journey's length.

(My God, my spirit longs to know
The secret treasures of Thy grace,
The quick'ning beams, the living streams,
The joy and glory of Thy face.

Speak *Thou* : O, let me hear Thy voice,
And vig'rous life shall swell my veins,
And strength shall gird, so I untired
Shall surely run what way remains.)

As when the sun serenely breaks
The clouds which long have overspread,

And winds have howl'd, and tempests scowl'd,
And spent their fury o'er our head.

Or when the night hath weary been,
And *faith* and *hope* have vigils held,
The morning breaks, and gladness wakes
The heart to joys which sorrow filled ;

So shall it be : thus shall it cheer,
And more than recompence the toil,
The patient care, the watching here
Of *faith* and *hope*, the little while.

“Remember Me.”

The Lord Jesus asks for *personal* remembrance, and the supreme place in our affections, because of His own deep love to us.

1 Cor. xi. 24, 25. Cant. viii.

O LORD ! by faith I look above,
And crown'd with brightest glory see
Thy head, by man once crown'd with thorns,
And hear Thee say, “Remember me.”

Remember Thee, my dearest Lord ;
'Twere shame indeed, should I forget
That boundless, matchless love of Thine,
That paid my overwhelming debt.

Remember Thee ! I fain could wish
My tongue should ever silent be,
And my right hand its art forego,
Than I should cease to think of Thee.

Remember Thee ! Thy love hath charms
For such a worthless heart as mine ;
Though alien once, touch'd by Thy grace,
Its chords in part respond to Thine.

I'll think of Thee, I'll trace Thy ways,
Where seraph's sweetest accents swell,
In light irradiant from Thyself,
There, Lord, in glory Thou didst dwell.

There in Thine own abode of love,
The Father's joy, ere angels sang,
When worlds, invisible or seen,
To being at Thy bidding sprang.

'Twas there Thine eye in grace beheld,
And Thou in us didst find delight ;

And in Thine own eternal love,
For us didst leave that glory bright.

Thou cam'st, and lo, a stranger here,
A pilgrim, Lord, of lowly mien,
By man despised, rejected, scorned,
The "Man of Sorrows" Thou wast seen.

The cross: 'twas there Thou bow'dst Thy head;
There, deeper pangs than mortals know
Did rend Thy heart, and deepest floods
Of wrath divine did Thee o'erflow.

Thy anguish, Lord, in that dread hour,
When God in justice hid His face,
And earth and hell conjoined their power,
Surpasses human thought to trace.

Love brought Thee down: love led Thee on,
Nor aught Thy steadfast heart could move,
Till all redemption's toil was done:
O! matchless mystery of love.

Thus, Lord, by Thee redeemed to God;
Washed clean from ev'ry stain of sin,
In Thy most precious, precious blood,
I glory in that cross of Thine.

The cross! that won my heart for Thee,
And broke the bonds which bound to earth;
And *one with Thee*, I count Thy shame
Of greater gain than all its worth.

O Lord, so let me learn Thy cross,
And so endear Thyself to me,
That, day by day, till Thou shalt come,
I may, in all, remember Thee!

“The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.”

Rev. xxii. 17.

SWEET thought, Lord, Thou wilt quickly come!
Thou whom our souls adore,
Our life, our joy, our hope, reward,
Our glory evermore.

We long to see Thee face to face,
And loving, gaze on Thee;
And all Thy glorious beauties trace,
And *with Thyself* to be;

To hear Thy voice, whose words distil
As gentlest morning dews,
And fragrance shed o'er stricken hearts,
And health and joy diffuse ;

To hear Thee tell love's sweeter tales,
Unknown to mortal's ear,
Beyond the power of his conceit,
Beyond his strength to bear ;

To walk *with Thee* mid scenes of light,
While deeper scenes unfold,
And still more deep, by Thee display'd,
Enrapturing to behold ;

Come, then, Lord, come ; O quickly come,
Responsive to our call ;
Thou art our life, our hope, reward,
Our glory, and our all.



“Cease ye from Man.”

Isaiah ii. 22.

I TURN from man, I turn mine eyes away,
For like a beauteous flower, he's here to-day,
To-morrow he is not :
For if perchance the north or east wind rise,
Or Sol's ray smite, how soon he droops and dies,
And fallen, is forgot.

I turn from man, I turn my heart away ;
How vain to trust in him who smiles to-day,
To-morrow wears a frown ;
Whose smooth-mouth'd speech might lift me to the
skies,
Or rough, surcharge with sorrow, bursting sighs,
Or pierce, or press me down.

I turn from man : what boots his smile ?
How profitless ! Why fear his frown awhile ?
Each as the passing cloud :
Capricious, versatile as is the wind,
Rife in conceit, although he be purblind,
And mists his mind enshroud.

I turn from man : but oh, I love to scan
The growing features of the new-born man,
 The triumphs of God's grace :
The open, tender-hearted, lowly child ;
The self-denying, gracious, gentle, mild :
 These, these I love to trace.

I turn from man : how frail, unstable he !
A wind turns him awry, although he be
 As oak or cedar praised :
So sin's deceit ensaps, as streams enworm,
O'erthrow some mighty fabric, seeming firm,
 On solid basis raised.

This is the sum of all ! here let me learn ;
In Him the portrait of *myself* discern,
 And shrink from *self* away :
A flower so frail, on whom shall I rely ?
Unstable, foolish, whither shall I hie ?
 What strength shall be my stay ?

From man, from self, I turn to Thee, O Lord !
In whom my spirit finds its full reward,
 Strength, light, joy, peace, and rest :
Unchanged Thy love and grace—unchanging Thou,
In ages past, or yet unborn, or now,
 My God, for ever blest. Amen.

"*All my desire is before Thee.*"

Psalm xxxviii. 9.

FATHER! to Thee I raise mine eye,
(Pleading Thy word, that Thou art nigh
To all that call in truth,) and cry,
O! let me live before Thee.

Thy Saints—O! I would seek their weal;
Would wipe their tears, their sorrows feel;
To serve with love, their wounds to heal,
O! let me live before Thee.

To comfort with Thy words of love,
And clouds of gloomy care remove,
Or raise their souls the clouds above,
O! let me live before Thee.

Should e'er their eyes upon me rest;
Their hearts' desire be thus express'd,
"Be thou with His rich blessing bless'd,"
Then be the breathing of my breast,
O! let me live before Thee.

Alone content to have *Thy* smile;
To bear Thee fruit the "little while"
Thou bidst me suffer here or toil :
Then let me live before Thee.

Whene'er I mingle with them, Lord,
More secret, or (to own Thy word,)
Our fellowship of hearts record,
Then let me live before Thee.

The world : who knows or loves Thee there ?
Or who to please Thee hath a care ?
To keep me from its every snare,
O ! let me live before Thee.

And yet Thou lovest it, how well !
Thy love, how vast ! unsearchable !
To love *as* Thou, Thy *pity* tell,
O ! let me live before Thee.

The flesh, so fully proved by Thee,
Alien from good, nor good can be ;
To fear its power—its evil see,
O ! let me live before Thee.

In business—where the worldling plies
His every power to gain ; and tries,

Too oft, his skill in fraudulent guise,
O ! let me live before Thee.

How varied are the trials there !
And how beset with many a snare ;
To make me wise, and walk with care,
O ! let me live before Thee.

Abroad—where thousands throng the way,
Seeking their own the live-long day,
I'd seem like them, intent, but pray,
O ! let me live before Thee.

At home—where no disguise we wear,
But in our proper part appear ;
That graces meet adorn me there,
O ! let me live before Thee.

And *oh ! in secret*, where no eye,
But Thine beholds, (Thou who dost try
The heart and reins, and who art nigh
To all that call in truth) I cry,
O ! let me live before Thee.

But *have* I cried in *truth*, O Lord ?
Pleading to Thee Thy *truthful* word ?
Search, search and see ; let life accord ;
Let, let me live before Thee.

Then joyful, I'll pursue my way,
Painful or toilsome, till the day
Of Him we love; or Thou shalt say,
"Thy race is run, come, come away,"
To live, for aye, before Thee.

On returning an Album.

INTRODUCTION.

I GIVE thee thanks; I've scann'd thy book
With mingled feelings; and a nook
Now find to write a rhyme.
Nor poet I, nor learned one,
Of birth plebeian, labour's son,
With little leisure time.

But I must write—thou biddest me;
I would not *please*, but profit thee;
(A truce to trifling soon);
Nor mine to write "farewells," "adieux;"
"Forget me not" asks *not* the muse:
She seeks a *greater* boon.

I ask thee not for glittering ore,
(I'd be content *without* a store,
 Not thinking of to-morrow) ;
Nor ask thy thoughts in busy hours,
Nor when by mirth are strung thy powers,
 Lest that should give thee sorrow.

“Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus let us draw near.”—
Heb. x. 19—22.

THERE is a place thou knowest well,
Where saints may all their secrets tell,
 Where blessed 'tis to be;
There they may mingle sighs and tears,
There tell their joys, their hopes, and fears;
 O ! there “remember me.”

“Let us draw near”—with willing feet
Within “the holiest” retreat,
 Open the way and free :
A shelter that, in stormy days,
Or from the sun's too-scorching rays :
 O ! there “remember me.”

Let us draw near—what word more sweet,
The sinner's opened ear could greet,
New-born from heaven above ;
Descending gently as the dews,
As balm the stricken heart renews,
Telling of perfect love.

Let us draw near—no flaming sword
Bars or appals, who knows this word ;
Nor holiness o'erawes ;
His eye has seen that smitten One,
Who bore our sin, who did atone,
And pleadeth there our cause.

Let us draw near—it speaks of blood,
Sprinkled where rests the eye of God,
Upon the mercy-seat ;
Blood that hath cleansed, doth keep us clean,
(Nor spot nor stain by God is seen)—
To worship Him most meet.

Let us draw *near*—as parent's voice,
So should this word our souls rejoice—
This be the children's cry ;
Our *Father's heart* no distance knows,
No distance let *our hearts* disclose,
Since He hath *made us nigh*.

Let us draw near—like as the ray
Breaks o'er the hills at opening day,
Chasing the shades of night,
So may this word break o'er thy heart,
And all its blessedness impart,
Its joy, and peace, and light.

The fellowship of hearts how sweet—
The fellowship of love how meet,
For those in Jesus *one* !
'Tis this I seek, that so my strength
Nor fail nor wane, till all the length
Of faith's rough road be run.

Let us draw near—within the veil
Are stores of strength which never fail,
And there I'll think of thee :
'Tis sweet to mingle sighs and tears,
There tell our joys, our hopes, and fears;
Then there "remember me."



Anticipation.

SONGS of joy they sing above,
When the contrite sinner mourns ;
Songs we sing, and praise the love
Which the rebel sinner turns ;
When the Spirit's beams impart
Life and love, and joy and peace,
And the soul with rapture burns,
Resting in the Father's grace.
But what height of bliss divine,
Then upon each soul shall shine,
When all the chosen seed shall be
Gather'd home ; *a family,*
 Abba's peculiar treasure !
Ceaseless, too, what songs shall flow
From the blood-redeemed race,
Th' Father's love in Christ to know,
Th' height, and depth, and length of grace,
 (Which only he can measure) ;
When we who were estranged,
By wicked works from God,
But are by grace renewed,
Made nigh by Jesu's blood,

As in th' eternal purpose
Of Abba in His Son,
Shall bear the perfect image
Of that beloved One ;
When He—Lord of all lords, of kings the King,
First-born—shall midst His brethren sweetly sing,
And God be all in all !

The Christian's Pathway.

(Lines addressed to a Sister.)

OUR pathway through a desert lies,
Dreary and wide, where lurking eyes
The foe, who'd fain the prey surprise ;
And numerous dangers threatening rise.

There hostile hosts their power display,
There devious paths lead far astray,
And strangers there may miss the way.

There many a rugged spot is found ;
There many a thorn infests the ground,
To pierce, to lacerate, and wound.

No fragrant bower is found therein,
No verdant field, no spot of green,
No limpid, cooling stream is seen.

'Tis onward—through this howling waste,
This dangerous way, our footsteps haste,
With hasteful hearts to find it past.

Onward! our word be, *Onward still!*
Nor frowns, nor smiles, nor good, nor ill,
Should stay our steps, nor wishes fill.

'Tis *faith* that makes this desert drear;
'Tis *faith* that makes us strangers here;
And things unseen *faith* makes appear.

'Tis *faith* that eyes our heavenly home;
'Tis *faith* alone by which we roam,
And present makes the things to come.

Faith makes the foe; *faith* nerves for fight,
The vict'ry gains; *faith* makes the night
Wherein we roam, and gives us light.

The rugged road *faith* makes, and fair
The thorny brakes which pierce and tear,
Or heals or gives us strength to bear.

Faith makes us strong ; by *faith* we see
What frail, what feeble things we be :
(Its *source, all, end*, O God, in Thee !)

Together, then, let's haste along,
In sadness glad, in weakness strong,
Sustained and cheered by faith's sweet song.

Bright visions of eternal day
Their peace, their lasting joys display,
And glory beckons us away.

A Captain leads whose skill we know,
Whose love will timely aid bestow,
And strength defend from every foe.

Nor need we fear we'll turn aside,
For One our doubtful steps shall guide,
Who knows where devious tracts divide.

And living, sacred streams from heaven,
Unfailing from the Rock once riven,
To cool, refresh, and cheer, are given.

And heavenly manna, holy bread,
Daily descends—around is spread,
To meet our oft-recurring need.

(O, Riven Rock! Eternal Spring!
In ceaseless streams Thy waters fling,
To make our spirits gladsome sing.)

And yet once more let's mend our pace,
And yet again renew the race,
To see our blessed Jesu's face.

And this one thought, *His face to see*,
And seeing, bless Him—like Him be:
It wings our souls, and bids them flee!

“Behold, I come,” *His gracious word*,
That touches, vibrates every chord
Of our poor hearts, which own Him *Lord*.

O! that t'would *ever* wake each string,
Its sweetest melody to bring,
And with responsive echoes ring,

“Come, Jesus, Lord; come, even so;
Come quickly, Lord: we long to go
With Thee, and all Thy glories know.

Come, lead us to our Father's home;
The calm, deep glories 'neath its dome
Untraced, we'd trace. Come, Jesus, come.

Come, Lord, and let our eyes behold
Those deeper scenes, unseen, untold,
Which *Thou* art worthy to unfold.

Tales yet untold of love we'd hear ;
Strains which ne'er fell on mortal ear—
Surpassing mortal strength to bear."

Those shall entrance our wond'ring sight ;
These fill with raptures of delight
Our way-worn hearts, and set them right
On their true centre, there to rest :
Our boast, our all, Jesus the Christ,
God over all, for ever blest. Amen !



"Now Faith is the substance of things hoped for."

Heb. xi. 1.

THERE'S rest for the weary trav'ller;
For the darken'd soul there's light;
There's joy for the child of sorrow,
Where all things are fair and bright;
For the warrior peace, when the strife is o'er:
But these abide on a distant shore.

We of the cross are but strangers,
Who sojourn here for awhile,
In an alien land amidst dangers,
And wearied with many a toil;
But a land there is, and we seek its bound,
Where *home* with its welcome and rest is found.

There's light—and the morning hasteth
Of a long and cloudless day;
Let's lift up our heads with gladness,
And wait for its dawning ray;
We're not of the night, though in darkness we
roam,
And oft light is sown where the cloud casts its
gloom.

Though dark be the vale we are passing,
Though often our harps be unstrung,
And out of our hearts, well-nigh breaking,
A full cup of sorrow is rung,
In God is our hope—He'll lead the vale through,
And fulness of joy in His presence bestow.

How sore is the strife that here rages ;
How mighty the foes that surround ;
And wary must we be and faithful,
Would we with triumph be crown'd.
Though feeble we are, the strife will soon cease,
And we shall be blessed with abundance of peace.

“I am the Good Shepherd.”

John x. 11.

O ! JESUS, Thou Shepherd divine,
Our praises to Thee shall be given ;
All glory alone can be Thine,
Thou theme and the joy of all heaven.

The glory (Thine own native right,)
What tongue shall attempt to declare ?
Eternal, divine, the delight
Of Him whose high throne Thou dost share !

But, Lord, from that glory so bright,
With love, more eternal than heaven,
Thou camest, to seek and to save
The sheep which Thy Father had given :
Thou foundest us far, far away,
And broughtest us safe to the fold ;
Withstanding the foe in the way—
The lion—the fierce one of old.

Thy love, Lord, sustained Thee that hour :
For in death Thou didst bow Thine head low ;
But bowing, victorious becam'st,
Didst triumph and bind the fierce foe !
Good Shepherd ! Thine own precious blood
Hath cleansed us, and keepeth us clean ;
And soon in Thy glory Thou'lt come,
And we in that glory be seen.

There's the fold where Thy love shall us bring,
Where safety and peace we shall know,
Where in love's greenest pastures we'll feed,
And drink of the still streams that flow

From love's ceaseless spring in the deeps,
Where the thoughts of our hearts become vain
From the vastness we seek to explore :
Whence we never shall wander again.

The Living Vine.

John xv.

THERE is a true and living vine ;
Its branches many are ;
And there's a hand, with skill divine,
That prunes with constant care.

That hand, the Father's hand, is raised
To sever branches sere ;
And yet again, with tend'rest love,
To purge the boughs that bear.

I've known the purging of that hand,
And yet again may prove
Its painful process, but would bow,
And own that all is love.

Life, vig'rous life, alone I gain
By union with the vine ;
And, Father, fruit I bear as purged,
That praise be only Thine.

The Night of Sorrow and the Morning of Joy.

'TIS night, dark night, and long its reign hath been
Dreary and sad—who hath not felt its power,
That steals with steady steps its onward way,
Yet unperceived, or seen, regarded not,
Enfolding in its arms the sons of day,
Devoted, valiant, and most watchful once?
Its opiate power, its baleful influence,
Spreading o'er all the senses spiritual,
Who hath not drowsy been? Who hath not slept,
When wakefulness and vigilance should mark
The moments of this noon of moral night?

But hark! (or do I sleep and dream?) what voice
Is that, the grave-like silence breaking,
With gracious, calm entreaty to the soul?
“Behold, before the door I stand and knock,
“Would entrance gain, and social intercourse;
“Who hears my voice, and gives me welcome,
“There will I enter, and will long abide,
“Will sup with him, and he with me shall sup;
“And who shall tell what joys shall mingle there—
“His joys and mine, pure, lasting, and divine,
“Unmixed with earth's alloy; their height and depth
“Who span, and their circumference?”

And art Thou, then, a stranger, dearest Lord,
That Thou dost knock, where Thou wast free before?
Come in! O! come Thou in! I'll haste and open,
That I may know all the fulness of Thy love,
And the deep fellowship that they shall find
Whose hearts' affections centre on Thyself,
And who throughout the darkness of the night,
With patient hope, are waiting Thy return,
Watching by faith the dawn of that bright day,
Whose light shall ne'er decline; and O! blest Lord,
Whose peace, and bliss, and glory shall display
Thy glory, as its Lord—Thy glory, Lord of all!

“~~W~~ithin the ~~V~~ail.”

Heb. vi. 18—20.

O! CHILD of God, whom grace has led,
To bow to Him who groan'd and bled,
And died on Calvary's cursed tree,
In more than mortal agony;
Whose off'ring there did aye atone
(Almighty He to save alone);

The conflict o'er, the vict'ry won,
He rests on high—His work is done ;
And there He intercedes for thee,
There, there He gives thee liberty,
 Within, within the veil.

That bitter, bitter cup was drain'd,
The conflict dire—the triumph gained ;
That sacrifice was all for thee,
To cleanse thy guilt, to set thee free ;
And now, within the holiest
He stands, the pledge of perfect rest,
The witness thou art truly blest.
But dost thou know in verity,
That precious blood was shed for thee ;
That it hath cleansed—doth keep thee clean,
Nor sin-stain on thy soul is seen
By Him, the sun-beam of whose eyes
Searches the heart—whose spirit tries
The inmost reins of man's desire,
And who's an all-consuming fire ;
That thou, accepted and approved
As holy, art, in the beloved ?
Green pastures these ! still streams that flow !
There dost thou rest ? Ah ! dost thou know
 Thy place within the veil ?

Then art thou made a stranger here,
A wanderer in this desert drear,
A pilgrim, bound for that fair land,
Where all the Father's mansions stand.
Here many a thorn may pierce thee through;
Thy sorrows come, nor light nor few;
Thy mind may be beclouded here,
Perplex'd to lose whate'er is dear;
The burning sands may scorch thy feet,
From which thou'lt find no cool retreat;
And rugged paths impede thy haste,
And weary in this desert waste:
But cheer thee, child, rise at His voice,
Whose words can make thy heart rejoice;
Rise, rise and hasten where He's now,
For grace to meet thy deepest woe;
He's gone where trouble is no more,
And ev'ry thought of sorrow o'er,
Where ev'ry shade has pass'd away,
And all is bright, unclouded day;
Where rest thy weary soul may meet,
'Tis such a calm and blest retreat:
 'Tis there — within the veil!

Retrospection.

HOW grateful doth my heart record,
The sov'reign mercy of the Lord,
Which, constant as my wants, doth flow,
A balm to soothe each rising woe.

When first unconscious dawn'd my life
Upon a world with evils rife,
Frail as the flower a breath doth kill,
And weak as frail, it kept from ill.

That stream, in childhood's wayward day,
Ran ever near through all the way;
Preserved in health my feeble frame,
Or healed me when diseases came;

In youth perverse, perpetual flowed,
And followed me along the road;
Sustained my life mid num'rous fears,
And held me up in riper years.

Still doth it near me gently glide,
Nor can it know an ebbing tide;
What change arise, 'tis always there,
Each fear to quell, to calm each care.

For this Thy goodness, Lord, my tongue
Should ne'er refuse a grateful song :
My life be but a song of praise,
Nor song conclude when close my days.

But when with eager feet I trode,
That leads from Thee, dark ruin's road,
'Twas mercy, matchless and divine,
Restor'd this erring heart of mine.

For matchless mercy, Lord, I'd raise,
A worthier song t' extol Thy praise,
With heavenly fire, in verse sublime,
Unmeasured by the flight of time.



Hebrews ii. 5.

“THE world to come, whereof we speak:”

O! let me cherish in my heart,
Father of glory, this Thy word,
And Thou the while Thy light impart,
And quick’ning power, that so it faithful be,
And yield a rich return of praise to Thee.

The *world* to come, whereof we speak :

Ah! then there is a world for those,
The “many sons,” whom Thou wilt bring
Thither to glory and repose,
Where righteousness and peace together dwell,
And joyous strains from rested hearts unceasing
swell.

The world *to come*, whereof we speak :

Yes, *yet to come*, those blessed scenes!
Then, like a stranger, let me seek,
Nor joy nor rest in present things;
With patient hope contented suffer here,
Till that inheritance reserved appear.

The world to come, whereof *we speak* :
Should it then so engage my heart,
From early dawn to darken'd night,
Fulfilling each impassion'd part,
That by its fulness it should silence break,
But of that "*world to come*" alone could speak ?

O glorious day ! I long to see
Thy dawning on this world of woe,
When every power shall subject be,
Of things above and things below,
And every tongue to Him allegiance own,
Who, once despised, yet worthy is alone,
And, Lord of glory, then shall fill the throne.

Romans viii. 31, 32.

MY Father, I'll say Thou art *good*
Though Thou smite me with stroke upon stroke,
And make me my weakness to feel,
To bow my stern will to Thy yoke.

I'll say Thou art "good," for I know,
Thy love in the gift of Thy Son!
An ocean vast—only to bless,
Shall sustain, and shall bear me safe on.

I'll say Thou art "good," for that love,
That spared not a gift so divine,
But gave Him to die, to redeem,
And Himself and His glory made mine.

That love is so full and so free,
So perfect, unmeasur'd, and sweet.
Unchanging, so wise, and so good,
My soul may repose, as is meet.

I'll say Thou art "good," for I hope,
(And living and heart-felt it is)
That soon He with shouting shall come,
And take me to share in His bliss.

Or if He should tarry awhile,
And, Father, Thou shorten my stay;
"'Tis well"—"'tis far better"—I bow,
And joyfully hasten away.



“**M**ake haste, my **B**eloved.”

Cant. viii. 14.

SAVIOUR! methinks Thou tarriest! dost Thou not?
“A little while,” Thou saidst, “a little while,
“And I will come and take you to myself;”
But still we wait, and need the time beguile,
By *faith*, and *hope*, and *love*.

’Tis Thine own word, “I quickly come,” but *faith*
Alone anticipates that glorious day,
Sees Thee descend, hears Thy victorious shout,
And hastes with joy, to greet Thee on Thy way,
That *faith* be changed for *sight*.

Yet still, the “little while” may linger on,
And *hope*, that cheers us through the darksome night,
Will patience need, and firmer hold on Thee,
Its blessed object, and its crown so bright
When *hope* shall pass away.

Lord, dearest Lord, Thy love’s supreme, divine,
And Thou alone art worthy; O! that Thou
Would’st gather to Thyself the purest love,
And strongest, that our hearts can give Thee now,
Till perfected in heaven.

Solomon's Song ii. 8.

'TIS the voice of my Beloved,
I'll here no longer stay,
But hearken to His gracious words,
"Rise up and come away."

I've felt the winter's blast;
I've felt the desert thorn;
I've found the tear of sorrow flow;
I've loved, and parting, mourn.

There winter is no more,
No chilling blast is there;
No thorn afflicts, no sorrow's known,
In all those regions fair.

'Tis the voice of my Beloved!
I'll make no more delay:
His voice! it charms my waiting soul,
I'll rise and haste away.



A Sequel to the preceding Piece.

BELOVED! dost Thou *come*,
To take us hence away,
To see Thy glory, know Thy love,
Where beams eternal day?

I'd haste Thy coming *now*,
Not for the sorrowing tear;
Not for the thorn nor chilling blast,
Not for the suff'ring here;

But I would hasten Thee,
Because I love Thee, Lord;
The centre of my heart's deep thoughts,
Alone beloved, adored!

I long to hear Thy voice,
And haste Thy coming near,
Who loved and died, and lives and loves,
And shares our sorrows here.

O Lord! I hasten Thee,
That Thou might'st take Thy throne;
Then shall each tongue confess Thy praise,
And own Thy sway alone.

The Triumph over Death and the Grave.

SHOUT! for the conqueror death shall be slain;
Shout! for he never shall triumph again;
See, see, he is wounded, expiring doth lay;
Our Jesus, who suffer'd and bled on the tree,
Received his fell sting there, and bore it away,
And bowing to death, set death's captives all free.

Shout! for the conqueror death shall be slain,
Shout! for he never shall triumph again.

O shout! for the grave no longer shall boast;
Shout! for his victory for ever is lost;
Our Jesus, death's conqueror, mighty to save,
Though guarded by hell while He lay in the tomb,
In triumph arising, subdued the proud grave,
And rising, left hope there to brighten the gloom.

O shout! for the grave no longer shall boast;
Shout! for his victory for ever is lost.

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

	PAGE
"Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."—Cant. i. 3 ...	1
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."—Psa. lxi. 2	4
Hebrews ix. x.	6
"On His head were many crowns."—Rev. xix.	8
The Bread of Life—John vi. 32.....	13
The Water of Life—Psalm lxxviii. 15, 16. 1 Cor. x. 4...	16
Rest in the Lord—Psalm xxxvii. 7	18
The Beauties of Jesus	20
The Glory of God in Creation—Psalm xix.	22
Ephesians i. ii.	25
Filial Confidence	27
Submission	28
Penitence	29
Stanzas	32
The Bride of Jesus—2 Peter i. 13	33
"Thou art fairer than the children of men."—Psa. xlv. 2	36
Stanzas	37
"I communed with my own heart."—Eccles. i. 16.....	40
The Return	42
Introduction to an Album	46
Stanzas	47
"The south wind blew softly."—Acts xxvii. 13	49

	PAGE
"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."—Psalm l. 23 ...	51
Death and Life—Col. iii. 3.....	53
The Race and the Prize—Heb. xii. 1, 2	55
"Remember me."—1 Cor. xi. 24, 25. Cant. viii.	58
"The Spirit and the Bride say <i>Come</i> ."—Rev. xxii. 17 ...	61
"Cease ye from man."—Isaiah ii. 22	63
"All my desire is before Thee."—Psalm xxxviii. 9	65
On returning an Album	68
"Let us draw near."—Heb. x. 19, 22	69
Anticipation	72
The Christian's Pathway—Lines addressed to a Sister ...	73
"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for"—Heb. xi. 1.	78
"I am the Good Shepherd."—John x. 11	79
The Living Vine—John xv.	81
The Night of Sorrow and the Morning of Joy.....	82
"Within the Vail"—Heb. vi. 18—20	83
Retrospection	86
"The world to come."—Heb. ii. 5.....	88
Romans viii. 31, 32	89
"Make haste, my Beloved."—Cant. viii. 14	91
Solomon's Song ii. 8	92
Sequel to the preceding	93
The Triumph over Death and the Grave	94