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Light Amid the Shadows

POEMS

By Annie Clarke

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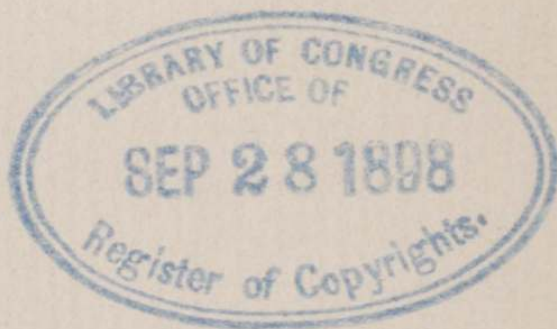
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a. m. d., Apr. 27, 1926,

PREFACE.

Have I a little gift of song
It is Thy gift to me;
And, fearful lest I do Thee wrong,
I bring it back to Thee.
And if some soul shall strengthened be
By rhymèd word of mine,
The word and power have come from Thee,
And all the praise is Thine.

If I should dare to take and use
The gift bestowed by Thee
In other ways than Thou wouldst choose—
Then, Lord, in love for me
Lay Thy dear, piercèd hand on mine
Till I have surely known
That all I have is only Thine,
And nothing of my own.

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MORNING

The night is gone, and in the eastern skies
Dawns a slow light, like joy in waking eyes;
And misty tints, like opals dimly gleaming,
Fall on the fair, pale clouds that lie a-dreaming.

Shy as reluctant Love, each sun-kissed flower
Uplifts her face to greet the golden hour;
And budding leaves, in rapture with their duty,
Clothe the bare boughs with young Life's throbbing beauty.

Silence is stirred to tender music-words,
Bird-mothers brooding over baby-birds;
A young wind wakes, and but a moment after,
Plays with the lake and shakes it into laughter.

O Thou who sendest morning after night,
Reign in my heart, and make its darkness light!
Thou who dost flood the world with birds' sweet
singing,
Speak to my soul, and set its joy-bells ringing!

LOVE'S DEEPS

Camest Thou far, my Belovèd,
To seek for Thine own?
From Heaven's high wonder and glory
I travelled alone.
From heights that thine eye ne'er beholdeth,
Past planet and star—
Down distances measureless, shining—
Yea, I came far.

Didst Thou leave much, O Belovèd,
In coming for me?
My home in the love of My Father
I gave up for thee.
For aye through the song and the music
My heart heard thy call;
I gave up My freedom, My glory—
Yea, I left *all*.

Didst Thou bear much, O Belovèd,
That I might be free?
The thorn-crown, the mocking, the scourging,
The death on the tree.
The wrath of My God—ah! this sorrow
Thy thought cannot touch;
I died from the stroke of *His* anger—
Yea, I bore much.

LOVE'S DEEPS.

Didst Thou love long, my Belovèd,
With heart that sought *me?*
Long ages ere worlds were created,
My love yearned for thee.
Ere ever the rapturous angels
Thrilled Heaven with song,
For thee My heart panted and thirsted—
Yea, I loved long!

OWNERSHIP.

Child, hast thou not given thyself unto Me ?
Then know thou art Mine;
And know that My wisdom is working for thee
With patience divine.

Then shall I not give to thee just as I will
My gladness or pain ?
Thy portion is only to wait and be still,
Nor ever complain.

My child, it is blessèd My lordship to know,
My right to withhold;
But ah! I am longing rich gifts to bestow,
Unmeasured, untold

Be patient, and know that I lead the right way;
Just lie at My feet;
And find there, belovèd, by night and by day,
The waiting-time sweet.

STEP BY STEP.

Step by step the Saviour leads thee
Onward, day by day;
And thou wouldst not choose but follow
In His chosen way

'Tis a pathway where the shadows
Flee before His smile;
And His watchful care enfolds thee
All this little while.

Not the lot thou wouldst have chosen,
But His way is best;
Simply trust Him, meekly follow—
So shalt thou be blest.

And thy Lord Himself shall show thee
On that glorious day,
When His sweet rewards He giveth,
Why He led *this* way.

COMPANIONSHIP.

“They abode with Him that day.”—John 1: 39.

Have you companied with Jesus,
Have you walked with Him to-day,
Let Him take your hand and lead you,
Gently lead you all the way?
Have you lifted eyes of trusting
To His tender eyes above
Seen the dear Face downward bending,
Felt the heart-beat of His love?

Have you thanked Him for the gladness
He prepared for you to-day?
Have you blessed Him for the sadness
Shadowing the lonely way?
Have you praised Him for withholdings,
For the earth-light burning dim;
Have you told Him all the longing
For a closer walk with Him?

Have you heard the voice of Jesus—
Glad to listen and be still,
Waiting for His loving whisper,
Ready then to do His will?

COMPANIONSHIP.

Oh, the bliss of close communion
Neither tongue nor pen may show;
Heart can never tell another—
None but those who love can know!

And if you have walked with Jesus,
Let Him lead you all the way,
Not to you alone the blessing—
You have made *Him* glad to-day.
Listen! He is King eternal,
Lord of all below, above;
Yet the tender heart of Jesus
Seeks *your* trust and needs *your* love

Far beyond all comprehending
Is such wondrous love as this;
All its depth you may not fathom,
But the joy you need not miss.
In His mighty arms enfolded,
Guarded by His watchful care,
Silent rest, or sing in triumph—
Earth nor hell can touch you there!

TESTING.

If I lead thee, love, to-day,
Through a dreary place
Where the heavy shadows fall
Like a pall,
And thou canst not see My Face,
Canst not feel My close embrace—
Wilt thou shrink and say,
“Lead me, Lord, some other way ?”

“Jesus, on Thy love I rest,
For I am Thine own ;
So when I would shrink and plead,
Take no heed.
Send in shadowy ways unknown,
Where I seem to walk alone ;
I can trust and rest—
Well I know Thy way is best.”

If I speak not, love, to-day
So that thou canst hear ;
And the silence is unstirred
By a word ;
Not a whisper for thy ear,
Not one word thy heart to cheer—
Wilt thou shrink and say,
“Speak to me, my Lord, to-day ?”

TESTING.

“ My Belovèd, have Thy way ;
 Speak or silent be ;
Very sweet Thy speech—and yet—
 I can wait
Thou wilt keep some word for me,
Known to no one else but Thee
 Have Thy perfect way—
 Though I hear Thee not to-day.”

If I give not, love, to-day,
 Gifts My love to prove ;
And the hours pass with a sigh
 Sadly by,
And the moments are so slow,
Just as if I did not know—
 Wilt thou shrink and say,
“ Prove Thy love, my Lord, to-day ?”

“ O my Lover, surely I
 Seek no gift nor grace ;
Surely *Thou* art all to me—
 I have *Thee*
I can wait to see Thy Face,
Wait the bliss of Thine embrace,
 Nor on gifts rely—
 ”Tis *Thyself* must satisfy !”

TRUST

Rom. 8:28,

Thou holdest every tangled mystery
In Thy dear hand;
Thou knowest all the dark perplexity
I cannot understand.

How Thou canst let Thy children suffer so
Is strange to me;
But well I know that this sharp pang of woe
Is fellowship with Thee.

And I shall see what Thou art hiding now
Some gladsome day;
And I shall surely, clearly know why Thou
Hast led Thy child this way.

Thou givest sweetness in the things that vex,
And peace in pain;
And even now, through discords that perplex,
I catch some music-strain.

Lord, shouldst Thou lead along a shadowed
road,
It is *with Thee*;
And darker was the path Thy love once trod
Alone, for love of me !

UNDERNEATH.

Life's silence so seldom is broken;
Its secrets we may not unfold;
Some soul-words can never be spoken—
Some deep things can never be told.
The surface is seen by so many,
But the shadowy depths are unknown;
The outward is open to any —
The inner is lived all alone.

Thou knowest the heights of my being,
Unscaled by my dearest and best;
The deeps that another soul seeing
Would shrink from, perplexed and distressed.
And never a heart but is lonely,
Unstinted though earth-love may be;
Its sadness and longings are only
Beheld, my Belovèd, by Thee.

No less than Thine infinite loving
My infinite yearning could still,
And daily Thy power I am proving
To gladden and quiet and fill.
Thy tenderness, Lord, and Thy sweetness
Have made me forever Thine own,
And all of Thy wondrous completeness
Is enough for the heart Thou hast won.

UNDERNEATH.

But though I would ever be telling
How love over longing prevails,
The praise from my full heart upwelling
In feebleness falters and fails.
And oft I have visions of glory,
But never can show what I see;
And in telling the wonderful story
I tell but *so little* of Thee!

Oh, could I show others Thy beauty,
Thou fairer than fairest of men,
'Twould be daily a rapturous duty
To tell it again and again!
To show how Thy wooing has won me,
To tell what a Lover Thou art,
And prove how Thy love, and Thine only,
Meets the measureless need of my heart!

IN PART.

“*We know in part.*”—1 Cor. 13: 9.

If we could recognize the sounds
That out of silence grow,
The mighty music of the stars
Above our earth—below—
The chiming of a lily bell,
The foot-fall of the snow—

We should hear other tones than these
In earth, and sea, and air;
The jarring sounds of pain and strife
Were more than we could bear;
For Sin brought discord when it came,
And Death is everywhere.

The awful depths of sin's abyss
If we could see and know,
And scale the shining heights wherefrom
God's wondrous love doth flow,
Our souls would faint beneath the weight
Of rapture and of woe.

But all the mystery of pain
Was met by One who died;
And to all harmony and bliss
The door is open wide;
For now He lives, and with Himself
We shall be satisfied.

TO-DAY.

“*His banner over me was love.*”—Song 2: 4.

Belovèd, Thou hast been so very dear,
Thy tenderness to-day has seemed so sweet,
That while I thank Thee in the silence here,
I long to lay some love-gift at Thy feet.

Thy gentleness has compassed me about
Like a protecting cloud—a cloud of light;
And I have had no shade of fear nor doubt,
Watched by Thy love and guarded by Thy
might.

How *could* I doubt Thee, when Thy wondrous
care
Was as a shield from which each fiery dart
Fell harmless, and the worst the foe could dare
Had to pass *Thee* before it reached my heart?

The dreaded cross which Thou didst lift and
share
Was just a blessing Thy dear love had
planned;
And that sharp pang of pain I had to bear
Was but the love-touch of Thy wounded hand.

TO-DAY.

The fellowship of friends whom Thou hast given
Was very sweet, because we talked of Thee;
But sweeter, dearer far, a taste of heaven,
Was that still time when Thou didst talk
with me.

What can I do, beloved One, but go
To souls who may have walked a drearier
way,
And speak with lips which Thou wilt touch,
and show
All I have proven Thee to be to-day!

FROM INDIA.

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.”—Mark 16: 15.

“The King’s business requireth haste.”—1 Sam. 21: 8.

A woman I, a thing that has no soul.
So say our masters, and it may be true;
No soul have I, they say—but only a heart
To love, and suffer daily martyrdom,
To bear such pain, such anguish keen and long
As men with souls can never feel nor know.

I had a sister, in my father’s house,
Long, long ago. She was his favorite—
(We were twin-sisters, but he loved me not)
Her beauty pleased him, and her sweetness
touched—

And so life held some little joy for *her*.
But while the child-smile lingered on her lips,
Before the woman dawned in her deep eyes,
The shrouded phantom came whom men call
Death,

And with relentless finger touched her brow
And silenced her life’s music. As for me,
I clasped the tiny hands in mine as small,
And wildly prayed the gods to take me, too.

FROM INDIA.

But gods are deaf when women-children pray
And I lived lonely on.

They married me
Soon after, to a husband thrice my age;
Sold me to him, and I became his wife,
His slave, his plaything—to be cast aside
When he was weary of me. But there came
A strange, great gladness into my dark life—
I clasped a little son in rapturous arms;
His downy head was nestled to my breast
And baby-music thrilled my listening ears.
Just one short year of love and bliss untold,
And then—my baby died.

I might have known
Such joy was not for *me*.

The days dragged on,
And then the father of my little child
Followed him whither he had gone before,
Whither I may not follow. O! ye gods!
If women have no souls, why should they have
Hearts that can bear such torture, yet live on?
They tore away the trinkets from my hair,
They wrenched the bracelets from my bruised
arms,
Mocking and cursing whom the gods had cursed.
And now, the meanest drudgery is mine,
I am ill-fed and beaten, clothed in rags,
And looking for the death that will not come.

FROM INDIA.

I heard a story once, from an old nurse—
(I know not how or when it came to her)
A strange, sweet tale, too lovely to be true.
She said a God descended to the earth
From His high home, and, loving all mankind,
Became a little, stainless, helpless child,
Calling a woman mother. So He grew
To beauteous manhood, human and divine.
The little children crowded to His feet,
And mothers brought their tiny babes to Him
That He might gather them within His arms
And bless them. Once a widowed mother
mourned
Her dear dead son; and when the kingly Man
Beheld her grief, He spoke a word of power,
And lo!—a living son restored to her!
No wonder that the women followed Him
And ministered to Him from town to town.
He was so good to women! When He died
(Men murdered Him) His latest kindly thought
Was for His mother. When He rose again
(For so the story goes) He first appeared
To women, making them his messengers
Of comfort. Ah, how glad they must have been
To run His errands! More than that, He taught
That they should live again, and be with Him
In that new life to which His dreadful death
In some strange way had made an open door.

FROM INDIA.

And He commanded men and women both
To carry the glad tidings everywhere,
That sin and misery need be no more,
And that for lost mankind He had prepared
A home where pain and death could never come.

A perfect tale, too lovely to be true!
If it were true, how glad and swift had been
The feet of those He made His messengers
Of peace! And they who heard the story told
Which kindled love and hope in their sad lives,
How they had joined the happy ranks, and sped
From town to town, and crossed the boundless
seas,

The trackless deserts and the mountain slopes,
Nor ever rested from their joyful task
Until the whole wide world had heard the tale
And clasped the comfort to its troubled heart,
And laid its homage at the God-man's feet!

TOGETHER.

“*He Leadeth Me.*”—Psalm 23:2.

Thou camest when, a little child and weak,
I felt the way was hard, and longed for
home;
And sobbing out the Name I scarce could speak,
I heard Thee through the lifting shadows
come.

And from that day, though often I forgot
To clasp the hand so very near my own,
Thy strong protecting love has failed me not,
And I have never had to walk alone.

Thou never leavest me, O Christ, O mine!
My weakness loves to lean upon Thy might;
We walk together, with my hand in Thine,
And all the darkness trembles into light.

Joy is twice joy, and grief and loss are gain
As I am led to trust Thy saving grace;
And often, lifting eyes of weary pain,
Looking for sorrow, I behold Thy Face.

And well I know that Thou wilt never take
Away from me Thy gentle, guiding hand;
No feeblest child Thy love could e'er forsake,
And Thou wilt lead the way Thy love has
planned

TOGETHER.

Until some day, Belovèd, Thy dear voice
Bids me in perfect light Thy beauty see;
Be it to-day, how will my heart rejoice!
Or if I wait for years, I wait *with Thee.*

THE TREASURE-STORE

What wilt thou have, belovèd?
My treasury is free;
The wonders of its riches
Are open unto thee.
I long to lavish on thee
My love's unbounded store;
To have thee ever coming
And claiming more and more

There are new doors to open,
Sweet secrets to unfold,
Deep mysteries whose marvels
Have never yet been told.
New glimpses of My beauty,
New dealings of My grace,
New provings of My power,
New light on darkened ways.

And I have gifts for others,
Eternal, boundless, free;
Rich blessings, countless, priceless,
But thou dost hold the key.
Come often and ask largely,
Take with unstinting hand;
These wondrous gifts are only
Awaiting thy demand.

THE TREASURE-STORE.

I long to open to thee
 My secret treasure-trove;
Its limit is My power,
 Its measure is My love.
All wisdom and all knowledge,
 All grace and might are Mine;
What wilt thou have, belovèd?
 All, all I have is thine.

EVENING.

The busy, sunny day has fled,
And tender shadows brooding creep;
The faint stars sparkle overhead,
And birds and flowers fall asleep.

A soft wind comes, and seems to lay
Cool fingers on my burning brow;
And all the burden of the day
Falls from my soul, I know not how.

I only know that One whose care
Delights to give His children rest—
Who knows the burden that we bear
Beneath the quiet-seeming breast—

Has spoken low and lovingly
Through shadowed calm and evening air;
His power and peace encompass me,
I feel His presence everywhere.

CONFESSION.

1 Cor. 6: 19.

The temple that should always be
Kept for Thy glory and Thy praise,
Is filled with other gods than Thee,
They crowd its courts and walk its ways.

I love and hate them in a breath;
I own their sway, yet would be free;
Their hold is terrible as death,
O hasten to deliver me!

I want the things I must not have,
My spirit loves unloveliness;
The gifts Thou wilt not give I crave
With strong, rebellious bitterness.

O lay Thy hand upon my heart
With tender touch of healing power;
Prove that omnipotent Thou art,
And guard Thy temple from this hour!

THY WILL BE DONE!

Thy will be done ! We say it, sighing,
When some sweet boon, withheld, we crave;
Thy will be done ! We moan it, crying,
Heart-stabbed beside an open grave;
We say the words amidst our pain,
Through bitter tears that fall like rain.

Thy will be done! We strive to pray it
When thunders crash, and storm-clouds
burst;
We shrink and falter, but we say it
Because our Saviour said it first;
Hasting along God's path He sped,
And we would follow where He led.

Thy will be done! We whisper, fearing
Submission brings another cross;
We think our yielding means the nearing
Of some new, bitter, dreaded loss;
Forgive us, Lord, for wounding so
The patient love we *ought* to know!

Thy will be done. We say it, wronging
The love that broods above our pain,

THY WILL BE DONE.

That yearns with more than mother-longing
To see us glad and free again,
But loves too much to lift our woe
Until its blessedness we know.

Submission is the glorious choosing
Of God's best gifts prepared for men;
Shrink never, though it mean the losing
Of harmful hoard—such loss is gain.
O doubting, trembling heart, be still,
And let thy Father have His will !

His will—the perfect, tender shielding
From smallest harm, when woe must be;
His will—it only waits our yielding
To crown with blessing you and me;
The soul that says “Thy will be done,”
Compels love's richest benison.

COMFORT.

It was so good of Thee, dear Lord, to-day,
When I was sad,
To take the burden and the pain away,
And make me glad.

So like Thee, Lord, my longing cry to meet
In Thine own way,
And send through human lips a message sweet
Just for to-day.

I think the burden of the week just past
Thou didst command;
I know the darkness was a shadow cast
From Thine own hand.

I seemed to walk alone, with no one near,
In strange, hard ways;
But I have had a glimpse, so bright, so clear,
Of Thy dear Face.

And I can thank Thee, Jesus, for the grief,
The darkened way,
No less than for the tender, sweet relief,
The joy to-day.

COMFORT.

Shouldst Thou ordain that clouds must come
 between
The light and me,
Yet let me show a tranquil, trustful mien,
And wait for Thee.

And let the house be filled, beloved Lord,
 With fragrance sweet,
The glad abandonment of love outpoured
At Thy dear feet !

GALILEE.

'Tis night; the sea of Galilee is dreaming as
she sleeps;
The stars are mirrored in her calm; the moon
her vigil keeps.

One boat is passing swiftly through the gleam-
ing, oar-dipped sea;
And one Man rests while others work—no fish-
erman is He!

He talks with them, a Man with men. They
call Him Nazarene;
His hands are worn with toil, and yet He has
a kingly mien.

His looks are sweeter than the peace that
broods upon the sea;
His eyes are calmer than the sky that smiles
on Galilee.

* * * * *

'Tis night; the sudden clouds are hurled along
the darkened sky;
The wind-swept lake is lashed to foam; the
angry waves run high,

GALILEE.

And like a leaf the boat is flung along the
 roaring deep—
But while men cry in shuddering fear, one
 Man lies there asleep!

The strange, sweet calm of Heaven itself is on
 His tired Face;
And in the midst of noise and wreck He finds
 a resting-place.

The rush of wind and water falls unheeded on
 His ear,
But never yet the piteous cry of anguish or
 of fear!

He wakes; He speaks; and at His word the
 hurrying storm-clouds flee—
The voice that spake a leper clean now stills
 the raging sea.

The conquered waves lie at His feet; the van-
 quished wind is gone;
And rowed by wond'ring, awe-struck men,
 the boat sways slowly on.

* * * * *

O troubled, tempted soul, behold a picture
 here of thee!
Thy rebel, helpless heart is like the lake of
 Galilee.

GALILEE.

There sudden storms of passion rise that thou
 canst ne'er control,
And loud the tempests crash, and high the
 angry billows roll.

And thou hast tried, but knowest well thou
 never canst restrain
The passions of thy restless heart; thy toil
 has been in vain.

Yet art thou His? Then know that He doth
 ever dwell with thee;
Thy soul-storms are no more to Him than
 cloud and wind and sea.

Cry thou to Him who always hears, and let
 Him have His will;
No strife but sinks to sleep before His whis-
 per, "Peace, be still!"
And as His peace controls and keeps, thy
 grateful heart shall say,
"Behold, what wondrous Man is this, whom
 wind and waves obey!"

A CUP OF WINE.

“*Drink abundantly, O beloved.*”—Song 5: 1.

Uplifted in that piercèd hand of Thine,
Belovèd Lord, I see
A golden cup, up-brimmed with sparkling wine,
And lo! it is for me.

I did Thee this dishonour, many years,
To think Thy will was hard;
I thought my lot was only grief and tears,
And so my peace was marred.

Sore have I needed pain and discipline;
And love like Thine can bear
To smite, yet watchful weigh the anguish keen,
And every sorrow share.

Yet all the while, through all the patient years,
Thy *joy* I might have had.
The cup of wine I heeded not for tears
Had made me royal-glad.

I thought it wonderful if I might stand
Cup-bearer unto Thee;
But ah! to think that Thy belovèd hand
Should lift the cup for me—

To think that Thou shouldst offer, day by day,
A draught of Thine own bliss,
And hold it to my lips Thyself, and say,
“Belovèd, drink of this!”

LAST NIGHT.

O the beauty I saw last night!
I am sad, for I may not show
All its wonder of gloom and glow;
I am sad, for I cannot tell
All the meaning and mystical spell
Fair-woven in shadow and light.

For the sky was grand to behold,
With a thin veil over the blue,
And the faint stars shining through;
And the weird cloud-ramparts below,
Clouds ebon, and purple, and snow,
Tipped at the edges with gold.

And beyond, from a space of clear sky,
Above where the dark clouds did frown,
The calm, golden moon looked down;
And near her I saw a star shine,
Quick-flinging its bright look to mine,
While a little white cloud sailed by.

And looking to earth, I could see
Wild waters that woke to weep,
Grim mountains that smiled in sleep;
A forest swayed sideways, and stirred
From silence to whispering word,
Vague speech that was music to me.

LAST NIGHT.

It was night in the earth and sky.
Dark night—but I heard, I heard
The wild, sudden song of a bird,
Flung out from a fluttering throat,
With triumphing, soon-silenced note—
Did anyone hear it but I?

For the human world was still;
But maybe some souls were there,
Enticed by the sweet night air,
While the mystical moon-beams made
Their glamour of sheen and shade
On water and valley and hill.

And I wonder what it could mean
To those who were there to see?
Did it mean to them, as to me,
Power and thought everywhere,
And a tender, unsleeping care,
Omnipotent, watching unseen?

O marvel of shadow and light!
Sink deep, sink deep in my soul,
Deep with thy gladness and dole;
And perhaps some day I may tell
All the meaning and might of the spell
That held me in thrall, last night!

“FAITHFUL AND TRUE.”

Rev. 19:11.

“Has it not been
A wondrous year, made sweet by love divine ? ”
Yea, Lord, and I have seen
In all the way no other hand than Thine.

“ Have I not proved,
My child, the truth of all I said to thee ? ”
Yea, Lord, and I have loved
The blest unfolding of Thy word to me.

“ Hast thou not seen
More of the hidden beauty of My Face ? ”
Yea, Lord, and I would lean
On Thee, and still behold Thy loveliness.

“ Did I not take
Thee at thy word, and all thy loving claim ? ”
Yea, Lord, and Thou didst break
My idols, ere to Thee my sad heart came.

“ Have I not won
Deliverance, and mighty been to save ? ”
Yea, Lord, and Thou alone
Couldst loose the chains that bound a helpless
slave.

FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

“ Have I not led
Thy feet in safe, sweet ways unknown before ? ”
Yea, Lord, and fear has fled;
Choose Thou each step, and lead me evermore.

“ Have I not shown
Thee wondrous things, more than thy longing
sought ? ”
Yea, Lord, and I have known
More blessing than I ever asked or thought.

“ Am I not still
The very same, throughout the changing
years ? ”
Yea, Lord, and Thy dear will
Is sweet; Thy love has banished all my fears

“ Wilt thou not now,
Belovèd, trust and follow to the end ? ”
Yea, Lord, and still do Thou
Reveal the love I cannot comprehend!

ART THOU AFRAID ?

*“And as they followed, they were afraid.”—Mark
10: 32.*

Art thou afraid to let Me see
Thy heart's deep sin and misery ?
To let My searching eyes of flame
Reveal in livid light thy shame ?
Remember! all to Me was known,
And all thy sin became My own;
I faced God's scathing wrath for thee,
Paid all the fearful penalty;
And now thou standest in His sight
Clothed in My spotless robe of light;
And I would have thee walk with Me
In daily peace and purity.
Defying Satan's hellish host,
I save thee to the uttermost.

Art thou afraid to sail with Me
Upon the raging, storm-tossed sea ?
The shrieking wind is pitiless,
And seems to mock thy sore distress;
The angry waves in grim array
Rush high, as hungry for their prey.

ART THOU AFRAID ?

But thou art safe; one word from Me
Will stay the wind, and still the sea;
And then thy joy shall overflow,
Thy peace be such as none can know,
Save such as they who went with Me
From storm to calm on Galilee.

Art thou afraid with Me to prove
The furnace heated by My love ?
My own, I will not keep thee there
One moment more than thou canst bear.
The flames from which thou dost recoil
Are but to burn the dross and soil;
My gold is precious in My sight,
And I must have it pure and bright.
Belovèd, let this thought be sweet;
I never waste My furnace-heat.

Art thou afraid to walk with Me
Along the path I choose for thee ?—
A path to other feet not known,
A life that must be lived alone,
A stab of pain when fair hopes dawn,
Sweet human love withheld, withdrawn.
I know the way is drear and long,
And dangers lurk and shadows throng;
But I am with thee day by day,
And I have measured all the way.
I wept in dark Gethsemane,
And all thy tears are known to Me;

ART THOU AFRAID ?

My heart, unchanging, throbs with thine,
Thy every pang of pain is Mine;
And *love* prepares this way for thee,
The love that bled on Calvary !

Be not afraid to go with Me
Just where My love sees best for thee.
It is to rise from sin's abyss
To shining heights of wondrous bliss;
It is to know how vile thou art,
And yet to nestle in My heart;
To lose what earth can offer thee,
And have no joy outside of Me.
To share My sorrows, feel My care,
My secrets know, My burdens bear—
'Tis to take largely of My grace,
And show My beauty in thy face;
That all may know how love divine
Has brought thee to My "house of wine !"

IMMANUEL.

“ Which being interpreted is, God with us.”—Matt. 1: 23.

Toiling in busy places with my Lord,
I prove how strong His arm, how true His Word;
He stills my trembling heart, dispels my fear—
“ All things are possible,” for He is near.

Walking in pleasant byways with my Friend,
He leads me where the quiet waters tend;
He soothes the throbbing nerves, the tired
 brain,
And makes me ready for His work again

Spending the wakeful moments with my King
The night is but the shadow of His wing;
Some new, sweet blessing thrills me while I pray.
And in His strength I greet another day.

Kneeling in stress of sorrow at His feet,
I find Him strong my deepest woes to meet;
And He whose Cross was heavier than mine,
Helps me with human sympathy divine.

Battling through storm and darkness with my
 Guide,
He draws me closer, closer to His side;
Danger is near, but Christ is nearer still,
And foes are powerless against His will.

IMMANUEL.

So side by side with my Immanuel
I daily walk, and know that all is well;
And hope sings waiting for the mighty "Come!"
Which bids me go with Him, and be at Home.

*
* *

"I change not!" Words of love and truth,
 combining
 To cheer our faith and make our weakness
 strong ;
The darkness flies before their radiant shining,
 And all our sorrowing is turned to song.
We grasp the promise in its strength and
 sweetness,
 Smiling to think that fear had made us
 weep ;
And lulled to silence by its blest complete-
 ness,
Fear folds her sable wings, and falls asleep.

KNOWING.

Hosea 2: 14-16.

Wouldst thou know more of Me,
My child ? It may mean bitter draughts of woe
From a full cup, for it is only so,
In fellowship with Me, that thou canst prove
The measure of My tender, pitying love.
So shalt thou know thy sufferings are Mine,
And all My stores of grace and strength are
thine.

Wouldst thou know more of Me?
It may be that the dearest earthly ties
Have veiled My beauty from thy shadowed eyes ;
And I may claim all thou hast held most dear,
Lead thee in lonely ways for many a year.
No sweetest human love must come between,
And thou must learn on Me alone to lean.

Wouldst thou know more of Me ?
To show thee all My power to save and bless,
I may allure thee to the wilderness.
There thou wilt listen to My comforting,
There, in unclouded trust, thy soul shall sing ;

KNOWING.

And a new word thy gladdened lips shall
frame—
Not Master, but a dearer, closer Name.

Wouldst thou know more of Me ?
It may mean all, and more than all of this ;
But ah ! if I could show thee half the bliss,
The wondrous peace thy heart could never guess,
The sweet revealings of My tenderness,
Thou wouldst not shrink nor tremble nor com-
plain,
But give Me thanks for all the love-blest pain

Wouldst thou know more of Me ?
My child, I chose thee long before the years,
Bought thee with bitter price of blood and tears ;
Bore for thy sake the agony and shame,
Drew thee to Me and called thee by thy name ;
A lonely path I trod for love of thee—
Wilt thou not go this way for love of Me ?

There I will speak to thee
Words that are music to thy listening ear,
Sweet words no other soul could ever hear ;
Deep mysteries thy heart shall understand,
Myself will guide thee with My piercèd hand ;
And as we walk together, side by side,
Thou shalt look up and whisper, “ Satisfied ! ”

PEACE.

“*He giveth quietness.*”—Job 34: 29.

From light-rimmed clouds that sail in heights
of heaven,
The golden moon looks down;
It crowns the trees and hills with solemn
splendour,
And gilds the sleeping town.

And now a baby breeze is softly singing
Along the silent street,
Bearing upon its wings the breath of flowers,
Subtle and fresh and sweet.

And I, who came here sorrowful and weary,
With aching heart and brow,
Have felt the beauty of the night's deep
meaning,
And I am resting now

For with a tender word the loving Father
Has bid the sorrow cease;
And with one touch upon the trembling heart-
strings,
Has stilled them into peace.

“ WHAT IS THY BELOVED? ”

Song 5: 9.

Dearer than earth's dearest,
Wondrous beautiful to see,
Nearer than the nearest
My Belovèd is to me.
Sweet the eyes above me
Looking downward into mine;
Altogether lovely
Is the perfect Man divine.

Winsomely He woos me,
Holding all my heart in thrall;
Nor does He refuse me
Any gift—He gives me all.
All His wondrous treasure,
Riches varied, love complete,
In unstinted measure
Pouring at my very feet.

If from Him I wander,
Still in love He follows me;
And He points where yonder
Looming dark, a Cross I see.
Then I fall heartbroken,
Conquered, weeping, at His knee;
Melted by the token
Of love's deepest mystery.

WHAT IS THY BELOVED?

Piercèd hands are holding
Mine so close, along the way;
Tenderness enfolding
Makes me strong from day to day.
Wounded feet are keeping
Step with mine as on we go;
And His care, unsleeping,
Watches, guards from every foe.

“Lips like lilies ” ever
Speaking secret bliss to me;
Patience failing never,
All unworthy though I be.
Night and morning showing
New delights my love to thrill;
Fulness overflowing,
All my empty heart to fill.

Love that changes never
Shines resplendent from His Face;
My Belovèd ever
Some new beauty shows, or grace.
Kingly and yet lowly;
And my deepening wonder is
That my Love should know me
Poor and vile, yet call me His!

BABY.

O dainty, dimpled child, how shall I show thee
To those who never look upon thy face ?
How shall I teach my far-off friends to know thee
In all thy loveliness of baby-grace ?

For if I tell of hair like sunlight shining,
A brow as pure as lilies newly grown,
Of cheeks as delicate as sea-shell lining,
And lips as sweet as roses hardly blown—

Of eyes like pansies when the dew is on them,
As deep as wells, yet laughing like a brook ;
Of lashes brown, with gleam of gold upon them,
That veil and sometimes hide the sweet,
bright look ;

Of rosy hands in mischief ever prying,
And restless feet that patter everywhere ;
Of fragrant breath, and long-drawn, thought-
ful sighing,
(As if our darling bore a load of care!)

Of silver baby-words and bubbling laughter,
And looks that change with changing joys
or fears ;
Of pouts, and swift contrition coming after,
With woeful face and mist of rising tears—

BABY.

Yet words are all too weak to show thy sweet
 ness,
And we must pity those who have not seen
Our dear embodiment of fair completeness
 Who reigns in all our hearts, a love-crowned
 queen !

* * * * *

The lovelit eyes are closed, for she is sleeping;
 The waxen hands are folded into rest;
The baby ears are deaf to all our weeping,
 There is no flutter in the quiet breast.

The Lord of love Himself our darling wanted,
 And even Heaven is made more sweet, more
 dear,
Because another lily is transplanted—
 But ah! what empty, longing hearts are here!

*
* *

Trust in God! be calm and fearless,
 Though the shadows darkly loom;
Never night so black and cheerless,
 But a light shall pierce the gloom.
Though the hours be filled with sadness,
 Joy and morning song shall come;
Pain shall but prepare for gladness,
 Storms are sent to drive thee Home.

FOR LOVE OF THEE.

1 Peter 1: 20.

O troubled soul, burdened with weight of sin,
Sunk in despair, and utterly undone,
I come to tell thee of a Father's love,
I come as His ambassador to thee!

'Tis not an angry God thou hast to face.
Before the world's foundation had been laid,
Ere the first gleam of light shot down the abyss
And thrilled the darkness with its radiant
hope—

Before the mountain-peaks had touched the sky
With snow-heights rosy-flushed at rise of sun,
Their fir-clad bases washed by boundless seas—
He knew thy fearful need, and in His love
And infinite pity gave His Son for thee.
The awful, sombre shadow of the Cross
Fell on the Father-heart before the years
Began their march along the path of Time;
And in the glory and amidst the song
Of an angelic and unnumbered host,
Down the vast ages of Eternity
That shadow fell. Surely His love for thee
Was past all comprehending! Thy poor heart

FOR LOVE OF THEE.

Such love can never fathom. When He gave
His own belovèd Son, He emptied Heaven,
Gave all He had—*for thee.*

Had there not been
Another soul in this wide universe—
One only, ruined, lost, and that one thee,
He still had given His well-belovèd Son,
His life for thine.

And all these weary years—
These many years while thou hast wandered
far—

The yearning Father-heart has followed thee;
Pleaded with thee in whispers of His love,
Wooed thee with tender dealings of His grace,
Spoken in thunder-crashes of His power,
Showed thee His sovereignty, and proved to
thee

Thy utter helplessness. He took from thee
The human aids on which thy weakness leaned;
He broke the idols thou hast worshipped long;
And thou hast felt His patient tenderness,
His power, and often trembled at His voice,
But closed thy heart to His entreating cry,
And turned away, and tried to walk alone.

Yet still the Father stoops to plead with thee,
Beseeching thee to take the priceless gift—
A life that earth nor hell can ever touch,

FOR LOVE OF THEE.

A righteousness complete, because His own,
Bought at such awful cost. Wilt thou refuse
Such perfect clearance from each guilty stain,
That not a single sin of all thy life
Shall be imputed to thee, any more
Than if such sin had never soiled thy soul ?
Wilt thou reject the lonely, thorn-crowned Man
Who all the ages of Eternity
Will bear the marks of what His mighty love
Endured for thee upon a Cross of shame ?
The infinite pollution of thy sin
Was on Him, and God turned away His Face,
Forsaking Him who took thy place of guilt.
Alone, alone He bore God's righteous wrath
Against thy sin, and paid the bitter price
With His own life-blood.

Wilt thou *still* refuse ?
How long, O Lord! how long ?

ONLY.

Only another sorrow
That no one understands;
Only some hoarded treasure
Taken from clinging hands.

Only another shadow
Falling on shadowed heart;
Only one blow of many,
Causing one added smart.

Only some burning tear-drops,
Banished before they fall ;
Only more loss and longing,
And silence when I call !

Only the rebel wonder,
“ Is this the Father's will ?
Could *Love* prepare such portion ? ”
O heart, be brave, be still !

Know, and be strong in knowing,
Love deals no needless blow ;
Unless the pain were blessing
God *could not* hurt thee so.

ONLY.

And joy must follow sorrow
As morning after night,
When every sombre shadow
Shall lose itself in light.

Light that can know no clouding,
Peace that no pain can dim;
Love that can have no ending,
Eternity with Him !

*
* *

Who is this that cometh, lowly,
Scorned, unknown ?
“ Tis the Saviour, who the wine-press
Trod alone.

Who is this that cometh, radiant,
In the air ?
“ This same Jesus,” and His myriads
Meet Him there.

Who is this that cometh, lordly,
Once again ?
King of Kings, by men rejected,
Judge of men !

HOME-LONGING.

O eyes that shine through the shadows
 Make all the darkness bright!
O lips that speak in the silence,
 Speak some sweet word to-night!
I am lonely without Thee, Belovèd,
 I am home-sick at Home to be;
For I walk in an alien country
 And my heart cries out for Thee.

This alien country has beauty,
 Its treasures are fair to see;
But it gave Thee no home and no welcome,
 So it cannot be fair to me.
Sorrow and shame were Thy portion,
 A Cross and a crown of thorn;
And I would seek nothing, but only
 A share in the hatred and scorn.

Earth-music is brimming with laughter,
 With never a note of Thy pain;
Earth-songs may be lovely to others,
 But empty to me, and vain.
Earth-love has its bane, and yet ever
 Is lauded as pure and sweet;

HOME-LONGING.

While *Thy* wondrous love, O Belovèd,
They trample beneath their feet!

The burden of earth is so heavy,
More than the heart can bear;
And the burdened are falling beneath it,
The sorrow that *Thou* wouldst share.
O the groaning without Thy comfort,
The anguish and wailing by night—
The tears Thy hand may not banish,
The darkness without Thy light!

O eyes that shine through the shadows,
Make all the darkness bright!
O lips that speak in the silence,
Speak some sweet word to-night!
Draw back the veil that enfolds Thee,
Let me Thy beauty see;
For only Thy love, O Belovèd,
Can ever be sweet to me!

PRAISE.

“Praise ye the Lord.”

For ocean's boundless deeps, for mountain
grandeur,
And storm with thunder shod;
For sun, and moon, and clouds, and starry
splendour,
We praise Thee, O our God !

For depths of peace, and joys that rise to rapt-
ure,
For love beyond compare,
Love tender, kind, yet mighty to deliver
From sin and death's despair—

Love high and deep beyond our comprehending,
Giving Thine only Son
To bear our sin, His purity imputed
To us whose life He won—

We bless Thee, God ! Let anthems fill Thy
temples!
Angels and men, as one,
Unite to swell the everlasting chorus
Circling around Thy throne.

* * * * *

PRAISE.

We thank Thee for the sound of running water,
Flowing in narrow ways;
The rustle of a leaf in quiet weather,
The shade of sunless days.

The slanting gleam of golden sunlight falling
Upon a baby's hair;
The touch of tiny fingers whose soft clinging
Inspires a heart-warm prayer.

The scent of flowers in a mossy dingle,
Where sound and silence blend;
A quiet hand-clasp when the heart is lonely,
Or letter from a friend.

We praise Thee for the daily, lesser blessings
That meet each smallest need;
The tiny, ceaseless tokens, ever proving
Thy love is love indeed.

We come to Thee, O Father, with thanksgiving,
Low at Thy feet we kneel;
Now give us grace to show in sweet obedience
The gratitude we feel !

JESUS ONLY.

Jesus only ! Do I ever
Truly mean the words I say ?
Do I live them out, and never
When He calls me, answer "Nay,"
Let Him all my portion choose,
Glad all unblest gain to lose ?

When my cup is brimmed with gladness—
Emptied to be filled again—
And I know no thought of sadness,
Is it "Jesus only" *then* ?
When life-joy flows full and free,
Is He more than all to me ?

Jesus only ! Jesus only !
Can I follow and be brave,
When the way is dread and lonely,
And for human help I crave ;
Earth-light past and earth-love flown,
Satisfied with Christ alone ?

Jesus only ! Service holy—
Purpose high and work begun—

JESUS ONLY.

Is it for His honour solely,
Is it for His praise alone?
Do I cast all self away,
Seek His glory day by day?

Should the shades of death enfold me,
Other help for me is none;
Jesus only can uphold me,
Well He loves and guards His own!
Death is but a shadow drear,
Flung by light that shineth clear.

And when I arise in glory,
To the place prepared for me,
Jesus shall be all my story,
"Jesus only!" all my plea.
All my song of Him shall be,
Through the bright Eternity!

A GATHERED LILY.

“And Jesus called a little child to Him.”—Matt. 18: 2.

SISTER.

Hush ! for the baby is sleeping,
He will not awake for our weeping;
And we see not, however we linger,
The move of a hair or a finger.

Hush ! for the baby is sleeping,
And round him the sunbeams are creeping;
He hears not our low-spoken blessing,
He heeds not our fondest caressing.

Hush ! for the baby is sleeping,
And silent the watch we are keeping;
He lies like a lily faint-gleaming,
And see how he smiles in his dreaming !

MOTHER.

I think that Heaven itself is made more fair
Because another little child is there;
And though my heart is sore, how proud am I
To be the mother of a soul so high !

A GATHERED LILY.

I lose him not; my baby is my own;
His last faint look was turned on me alone;
He loved me when he died, and loves me yet,
For souls in Heaven never can forget.

So now, O Father, help me ! I am Thine,
And lo ! my child is Thine, O more than mine!
We both belong to Thee, and safe do rest
Together in the haven of Thy breast.

*
* *

Let Jesus choose
Each step for thee; He knows which way is
best;
And so thou shalt not lose
The joy of those who, trusting Him, are blest.

And know thou this,
That He who leads can clearly show the way;
Just lay thy hand in His,
And gladly go with Him, or with Him stay.

THY BOND-SLAVE.

Thy bond-slave I, my Master! Not for me
To question Thy commands;
Mine to obey and leave results with Thee—
All power is in Thy hands.

I have no right to ask Thee how, or why,
'Tis as Thou wilt, my Lord; Thy slave am I.

I am not poor, though nothing is my own,
For Thou art rich indeed;
I have Thy treasure-store to draw upon,
Supplying all my need.
O bliss, a humble, helpless slave to be,
And prove the fulness that is hid in Thee!

It is for Thee to bid me go or stay,
To use, or lay aside;
Nor mine to judge the wisdom of Thy way,
But silent to abide,
Obedient, though I may not understand
The hidden meaning of Thy veiled command.

Lord, Thou wilt tell me what to do or say,
'Tis not for me to plan;

THE BOND-SLAVE.

And shouldst Thou send me in a new, dark way,
If thou dost bid, I can.

O care-free life, a slave of Thine to be,
Chosen, equipped, sent forth, and kept by Thee!

It is so sweet, my Lord, to have no choice,

But just to go *Thy* way,

Only to wait, and listen for Thy voice,

And then that voice obey.

So fare I forth, rejoicing in Thy Name,

Safe, though I walk through sevenfold fur-
nace-flame.

No other slavedom could be sweet like this;

And, Master, I could stand,

Ready, for fear some whispered word I miss,

Or movement of Thy hand.

Give me the wisdom to discern Thy will,

Yet keep me low, a willing bond-slave still!

REST.

The year just past
Has been so blest,
For I have learned
To know His rest.

He teaches me
To look above;
And day by day
I prove His love.

The troubled waves
Are dropped to calm;
And in the night
He gives a psalm.

Long years I spent
Unsatisfied;
But now I keep
Close by His side.

My seeking soul
Has found her rest,
And I can sing
Upon His breast.

No earth-love now
My stay can be—
This is my song:
He loveth me !

GLIMPSES.

“ *He giveth songs in the night.*”—Job 35: 10.

Belovèd, I am learning
Thy tender love to praise
For every shattered idol,
And all the darkened days;
For each sharp pang of sorrow,
The strokes that laid me low;
For all the love withholden,
And all I might not know.

’Tis in the desert darkness
Faith sings her sweetest song;
And oftentimes I meet Thee
Where shadows deepest throng;
Earth-music must be silenced
Before we hear Thy voice;
And earth-joy oft be banished
Ere we in *Thee* rejoice.

The burden laid upon me
Could I refuse to bear,
When ’tis *Thy* burden, Jesus,
Thou’askest me to share ?
O to be but more worthy
Some pangs of Thine to feel,
Which prove the bond between us,
And Thy dear heart reveal !

NIGHT.

“Thou makest darkness, and it is night.”—Ps. 104: 20.

Outspreading, shadowy wings, and slowly
wheeling

Between the tired earth and fading sky,
The darkness, like an angel, comes revealing
Night's holy meaning and its mystery.

While one by one, like sudden thoughts up-
springing

From a deep heart, the myriad stars appear;
And from low heights the rising moon is
flinging

A strange, dim light on meadow and on mere.

The birds are silent in their leafy bowers,

And blending odours brim the quiet air;
The wind that played all day with leaves and
flowers

Sleeps with them now, and peace is every-
where.

Feet that have trodden pathways hard and
dreary,

Tread them no more awhile, at night's behest;

NIGHT.

And patient hands with many tasks work-weary,
Ceasing from toil, are folded into rest.

The pitying peace of kindly night has won us
From all the care and trouble of the day;
The silence lays its tender touch upon us
Like a dear hand, and we have time to pray.

Now mourners come for comfort to the Father,
And tear-wet eyes shall close in slumber
sweet;
And now may loyal souls, rejoicing, gather
With sheaves and fruitage at the Master's
feet.

We thank Thee for the day, its joy and sorrow,
Its tasks and duties, burdensome or light;
And oh! we bless Thee that before each morrow
There comes the gracious ministry of night!

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O Thou whom we call our sheltering Rock,
Safe, safe in Thy care we lie;
Cradled and glad, though the storm may mock,
And the clouds come over our sky.
Sin may not touch us, nor sorrow harm—
Helpless they rage at Thy feet;
While we rest in the strength of Thy circling
arm
With confidence blessedly sweet.

“THAT SIGHT.”

Luke 23:48.

“That sight” had drawn the city to the hill.
There priests and people gathered, to behold
A Man of Sorrows, hanging on a Cross.

They watched Him there—a fickle, motley
crowd,
Whom He had healed and fed, not long ago;
Men who had cried “Hosanna to the Lord!”
With the same lips now hounded Him to death.
And there the righteous, faultless Pharisees,
With demon-hatred under that fair show,
Gathered aside, for fear the multitude
Should, touching them, defile their purity;
While weeping women, and a faithful few
Waited afar, with bleeding, broken hearts.

Myriads of angels, whom His mighty word
Had spoken into blissful being, watched,
Standing aghast, with drooping, folded wings,
Moveless because He did not speak—their
Lord,

THAT SIGHT.

Whose word had drawn them quick as flash-
ing light
To His defence. Silent the pallid lips—
Others He saved; Himself He could not save!

But nearer, nearer than the Roman guard,
The wailing women, or His followers,
Or helpless angels, round that awful Cross
Gathered the countless, seething hosts of hell!
No wonder that the sun refused to shine,
And darkness covered all the shuddering land!
No marvel that the great earth reeled and shook,
As a strong man will stagger when appalled
Beyond all measure—*God* was suffering there,
A spectacle to angels, demons, men,
In heaven and hell and earth!

And while they watched—
The Roman guard—the fickle multitude—
The men who murdered him—the friends who
mourned—
The wondering, helpless angels, and the hosts,
The hideous and malignant hosts of hell—
One turned away and could not look on Him,
Forsaking Him in that dire hour of woe
And wringing from His lips that piteous cry,
“My God, why, why hast *Thou* forsaken me?”
And there was “none to help!”

THAT SIGHT.

O lonely Man!
O dying Lord! didst Thou bear this for *me*?

Sinner, if thou the awfulness of sin,
Its vileness in the sight of God, wouldst learn,
Come to Golgotha, and behold "that sight,"
And know it was *thy* sin that put Him there,
The spotless, perfect Man, thy Substitute.
He had to bear the sins thou couldst not bear,
And pay the debt thou never couldst have paid.
Thy punishment was meted out to Him,
And God's just anger, like a mighty sea,
Rolled o'er Him dying on that bitter Cross.
Thy sin upon Him, and the wrath of God
Broke His great heart of love, and with the cry,
" 'Tis finished!"—justice satisfied, the claims
Of God all met, the debt all paid, He died,
Yielding His life for thine!

It took all that—
The fearful agony—the blood outpoured—
To save *thy* soul. Wilt thou reject Him now?
Canst thou see love like that, and yet not come
With broken heart to those dear, piercéd feet?
Only in Him is any hope for thee;
No other way whereby thou canst be saved.
Wilt thou refuse?

Nay, Lord, I come, I come!

ABIDE WITH US.

Abide with us! the sombre shadows gather,
The light fades to the past;
The chilling gloom of doubt is all around us
And night has come—at last!

We need Thee in life's daytime, when the sun-
light
Gilds everything we see;
For joy is only joy as Thou art with us—
All gladness comes from Thee.

But oh! we need Thee sorely when the darkness
Droops downward like a pall;
When joy has spread her wings, her nest for-
saken,
And tears like rain-drops fall.

When by the grave of our dead hopes we linger,
And silence meets our cry;
We look to heaven, but only see the storm-
clouds—
No stars are in the sky.

Abide with us! then darkness has no terrors,
And doubt and fear shall cease;
Our deepest griefs shall all be soothed to silence,
Lulled to Thy perfect peace.

LEADING AND FOLLOWING.

“And when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them.”—John 10: 4.

He goeth before them
All the long way,
Up the high mountain
Barren and gray;
Down the dark valley,
Misty and cold;
Bravely they follow—
Love makes them bold.

He goeth before them;
Dim is the light,
Loud rings the tempest,
Dark grows the night.
Calmly they follow,
Fearing no ill,
Loving His leading,
Trusting Him still.

He goeth before them
Out of the night,
Into the dawning,
Into the light!

LEADING AND FOLLOWING.

Out of the tempest
 Into the calm,
Where the wind loiters,
 Breathing of balm.

He goeth before them,
 Pastures are green;
Still are the waters,
 Golden their sheen.
Gladly they follow,
 Safely they rest,
Joyfully proving
 His way the best !

*
* *

Thy word to me,
 Stifled and faint, or clear,
 Or far away, or near,
Which shall it be?
Thy word to me
 Let me obey and fear;
 O make me quick to hear
Each call from Thee.
So shall it be
 Not faint, but sweet and clear,
 Not far, but very near,
Thy word to me.

AT COOL OF DAY.

O my Belovèd, through the shadows walking,
I come just now to Thee;
'Tis cool of day, and there is time for talking—
Speak Thou, my Lord, to me!

All day I had fair glimpses, veiled and fleeting,
Of Thy dear, patient Face;
And every hour Thy love my need was meeting,
In wondrous, varied ways.

I felt Thy hand on mine, and every duty
Became so strangely sweet;
And lonely pathways blossomed in beauty
Because I heard Thy feet.

There was so much to do that I grew weary,
But my heart, fainting, heard
(Just when the way was very hard and dreary)
A lovesome, tender word.

And when I thought of others who were doing
Some splendid work for Thee—
Ah! Thou didst come with sweet, upbraiding
wooing,
And speak such bliss to me!

AT COOL OF DAY.

I heard Thee say, "Belovèd child, no other
 Could fill this place for Me;
My wisdom would not give it to another—
 This is *My choice for thee.*"

And now the day is worn, and shadows stealing
 Fold it in tender gray;
And lo, I come to nestle by Thee, feeling
 Almost too tired to pray.

But Thy strong, circling love is all about me,
 I hear Thy whisper fall.
O Lord, my Lord, what could I do without
 Thee?
 Thou art my all in all !

SWEET SPICES.

Bring thy spices, My belovèd,
Pour them at My piercèd feet;
They are thine, and so the fragrance
Unto Me is very sweet.

Grateful love in silence waiting,
Or upborne on song of praise;
Gladness when the heart is weary,
Sweetest calm on darkest days.

Patient grace in time of testing,
When I lead thee through the fire;
Faith that knows My love rejoices
Just to give thee thy desire.
Yea—when thou dost bring thy spices,
I have precious stores for thee;
For My heart delights in giving
More of Mine, and more of Me.

“NOT YOUR OWN.”

To know that thou art not thy own,
And let Him be thy Lord alone;
 This, this is rest
 Upon His breast.

To see that in the darkest night
He leadeth thee, and all is right;
 This is sweet balm
 To keep thee calm.

To feel His presence every hour,
And prove His wisdom and His power;
 To walk in light—
 This is thy right.

To let His voice direct thy way,
And as He bids thee, go or stay;
 This is for thee
 Sweet liberty

To have His peace in shadowed ways
And give Him thanks on dreary days;
 This is to sing
 Beneath His wing.

To hear His words of “truth and grace,”
And catch fair glimpses of His Face—
 There is no bliss
 Can equal this!

THE SEA OF TIBERIAS.

John 21.

Low, low in the darkened sky the crescent
moon is drooping,
And all the solemn, mystic heaven about our
boat is stooping;
Only a little light comes down, though myriad
stars are gleaming;
The sunset wind has fallen asleep; the silent
sea is dreaming.

Deep, deep in our riven hearts we ponder all
the story
Of Him who walked this sea with us, and
changed its gloom to glory;
And born of love-taught faith in Him, a solemn
gladness fills us,
And interwoven with the joy, a tender sadness
thrills us.

Slow, slow in majestic march, the stately hours
are treading,
The while we work, and watch, and wait, our
empty meshes spreading;

THE SEA OF TIBERIAS.

No silver glimmers in the net, though day will
soon be dawning.

What hope we for ? The land and sea and sky
await the morning.

Fair, fair is the spreading light upon the glad
earth falling,

And from the shining, wave-washed shore a
welcome voice is calling ;

O bliss beyond what words can tell, Heaven's
rapture antedating—

More beautiful than the perfect morn, our
risen Saviour waiting !

PLEADING.

Wilt thou go with Me, a Man rejected ?
Shorn of earth-delight the way must be;
Wilt thou be to grief and loss elected,
Hated by a world that hated Me ?
Long the love of men I sought,
But they loved Me not.

Long I pleaded, but they gave Me only
Cruel crown of thorns, and bitter Cross;
They who go with Me must needs be lonely,
They who share My lot must suffer loss.
As their Lord, so shall they be;
Wilt thou go with Me ?

Come, and face the shadows thou art dreading,
'Tis My piercèd hand that holds thy own;
And a darker way than thou art treading,
Once My wounded feet passed by, alone.
There was none to go with Me—
But *I* walk with thee.

Come, My child; thou canst not do without Me—
Come, and pain shall brighten into bliss;

PLEADING.

All the darkness shall be light about thee,
Earth-love and its joy thou shalt not miss.
All My love is all for thee;
Wilt thou go with Me ?

Ah! 'tis not enough for Me to save thee,
Nor to have thee follow Me afar;
Close beside Me I would ever have thee,
In a perfect oneness naught can mar;
Only come, My child, with Me;
I have need of thee.

All thy love I need to satisfy Me,
Nothing less could be enough for Me;
Lo, the marks of what it cost to buy thee
I shall bear through all eternity.
All I had, for thee I gave—
Now thy heart I crave.

By the wrath of God My heart was riven;
He forsook Me, but I thought of thee;
And I purchased thee with life-blood given—
My belovèd, wilt thou go with Me ?
I have wooed thee, have I won ?
Art thou *all* My own ?

STEPS.

“In the secret places of the stairs.”—Song 2:4.

Wouldst thou know thy Friend ?

Do His written will ;
And His promised word
Jesus must fulfil

Wouldst thou read His heart ?

Linger at the Cross ;
Gaze on Him, and count
All things else but loss.

Wouldst thou love thy Lord ?

Bring thy empty cup
To the Lord of love—
He will fill it up.

Wouldst thou serve thy King ?

Loyal be and true ?
They who serve Him best
Lowliest work must do.

Wouldst thou climb His heights ?

Little steps lead there :
And a piercèd hand
Guides thee up the stair.

THE COMFORTER.

John 14: 16, 26.

When the disciples saw the risen Lord
Received to Heaven from their wistful sight,
Their hearts had broken with regret and grief,
But that He promised them a Comforter,
One with Himself.

Three beauteous, swift-winged years
Those men had walked with Him from day to
day,
Had felt the marvel of the perfect life,
Divine and human. They had seen Him touch
The loathsome leper with a touch that cleansed,
And with a mighty word on darkened eyes
Strike the glad daylight. Lives in silence spent
Heard the sweet music of His voice, and lips
Unused to speech, opened to praise His name.
He entered where a feeble woman lay,
Wasted with fever, and He laid His hand
Gently on hers, and on the burning brow
Fell a sweet coolness, and a sudden calm
Stilled all the bounding pulses at His touch.
No wonder that she ministered to Him!

THE COMFORTER.

And Death's grim fetters could control no more
Those whose dull ears His mighty voice had
pierced.

Those men had seen His wondrous tenderness
With fallen women—tenderness which saved
While it forgave—so that they followed Him,
Pouring a wealth of love at His dear feet.
And they had proved, by many a sad, sad fall,
The sweet, unfaltering love that bore with them
So patiently, and led them step by step,
As a kind shepherd leads his feeble flock.

They saw Him in the fearful agony
Of dark Gethsemane, when sore amazed
He faced the awful question of our guilt,
And weighted with our sin, died on the Cross—
The bitter, cruel Cross, when even God
In anger turned away His Face, because
He could not look on sin.

But ere that day,
And after, when the glorious morning light
Shone on a risen Saviour, gathering
His little band to Him, He promised them
The Holy Spirit, who should take His place,
And be with them as Jesus could not be.

So, when the day of Pentecost was come,
While they were waiting in an upper room,

THE COMFORTER.

The promised Comforter came down in power.
He came, and from that day was in their hearts,
Transfiguring their lives with mighty touch,
So that they never were the same again.
He told them all that Jesus could not tell,
Because they were not ready, and He showed
The wondrous beauty of that risen Man
As they had never seen it, and their hearts
Were filled to overflowing with the love
Himself bestowed. He made them strong to
bear

The fiercest persecution, for His sake;
All suffering was bliss, endured for Him;
They preached Him boldly, gladly, and with
power,
And went with joy to prison and to death,
The very men who once denied and fled !

Unchanged, unchanging, He is with us now,
Indwelling every weakest child of God,
And never leaving us, although we grieve,
And still His gentle voice. He may be kept
Silent for long, sad months, or even years,
Because we will not listen when He speaks.
But ah! how tenderly He leads us back,
Back to the Cross, and points to One who died
For love of us, until with broken hearts
We fall again at those dear piercèd feet,
Confessing all the shameful wandering.

THE COMFORTER.

And when we yield to Him His rightful place,
He leads us step by step, so that we go
His way, and speak His messages, and share
His burdens with Him, walking day by day
In the clear light, and learning hour by hour
New, precious truths of our beloved Lord;
So that no pain endured for Him is hard.
Ah no! we glory in the privilege
Of being counted worthy to endure
Shame for His sake. The Spirit overcomes
The mighty hosts marshalled in grim array
Against us, fighting for us while we stand
And see Him winning wondrous victories.

O bliss to have such Guest within our hearts !
O more than guest! He is not visiting,
But makes His *home* in us. O Saviour dear,
Thou who didst send the blessed Comforter!
We kneel at Thy dear feet in marvelling awe,
Hushed as we think of what Thy love has given—
A glorious heritage above all thought,
Beyond what human heart could fathom. Lord,
We need no more, no more, but just to rest
And glory in what we have!

OLD AND NEW.

O fair Old Year, our hearts are loth to lose thee!
Stay yet one moment more!
We know and love thee, and we dread the
stranger
Now drawing near the door.

“I may not stay; I am the Master’s servant;
He calls, and I must run;
My life is spent in yielding swift obedience—
His glorious will be done!”

O strange New Year, with stately step advancing,
Thy face we do not know;
Thy form in fearful mystery is shrouded—
Comest thou friend or foe?

“Be not afraid; no tyrant I, but only
A swift-winged minister
Sent from on high, and in my strong arms
bearing
Blessings most rich and fair.

OLD AND NEW.

“Some pain I bring, prepared by Love eternal,
Love deep and strong and wise;
And joy, a gleam of glory that shall thrill you
Some day with glad surprise.

“Still hours for thought, which if you will, shall
blossom
In golden word and deed;
Long days and hours, all girt about with blessing,
Grace for your every need.”

O fair New Year, now standing in the doorway,
Thee we no longer fear!
Thy garments gleam with light, thy face is
tender—
Thrice welcome, glad New Year!

MORE.

1 Cor. 2: 9.

Stars are shining in the distance,
Stars whose light we never see,
Though we scan the solemn heaven,
Strive to pierce its mystery;
But they say the beams are speeding
Down the ages and the skies;
And the light shall some day greet us,
Falling on our lifted eyes.

There is music, louder, grander,
Than is heard by mortal ear;
There are sounds among the flowers,
Lower than we ever hear.
Fragrant bells are softly ringing,
Swells the far-off harmony;
And I think, with quickened senses,
We shall hear them, by-and-by.

And I think that there are mercies
Greater than have yet been shown;
And I know that there are blessings
More than we have ever known;

MORE.

Peace that passeth understanding,
Present peace to supersede;
Love above our highest longing,
Grace beyond our deepest need.

Think you that the tender Father,
Listening when His children call,
Stretches empty hands above us,
Saying, "I have given *all*?"
No! New gifts He is preparing,
Needed, fitting, love-complete;
For His Father-heart is changeless,
And His power is infinite.

HIS VOICE.

Child art thou weary ?
Lie on My breast;
Let Me enfold thee—
I am thy Rest.

Is thy heart lonely ?
How could it be ?
Canst thou be ever
Lonely, *with Me ?*

Do the clouds lower ?
Dark is the night ?
Lift thine eyes upward—
I am thy Light.

Art thou perplexèd,
Doubting the while ?
Thou shalt walk safely,
Led by My smile.

Never can evil
Touch thee or thine;
How could aught hurt thee ?
Child, *thou art Mine!*

THE ANSWER.

I asked Thee, Lord, for liberty,
That I Thy burdens sweet might share;
I asked Thee for a heart set free
From earth-soiled love, and joy, and care;
To love but Thee I sought for years
With urgent cry and bitter tears.

Lord Jesus, Thou art answering prayer,
But ah! not as I thought or planned;
Thou sayest, "Here, My child, not there"—
And oftentimes dismayed I stand;
Though *here* is always to Thy breast,
And *there* my heart could never rest.

Thou choolest strange and hidden ways
To make me only, all Thine own;
Thou sendest dark and dreary days
That I may joy in Thee alone;
Sweet human loving fails from me—
I must be satisfied with Thee.

And I *am* satisfied! The pain
Is deeper than my dearest know;

THE ANSWER.

But Thou my portion dost ordain,
And I am *glad* to have it so.
Glad to be only all Thine own,
And glad to walk with Thee alone.

Thou lovest in the darkest day
Of Thine own changeless love to tell;
Thou givest in the stormiest way
A peace that nothing can dispel;
And deeper than my deepest grief
I prove Thy tender, strong relief.

Thy love has heights and depths untold;
On that alone my heart must rest;
And when all else Thou dost withhold,
'Tis but to draw me to Thy breast;
And when Thy strokes are hard to bear,
I know that Thou art answering prayer !

CHILDREN OF A KING."

"Changed into the same image."—2 Cor. 3: 18.

They come from the uttermost parts of the
earth, we meet them in every land,
A mighty and glorious company, a holy and
happy band;
They walk in the crowded city, by the lonely
mountain-side,
They are known in the trackless desert, and
borne on the ocean-tide.

And a few are "born in the purple," their
clothing is rich and rare,
But many are poor, and their garments have
never been costly or fair;
And some of them live in luxury, in palace or
stately hall,
And some of them dwell under lowly roofs,
and some have no home at all.

But in all who are called by the name of the
King, a kingly likeness grows—
Be they high or low, or rich or poor, ever the
kinship shows;

CHILDREN OF A KING.

For the love that flows from a Father's heart
is shining in every face,
And their lives become more like His life, who
was "full of truth and grace."

So day by day on the upward path, made
bright by His wondrous love,
They pass through the world, a witnessing
band, on their way to the Home above;
And many shall swell the gathering hosts as
onward they march and sing,
And the angels of Heaven join in the shout of
the children of a King!

THREE MESSAGES IN A YEAR.

To——.

I.

WOOING.

Wilt thou follow Me, beloved,
Follow day by day,
Always let Me go before thee,
Leading all the way ?
Heeding not when others call thee,
Knowing but My voice,
Trusting only in My wisdom,
Glad to have no choice ?

I may lead thee through the shadows
Far into the night ;
But look up and sing, beloved,
Thou shalt walk in light !
Not for thee the glooming darkness,
If thou go with Me,
Thou shalt smile at shadows fleeing—
I thy Light will be.

THREE MESSAGES IN A YEAR.

I may lead thee into pathways
That thou hast not known ;
Not where others go, but only
Thou and I, alone.

Wilt thou be content, beloved,
Still to follow Me,
Thou My deep heart satisfying—
I, enough for thee ?

WON.

Dost Thou stoop to plead, Belovèd,
With Thy blood-bought one ?
After years of patient waiting,
Wooing still Thine own ?
Still Thy wounded hands outstretching,
Thorn-crown on Thy brow,
Pleading, bearing, waiting, yearning—
Wondrous Lover Thou !

I will follow where Thou leadest,
Trusting only Thee ;
In the light, for in Thy presence
Darkness cannot be.
Light of life art Thou, Belovèd,
Night for me is o'er ;
I am folded in Thy glory,
Shining evermore.

THREE MESSAGES IN A YEAR.

Lord, what could I do but follow ?
Thou my heart hast won ;
Other loves have paled, as perish
Mists before the sun.
Gazing on Thy peerless beauty,
Marred for love of me,
Other beauty fades, and only
Thy dear Face I see.

From my listless hands, unclinging,
Earth's fair baubles fall ;
Now in Thee I find my treasure,
Thou art all in all.
Yet my love is lost in wonder—
Jesus, can it be,
I *Thy* heart am satisfying,
I, enough for *Thee* ?

Christmas, 1896.

II.

Proven—Rev. 3: 8.

I have led thee, My belovèd,
Far into the night,
Where the heavy cloud of sorrow
Almost hid the light.
Yea, I led thee into pathways
Hitherto unknown,
Where we walked amid the shadows,
Thou and I, alone.

THREE MESSAGES IN A YEAR.

Dark the night, and yet My presence
 Made it bright to thee;
And thy willingness was precious,
 Very sweet to Me.
There I whispered words of comfort
 Such as ne'er before;
And I gave thee wondrous treasures
 From My secret store

Others could not bear the burden;
 Could not share with Me
Such a heavy weight of anguish
 As I laid on thee.
Bitter-sweet the cup I offered—
 Mingled gall and wine;
Spite of grief and blame I made it
 Sweet with love of Mine.

O My love, I held thee worthy
 Thus with Me to be;
Tasting of the cup I emptied
 In Gethsemane.
Thou hast quaffed a bitter potion—
 Suffering and shame—
Counting all as less than nothing
 For My sake and Name.

I have tested thee, beloved,
 And I know thee well;

THREE MESSAGES IN A YEAR.

Me with steadfast love thou lovest,
More than tongue can tell.
Tried and proven—now lie humble,
Very still and low;
Stay with Me until I send thee—
Then arise and go.

I have proved that thou art willing
Anything to bear;
And I know that I can use thee
Anyhow or where.
Thou wilt welcome deeper darkness
Lighted by My smile;
Out of darkness blessing others
In this "little while."

Thus the while we walk together
I am leading thee;
Wilt thou be content, beloved,
Still to go with Me?
Yea—thy deep and loyal trusting
All to Me is known;
And thy heart's best love is always
Mine, and Mine alone

I would lead thee higher, higher
Up the secret stairs,
Where no earth-born thing can ever
Enter unawares

THREE MESSAGES IN A YEAR.

I have more and more of blessing,
Treasures hid for thee;
Loved one, "satisfied with favour"
Thou shalt surely be !

September 25, 1897.

III.

Till I Come.

Wilt thou follow Me, belovèd ?
Still to thee I call;
And thy Lord would have thee follow,
Still forsaking all.
I have guided thee and kept thee
Safely day by day;
And the heart that wooed and won thee
Still would choose the way.

There are valleys where the shadows
Gather deep as night;
Where no earth-beam cleaves the darkness—
I, the only Light.
And My love may lead in pathways
Where the storm-clouds lower;
And thy feet shall oft grow weary—
But I go before.

Thou shalt tell the old, sweet story
Unto dying men;

THREE MESSAGES IN A YEAR.

I will use thy lips, beloved,
Oftentimes again,
Falter not though many hate thee
As they hated Me;
Share My shame, and soon My glory
I will share with thee.

I will give thee words of comfort
For the sorrowing soul;
I will send thee where thy coming
Bringeth joy for dole.
Thou the lame shalt lead and strengthen,
Blinded eyes shall see;
Captives shall come out of prison,
Fetters broken be.

I will give thee in thy battles
Wondrous victory;
Though the hosts of hell surround thee,
They shall turn and flee
But in victory is danger—
Close to Me abide;
I would have thy triumphs send thee
Only to My side.

There are mountain-heights of rapture,
Mysteries of bliss,
Where thy Lover-Lord shall greet thee
With a lover's kiss

THREE MESSAGES IN A YEAR.

Yes! and Mine own lips shall tell thee
Things before unknown
As we climb the heights together—
Thou and I, alone.

Wilt thou follow me, beloved?
Still My sweet words fall,
And thy loyal heart, responsive
Answers to the call.
Follow, till the glad morn echoes
With the shout for Home;
Follow, just as I shall lead thee—
Follow, "till I come!"

Christmas, 1897

WITH THEE.

“*The close walk with Him is always a lonely walk.*”

Yes, it is lonely, Lord! Not many follow
Close where Thy footsteps fall;
Taking in lowliness Thy yoke upon them,
Willing to give Thee all.

Lonely—for oft our dearest look upon us
With sad and alien eyes;
And old-time friends with whom we held com-
munion
Greet us with cold surprise.

And when we follow so, Thou often leadest
Each one of us, alone,
Along some path no feet but Thine have
trodden,
No other heart has known.

Yet we would follow swiftly, gladly choosing
The way Thy love has planned;
For it is *there* we feel the tender love-touch
Of Thine own piercèd hand.

WITH THEE.

'Tis there Thou meetest all our need and long-
ing

With perfect, matchless grace;
And in the night our souls are thrilled with
glimpses
Of Thy belovèd Face.

And more than all we miss of human loving
We find at Thy dear side;
Thou art the tender Lover of Thy chosen,
And we are satisfied.

So day by day we gladly follow, knowing,
As but Thy loved ones can,
How blest are they who in a lonely pathway
Walk with the lonely Man!

“THOU ART MINE.”

Isa. 43: 1.

“Thou art Mine!” O Saviour dear,
Wondrous words Thy lips have spoken;
Tender words dispelling fear,
Promise that can ne'er be broken!
On Thy faithfulness I rest;
Thou art pledged, and I am blest.

O to think that love like Thine,
Love beyond all comprehending,
Stoops to woo such heart as mine,
With a love that knows no ending!
I am safe, because Thine own;
Thou wilt keep whom Thou hast won.

Thou wilt hold in Thy embrace,
With a tender, strong enfolding;
I shall see Thy lovely Face
In a rapture of beholding.
Perfect loveliness in Thee,
Perfect, perfect peace for me!

THIS WAY.

My child, My own, I mean just *this* for thee;
Is it too much, too hard to bear for Me?

'Tis only mighty love that will not spare;
Less love than Mine would give less pain to bear.

I chose this path, for in a brighter way
Thou wouldst not need Me as thou dost to-day.

The joys of earth might take thy eyes off Me,
And so My beauty thou wouldst fail to see.

I love thee far too well to hurt thee less;
Come close, My child, and feel My tenderness.

And now let trusting patience gladden Me,
Because 'tis love that means *this* way for thee.

CHRISTMAS.

God . . . *manifest in the flesh.*—1 Tim. 3:16.

A wondrous star; a lowly manger;
Meek oxen waiting at the stall;
A mother holding close from danger
In her frail arms, the Lord of all!

Those tiny fingers—helpless, clinging—
Framed stars and whirled them through the
sky;
The ears that heard the angels singing
Now listen to a mother's sigh.

Omniscience shrined in baby sweetness;
Omnipotence enfolded there;
God the Creator in completeness,
Dependent on a woman's care!

Well might His maiden-mother ponder—
God cramped in frail humanity!
Well might the hosts of Heaven wonder,
And fling His praises down the sky!

LOVE.

God of all power, Maker of heaven and earth,
Whom myriad seraphim adore and serve,
And high archangels haste with wingèd speed
Swifter than wind, and brighter than the light,
To do Thy bidding; Thou art infinite,
And all created things are in Thy hand,
Under the sway of Thine omnipotence.

A thought, a word from Thee, and lo!—a world
Is framed, and rolled along its destined path;
A shining star is whirled through endless space;
A tiny bud unfolds its lovely leaves
Of fragrant, perfect purity. Thy power
Created both, the star-world and the flower,
And both are objects of Thine equal care.

But ah!—before the countless hosts of heaven
Inhabited the empty realms of space;
Before beginning was—O God, my God,
Thy heart had yearned and throbbed and
agonized

For love of me. O love beyond degree,
Past comprehending, infinite as Thyself,

LOVE.

Eternal ! Love that thought and sought and
planned,
Giving Thy very best, all that Thou hadst,
Not sparing Thy own Son, Thy only One,
That Thou mightst raise me from the hopeless
depths
Of sin, and lead me up the shining steeps
Of Heaven, to Thine own heart, to know Thy
love,
And call Thee *Father*, whom I else had known
Only as God to fear!

And what was I,
That Thou shouldst love, or spend one price-
less thought
Upon me ? I was wretched, worthless, vile,
A loathsome leper, hideous in the light
Of Thy high purity; yet knowing not
My helpless, hopeless case, I sought to hide
The few small spots and stains I saw, with robes
Of my own fashioning. I had no thought
To Thee-ward; and I lavished all my love
On earthly things, nor gave Thee any praise,
But only hate and scorn; or, at the best,
A tolerant indifference. I dared to judge
Thy ways and works; to set my puny strength
Against Thine own; I measured all Thy love
By mine, and counted it as less than mine.
I stood by Calvary, and saw Thee slay

LOVE.

Thy Son instead of me, and turned away
Unmoved—and yet Thou didst not smite me
down !

Nay, Thou didst plead with me and bear with me
Day after day, through long and patient years,
Beseeching me to see Thy love, until
I came with opened eyes and contrite prayer,
And nestled in my home, Thy Father-heart,
With Him who led me there.

And now I have
Not only One who saved, and keeps me safe,
But ah !—I have a Lover; One who deigns
To woo in wondrous ways from day to day.
He leads me oft to Calvary, and there
I see Thy love to me revealed in Him—
Thy love and His; love higher than the stars,
And deeper than unfathomed ocean-depths;
So vast as to be awesome, yet so kind
And tender-sweet that restfully I lie
Like a frail child within its mother's arms,
Cradled against her breast. He stoops to woo
Love from the soul He bought at such a price !
Yea, I would be His bond slave!—but He lifts
Me to His piercèd heart, and counts *my* love.
Worth winning.

Day by day He leads me on.
The feet that trod the shores of Galilee

LOVE.

Now walk with me, and keep in step with mine
Through pastures green, down valleys shadow-
swept,
Up hillsides bleak and bare, and mountain-
heights
Where visions of His glory thrill my soul.
The hands that touching death, gave instant
life,
Cleansing to lepers, power to palsied limbs,
And a sweet coolness to the fevered brain,
Now link with mine. His Face, the first fair
sight
That blinded eyes, touched by His hands, be-
held,
(No wonder that Bartimeus followed Him !)
Now bends above me, and I see His looks
Of tenderest reproof, or grief, or joy,
But always love. His "lips like lilies" drop
"Sweet-smelling myrrh;" the voice that stilled
the storm
Or spake a woman's sin away, now breathes
In whispered words to me.

My Lover-Lord
Is sometimes masterful, as lovers are;
A lordly Lover He—who will not brook
That anyone should share my heart with Him.
Ah me !—how can He care for such as mine ?
I seek an answer to this mystery

LOVE.

And find it not in me nor heaven nor earth—
O not in any worthiness of mine—
But looking from myself to His dear Face
I find the royal reason there, which quells
All fear, and silences all questioning;
Just this—*He loves me so.*

And love like His
Can bear to smite, for it knows how to heal.
He turns the beauty of His Face away
That I may know, and yet more fully prize
The wonder of His precious presence. So,
When I am wayward (for He would not have
Me less than worthy of my calling high)
He spares not, but in strong, relentless love
Deals hardly, harshly with me, as I need.
But ah!—when I have learned the lesson taught,
Weeping in contrite sorrow at His feet,
He stoops to raise me to His heart again.
Through tears I see the pity in His eyes;
I thank Him that He conquered me, and now
The tenderness of his enfolding love,
The music of His secret words to me,
No other heart than mine can ever know,
Or tongue can ever tell.

Thus have I learned
To give Him all the love of all my heart;
To court the constant sweetness of His smile,

LOVE.

And listen that He may not speak in vain.
He fills and satisfies; all else is naught.
I need not anything, for I have all,
And more than all, in Him.

Father, I wait
The day when He shall take me hence to Thee
And give me His new Name, which is not known,
Only to Him

O my Belovèd, speak!
Hasten the glorious, rapturous day of bliss
When we shall be, through all eternity,
At home together !

DAWN.

Psalm 145: 9.

A gleam is on the water, for a light
Falls fair and golden from the brooding skies;
Too solemn-tender to be very bright,
Like mother-look that droops on waking eyes.

And faint and shadowy, but shining yet,
Dethronèd where she reigned, the moon is
seen;
Vanquished and sad, she seems a pale regret—
A dream, a memory of what has been.

Roused from their slumber by an unknown
power,
The birds awake, by sleep made glad and
strong;
And like a bud unfolding into flower,
The silence swells and trembles into song.

And I, by Love divine made glad, would fain
Outpour my grateful heart, as best I may;
I join the music of the bird-refrain
And praise Thee at the dawning of the day.

The whole wide world is compassed by Thy love,
Bounteous as air, enriching great and small;
And like the splendour streaming from above,
Thy benediction rests upon us all !

PRAYER.

O Father dear, our needs are very many !
As trusting, helpless children, we would
 plead
For grace on which to lean when strength is
 failing,
And very present help in time of need.
Be every sigh a prayer, and every tear—
We thank Thee that Thou knowest how to hear !

O listen to the Saviour's tender pleading,
 Who died, our inmost agony to reach ;
O hear the Holy Spirit interceding
 With urgent prayer too passion-deep for
 speech ;
Ourselves, we know not how—we cannot pray
Till Jesus by His Spirit show the way.

And Thou art mighty, yea, and Thou art will-
 ing—
More than our fathers and our mothers are—
To give great gifts as much above our asking
 As from our earth the highest heaven is far.
Sure is Thy favour as that Thou dost live ;
Now teach us how to *take* what Thou dost give !

MY BELOVED.

Song 2: 10.

“Rise up, My love, and come away!”

'Twas my Belovèd spake;
And ah! I could no longer stay—
I came, for His sweet sake.

He stooped to plead for love from me,
Whose life by blood He won;
And long He wooed, and patiently,
Till I was all His own.

* * * * *

Belovèd, Thou didst speak to me
With words so wondrous sweet,
That henceforth I would only be
Just listening at Thy feet.

There were some treasures left behind,
Some earthly loves denied;
But more than all in Thee I find,
And I am satisfied.

And more and more the worthlessness
Of earth's best gifts I prove;
For I have felt *Thy* tenderness,
And revelled in *Thy* love.

MY BELOVED.

Thy voice makes music in my life,
And bids all discord cease;
Thy touch has stilled my heart's deep strife
To Thine own perfect peace.

I catch sweet glimpses of Thy Face,
Dear human Face divine;
And all Thy treasure-store of grace,
All, all Thou hast, is mine !

THE NEW YEAR.

“His compassions fail not; they are new every morning.”—Lam. 3: 22, 23.

Thou who hast led us all our days,
We trust Thee for the coming year;
We face the strange, untrodden ways
Untroubled by a single fear.
New light shall cheer us from above,
Thy tender mercies sure shall be;
And new revealings of Thy love
Compel a deeper love for Thee.

If long and tiring be the road,
And sad the lot Thy love ordains,
We tread the path Thyself hast trod,
And pain shall pass, but joy remains.
The winds are under Thy control,
No harm the fettered tempests bring;
Securely dwells each blood-bought soul
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing.

ON THE WAY.

“I will lead them in paths that they have not known.”—Isa. 42: 16.

Jesus, the way is sometimes dreary,
And I am sore distressed;
I falter, and am often weary,
Be Thou my rest.

Dark thunder-clouds are hanging o'er me,
And darker grows the night;
I cannot see one step before me—
Be Thou my light.

The path is strange; I go not knowing
What evil may betide;
Or right or wrong the way I'm going,
Be Thou my guide.

The way is long, my strength is failing,
And distant seems the fold;
O Love, with mighty love prevailing,
Thy child uphold !

So shalt thou banish pain and sadness
Along the toilsome way;
And I shall walk in growing gladness,
From day to day.

I feel Thy life my life enfolding,
Thy foot keep step with mine;
And I am safe, for Thou art holding
My hand in Thine.

HIS VERY OWN.

“ Shall not He do what He will with His own ? ”
Yea—though He lead me apart and alone.

“ Shall not He speak to thee just when He will ? ”
When He is silent, I wait and be still.

“ What if His wisdom should lay thee aside ? ”
Still I can praise Him, and by Him abide.

“ Is thy heart weary, the way long and drear ? ”
Yea—but He whispers such peace in my ear !

“ Comes there a time when thy soul cannot
sing ? ”
Yea—but He holds me, and closer I cling.

“ Does thy faith fail, as though evil befell ? ”
Nay—I have proved Him, I know Him too well !

SERVICE.

Oh, Master, it is sweet
To know no other Lord than Thee;
To run with willing feet
Just where Thou wilt, a slave, yet free.

To be Thy very own,
A loyal subject of my King;
Thee to obey alone,
Thyself to serve, and serving sing.

To go at Thy command,
Only because Thou sendest me;
Or patiently to stand
In waiting, silent ministry.

To yield Thee on the way
A servant's swift obedience;
Yet bring Thee day by day
A loving heart's allegiance.

To give with ready hand
The gifts committed to my care;
And sow throughout the land
Thy seed, with love and toil and prayer.

Not seeking much to see
Whether it bring forth less or more;
But leaving all to Thee,
Just trust and serve Thee, as before.

DAY BY DAY.

Lord Jesus, I have proved Thee day by day
So strong to save, so tender and so true,
That Thou hast made me glad to go *Thy* way,
And follow as a little child would do.

Thy voice has spoken peace, where discord
marred;

Stilled are my longings, for Thy love enfolds;
I thank Thee for the things that seemed so hard,
Yea, for the blessings that Thy love with-
holds.

None but Thyself my heart could satisfy;
Only Thy touch the fevered life could calm;
Ah!—it is more than bliss to know Thee nigh,
Thy presence changes sorrow into psalm.

And now, Belovèd, I would forward go,
Free from all care, unshrinking and un-
moved;
Resting upon the tenderness I know,
Rejoicing in the love that I have proved.

And I would be so loyal-true to Thee,
So gladsome even in the darkest days,
That saints shall wonder, glorying with me,
And see *Thy* power in me, and give Thee
praise!

MY KING.

2 Samuel 9.

Do you wonder that I love Him,
That His Name to me is sweet ?
I was friendless, sad and lonely,
I was lame on both my feet.
Naught in me to win His favour,
Strength and beauty I had none ;
But He sought me—I, the outcast,
He the King upon His throne !

And when I was brought before Him,
Filled with wonder, fear and shame,
Lo!—He spoke, my sad heart thrilling,
Making music of my name.
And His tenderness and sweetness
Made my empty heart His own ;
From the day I saw His beauty,
I was His alone, alone !

Not of wondrous deeds of valour
Can I boast with tongue or pen ;
Others fight and win His battles,
For my King has mighty men.

MY KING.

All that *I* can do is nothing,
I am helpless still, and lame;
I can only tell His kindness,
And the glory of His Name.

One dear theme is mine forever,
All my song shall be of Him;
All of Him, for with His goodness,
My full cup must overbrim.
He whose lips are sweet as lilies
Deigns to talk with such as I;
He has set me at His table—
I, who at His feet would lie !

He has met my deepest longing
With the marvel of His grace;
I am ravished with His beauty,
Daily gazing on His face.
What to me are earth-possessions ?
He has raised me to His side!
With Himself, and with Him only,
All my heart is satisfied.

THY THOUGHTS.

“No thought of Thine can be hindered.”—Job 2:2 (marg.).

Thy wondrous thoughts, O Lord, are never
hindered,
They never fail nor die;
Unnumbered and beyond all comprehending,
Deep in Thy mind they lie.

A thought of Thine is moulded into being,
And lo! a child is born;
A flower unfolds its blooms of dewy fra-
grance,
Kissed by the radiant morn.

The sunlight glinting through a tree's green
network
Upon the grassy sod,
The snowflakes fluttering downward, purely
perfect—
These are Thy thoughts, O God!

The twilight folds in gray the sunset's glory,
Too tender to be sad;
And we behold, in sea and hill and valley,
Thy thoughts in beauty clad.

THY THOUGHTS.

The wind-swept woods are swaying, and the
streamlet

Whispers a rippling word;
A bird flings out its throbbing song of tri-
umph—

Thy thoughts to music stirred !

And in the sullen wave's majestic fury,
The tempest's clang and moan;
In steeps of glittering ice-peaks, clothed in
grandeur,

Thy diverse thoughts are shown.

But not in all Thy marvellous creation,
In earth or heaven above,
Not anywhere in form, or sound, or colour
Find we Thy thoughts of love !

Not in the famèd temple, richly garnished
With gold and costly gem,
Built on the heights and crowning all the glory
Of fair Jerusalem—

But on a cursèd hill, outside the city,
There we a Cross behold!
And there we see, the while we watch and
marvel,

Thy thoughts of love unfold.
A suffering, dying Man, despised, forsaken,
Thy wondrous heart displays;

THY THOUGHTS.

There, there, in Him, we find love's culmination—

On Love Himself we gaze !

Thy precious thoughts to usward, Lord, and
for us,

Only in Him are shown ;

Through Him they flow to us, and find fruition ;

In Him Thy heart is known !

*
* *

The Man who walked the shores of Galilee,
Or trod its tumult underneath His feet ;
Who spake a word of power, so calm and
sweet

That storms were stilled, and peace was on the
sea ;

The Man who touched with pure and tender
touch

A leper, making all his vileness clean ;

Whose voice could speak away a woman's sin
So that her contrite, broken heart "loved
much ;"

Who sits in glory on His Father's throne,

The victory won, all peril past and pain—

This Man has said that He will come again,
And gather to His loving heart His own.

These eyes shall soon behold His loveliness,
And I shall see His beauty "face to face !"

MARY.

I had come early to the sepulchre
In the fair garden where my Lord was laid,
Bringing sweet spices for His latest need;
Hoping in one last offering to outpour
My love and longing; but I found Him not,
The grave was empty . . .

So I stood alone;
Alone, bereft, beside the vacant tomb—
The useless spices fallen from my hands—
Weeping my heart's deep agony away;
Heedless of all who passed, and seeing not
(Because of blinding tears) the One who
walked

Close by my side, whom I had thought was gone,
Taken where I should see Him nevermore,
But who was waiting there to comfort me!
And when He spake, I knew Him not until
I heard the tender music of my name
Falling upon my startled, raptured ears,
From "lips like lilies!" Well I knew His
voice,

The voice that years before had spoken peace
Into the stormy darkness of my life,
And made my vileness white . . .

MARY.

I turned to Him,
And as the gladness flashed my tears away,
(More swiftly than the sun dispels the dew)
I saw Him there; these raptured eyes beheld
My Jesus in His risen beauty clad.
So changed, and yet the very same as when
He walked with us in Galilee.

Himself—

The cruel nail-marks in His feet and hands,
The pathos of past pain upon His Face;
The same high mien and patient nobleness
Which in its perfect and unruffled calm
Made Pilate marvel—but transfigured now,
Bright with unearthly light, and triumph-
sweet,
Because the conflict was forever past,
And He the Victor!

I had seen Him last
Vanquished—the death-seal on His pallid brow,
His sad eyes closed—His face so marred—His
form
With which the murderous men and fiends had
done
All that their demon-hatred could devise.
And He had borne it, all for love of me !
But now—His beaming eyes looked into mine,
And mine beheld their tranquil tenderness;

MARY.

His love-sweet voice stilled all my throbbing
joy

Into a peace that mirrored Heaven's calm.

And as the tide of gladness overflowed,

I prostrate fell at those dear piercèd feet,

Worshipping Him, my Lover and my Lord.

No shadow on His Face, then none on mine;

Pain past for Him, no sadness then for me—

The Cross behind, the glory all before !

“NEAR HOME.”

2 Cor. 5:8.

“Near home !” A little while,
And then the heavy shadows, one by one,
Shall fall and fade away, as mists from sun,
Before the Father’s smile.

“Near home !” The weary way
Is almost ended, and the tired feet
Shall tread the pleasant pastures, green and
sweet,
Where quiet waters play.

“Near home !” The pain-brimmed years,
The long and sleepless nights, are almost o’er;
Anguish and care shall touch thee nevermore,
Heaven has no place for tears.

“Near home !” Outside the gate,
And glory-glimpses thrill thee waiting here;
Soft music falls upon thy listening ear—
Is it not sweet to wait ?

“Near home !” Soon shall He come,
The Saviour dear, thy heart’s beloved and best;
And He shall lead thee, satisfied and blest,
Through the bright portals, “Home !”

MY HEAVEN.

“Art thou longing, beloved, in Heaven to be ?”
’Tis only Thyself, Lord, I’m weary to see.

“I have ready a home for thee, home-like and
sweet”—
’Twill be home, my Belovèd, to lie at Thy feet.

“And I keep for thy forehead a crown, jewel-
fair.”
It is blessèd, my Lord, so *Thy* hand place it
there.

“The streets of My city are glittering gold.”
’Tis only Thy beauty I long to behold.

“The music of Heaven is wondrous to hear.”
But sweeter Thy voice when it falls on my ear.

“Love, words cannot picture what Heaven
will be.”
One look at Thy Face, Lord, is Heaven for me !

THE HOPE OF HIS COMING.

1 Thess. 4: 15, 18.

O the comfort to lives that are shadowed and dreary,

The hope and the sweetness to those who are sad;

O the rest and the rapture to hearts that are weary—

How can His belovèd be other than glad ?

To know that to-day, ere the sunlight has faded

To evening, on mountain and valley and sea—
Ere the tender regret of the twilight has shaded

To dark, we may leave it with Jesus to be !

The cross that we think we must take up to-morrow

Belongs to a morrow that never may come;
And we fear not the night with its burden of sorrow,

Because we may spend it with Jesus at home.

'Tis *Jesus* we look for—not Heaven with its splendour;

Its bliss could not woo us, its glories are dim,

THE HOPE OF HIS COMING.

When we think of our Saviour, so mighty, so
tender,
All else is as naught—we are longing for
Him.

The One who had saving and loving compassion
When a Magdalen wept, or a Peter denied;
Who spoke and who smiled in such sweet
human fashion
That children, entranced, gathered close to
His side;

The eyes that shed tears over Lazarus sleeping,
The hands that broke bread till the hungry
were filled;
The very same voice which when Mary was
weeping,
Spoke only her name, and her weeping was
stilled;

The One who the lifeless could speak into
living,
And touch a vile leper with touching that
healed;
Whose life ever flowed in a fulness of giving,
And daily the heart of the Father revealed;
Who went to the Cross with a purpose un-
shaken,
Our precious Sin-bearer, the mighty to save;

THE HOPE OF HIS COMING.

By sinners despised, by a just God forsaken,
And yielding His life, conquered death and
the grave—

Soon, soon we shall see Him; and all of per-
plexing
Shall shrivel and die in the bliss of surprise;
And earth with its sorrow and turmoil and vex-
ing
Shall drop far away as we mount to the skies.

It comes day by day, our expectant hearts
thrilling,
The rapturous hope our Belovèd to see;
And oh—while we wait for its certain ful-
filling,
What manner of people His chosen should be!

THE END.



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