

A FEW

Spiritual Songs.

By  
Sir Ed. Denby

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“In the multitude of my thoughts  
within me thy comforts delight my soul.”  
Psalm xciv, 19.

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LONDON:  
W. H. BROOM, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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*Twopence each.*



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and "A few Hymns, &c., Selected 1856."

## A FEW SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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### I.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone  
Around Thy steps below!  
What patient love was seen in all  
Thy life and death of woe!

For ever on Thy burdened heart  
A weight of sorrow hung,  
Yet no ungentle murmuring word  
Escaped thy silent tongue.

Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
Thy friends unfaithful prove:  
Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
Thy heart could only love.

Oh! give us hearts to love like Thee,  
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve  
Far more for others' sins than all  
The wrongs that we receive.

One with Thyself, may every eye  
In us, Thy brethren, see  
That gentleness and grace that springs  
From union, Lord, with Thee.

E. D.

## II.

O LORD! Thy love's unbounded—  
So sweet, so full, so free—  
My soul is all transported,  
Whene'er I think on Thee.

Yet, Lord, alas! what weakness  
Within myself I find;  
No infant's changing pleasure  
Is like my wandering mind.

And yet Thy love's unchanging,  
And doth recall my heart  
To joy in all its brightness,  
The peace its beams impart.

Yet sure, if in Thy presence  
My soul still constant were,  
Mine eye would, more familiar,  
Its brighter glories bear.

And thus Thy deep perfections  
Much better should I know,  
And with adoring fervor  
In this Thy nature grow.

Still sweet 'tis to discover,  
If clouds have dimmed my sight,  
When passed, Eternal Lover,  
Towards me, as e'er, Thou 'rt bright.

O guard my soul then, Jesus,  
Abiding still with Thee,  
And if I wander, teach me  
Soon back to Thee to flee:

That all Thy gracious favor  
 May to my soul be known ;  
 And, versed in this Thy goodness,  
 My hopes Thyself shall crown.  
 J. N. D.

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## III.

“How bright there above is the mercy of  
 God!”—

“And void of all guilt and clear of all sin  
 Is my conscience and heart through my  
 Savior’s blood.”—

“Not a cloud above”—“not a spot within.”

Christ died! then I’m clean:

“Not a spot within.”—

God’s mercy and love!

“Not a cloud above.”

’Tis the Spirit through faith thus triumphs  
 o’er sin:

“Not a cloud above”—“not a spot within.”

G. V. W.

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## IV.

“My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the  
 drops of the night.”—Cant. v, 2.

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At dead of night, in yon deep olive shade,  
 What suppliant kneels?—what child of  
 sorrow there,

On the cold dewy earth, with grief o'er-  
weighed,

Breathes out His soul in agonizing prayer?  
Alas! that heart will break—see, drops like  
gore

Bedew His brow at every opening pore.

Oh! is it Thou, the Holy One of God?  
Thine hour of woe is near, th' appointed  
hour,

When heaven and hell shall grasp th'  
avenging rod,

And each at once concentrate all its power  
To strike the blow:—Let nought unhal-  
lowed dare

Profane this spot, for Christ is sorrowing  
there.

Yes, Thou canst suffer, Lord; though all  
divine,

Thou art all human too, and Thou dost  
crave

Some heart to mingle and to feel with Thine;  
But Thou hast none: no soothing hand to  
lave

Thine aching brow; none, none, to bear a  
part

In the deep suff'rings of Thy throbbing  
heart.

Where, where is he that but an hour ago,  
Pillowed his head upon his Savior's breast,

Thy loved disciple ? in this night of woe,  
 Doth he too sleep ? will he, with all the rest,  
 Forsake Thee now ?—alas ! and didst Thou  
 deign

To ask *his* sympathy, yet ask in vain ?

Yet Thou art heard—on His eternal Son,  
 From the full fountain of the Father's love,  
 Some drops of pity fall : Thy prayer hath  
 won

A blessed angel from the throne above,  
 To comfort Thee ; to pluck the cruel dart  
 For a brief moment from Thy suffering  
 heart.

There rest awhile ; there, Lord, in thought  
 survey

The joyous issue of the fearful strife  
 That waits Thee now—Thine own eternal  
 sway

O'er pardoned myriads ; Thou Thyself the  
 life

And light of all—such hopes have surely  
 power

To nerve and arm Thee for Thy dying hour.

Thy kingdom, Lord, will come—Thy glory  
 shine

Through heav'n and earth : those slumb'ring  
 weak ones there,

Filled with the energy of love divine,  
 Shall tell of Thee : of Thee at last declare

How Thou hast suffered, Thou incarnate  
God!

Then dying, follow where Thy steps have  
trod.

Yes, they will die; Thy pierced and bleed-  
ing brow

Shall spend for them not one pure drop in  
vain—

'Twill cancel all—and they who slight Thee  
now,

Shall wake to feel Thy single arm sustain  
Their souls through all: to taste the sooth-  
ing power,

The soft sweet virtue of this blessed hour.

O could we feel it too!—but, Lord! we  
sleep,

While Thou art sorrowing through these  
midnight hours:

Ah! while for us Thy blessed eyelids keep  
Their weary vigils, sin, alas! devours

The life of love; and half unmoved we see  
That Thou art there, but will not watch with  
Thee.

Oh for one look, one quick'ning glance of  
Thine,

To break the spell, the lethargy of sin;  
E'en such a thrilling ray of love divine

As yon poor sleepers yet shall feel within!

Come, Savior! come—our heartless slumber break,  
 We sleep, alas! like them\*—like them may we awake!

E. D.

\* "I sleep, but my heart waketh," &c.—Cant. v, 2.

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V.

Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee,  
 Stranger hands no more impede;  
 Pass thou on, His hand protects thee,  
 Strength that has the captive freed.

Is the wilderness before thee,  
 Desert lands where drought abides?  
 Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,  
 Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

Light divine surrounds thy going,  
 God Himself shall mark thy way,  
 Secret blessings, richly flowing,  
 Lead to everlasting day.

God, thine everlasting portion,  
 Feeds thee with the mighty's meat;  
 Price of Egypt's hard extortion,  
 Egypt's food no more to eat.

Art thou weaned from Egypt's pleasures?  
 God in secret thee shall keep,

There unfold His hidden treasures,  
There His love's exhaustless deep.

In the desert God will teach thee  
What the God that thou hast found,  
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,  
All His grace shall there abound.

On to Canaan's rest still wending,  
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring  
Suited grace from high descending,  
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.

Though thy way be long and dreary,  
Eagle strength He'll still renew;  
Garments fresh and foot unwearied  
Tell how God hath brought thee through.

When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling  
Love divine thy foot shall bring,  
There with shouts of triumph swelling  
Zion's songs in rest to sing;

Then no stranger—God shall meet thee,  
Stranger thou in courts above,  
He who to His rest shall greet thee,  
Greet thee with a well-known love.

J. N. D.

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## VI.

"T'WAS spring—but, ah! my soul was sad,  
The rising tear I could not quell;  
While other hearts were light and glad,  
I wept within my silent cell.

But lo! a sweet and quickening voice  
Came softly on my listening ear,  
And bade my drooping heart rejoice,  
For oh! I knew my God was near:

"Arise! arise! Salome, hear!  
My undefiled, my beauteous Dove,  
Why sorrow thus? I come to cheer,  
And gladden all thy soul with love.

"Thou know'st me, surely—I have died,  
To bless thee, Love! to make thee mine;  
Ah! see my brow, my bleeding side,  
And doubt no more that I am thine."

"Yes, Lord," I cried, "I know Thee well—  
Thy wounded heart, Thy bleeding brow  
A tender tale of mercy tell;  
My Best-beloved, my Savior, Thou."

I spoke—and oh! His heavenly look,  
And loving smile, divinely sweet!  
My willing hand He gently took,  
And drew me from my lone retreat.

“’Tis spring,” He cried, “come forth and see,  
 The tender vines are budding now;  
 The fig tree bears—and hark! for thee  
 The turtle sings on yonder bough.”

Through sunny vales and cooling shade,  
 In converse sweet we passed along;  
 But oft our lingering steps delayed,  
 To catch the turtle’s heavenly song.

But, oh! His own melodious tongue  
 Was dearer far than all I heard;  
 On this my rapturous spirit hung,  
 And treasured every gracious word.

His tender theme, it all was love—  
 His own sweet love, so full and free,  
 That made Him leave His home above,  
 And sorrow, suffer, die for me.

On this He dwelt—and oh! I found  
 My heart dissolve at all He said:  
 The joy I felt on all around  
 New light, and life, and glory shed.

All nature seemed divinely fair:  
 The earth below, the sky above  
 Were filled with joy: and every air  
 Was fragrant with the breath of love.

Sweet blessed day!—but ah! it passed:  
 The dew, the shades of evening fell,  
 And night came on, and found at last  
 Salome in her lonely cell.

My Lord had fled—He could not stay—  
 For earth, you know, is not His home;  
 But yet He said, “At break of day,  
 Salome! Love! again I’ll come.

“Oh weep not then—bear up awhile:  
 The day,” He cried, “is coming fast,  
 When thou shalt dwell beneath the smile,  
 The sunshine of my love at last.”

Sweet promise! ah!—what else could make  
 These tears of rapture fill mine eye?  
 Without it, Lord! my heart would break,  
 My mourning spirit droop and die.

There is, there is a world of rest,  
 Dear Savior, for my weary soul,  
 Where all are holy, all are blest,  
 And love’s unfailing waters roll.

And there beside those healing springs,  
 Far, far away from fear and strife,  
 Thy dove shall fold her silver wings,  
 And nestle in the tree of life.

E. D.

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## VII.

Look, look, ye saints, within the veil,  
 And raise your happy song:  
 Your joys can never, never fail,  
 For you to Christ belong.

O happy saints, for ever freed  
 From guilt and every care ;  
 Dwell, dwell with your exalted Head,  
 And let your life be there.

And glory in your Lord and God ;  
 See, see Him as He is ;  
 Your robes are spotless through His blood,  
 Your happiness is His.

O think not of this world of woe,  
 Though subject still to grief ;  
 But seek your portion there to know,  
 For this will give relief.

Aye, trust, for ever trust in God,  
 For every promise given ;  
 And dwell with Him, through Jesu's blood  
 Within the veil of heaven.

G. V. W.

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### VIII.

Is God for me? I fear not,  
 Though all against me rise ;  
 When I call on Christ my Savior,  
 The host of evil flies.  
 My Friend, the Lord Almighty,  
 And He who loves me, God,  
 What enemy shall harm me,  
 Though coming like a flood?

I know it, I believe it,  
 I say it fearlessly,  
 That God, the highest, mightiest,  
 For ever loveth me ;  
 At all times, in all places,  
 He standeth at my side ;  
 He rules the battle-fury,  
 The tempest and the tide.

A Rock that stands for ever  
 Is Christ my righteousness,  
 And there I stand unfearing  
 In everlasting bliss ;  
 No earthly thing is needful  
 To this my life from heaven,  
 And nought of love is worthy  
 Save that which Christ has given.  
 Christ all my praise and glory,  
 My light most sweet and fair,  
 The ship wherein He saileth  
 Is scathless everywhere.  
 In Him I dare be joyful,  
 As a hero in the war ;  
 The judgment of the sinner  
 Affrighteth me no more.

There is no condemnation,  
 There is no hell for me,  
 The torment and the fire  
 My eyes shall never see ;  
 For me there is no sentence,  
 For me death has no sting,

Because the Lord who loves me  
 Shall shield me with His wing.  
 Above my soul's dark waters  
 His Spirit hovers still,  
 He guards me from all sorrows,  
 From terror and from ill ;  
 In me He works and blesses  
 The life-seed He has sown,  
 From Him I learn the "Abba,"  
 That prayer of faith alone.

And if in lonely places,  
 A fearful child, I shrink,  
 He prays the prayers within me,  
 I cannot ask or think,—  
 The deep unspoken language  
 Known only to that love,  
 Who fathoms the heart's mystery  
 From the throne of light above.  
 His Spirit to my spirit  
 Sweet words of comfort saith,  
 How God the weak one strengthens  
 Who leans on Him in faith,  
 How He hath built a city  
 Of love and light and song,  
 Where the eye at last beholdeth  
 What the heart had loved so long

And there is mine inheritance,  
 My kingly palace, home :  
 The leaf may fall and perish,  
 Not less the spring will come ;

Like wind and rain of winter,  
 Our earthly sighs and tears,  
 Till the golden summer dawneth  
 Of the endless year of years.  
 The world may pass and perish,  
 Thou, God, wilt not remove ;  
 No hatred of all devils  
 Can part me from Thy love ;  
 No hungering nor thirsting,  
 No poverty nor care,  
 No wrath of mighty princes  
 Can reach my shelter there.

No angel and no heaven,  
 No throne nor power nor might,  
 No love, no tribulation,  
 No danger, fear, nor fight,  
 No height, no depth, no creature  
 That has been or can be,  
 Can drive me from Thy bosom,  
 Can sever me from Thee ;  
 My heart in joy upleapeth,  
 Grief cannot linger there,  
 She singeth high in glory,  
 Amidst the sunshine fair ;  
 The sun that shines upon me  
 Is Jesus and His love ;  
 The fountain of my singing  
 Is deep in heaven above.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1606-1676.

*Translated from the German.*

## IX.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,  
 The blessed Savior passed ;  
 A mourner all His life was He,  
 A dying lamb at last.

That tender heart that felt for all,  
 For all its life-blood gave ;  
 It found on earth no resting-place,  
 Save only in the grave.

Such was our Lord—and shall we fear  
 The cross with all its scorn,  
 Or love a faithless, evil world,  
 That wreathed *His* brow with thorn ?

No ! facing all its frowns or smiles,  
 Like Him, obedient still,  
 We homeward press, through storm or calm,  
 To yon celestial hill.

In tents we dwell amid the waste,  
 Nor turn aside to roam  
 In folly's paths, nor seek our rest,  
 Where *Jesus* had no home.

Dead to the world, with Him who died  
 To win our hearts, our love ;  
 We, risen with our risen Head,  
 In spirit dwell above.

By faith His boundless glories there  
 Our wondering eyes behold ;

Those glories which eternal years  
Shall never all unfold.

This fills our hearts with deep desire  
To lose ourselves in love!  
Bears all our hopes from earth away,  
And fixes them above.

E. D.

---

X.

WHAT raised the wondrous thought;  
Or who did it suggest,—  
“That we, the church, to glory brought,  
Should WITH the Son be blest?”

O God! the thought was thine!  
(Thine only it could be)  
Fruit of the wisdom, love divine,  
Peculiar unto Thee:

For sure! no other mind,  
For thoughts so bold, so free,  
Greatness or strength could ever find,  
Thine only it could be.

The motives, too, Thine own!  
The plan, the counsel, Thine!—  
Made for Thy Son, bone of His bone.  
In glory bright to shine.

O God! with great delight  
 Thy wondrous thought we see,  
 Upon *His* throne, in glory bright,  
 The Bride of Christ shall be.

Sealed with the Holy Ghost,  
 We triumph in that love,  
 Thy wondrous thought has made our boast  
 "Glory WITH Christ above."

G. V. W.

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## XI.

BRIDE of the Lamb, rejoice! rejoice!  
 Thy midnight watch is past,  
 True to His promise, lo, 'tis He!  
 The Savior comes at last.

His heart, amid the blest repose  
 And glories of the throne,  
 With love's unwearied care, hath made  
 Thy sorrows all its own.

Thro' days and nights of suffering, taught  
 For human woe to feel,  
 He only, with unerring skill,  
 Thy wounded heart could heal.

And now, at length, behold He comes  
 To claim thee from above,  
 In answer to the ceaseless call,  
 And deep desire of love.

Go, then, thou loved and blessed one,  
 Thou drooping mourner, rise!  
 Go—for He calls thee now to share  
 His dwelling in the skies.

For thee, His royal Bride, for thee,  
 His brightest glories shine;  
 And happier still, His changeless heart,  
 With all its love, is thine.

E. D.

---

 XII.

THIS world is a wilderness wide!  
 I have nothing to seek or to choose;  
 I've no thought in the waste to abide;  
 I've nought to regret or to lose.

The Lord is Himself gone before;  
 He has marked out the path that I tread;  
 It's as sure as the love I adore,  
 I have nothing to fear or to dread.

There is but that one in the waste,  
 Which His footsteps have marked as His  
 own;

And I follow in diligent haste,  
 To the seats where He's put on His crown.

For the path where my Savior is gone  
 Has led up to His Father and God,  
 To the place where He's now on the throne;  
 And His strength shall be mine on the road.

And with Him shall my rest be on high,  
 When in holiness bright I sit down,  
 In the joy of His love ever nigh,  
 In the peace that His presence shall crown.

'Tis the treasure I've found in His love  
 That has made me a pilgrim below,  
 And 'tis there, when I meet Him above,  
 As I'm known all His fulness I'll know.

And, Savior, 'tis Thee, from on high,  
 I await till the time Thou shalt come,  
 To take him Thou hast led by Thine eye  
 To Thyself in Thy heavenly home.

Till then, 'tis the path Thou hast trod,  
 My delight and my comfort shall be ;  
 I'm content with Thy staff and Thy rod,  
 Till with Thee all Thy glory I see.

J. N. D.

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### XIII.

"Filled in (eis) all the fulness of God."—Eph. iii, 19.

"We learn in suffering what we teach in song."

OH! is it come—the sweet and blessed calm,  
 Foreseen and hoped for through those dark-  
 some years  
 Of anguish and of dread? Here, here at last,  
 I, a deep vessel in the shoreless sea  
 Of Thine own fulness, O eternal God!

---

Filled in that fulness, find my prayers, my  
     hopes,  
 All, all fulfilled, and nothing more to crave.  
 The bright reality, the thing itself  
 Transcends all thought, eclipses every hope;  
 Dwelling in God, by God indwelt, I know  
 Love in its fulness, life to me is bliss,  
 All, all within, beneath, around, above,  
 Speak but of Thee, and tell me what I am,  
 The happiest of the happy! O Thou peerless  
     one,  
 Great God revealed in flesh, the living link  
 'Twixt Godhead and my soul! be Thine the  
     praise,  
 The loving worship of a loving heart  
 Rich in Thyself, for, oh, however filled,  
 Howe'er exalted, holy, undefiled,  
 Whatever wealth of blessedness is mine,  
 What am I, Lord? an emptiness, a nothing.  
 Thou art my boast, in whom all fulness dwells  
 Of the great Godhead, Thou, whose name I  
     bear,  
 Whose life is mine, whose glory and whose  
     bliss,  
 All, all are mine.

E. D.



## XIV.

Rest of the saints above,  
 Jerusalem of God,  
 Who in thy palaces of love—  
 Thy golden streets have trod ;

To me thy joy to tell,  
 Those courts secure from ill,  
 Where God Himself vouchsafes to dwell,  
 And every bosom fill ?

Who shall to me that joy  
 Of saint-thronged courts declare,  
 Tell of that constant sweet employ  
 My spirit longs to share ?

That rest secure from ill,  
 No cloud of grief e'er stains,  
 Unfailing praise each heart doth fill,  
 And love eternal reigns.

The Lamb is there, my soul—  
 There God Himself doth rest,  
 In love divine diffused through all  
 With Him supremely blest.

God and the Lamb!—'tis well,  
 I know that source divine  
 Of joy and love no tongue can tell,  
 Yet know that all is mine.

And see the Spirit's power  
 Has oped the heavenly door,  
 Has brought me to that favored hour  
 When toil shall all be o'er.

There on the hidden bread  
 Of Christ—once humbled here—  
 God's treasured store—for ever fed,  
 His love my soul shall cheer.

Called by that secret name  
 Of undisclosed delight,  
 (Blest answer to reproach and shame,)  
 'Graved on the stone of white.

There in effulgence bright,  
 Savior and Guide, with Thee  
 I'll walk, and in Thy heavenly light  
 Whiter my robe shall be.

There in th' unsullied way  
 Which His own hand hath dressed,  
 My feet press on where brightest day  
 Shines forth on all the rest.

But who that glorious blaze  
 Of living light shall tell?  
 Where all His brightness God displays  
 And the Lamb's glories dwell.

(There only to adore,  
 My soul its strength may find,  
 Its life, its joy for evermore,  
 By sight nor sense defined.)

God and the Lamb shall there  
 The light and temple be,  
 And radiant hosts for ever share,  
 The unveiled mystery.

J. N. D.



XV.

HARK to the trump! behold it breaks  
 The sleep of ages now :  
 And lo! the light of glory shines  
 On many an aching brow.

Changed in a moment—raised to life,  
 The quick, the dead arise,  
 Responsive to the angel's voice,  
 That calls us to the skies.

Ascending through the crowded air,  
 On eagles' wings we soar,  
 To dwell in the full joy of love,  
 And sorrow there no more.

Undazzled by the glorious light  
 Of that beloved brow,  
 We see, without a single cloud,  
 We see the Savior now!

O Lord, the bright and blessed hope  
 That cheered us through the past,  
 Of full eternal rest in Thee,  
 Is all fulfilled at last.

The cry of sorrow here is hushed,  
 The voice of prayer is o'er ;  
 'Tis needless now—for, Lord, we crave  
 Thy gracious help no more.

Praise, endless praise, alone becomes  
 This bright and blessed place,  
 Where every eye beholds unveiled  
 The mysteries of Thy grace.

Past conflict here, O Lord, 'tis ours,  
 Through everlasting days,  
 To sing our song of victory now,  
 And only live to praise.

E. D.

---

 XVI.

HARK! ten thousand voices crying  
 "Lamb of God!" with one accord ;  
 Thousand thousand saints replying,  
 Wake at once th' echoing chord.

"Praise the Lamb!" the chorus waking,  
 All in heaven together throng ;  
 Loud and far, each tongue partaking,  
 Rolls around the endless song.

Grateful incense this, ascending  
 Ever to the Father's throne ;  
 Every knee to Jesus bending,  
 All the mind in heaven is one.

All the Father's counsels claiming  
 Equal honors to the Son,  
 All the Son's effulgence beaming  
 Makes the Father's glory known.

By the Spirit all pervading,  
 Hosts unnumbered round the Lamb,  
 Crowned with light and joy unfading,  
 Hail Him as the great "I AM."

Joyful now the new creation  
 Rests in undisturbed repose,  
 Blest in Jesu's full salvation,  
 Sorrow now nor thralldom knows.

Hark! the heavenly notes again!  
 Loudly swells the song of praise;  
 Throughout creation's vault, Amen!  
 Amen! responsive joy doth raise.  
 J. N. D.

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XVII.

'Tis come—the glad millennial morn—  
 The Son of David reigns,  
 Sing, sing, O earth! for thou art free,  
 And Satan is in chains.

Rejoice, for thou shalt fear no more  
 The ruthless tyrant's rod;

Nor lose again the gracious smile  
Of thine incarnate God.

But chiefly thou, O Solyma!  
Thou queen of cities, sing;  
With shouts of triumph welcome now  
Thy Morning Star, thy King.

He, gracious Savior, faithful still  
To thee, His faithless dove,  
Forgives thee all, and bids thee dwell  
Within His breast of love.

Nor thee alone—for see on high,  
His saints triumphant now,  
With all the hosts of seraphim,  
In ceaseless worship bow.

On Him the happy myriads there  
Unwearied love to gaze;  
There He amid His brethren dwells,  
The Leader of their praise.

O blessed Lord! we little dreamed  
Of such a morn as this;  
Such rivers of unmingled joy—  
Such full, unbounded bliss.

And O how sweet the happy thought—  
That all we taste or see,  
We owe it to the dying Lamb—  
We owe it all to Thee!

Yes, dearest Savior, one with Thee,  
Sweet source of joy divine;  
In Thee we live, with Thee we reign,  
And we are wholly Thine.

E. D.

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# I N D E X.

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