

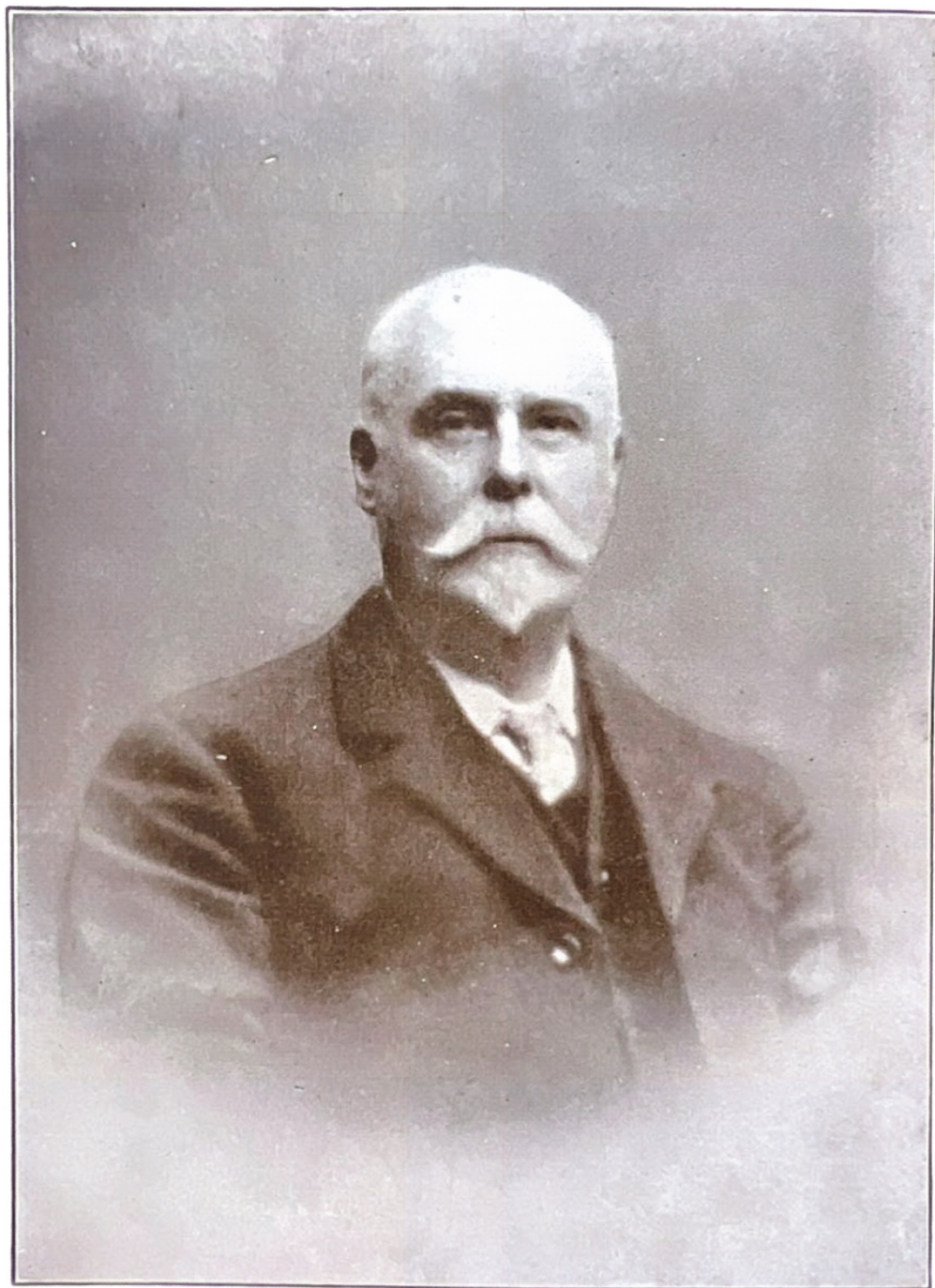
Poems of Grace and Glory.



By
Jas. Boyd.

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FOREWORD.



AFTER many years of true friendship with the Author, it gives me pleasure, in response to a request by him to write a few lines at the opening of this Volume.

Those who were fortunate enough to procure a copy of the previous Volume by the same writer "The Story of the Glory, and other Poems" (which is now out of print), will be glad of the opportunity of having another Volume somewhat similar in character, and those who desired to get a copy but could not, will also appreciate this fresh Volume. In the following pages will be found Poems of high spiritual tone and also varied spiritual experience, and there will be found many other beautiful Poems which will suit the taste of a large circle of poem lovers. Poems—like Poets—are born, not made, and there is therefore a particular freshness and originality in all Mr. Boyd's compositions.

The many friends in this and other lands who have appreciated the ministry, both oral and written, of the Author, will be pleased to have this book, which is a good example of Mr. Boyd's activities in a field less familiar to them.

It is earnestly hoped that the blessing which has accompanied Mr. Boyd's labours for so many years, will also, through the goodness of God, accompany this Volume.

ROBERT WHYTE.

"Belverley"

Trinity,

EDINBURGH.

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Poems of Grace and Glory.

OUR REDEEMER.

Beloved, with gladness eternal,
O worship the Saviour supreme.
Praise Him who from glories supernal
Descended, our souls to redeem.

Chorus.

Hallelujah! again, Hallelujah!
With heart and with voice yet again!
O praise ye the Lord! Hallelujah!
The mighty Redeemer of men!

God blessed for ever and ever!
Creator! Preserver of all!
Son! come as Saviour, to sever
Our souls from sin's horrible thrall.

Has He not the claim to our praises?
Has He not the right to our love,
Who gave His life freely to raise us
To glories immortal above?

Let the waste with our joyance be ringing,
Let the world hear our shout and our song,
Ye blood-redeemed, join in the singing,
The praise of your Saviour prolong.

Eternity shall not suffice us
'To publish the love of His heart,
That love that did early entice us
With everything earthly to part.

O grace that no creature can measure!
O love that no limit hath found!
Our permanent portion and treasure
When grace hath with glory been crowned.

Chorus.

Hallelujah! again, Hallelujah!

SOLOMON.

Lord, unto Solomon Thy judgments render,
 Give to the Son of David righteousness,
 Clothe him with majesty and kingly splendour,
 Crown him with light amid the proud noblesse,
 Say to the nations of the earth, Surrender!
 Right he shall recompense, and wrong redress.
 Friend of the friendless, the oppressed and needy,
 Succour to bring to broken spirits speedy.

Like to the rain upon the grass, when showers
 Water the wastes, and drench the desert plain
 (Which like a thirsty ox the draught devours),
 Nature refreshing till she bloom again,
 And by the quickening of her latent powers
 Incense exhaling, let his righteous reign
 Gentle, yet just be; glorious, God-fearing,
 Souls sore disheartened in their sorrows cheering.

Son he shall stand before his God and Father!
 Who shall be like him on the wide earth? None.
 Broken and beaten are his foes, yea, rather,
 Like to the fallen when the field is won!
 Unto His wisdom shall the princes gather,
 Wisdom resplendent as the noon-day sun!
 Sages, superlatively great, excelling;
 Darkness and dread from the depressed dispelling.

Shadow of Him who yet shall come, revealing
 Glory supreme to our adoring eyes,
 Mysteries hitherto concealed, unsealing;
 Yea, for the Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
 Radiant with glory, and with health and healing,
 Earth with His favour to rejuvenise.
 King everlasting! Mighty Legislator!
 Greater than Solomon! Than David greater!

Fairer than mortals, the Adored forever!
 Greater in battle than the Bethlehemite.
 Greater than Solomon in wisdom; never
 Lesser in knowledge than the Infinite.

Dare the proud mortal from the Servant sever
Godhead, omniscience, or eternal might?
Mystery greater than our understanding,
Yet all the worship of our heart's commanding.

Men have forgotten Him, though the afflicted
Found Him a wondrous healer of their woes.
Yet by their blindness was His work restricted
More than by all the malice of His foes.
Slighted and slandered was He, contradicted,
Judged as a felon, set at naught by those
Who had been rescued by His gracious healing
When to destruction they were helpless reeling.

Nor have they wished that to their recollection
He who so utterly was set at naught,
Should, in His death, or in His resurrection,
As the Redeemer of our souls, be brought.
Still must He meet with resolute rejection,
Where with self-confidence the heart is fraught:
Where with the wisdom of this generation
Sated the heart is to intoxication.

Let His name perish, let Him die and leave us.
How has He realised the right to reign?
Wherefore consent that He should gall and grieve us?
Let Him be crucified, let Him be slain.
Nor let His visionary friends deceive us,
None can recall Him out of death's domain.
Once on a gibbet there need be no fearing
That from His followers we shall be hearing.

Son of the highest! Who on earth believes it?
Death has refused His claim to vindicate.
Risen! What cultivated mind receives it?
Wise men of miracles no longer prate.
Glorified! Reason at this juncture leaves it;
This let insanity asseverate.
Truth lifts her head above such notions serried;
Jesus is crucified and dead and buried!

Who in the resurrection state beheld Him?
 Which of the leaders of this world below?
 Which of the rulers who from earth expelled Him
 Saw with His glory great the grave aglow?
 Why should the iron to the tree have held Him?
 Why was His visage so agloom with woe,
 If His lone path the resurrection morning
 Was by the brightness of its beams adorning?

This, should you wish to know its awful meaning,
 This was the sacrifice for guilty man;
 Here was God mercifully intervening
 Sinners to liberate from sin's dread ban.
 Here on this sacrifice my soul is leaning
 Viewing the vastness of redemption's plan.
 His was the suffering, the God-forsaking,
 Mine the felicity with Him partaking.

Have ye forgotten how He died to gather
 Souls from the folly of their foolish ways,
 Back to the bosom of His God and Father,
 Filled with the passion of His holy praise?
 Not only ransomed by His blood, but rather,
 Set as sons blameless in the glorious blaze
 Of the Invisible declared in Jesus,
 Who from death's terrors and from darkness frees us.

Not to my pen has it been relegated
 Slander to sever from His sacred name;
 God shall take care that He is vindicated,
 And in the spot in which He suffered shame.
 Where He was humbled, mocked, humiliated,
 And where of sin He bore the bitter blame,
 There shall His name be great, renowned and glorious,
 There over rebels shall He ride victorious.

Nor has the service been to men committed
 Jesus to classify among the great,
 Men by mentality and school-craft fitted,
 Glibly of ethics with the proud to prate;

Men by a spiritual power outwitted,
And whose philosophy is reprobate:
Lone stands the Christ amid the whole creation,
Guides of this world to Him bear no relation.

Shall we with Buddha or his fellows place Him?
Name Him together with the best of men?
Down to their level shall our souls debase Him?
Perish the thought ere it hath stained the pen!
Better with criminals once more disgrace Him,
Better with robbers gibbet Him again,
Than with a mockery of veneration
Craftily prosecute this profanation.

.

Ye who imagine that we all believe you,
Ye who with kisses would the Christ betray,
Truth I must tell you, though it gall and grieve you,
Best of your praise of Him is blasphemy;
And for my eagerness to undeceive you,
Do not against me the indictment lay
That I have animus: I speak with candour,
Styling your eulogy of Him a slander.

Better a boisterous calumniator,
Bold as a foe than one who flatters well,
Better an enemy avowed than traitor,
Better the devil in the dress of hell,
Than as the messenger of the Creator
Veiling with piety a visage fell.
Pilate's poltroonery might have been pardoned,
Never the traitor in his treason hardened.

.

Welcome was Jesus to the weary hearted,
Precious to all who felt the power of sin,
Who underneath the curse of Sinai smarted
Deep to the centre of the soul within;
Solace to such His words of grace imparted,
Life for those toiling endless life to win,
Life as the gift of the Eternal Father,
Not by man's merit, but by favour rather.

There gleamed the glory of a sphere supernal,
 There was the heart of heaven brought to light,
 There beamed the brightness of the king eternal,
 There the sun rose upon our native night,
 There was the tree of life in fruit and vernal,
 There lay the manna on the desert white:
 God in this godless world, God incarnated!
 God in His grace to be appropriated.

What an occasion for a death doomed nation!
 What an occasion for a ruined race!
 What an arrival! What a revelation!
 God with His creatures in His love and grace!
 God making manifest His great salvation,
 Bidding the wanderer his steps retrace,
 Met by man's insolence and insubjection,
 Ending in murderous and mad rejection.

And is it otherwise to-day? I trow not.
 Still is the Saviour of the world despised,
 Still are the critics of the Christ, who know not
 God, in the darkness and diabolised.
 Him they may tolerate as leader, tho' not
 If His sin-offering be eulogised.
 Speak of Him only as a harmless teacher,
 Like any ordinary prophet, preacher.

Hear we the wisdom of this world of sages,
 Stand in the temple of their gods of clay.
 Christ they think good enough for bygone ages,
 Not for the brightness of the present day.
 Babes, even now, if given easy stages,
 Might the world scan, and never miss their way.
 Yea, they could tell us of the starry regions,
 And wake the spirits of the bygone legions.

What knew Jesus of the world's creation?
 Surely He must have thought the fiction true
 Why did He give the fable confirmation?
 Why with His influence the lie endure?

See how His knowledge had its limitation;
Less than some others it is plain He knew.
Should we then follow one who could deceive us?
Or knowing nothing in the darkness leave us?

Deeming the Pentateuch by Moses written,
Manna He fancied had the Twelve Tribes fed;
Thought that the people who were serpent-bitten
Had by Nehushtan into life been led;
That He for sinners must by God be smitten,
And that for blessing must His blood be shed.
What are these blind and baseless aberrations?
Nought but the chatter of the lispng nations.

Could He have known the men that would come after,
Could He have seen the sages that would rise,
Could He have heard the levity and laughter
Words such as His would wake among the wise,
Men who creation would, from floor to rafter,
Search, sift, investigate, and analyse,
Would He have been so bold as to have stated
Things since by scientists annihilated?

Freely He speaks of rising sun and setting,
Night, He concluded, did the earth enrobe.
Did He not know, or was He quite forgetting
Then, the diurnal motion of the globe?
There we must leave it, but afar be fretting,
Men have arisen mysteries to probe.
Newton and Galileo, more enlightened,
Have with their wisdom the creation brightened.

. . . .

Back from the precincts of the temple holy!
Touch not the Ark with your unhallowed hand!
Fall as they fell before the Victim lowly,
Grouped in Gethsemane with torch and brand!
Lay on your lawless lips your hand, and so lay
Both in the dust, lest where ye proudly stand,
And while your haughtiness of heart delay you,
Fire from the Cherubim break forth and slay you.

Drivel, ye dotards, in your ignorance,
 Earth's foundations have your own hands laid!
 Not the Creator knows His own creation,
 Better than He ye know the things He made!
 And as for sacrifice and expiation,
 Notions like these your lofty thoughts degrade,
 Conscience not cripples your bombast and bluster,
 Since from the Scriptures ye have reaved the lustre.

Why do ye call yourselves by the Rejected?
 Why when ye love Him not His name retain?
 Christian! and scoffing at the resurrected!
 Spiritual suicides of souls insane!
 Once was Barabbas by the world elected,
 Would they now welcome the Redeemer's reign?
 Nay, they would rather His dominion shatter,
 Though of His lowliness they glibly chatter.

Ay, ye will prosper in your quest or perish,
 Perish ye must, if ye will have it so:
 Cherish the falsehood, if ye will it cherish,
 Ye would another Christ than Jesus know.
 Dazzled, deceived by your inventions garish,
 Wisdom eternal ye would overthrow.
 Dream ye have done it, it will likely, please you,
 Ere with their terrors death and darkness seize you.

Hail as progenitors your first forefathers,
 Orang and ape and the dog-faced baboon;
 And when at eventide the darkness gathers
 Get up and chatter to the silver moon.
 Jeer at the Genesis of Moses! Ah! there's
 Method in madness when it truth impugn;
 Madness which readily and rashly seizes
 Anything likely to discredit Jesus.

Blow up the trumpet of your proud ambitions!
 Gods among worms of the dust are ye!
 Crazy with a frenzy of your own omniscience,
 Wisdom personified ye sure must be!

What can be hidden from your dreams and visions?

What is worth seeing that ye do not see?

Wise the Messiah in His generation,

Ye of all wisdom are the incarnation!

Words from His lips were like the gentle breathing,

Fragrant of morning when the light appears,

Chasing the clouds which had been gently wreathing

Earth with their dews, their darkness and their fears;

Or like the brook from far off hills bequeathing

Life to the land that desert dryness sears,

And to the wanderer, who lost and lonely,

Longs for the life-imparting fountain only.

Thus unto those who under Sinai smarted,

Broken and bruised and by commandment slain,

Secrets were spoken which a power imparted

Sorrow to dissipate from heart and brain:

God, brought in contact with the broken-hearted,

God, to assuage the suffering and pain,

God, with His creature man, that man might know

Him,

God, not to claim from us the debt we owe Him.

Not since the planting of this fair creation,

Never since chaos was to cosmos brought,

Not since the six days had their termination,

Were such words spoken or such wonders wrought.

Yet were those words as worthless vaporation

Unto the world, and all His works were naught.

Both have been trodden under feet mishallowed,

Scorned by the men who in deception wallowed.

Critics ye surely may be called, but "Higher?"

Surely your cleverness ye too much laud.

Who for the post has been your qualifier?

Has your diploma not been gained by fraud?

Scripture opposes you, but who is liar?

Never the Word of the eternal God.

He is the living Truth, tho' earth deny Him,

Liar is every one who would belie Him.

Like to a rock amid a raging ocean,
 Beaten by billows black, and swept by storm,
 Sprayed by the spume, and clasped by the commotion,
 Standing unshakable, with changeless form,
 Claiming by constancy my heart's devotion,
 Crowned with the sunlight of celestial charm:
 This is the Word of God, and Truth eternal;
 This is the Tree of Life for ever vernal.

. . . .

Gods ye would be, if pride of heart could make you
 Gods, for the devil does his dupes deceive;
 Gods, for the senses given men forsake you;
 Gods, could ye only make the world believe;
 Gods, tho' the pains of fallen nature rake you;
 Gods, tho' the king of terrors you bereave;
 Gods, ay, and pulling Truth divine to pieces;
 Gods, with your vain conceits and catachresis.

No, ye will tell us ye are far from claiming
 Better than other mortal men to be;
 Ye are just daringly, the truth defaming,
 When ye should reverently bend the knee.
 What is the target at which ye are aiming?
 Jesus the Nazarene? is it not He?
 Hence your assault upon God's revelation;
 Shakespeare is all you want for inspiration.

What of the oracles have ye now left us?
 Have ye left anything in which to trust?
 Since of so much of them ye have bereft us,
 When is the residue to be discussed?
 Deep to the soul your pen had almost cleft us,
 When we remembered ye were only dust;
 Then we could scoff at all your dark deceivings,
 Safe from your subtle theosophic theivings.

. . . .

Like Eliakim ye have cut in pieces
 God's holy Word, and burned it in the fire.
 This is no wrangle over exegesis—
 Should we not all concerning truth enquire?

And did we benefit by your synthesis,
Zeal which ye manifest we might admire;
But by your criticisms, keen and clever,
Ye have left nothing for our faith whatever.

Not like a man was Eliakim buried,
Not like a king in solemn regal state,
Not reverentially by subjects carried,
Mourned by the multitude compassionate;
But like a beast, despised, dishonoured, hurried,
Dragged through the streets beyond the city gate,
Cast on the field like compost, unlamented:
Thus God the insult done His Word resented.

Joab is broken, Adonijah perished,
Shimei fallen in His wickedness;
Vain was the thought those guilty nobles nourished,
Wisdom to battle with and dispossess.
Why then have ye the fell chimera cherished,
In this encounter to have good success?
Down with the shears with which ye have been shearing
That revelation ye should be revering.

Is it not madness to engage in battle
Him who collects the lightnings in His hand,
Under whose feet the fearful thunders rattle,
Who can the universal powers command?
Better ye had been cattle with the cattle
Than with His enemies be found to stand
In that dread moment when the Judge shall call you,
And when the sorrows of the lost befall you.

When in their nakedness and shame appearing
Men shall be massed before His judgment seat,
Helpless, and hopeless, faltering, and fearing,
Leaders and led, the priest and people meet,
Stripped of their varnish and their thin veneering,
Void of their vanity and vain conceit:
When He shall speak, and all the world shall hear
Him,
When He shall reign and all the world revere Him.

Those who their dwelling have in desert places
 Bow in the presence of Messiah must,
 Prone at His footstool then upon their faces
 Princes and peasants shall embrace the dust.
 Kings shall before Him fall, and tribes and races
 Under His sceptre shall in safety trust.
 Like to the sun and moon, His throne enduring,
 Stand shall for ever, lasting peace ensuring.

Praise ye King Solomon, ye priests, for ever
 Standing in presence of His face unveiled;
 Brightness of everlasting love, which never
 Could in its purposes profound have failed:
 Love from which creature powerless is to sever
 One of its objects, even when assailed
 By all the forces of the powers infernal,
 Yea, by the critics higher, hodiernal.

Praise ye the Lord! His wisdom is victorious,
 Wisdom inadequately brought to light
 By the creation, innocent and glorious,
 Ere sank the earth into its primal night;
 Ere the fell cherub in revolt notorious,
 E'en in the presence of the jasper bright,
 Dazed by his beauty and his splendour, falling,
 Struck at his Maker in his pride appalling.

Praise ye the Lord! With ceaseless adoration
 Wisdom eternal worship on the throne!
 Praise ye the Lord! Let the redeemed creation
 Solomon sovereign of the nations own!
 Praise ye the Lord! Give Him a grand ovation!
 Let His magnificence the earth enzone!
**PRAISE YE THE LORD! LET EVERY CREA-
 TURE LIVING
 JOIN IN THE THUNDER OF THE WORLD'S
 THANKSGIVING!**

SLEEPER AWAKE!

Awake! Awake, Sleeper!
Thy Saviour, Thy Keeper
Is calling to thee from the dead to arise;
For the Star of the Morning
The blue dome adorning
Is waiting to light up thy slumber-sealed eyes.
How bright is its shining!
The clouds of night lining
With glory celestial—a glory renowned:
Dark Golgotha's horrors,
Its searchings, its sorrows,
For thee hath a crown incorruptible found.
Then awake from thy slumber!
Why longer encumber
Thy spirit with earth and its perishing joys,
Its pastimes, its pleasures,
Its moth-eaten treasures,
Its fancies, its follies, its tinsel, its toys?
Arise from thy dreaming,
From men and their scheming,
From darkness to light, from the false to the true;
From the dead thou abhorrest
To Him thou adorest,
From fetters to freedom, from old things to new.
Let not this world bind thee,
Let not its god blind thee,
Let not drunken drivel the voice of Christ drown;
Of faith rise defender
And never surrender,
Hold fast, lest another inherit thy crown.
Awake! Awake, Sleeper!
The darkness grows deeper,
And wrinkled with wrath is the forehead of heaven,
And soon shall be falling
God's vengeance appalling,
And rebels accursed from His face shall be driven.

From glory eternal,
 From regions supernal,
 In love to thy soul is His call sent to thee;
 Let not this world's clamour,
 Its glitter, its glamour,
 So wilder thou neither canst hearken nor see.

By virtue and glory,
 By His deathless story,
 By all that He suffered to ransom thy soul,
 By His cross, by His dying,
 By His might death defying,
 To life art thou called, then make haste to the goal.



CHRIST OUR DELIGHT.

We praise Thee, Lord! In Thee shall ever be,
 As in the Father, our supreme delight;
 Yet with more fervour when Thy face we see,
 And worship by the Holy Spirit's might.

Still here and now our sweetest songs we raise,
 And Thee as universal Lord confess,
 Waiting Thine advent thro' the laggard days,
 In which we tread this weary wilderness.

To us Thou hast the Father's name made known,
 And by Thy Spirit good on us bestowed:
 Thou hast declared, and we would gladly own,
 Our home is in the Father's blest abode.

That home of love which on our vision now
 Gleams by the glory of the light divine,
 Where Thou art gone, and unto whither Thou
 Art leading those made by Thy sorrows Thine.

That love wherewith Thyself the Father loved
 Before the worlds into existence came,
 That love reciprocal, eternal proved
 Thro' man's rejection, curse and cross and shame.

That love, without beginning, without end,
Come from the brightness unapproachable;
And in derision Thou the sinner's Friend
Wast stiled by those who sought Thy blood to
spill.

That love that met us in our death of sin,
When we from God had wandered far away;
That love that stooped our stubborn hearts to win,
And in the grave for our offences lay.

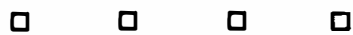
O love unfathomed! By poor man unsought,
Abhorred, rejected, as by angels fell,
Disfamed, disfavoured, and a thing of naught,
As tho' it issued from the heart of hell.

We make our boast in Thee, Thou who the blame
For us didst bear in mercy to redeem
Our souls from righteous wrath's devouring flame,
And bring us to where endless glories gleam.

O grace unspeakable! love limitless,
The power of which could death alone declare,
But which from everlasting blessedness
Brought Thee to death for us, the curse to bear.

And we are Thine by all the bitter grief
That Thou didst suffer, and for us didst die,
And to our joy and infinite relief
Thou soon shall call us to our home on high.

We praise Thee, blest Redeemer, Friend indeed,
And Friend for ever, whom to see we long,
And sing with Thee the song that Thou shalt lead
With all Thy ransomed and triumphant throng.



LEST I FORGET.

Search me, O God, and by Thy living Word,
Bring into light the secrets of the heart;
Within my being let Thy voice be heard,
And bid all darkness from my soul depart.

Search me, O God; my ruling passion know,
 Lest in my inmost heart, beyond my ken,
 Should evil fancies be allowed to grow,
 And Thy sweet word be put to silence then.

Search me, O God; those hidden depths reveal,
 I cannot sound the secrets of my soul,
 But Thou canst search, and pardon, cleanse, and
 heal,
 And keep me under Thy benign control.

Search me, O God; of every rebel thought
 Take Thou in mercy great minute account;
 Let every base desire to light be brought
 And pitilessly slaughtered at the fount.

Search me, O God, lest in some wilful way
 My footsteps wander in my ignorance,
 And I discover not myself astray
 Till I am taken in some fell mischance.

Search me, O God; for in Thyself alone
 Is all my confidence, my hope, and trust;
 Low at Thy feet behold Thy servant prone,
 And hear his prayer arising from the dust.

Search me, O God; and in the endless way,
 The pathway of Thy ever gracious will,
 Lead Thou me onward till the perfect day
 When righteousness the universe shall fill.

And then afar from every form of ill,
 I shall recall the matchless sovereign grace,
 That called me, kept me, led me onward, till
 To rest and home the weary waste gave place.

Thy searchings then to end shall have been brought
 With all the evils that my soul annoy,
 And only shall remain "WHAT GOD HATH
 WROUGHT,"
 "To my eternal happiness and joy.

Meantime, and while upon my homeward way,
Before Thy throne upon my bended knee,
Lest I forget—lest I my Lord betray—
 Search me, O God, my cry is unto Thee.



GOD'S TEMPLE DEFILED.

Like to the weeping Prophet shall I bow
Low in the dust my head, cry out, and howl,
And fill with lamentations loud the vault
Of the high heaven, as I contemplate
The mischief, the irreparable wrong
Done to that heaven-invented edifice,
The Habitation of the Living God,
Whose Architect was the triumphant Christ.

Here underneath the sun have princes ruled,
And raised with polished granite, or with slabs
Of purest marble, mansions marvellous,
Garnished from roof-tree to foundations strong
With ivory from Afric, and with gold
And priceless stones of lustre rare, which flame
With wildering glory, rivalling the beams
Of lordly Helios; and yet these are
But rude inventions of the creature base.

But this which bears the title of the Christ
Outrivals far in glory everything
That can be found, not only in the work
Of cunning craftsmen who employ their powers
Earth's temples to embellish, but the best
Exhibited in star or satellite
Within the realm of the eternal God.
Of stones instinct with life, the life divine,
The life of the eternal Father, of
The Son, Creator, glorious, excellent:
With such a life those precious stones are quick
And in the Holy Spirit's might they move.

And it is into this fair dwelling place,
 That the proud enemy of God and man
 Has made his way with intent horrible,
 To scatter, desecrate, corrupt, destroy,
 And with the poison of a gospel fell,
 The household to inoculate, and bring
 Down on this citadel the wrath of God.
 And Oh, what marvellous success has crowned
 The energies of that apostate Star!

To-day the gold has dim become, the walls
 Have lost their brightness, and their strength has
 gone:

Huge breaches have been made, thro' which the foe
 Has led his legions, havoc horrible,
 And pitiless soul-slaughter, have ensued.
 Corruption, murder, pestilence and death,
 Now meet the eye where once the signs of life
 And health and strength and happiness and love
 And peace were everywhere discernable.

The flowing tide of soul-prosperity
 Has now become most lamentably low;
 The steadily retreating wave has left
 The spacious foreshore naked, parched and dry,
 As is the desert sand; the tide of life
 No longer covers from the burning sun
 The sea's wide margin, which once fathoms deep
 Was by the ocean of abounding grace
 Completely covered, but its dead front now
 Presents a weird and woeful spectacle.
 Where in the vigour of the Holy Ghost
 Floods from the throne of the Lifegiver flowed
 In volume without limit, and alone
 The crowns of all the little hills appear,
 But visible above the brookless vales
 With scarce a sign of spiritual dew.
 Where once rejoicing saints in multitudes
 Bathed in the ocean of the grace of God,
 And in its crystal depths delighted swam,

Now myriads of those who naught possess
Except an empty name to live, are found
All paddling in the mud-flats of a false
Feeble and fatuous philosophy,
Or of a hell-begot theology.

The sects of Christendom are in a race
With one another for both place and power,
As citizens of this Christ-hating world;
While to the city of the living God
And to a portion in a world to come,
In vain the Gospel of the Glory calls.
Descent is wrestling for a foothold firm
In the political arena, and
The pulpits swarm with ranting democrats.
Episcopacy headlong goes to Rome,
While Rome as ever follows Satan's lead
On to Gehenna's everlasting doom.

The German infidels all poison-fanged
Found a huge welcome in this favoured land,
And feted were as messengers from heaven;
And not the thoughtless crowd, but the elite
Among the wiselings, paid them reverence,
Yielding their naked souls that they might be!
Inoculated with the virus fell.

Having received, and gladly welcome given,
To those soul-murderers, God is to-day
In mercy great severely testing us
By means of German guns and bayonets,
And fumes that kill the body, not the soul,
For He is merciful and gracious.
And yet those carnal instruments of war
Are dreaded more by those who know not God
Than is the poison of their blasphemies.

This wide world's wasteful diabolic war—
All merely human wars have origin
In what is diabolic—ceaselessly
Doth trail its savage, sanguinary bulk
Across the fields of Belgium and of France;

And on the borders of the fiery east,
 Yea, even on the ocean can be traced
 Its brutal welter and barbaric spoor,
 Nor can the keenest observator find
 The least appearance of enfeeblement
 In the fierce frenzy of the murderous pulse
 That throbs throughout the monster's noxious veins.

That on the nations proud the mighty hand
 Of the forgotten God, in chastisement
 Is righteously and rigorously laid,
 Should not, and cannot rightly, be denied.
 Wounds, weals, putrescent sores, and bruises black
 On the whole body politic appear,
 And with red mouths give silent utterance
 To the dread woes that whelm the world, and to
 The castigations of an angry God.

And yet where have we seen the rulers proud
 With bended knee before the eternal throne,
 In soul distress and frank acknowledgement
 Of sad departure from the Christ, whose name
 The nations now engaged in battle bear,
 And who at one another hurl themselves
 In deadly grapplement? Or in what place
 Has there been heard confession unto God
 For all the haughtiness that dominates
 The mind of those who in the senate make
 Their voices heard throughout the suffering lands?
 Is it not often more the voice of boast
 In huge battalions that assails our ears?

Surely it is but meet to say to Him,
 Who of our thoughts and ways takes cognisance,
 And unto whom all men must give account,
 That we have sinned, and suffered chastisement,
 And that thro' grace we will offend no more.
 Well do we know that he who hides his faults,
 Refusing to acknowledge them to God,

Cannot expect to prosper in his way;
Whereas the soul that shall his sins confess
And them forsake, shall surely mercy find.

What place the banner of Great Britain waves,
The Word of truth for centuries has found
Uninterrupted and unfettered course;
And God, who no man's debtor is, has made
The nation prosperous and opulent,
The envy of the habitable world.
And this the servants of the heavenly Christ
Should not forget, but ever ready be
This to acknowledge, giving God the thanks
For this great mercy. In no other land,
Except perhaps where wave the Stars and Stripes
Have saints of God known such tranquility.

How long this yet may last we cannot tell.
Not long, if God allowed the open door
To be closed up by those who wish it closed.
But He that opened keeps on it His hand,
And none can shut it till He gives the power.
The speed by which the long foretold and dread
Apostasy is coming in upon
That cult on which the name of Christ is called'
Gives one to scent the evil at the door,
And therefore that the coming of the Lord
For which we wait must surely be at hand.
And when it comes it will be as the thief
That in the night a slumbering household finds.
And woe betide the careless in that day!

Just as it was in days before the flood
That in a moment whelmed the ancient world,
So shall it be when from the battlements
Of heaven the Lord of glory shall appear
Together with the angels of His might
In flaming fire, vengeance to execute
On them that know not God, and who refuse
The Gospel of His Glory to obey.

In those primeval days they ate and drank—
 For men must eat and men must drink to live;
 With such things guilt is not associate—
 They married wives, and were in marriage given—
 For this is God's appointment for the race,
 That men might multiply and spread abroad,
 This therefore never does His wrath provoke—
 The land was tilled, the seed was sown, the mist
 Went nightly up the vales, and climbed the hills,
 And sank into the soil, and to the heart
 Of all the weary land refreshing brought,
 For yet it had not rained upon the earth.

The seedtime came and went, the golden grain
 Before the reapers fell, the heavy sheaves
 Were gathered in and overflowed the barns;
 The feet of oxen pressed the precious corn
 Out of the chaff, which was by winnowing fans
 Purged from the threshing-floor; the wheat was
 brought
 Into the mill; the tables all were spread
 Most bountifully, and the hearts of men
 Were filled with food and gladness; all rejoiced,
 And the wide welkin rang with mirth and song;
 And of this fallen world the sorrows were
 In a great sea of gaily submerged.

True, violence ran riot thro' the earth,
 Coupled with violated human lust;
 For angels, designated "sons of God",
 Had wilfully the boundary broken thro'
 Which had by Him been set, to indicate
 The limits of their habitation, these
 Attracted by the daughters of the race
 Of fallen men, had with huge violence
 Appropriated for their lawless lust
 The fairest, who thro' this coition curst
 Brought into being a prodigious breed
 Of hybrids, in part angel, in part man,
 Nor subject to the death that mortals die.
 Giants were there too, men of stature huge,

With thews of steel, and hearts that mocked at fear,
Whose doughty deeds of violence were famed
Wherever men were found upon the earth.
In all that primal, pre-diluvian age,
And even after the destructive flood
Had purged the earth from such a monstrous brood,
Their deeds were unforgotten, and their wars
Were heralded abroad in martial song,
And for their creature prowess, put to use
Godless and wicked, but which dazzled men
By a display of superhuman might,
They soon became the objects of regard
And veneration which to none belong
But the Creator, infinite and good.

That in the age of this rebellion great,
The time of the long-suffering of God,
Science and art had flourished is most true;
True that in iron and in copper men
Wrought and invented useful instruments
For self-defence, or agriculture, as
Were by their need suggested, implements
Of stone seem to have been reserved for yet
A post-deluvian, and subsequent
Lapse on the part of some Noachian
Tribes into barbarism. Implements
Of stone were far beneath the intelligence
Of those so near related to the head
And father of the fallen human race,
At least, as far as can by us be known.

The harp and organ whiled away the hours
In which released from daily toil to rest
Were given, for men had well embellished earth,
As tho' they were for ever to be here;
And when we think that life was lengthened out
To almost a millennium, we can
Well understand how very little thought
Was given to the problem of the grave.
That human beings died, that men were slain,
That every one was very well aware

He could not hope to be for ever here,
Goes without saying. But when with good cause
One might the day of death postpone for yet
Almost a thousand years, the present time,
The time of youth and even middle age,
May be most generously sacrificed
To the fulfilment of the fleshly will,
Life's gloomy evening can be given to God.

Yet here and there were men who served the Lord,
And sin rebuked, and spoke of coming wrath,
For not without a witness God will leave
Himself at any time or place on earth.
His mercy also marvellous evinced,
From man's first error thro' the centuries
In which that mercy and long-suffering
Bore with the rebel race in their contempt
For His authority and righteous claims,
Until the day was come, in which to bear
Longer with their rebellion would have been
To tell His holy angels that revolt
Gainst His authority was of small account,
That every man was left to please himself,
And give a loose rein to his fallen will,
Without the slightest reference to Him.

And this He could not do by word or deed
Every intelligence that He has formed
Must in the end the certain knowledge gain
How utterly impossible it is
That God should lie in either word or deed,
Therefore when once had struck the fateful hour,
That to a finish His long-suffering brought,
He loosed the flood-gates of His pent up wrath,
And everything that breathed of life the breath,
Except the souls that sheltered in the ark,
Perished beneath the overwhelming wave.

And as it happened to that world of sin
And culpable forgetfulness of God,
So shall it happen to this evil world,

When ends the patience and long-suffering,
That in this present interval of grace
Are being exercised. Leaders of men
May be determined to asseverate
That every way the world is prospering,
Because the things that daily come to light,
As the discoveries of latent powers,
Serve, where they are legitimately used,
To the convenience and the comfort good
Of mankind weary with life's drudgery.

But have those wonderful discoveries
Served to make men more moral, turned their
thoughts

More to the Revelation He has given,
And wrought in us more passionate desire
To know His will and do it at all cost ?
Or has there not in recent years been sad
And sorrowful departure from the truth,
Which had been the salvation and the boast
Of Britons now long entered into rest?
And have not idleness, fulness of bread,
Pleasure, pursuit of wealth, and love of self,
Along with traffic false and fraudulent
With spirits fell, bold infidelity,
And every form of opposition to
The living truth of the eternal God
Been lifting up their polymorphic heads,
And with their slaver foul the sacred page
Of holy Writ besmearing? It is not
Alone the brainless multitude, the mob,
Thoughtless, illiterate, precipitate,
That have apostatised from Christ, and spat
Upon the Revelation given of God,
As once they spat upon the incarnate Word;
Nor is it altogether those who scoff
At all religion, who thus tread beneath
Their feet unhallowed the good news of grace,
And of the blood for our redemption paid,
The blood of Christ, but hierarchs

Cradled in universities, those dens
 Of ravening wolves, tho' schools professedly
 For training shepherds how to feed the flock
 Of God, but vomiting a vicious spawn
 Of raving sceptics; these, in their conceit
 Too wise to need the sacred light divine,
 Disclose their folly in a gay parade
 Of wisdom, which is foolishness with God.
 And therefore has the all-protecting hand
 Of the Creator, after patience long,
 Been for a little in His wrath withdrawn;
 And like the waters of an ocean great
 Armies prodigious have burst all bounds,
 And overflowed, and whelmed the world with blood.
 Millions have fallen, millions more made mad,
 Nerve shattered, mutilated, paralysed,
 Crippled for life, half dead, compelled to live,
 A burden to themselves, and to the nations—
 What ?

Crouches at someone's door this guilt of blood,
 To someone's dread account it shall be laid.
 God knows, if not another soul on earth
 Can tell, in whose dark heart the cursed seed
 Took evil root, and brought about this fell,
 Mad welter of bewildering butchery.
 The curse that's causeless is impuissant,
 And falls like a spent bullet to the ground,
 But not the curse that's caused, it one day finds
 Its fearful target in the heart of him
 Whose reckless razzias and devilries
 The righteous curse so powerfully invoked.
 And thro' that heart that craftily conceived
 That woeful struggle shall the arrows sharp
 Of fearful retribution strike, when comes
 The day for calling sinners to account;
 Unless by penitence and faith in Christ
 Forgiveness the transgressor may have found.
 But whether there be one on whom the guilt
 Of this unholy strife more pressing lies

Than on all others we must leave with God,
But we have every one of us to see
How far we are accountable for all
This evil that we cannot but deplore.
On which of us has wisdom been bestowed
That we the issue of the struggle may
Forecast? or who shall tell us in what mind
The war-worn multitudes shall home return?
Many have doubtless thro' their bitter woes
Been roused from their soul stupor, and have
thrown

Themselves into the gracious arms of Him
Who gives a welcome to the soul-distrest
Who trust His willingness to save and bless.
Such shall return—or what remains of them—
To fight the good and noble fight of faith.
For never does our God forget to show
Mercy in the infliction of His wrath.

But what about the vast majority?
What have they heard upon the stricken fields
Of France, or Belgium, or more distant lands?
Those who escape the German bayonet
Shall they escape the infidelity
That into many a far too ready ear
Pours its rank poison? Or if they escape
The infidelity, is it to fall
Into the traps and subtle toils of Rome?
Twin brothers, these, who have their origin
In the abyss of evil. Wise they are,
And cunning as the crooked serpent, bold
In propagating that, which, taking root
Within the soul, the conscience stupifies,
And makes the foolish victim more the child
Of hell than ever he had been before.

Rulers of nations think this hideous war
Shall be the last the world shall ever see.
Would God this might be so! But has it not
Ever the manner been of Godless men

To look for and expect an age of peace
 Without the presence and the reign of Christ?
 Peace in the absence of the Prince of Peace
 Would be indeed a strange anomaly,
 And something no believer could desire.
 'Tis that which mortal man shall never see,
 For He, and only He, makes wars to cease.

But in the meantime, ere He comes to take
 Unto Himself the power that belongs
 To Him by right, must we His blood redeemed
 Go hand in glove with His traducers base,
 Call evil good, and good with ill unite;
 Call error truth, and truth with error bind;
 Call Satan Christ, and Christ as Satan brand;
 Call God's beloved children hell begot,
 And children of the devil born of God?
 Or shall we, let it cost us what it may,
 Speak truth, and valiant stand in its defence,
 Until the Morning Star smites thro' the mist
 Of night, and calls us from the battle-field ?

Shall we, in order that we may escape
 The scorn and hatred of the Christless throng,
 Give the right hand of goodly fellowship
 To men who slander the eternal Christ,
 Because the God He set before us here
 Was not the god of which they would approve,
 Nor at whose footstool they would bend the knee?
 Or shall we diligently seek the few
 Who love and reverence His sacred name,
 And who in spiritual conflict stand,
 With sword unsheathed, where neither quarter nor
 Armistice ever has been once pronounced ?

Among themselves, alas, the sons of God
 Have fought, received, and given woeful wounds;
 Let that be past, and let us now return
 With hearts repentant, and with weeping eyes
 To Him whose love surpasses knowledge, and
 Whose grace will not to us our sins impute;

But who will bind us, spirit, heart and soul,
To one another, and unto Himself,
With cords unbreakable, the golden cords
Of infinite, unfathomable love.

But let us not on one another wait,
As tho' we sought by numbers to impress
Him who the searcher is of all our hearts.
But let each one of us in penitence
Draw near to Him, and of the part that he
Has played by his forgetfulness of God,
In bringing all this misery to pass,
Make full and frank confession, well assured
Of full forgiveness and supply of grace
And wisdom, so that in this evil day
He may be fitted to withstand the foe,
And help the weak to keep the heavenly way.

This first of all is requisite, and then
Let those who thus their souls have purified,
Approach together to the throne of grace,
And there pour out their hearts with cries and tears
And supplications fervent unto Him,
Against whose grace we have so greatly sinned;
Each laying all the blame of all the wrong
Done to His name and sacred interests,
Not on his erring neighbour, but upon
Himself alone. And this shall please the Lord,
Who for His great name's sake will not withhold
His bounteous blessing, nor the needed grace
To qualify us, so that we may keep
The Spirit's unity in bond of peace.

O Lord, behold us in our low estate,
And shine upon us in compassion great,
For unto Thee in confidence we turn,
That in Thy presence we may better learn
How great our failure in this wretched place
Of Thy rejection, but how great Thy grace,
That can and will our fickle hearts sustain
In heavenly love, until Thou come again,
When never more our ways shall give Thee pain.

HOPE'S REJOICING.

By the Love of the Father divine—
 By the infinite grace of the Son—
 By the power of the Spirit benign
 To the goal of the glory we run,
 Where the glory shines bright
 In the house of the Father above—
 Where the shadows of night
 Never darken the dwelling of love.

What our souls have most surely believed
 We shall see in that land with our eyes;
 Things that mortal has never conceived
 On our glorified vision shall rise.

Then an ending in bliss shall be brought
 To this waste with its trials and woes,
 And what wisdom eternal has wrought
 The creation made new shall disclose.

In that sinless and sorrowless sphere
 We with songs shall our Saviour surround.
 Then an end to our fretting and fear,
 For the rest of our God shall be found.

And with endless unspeakable joy,
 We shall walk with our Saviour in white,
 And our tongues we shall gladly employ
 In His praise where the glory shines bright.
 Where the glory shines bright
 In the house of the Father above—
 Where the shadows of night
 Never darken the dwelling of love.

**THE FIRSTBORN.**

Glorious Image of the King Eternal!
 Firstborn! Maker of all creatures made!
 Greater than all the Hierarchs supernall
 Powers with empyrean light arrayed!

Gladly we hail Thee, at Thy footstool bending,
Glorious in praises unto worlds unending.
Higher than heaven's height,
Stronger than creature might,
One with the Highest!
Object supreme Thou art!
Thou every human heart
Searchest and triest.

Head and beginning of redeemed creation!
Fountain of living water crystal clear,
Bread from above for our appropriation,
Light for our path upon this desert drear.
God and Man seen in Thee for ever blended,
Mystery never to be comprehended.
No one the Son can know,
God in this world of woe,
God the Creator.
God found in man's estate,
Who could this penetrate?
Great Mediator!

Alpha and Omega of revelation!
Image of Him who must unseen remain!
Centre of blessing for the whole creation!
Son of the Father come our hearts to gain.
Word that expresses His essential being,
Word from the dicta of the darkness freeing.
Spoken in truth and deed,
Heard by the soul in need,
Trespass forgiving:
Come from the throne above
Warm with the Father's love,
Searching and living.

Arm of Jehovah, bringing forth salvation,
Power to set the groaning captive free,
Yet Thou must bow and bear our condemnation,
If that salvation ours shall ever be.
Not all Thy wisdom, everlasting Lover,
Other than this could life for us discover.

Lone on the altar bound
 While black the heavens frowned,
 Earth dark and quaking.
 'Thou wast for us made sin,
 Thou hast our souls to win,
 Felt the forsaking.

Object of universal adoration,
 Lord of the multitude of angels strong,
 Head of Thy Church—O marvellous relation!
 One with Thyself above the shining throng!
 Love such as Thine her worship sweet commanding,
 Love that surpasses all her understanding.
 Proved in Thy cross of shame,
 When Thou didst bear the blame
 Dying to make her
 Thine, throughout endlessness
 Thine, for love limitless
 Cannot forsake her.

Blessings innumerable, Lord Immortal,
 In Thee are resident for all below,
 Till the day dawn when through the heavenly
 portal,
 Pass we to part with every earthly woe.
 Thou art our Life, our faithful Friend and Leader,
 Mighty Redeemer! Glorious Interceder!
 Son of the Father's love!
 Lord of the hosts above!
 Kneel we before Thee.
 Longing till from the curse
 All the vast universe
 Joins to adore Thee.

Not in the universe is there another
 Able to succour us when we are faint;
 Not an acquaintance, not a friend or brother,
 Knows how to diagnose our woful plaint.
 Base the ingratitude that dares to doubt Thee!
 What under heaven could we do without Thee?

Faithful, unfailing Friend—
Love that can never end—
Love faithless never—
Love unto cross and death—
Love to the latest breath—
LOVE! LOVE FOR EVER!

□ □ □ □

NOT YOUR OWN.

Ye are not your own; Ye are bought with a price,
By blood have your souls been bought;
The blood of a spotless sacrifice,
That has opened the portal of Paradise
To creatures worse than naught.

Ye are not your own: ye have been redeemed
From the grasp of the monster fell,
By the Son of the Highest, so disesteemed,
So scorned, rejected, despised, blasphemed,
Whose sorrows no tongue can tell.

Ye are not your own: for naught ye were sold,
And by sin and by Satan chained,
But by better than silver, ay, or gold,
By wrath that over your Saviour rolled,
Your ransom has been obtained.

Ye are not your own: ye are brought to God
From the grasp of the gloomy grave,
By Him who came from His bright abode,
And took on Himself the heavy load
Of our sins, our souls to save.

Ye are not your own: ye are His thro' grace,
That grace that the proud despise,
That found you steeped in rebellion base,
That turned you back in your headlong race
From the death that the sinner dies.

Ye are not your own: He has purchased you,
Ye are His, His own, by right,

By the bitter blast that against Him blew,
 By the thousand sorrows that He passed thro'
 In the depths of a wrathful night.

Ye are not your own: ye are His who bore
 The wrath for your life of wrong;
 His whom His blood-redeemed adore;
 His who shall own you as His before
 God and the angel throng.

Ye are not your own: ye are His by the might
 Of the Holy Spirit given;
 Ye are His in the sphere of eternal light,
 Ye are His thro' this world's black godless night,
 Ye are His in the earth and heaven.

Ye are not your own: ye are of His race
 Whom the hosts in heaven laud;
 Ye are His thro' the woes that lined His face,
 Ye are His by counsel, birth, blood, grace,
 Ye are His by the love of God.



THE FATHER'S PURPOSE.

Praise we the Father, who, ere earth was founded,
 Ere had the ages yet their race begun,
 Searchless His wisdom, and His love unbounded,
 Chose us companions with His glorious Son.

Holy and blameless and in love before Him,
 Sons with His Son, and His delight to be.
 O let us worship Him! Let us adore Him!
 Low at His footstool let us bend the knee.

Men, and not angels were His objects gracious,
 Never His legions who in strength excel;
 These are His servants in His empire spacious,
 Guards of His heritage from angels fell.

Man, made a little less than those immortals,
 Quick while his nostrils shall his breath retain,
 Waits but the day in which death's dingy portals
 Lead him to mother earth and dust again.

Yet it was man the Maker set His love on,
Man His base enemy in heart and mind,
Man an incorrigible rebel proven,
Blind to his lost estate, to mercy blind.

Man may be just what sin and Satan made him,
Not what he is was he the choice of God,
When God has killed him, quickened and arrayed
him

Kissed as a son and richly robed and shod.

Not what he is but what the living Father
Sees him and knows what He can have him be;
Such did He see him when resolved to gather
Sons with His Son a glorious company:

Counsels eternal had our names all written
Blazoned with glory in the Book of Life,
Ere our first father had by sin been smitten,
Ere had his helper proved a foolish wife.

Counsels of blessings, not of retribution,
Not for a single moment need we fear;
Far from our spirits keep that dark delusion,
We have not trusted in a God austere.

Therefore let us be evermore rejoicing,
Praising our God whom we have known in love,
And His compassions great may we be voicing
Till we are with Him in His home above

□ □ □ □

LAODICEA.

The day has come! The evil day
Foretold by every sacred Seer,
Filling with fell apostasy
The spiritual atmosphere.

God's holy Word, the heritage
Of all who bear the Saviour's name:
On this the powers of darkness wage
War that doth hate alone proclaim.

And men, custodians of the Word,
Have bold the rebel flag unfurled,
By denizens of darkness stirred
The truth to banish from the world.

That truth so precious unto all
Who subjects are of heavenly birth,
Causing its fulgour bright to fall
On all the mysteries of earth.

We might have fancied men to whom
Such truth committed was in grace,
Would guard it spite of fearsome doom
Staring them darkly in the face.

And well they might, had it excused
Their miserable pride and lust,
But sin forbidden; they refused
Its holy sayings with disgust.

We might have thought the eternal Son
Who gave Himself our souls to save,
Would every human heart have won,
Who had been held as Satan's slave.

And this had come to pass, had not
His presence manifested them
As sinners both in deed and thought,
Whom rigid justice must condemn.

We might have thought the tidings glad
That brought salvation unto all,
The rich, the poor, the good, the bad,
Vexed by our most unhappy fall,

Would have induced us to return
To Him who died to set us free,
And make our clay-cold hearts to burn
With faith and holy amity;

But no, for we have grown so wise
Our Saviour has been far surpassed.
Heaven must have cause for great surprise
At all the knowledge we have massed!

Away with Christ! Reason restore!
Give science an unshackled hand,
Till with her whip of better lore
She flogs such fancies from the land.

Rich and increased with goods, men need
No longer Christ! His Gospel? No.
A glorious gospel comes with speed,
And hence the fogs of night must go.

Thus do they cast aside the Word
That yet is light and life to all
Who, tho' in darkness deep have erred,
Now contrite on the Saviour call.

Fables for souls are sorry fare,
Our righteousness is shelter vain,
Of godless minds let us beware,
And from their law occult refrain.

A thousand voices round us ring,
A thousand baseless theories
A thousand vain solutions bring
Of this dark world's perplexing ways.

All these a hearing can obtain,
For truth, they feel, must somewhere be,
But God's glad tidings must remain
For stupid folk like you and me.

Let us then prize what He hath given
As light and life, and faithful guide,
Nor let us from this fount be driven
By all their soul-destroying pride.

Let us who love the sacred name
Of Christ, with hearts divinely stirred
And holy boldness, share the shame
Allotted to the blessed Lord.

The night is cold, the darkness dense,
The preaching impotent has grown;
Feeble and faithless the defence
Of that which we have heard and known.

Yet are we ready all to cry,
 "We are the temple of the Lord,"
 And leave the poor sick soul to die
 Without the life-imparting Word.

Saviour divine, we bow the knee
 Low at Thy footstool, and confess
 That oft we ask ourselves, Are we
 Untainted by blood-guiltiness?

Oh, may we hold and spread abroad
 The Word of wonder-working grace,
 Until the City of our God
 We enter and behold His face.

Then all our labour shall be o'er,
 Our toil shall then be at an end;
 But shall we then not wish we more
 Had sought His kingdom to extend?

If one regret could there appear,
 If one dark cloud could mar that scene,
 It surely should be that when here
 So earthly-minded we had been.

The time is short, the stubborn night,
 With all its darkness and its fear
 Is passing, and the morning bright
 Begins to dawn: THE LORD IS NEAR.

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THE MYSTERY.

Sing of the Mystery hid during ages,
 Secret of God now made known unto all,
 Hitherto hidden from seers and from sages,
 Teachers of ethics, the great and the small.
 Concept inscrutable,
 Purpose immutable,
 Matchless, divine.
 Told now to men of God,
 Writ now by pen of God,
 Line upon line.

Glorious conception of wisdom eternal,
Marvellous thought for our glory designed,
Wonder unspeakable, searchless, supernal,
Counsel supreme of the infinite mind.
Ere shone a star or sun,
Ere were His works begun,
Ere this creation,
Born was the thought of God,
Project and plan of God,
Man's exaltation.

During the ages of human probation,
Prophets before, and in time of, the law,
Saw in their visions the woes of their nation,
Never a gleam of this Mystery saw.
Yet in the heart of God,
Hid on the part of God,
Ripe for revealing,
Had it the place supreme
Centre of wisdom's scheme,
Yet under sealing.

Eye has not seen these things, ear has not heard
of them,
Never has fancy the fringes of them reached;
Never to creature was uttered a word of them,
Till by the Spirit the Gospel was preached.
Then in its glorious might
Broke forth the living Light
Darkness assailing:
Then from the heights above
Shone forth the thought of love,
Then the unvailing.

This to establish on stable foundation
Needed the infinite work of the Son,
Righteousness satisfied—His exaltation
Tells of the worth of the work He has done.
Fortresses stormed and spoiled,
Dark machinations foiled,
Crushed their activity;

Smitten hell's sources dread,
 Captive fell forces led
 Into captivity.

Back from the battle saluted victorious,
 See Him enthroned on the right hand of God,
 Head over all things created, and glorious,
 Centre and sun of the universe broad.
 Head of the Church, for which
 He, in His grace so rich,
 Suffered such sorrows,
 Bore on the cross of shame,
 When smote the sword of flame
 Infinite horrors.

Part of Himself His loved members on earth are,
 Part of Himself, His own flesh and His bone,
 They in this world's estimate of no worth are,
 But they will sit with Himself on His throne.
 Then at the great decree
 When men must bend the knee,
 Lord Him confessing;
 They shall what love has wrought
 Learn, and the power that brought
 Into such blessing.

One with Himself! Then our part is none other
 Than to be with Him wherever He be;
 Not for the ages eternal another
 Wish we to think of, to hear, or to see.
 Bands all unbreakable,
 Love all unspeakable,
 Told when He died.
 His in His love unknown,
 His, ay, His very own
 BODY AND BRIDE.

THINE THE GLORY.

Saviour, now on high exalted,
Once despised and set at naught,
Man derided, God forsaken,
Basely to a gibbet brought,
Branded as a malefactor,
Pierced thro' hands and feet and side,
Loathed by princes, peers and people,
Friendless, mocked, betrayed, denied.
Blessed be Thy name for ever!
Blessed be that love divine
That at such a cost would make us
Thine, almighty Saviour, Thine.

Infinite, eternal Lover!
Who, when we were found perverse,
Took our place in loving-kindness,
Bore the blame, the wrath, the curse;
Made Thine own our dark offences,
Passed into the bitter night,
When the fiery sword of justice
Woke the sinful soul to smite.
Unto Thee be power and glory!
This to us by right belongs
Thee to bless as blood-washed sinners
In our best and sweetest songs.

By Thy dying Thou hast opened
Unto us salvation's way;
King and subject, prince and people,
May be blest, and blest to-day.
None too guilty to be pardoned,
None too vile to come to Thee,
Every soul on earth is welcome;
Grace can save, and grace is free.
Thine the glory everlasting!
Honour, majesty and might
Be to Thee in earthly places,
And in heaven's highest height.

Never grace like Thine was heard of,
 Never sacrifice so great,
 Never death so great, so glorious,
 Sins like mine to expiate.
 Oh, the grace, the love, the mercy!
 Oh, the work for sinners wrought!
 Perfect, powerful, peace-imparting!
 Work with wondrous blessing fraught.
 Be Thy glorious name exalted,
 Faithful Friend to fallen men!
 Unto Thee our gladsome voices
 Wake the echoes once again.

Lord of all the worlds created!
 Lord confessed by Thy redeemed,
 Lord of heaven, Lord of angels,
 Lord by hierarchs esteemed.
 Unto Thee be all dominion!
 When Thy name shall mentioned be,
 Heavenly, earthly, and infernal
 Beings lowly bend the knee.
 Blessed be Thy name for ever!
 Blessed be the love divine,
 That at such a cost has made us
 Thine, for ever Saviour, Thine!

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SOUGHT AND BOUGHT.

Saviour, by Thy spirit leading
 I would celebrate in song
 Thy compassions, far exceeding
 Such as unto men belong.

Thou hast sought me,
 Thou hast bought me
 With a price all praise above.
 Thou hast found me,
 Thou hast bound me
 To Thyself with cords of love.

Tho' in nature's night I wandered
In my sin and in my shame,
Tho' my priceless days I squandered,
Days I never can reclaim,
Thou in matchless lovingkindness
Met me in my folly great,
Met with light my native blindness,
Met with love my cruel hate.
Grace and truth in Thee combining
Shed on me their quickening rays,
Light and love eternal shining
In Thy words and works and ways.
Deepest depths Thy soul has sounded,
Wrath endured in darkness lone
When the thunder deep resounded
From the everlasting throne.
Death with all its horrors met Thee,
Scoffing, spitting, mocking rude,
Hosts infernal fierce beset Thee,
Creature's base ingratitude.
Rudely by the rabble taken,
Nailed like felon to the tree;
Earth was torn, creation shaken,
By the storm that beat on Thee.
Never evil thing deterred Thee
That upon Thy path arose,
Tho' the night of wrath did gird Thee
With unfathomable woes.
For in death was hid Thy treasure;
Thou must enter death for me,
By that love that knows no measure,
Saviour, I belong to Thee!
Thou hast sought me,
Thou hast bought me
With a price all praise above.
Thou hast found me,
Thou hast bound me
To Thyself with cords of love.

SONG OF SALVATION.

Thee will I praise, O Lord, with my whole heart!
 While I have breath and being I will sing
 Salvation's song, attributing to Thee
 The glory and the greatness of that work,
 By which the tyrant, who the human race
 Had cruelly enslaved, has low been laid;
 That wondrous work that hath redemption wrought,
 And torn a passage right thro' death's domain
 Into the realm of everlasting life,
 For every soul that to our fallen head
 Existence owes, and over whom doth hang
 The righteous judgment of the One who shall,
 Whatever patience He may exercise,
 Take action in the end against the foe
 Who lifts his head in opposition to
 His exorable and beneficent
 Autocracy, and with unhallowed hand
 Strikes at the throne of the Omnipotent,
 And spreads sedition in this lower world;
 That work by means of which God, so defamed
 By creature criminal and obstinate,
 Has in His nature and His attributes
 Been brought to light, exalted, glorified,
 In such a way that sinners might receive
 True thoughts of Him with whom we have to do,
 And that the heart so alienated and
 So long estranged might in its Maker find
 Eternal satisfaction and delight.

Thee will I praise! Thou art my strength and song!
 No longer earthly songs shall foul my lips.
 Let potsherds praise the potsherds of the earth,
 My praise shall be of Thee, Thy prowess and
 Thy words and works. From deeps of love divine—
 From fountains by Thy fulness fed—from springs
 Which mock at days of drought and summer's heat—
 From wells and channels digged by heavenly grace
 Within my soul—shall ceaseless song arise,

And in Thy Spirit's power like incense sweet
Ascend to Thee. The world shall hear Thy name,
Thy peerless name confessed with joyful lips,
Saviour divine! Son of the living God!
Lord of the vast and searchless universe!
Creation's Architect! Maker of sun,
And moon, and star, and planetoid of light!
Around whose feet the worlds that stud the blue
Revolve in countless hosts! Whose fiat all
Obey! The moaning, and mysterious deep
Is Thine, for Thou hast made it, with its wealth
Of creatures numberless, which swarm within
Its watery wastes and plough its briny depths.
The day, the night, the darkness, and the dawn—
The seasons are from Thee; the winter's cold,
The summer's warmth and cheer; the calm, the storm,
The thunder-flash which from the inky cloud
Cleaves thro' the welkin dark its fiery way—
These all are Thine; Thou hast them made, and all
Feel the control of Thine almighty hand.
Yet not of potence creatorial
Shall I Thy glory celebrate, tho' this
Must never be forgotten; He who gave
His back to smiters, and His cheeks to those
Who in their blind and brute malevolence
Plucked off the hair; and who averted not
His face from shame and spitting, was the One
Who made the worlds and everything therein.
Of this we must again and yet again
Remind our hearts, lest when we contemplate
The depths to which in lowly grace He came,
His majesty and might we do forget.

But not creation's marvels manifest
The moral excellencies which adorn
His peerless person, and which claims with force
Resistless all the homage of my heart
And adoration. The illustrious traits
Of that divine and heavenly life, on earth
Developed in this region of dissent

And lawlessness and contrariety,
 My inmost being charm. Truth, holiness,
 Obedience, goodness, kindness, gentleness,
 Mercy, love, meekness, patience, righteousness,
 Grace, faith, and lowliness, the opposite
 Of all that ever had before been seen
 Amongst men current, came to light in Him.

Was it a thing to wonder at, that when
 These moral glories of the Saviour gleamed
 Upon the vision of that Benjamite
 And haughty Pharisee from Tarsus, he
 Should cast his own unsullied, blameless life
 (Blameless as far as human eye could see),
 Upon the dunghill, as a loathsome robe,
 Spotted with leprosy, that he might gain
 That Christ for both his righteousness and life ?

Great Son of God, before Thy feet my soul
 Bows in the dust, and all her secret springs
 Well forth in worship. As I meditate
 Upon Thy majesty, omnipotence,
 Glory immortal, power, supremacy,
 Riches beyond all thought, ere ever Thou
 Didst take upon Thyself a servant's form;
 And as I follow Thee from form of God
 To form of man and contemplate the wealth
 Of moral excellencies that adorn
 Thy sacred person, which tho' loathed by man
 Ravished the heart of God; and when I see
 Thee give Thyself, in love unspeakable,
 To die my death, to suffer in my stead
 The judgment of a sin-detesting God:
 When by the Holy Spirit this is brought
 Before my mental vision language fails,
 And speechless in this holiest of all
 I bow and worship! Oh, all powerful love!
 Love that the many waters could not quench,
 Nor floods of wrath immeasurable drown,
 Evinced amid Golgotha's horrors, brought

To light amid the darkness and the doom
Of cross, and curse, and loneliness, and loss,
And gloom, and gall, and God-abandonment,
And rage, and ribald jest, and jeer, and gibe
Of man's insanity, and hell let loose.

Love vast, immortal, infinite, divine,
Unfathomable, incorruptible!
Love that surpasses knowledge, yet well-known,
And in the Spirit's power the joy, the boast
The life, the light, and comfort of my heart!
The love of God, of Christ, the Father's love!
My portion now! My portion when I meet
My Saviour on the cloud, when He shall come
To bring me to love's everlasting home.
Oh, for a tongue to tell it, for a voice
Powerful enough to carry it with all
Its precious, life-imparting sweetness to
The utmost limits of the utmost world!



PRESS ON.

Let us press on!
The heavenly prize resplendent shines before us,
The darkest hour is that before the dawn,
The chariots of God are round us, o'er us
Love's bright blue banner waves—let us press on!

Let us press on!
The bog abyssmal woefully increases,
The dread apostasy now near has drawn,
God's holy Word is being torn in pieces;
Bold with the sword unsheathed—let us press on!

Let us press on!
We shall not faint before the hosts infernal,
Their confidence is shaken, courage gone:
Once did they grapple with the Son eternal,
Headlong and broken fell—let us press on!

Let us press on!

Called to a throne, a kingdom never-ending,
A city bright that hath the sun outshone,
A mighty Saviour His redeemed defending,
And leading in the fight—let us press on!

Let us press on!

With thankful hearts let us embrace our calling,
And for safe-keeping raise our orison.

To Him who can preserve our feet from falling
And give us victory—let us press on!

Let us press on!

With wicked spirits is the conflict raging:
Retreat is closed, we've passed the rubicon!
For our destruction are they warfare waging,
But God is on our side—let us press on!

Let us press on!

The land is ours, tho' held by the Pretender,
So must we watchful be; rest comes anon.

Our battlecry is "CHRIST!" AND "NO SUR-
RENDER!"

Courage! The goal is near! LET US PRESS ON!

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PRAISE.

Praise ye the Saviour! Praise Him in the morning,
Ere is the battle of your life begun;
Praise Him when dayspring is the hills adorning;
Praise Him when labour of the day is done.

Praise Him when vapours veil the face of heaven,
Praise Him when neither moon or star appears,
Praise Him when lightnings have creation riven,
Praise Him when thunders wake the watcher's fears.

Praise Him in springtide when the world is waking,
When all the forest tribes the morn salute,
When wildernesses from the brume upbreking
Sing with the fruitful field, nor can be mute.

Praise Him in summertime, the south wind blowing,
Praise Him in autumn mid the falling leaves,
Praise Him when merrily the men are mowing,
And when they gather in the golden sheaves.

Praise Him in winter, when the earth is iron,
When at its breath the singing brooks congeal:
Praise Him when nebulae the earth environ,
And when the bitter blasts the fountains seal.

Praise Him in youth while still the heart is tender,
And in your middle age, ye men of might:
Praise Him at eventide: to Jesus render
Honour and glory, morning, noon, and night.

Praise Him who gave Himself in grace eternal,
Trode for our rescue depths of darkness lone;
Praise Him who overthrew our foe infernal,
Praise Him for ever for His love unknown,

Praise Him while life and breath to you are given,
Wake the world's auricle with sacred song;
Tho' with a sorrow great the soul be riven
Every day praise Him, and the whole day long.



PATIENCE.

Until the day shall break, and shadows flee,
Which from infernal regions earth invade,
And He whom every human eye shall see
Shall come with might and majesty arrayed—
Till then shall violence unfettered reign,
And guiltless blood the field of battle stain.

Till He shall come whose voice like thunder loud
The pillars of the universe shall shake,
And all the arrogant and godless proud
Shall at His presence like the aspen quake—
Till then the man that to the earth lays claim
Shall nations sack with sword and fire and flame.

Till He shall come to whom by right belong
 The throne, the kingdom, glory, power, and might,
 Till He shall plant His foot upon the wrong,
 And from the dust lift crushed and bleeding right—
 Till then shall kings and kingdoms rise and fall,
 And woeful wars for hapless victims call.

Till He shall come who shall the glittering sword
 Into a ploughshare beat, and ruthless spear
 Into a pruninghook, must red blood poured
 Forth from the fainting heart the earth besmear—
 Till then when shall appear the Prince of Peace
 Must fearful sights and sorrows sore increase.

Till He shall come His faithful witnesses
 Reproached by all must tread a lonely path,
 And clothed in sackcloth warning voices raise
 Against the world of coming righteous wrath.
 Then shall their robes of byssus pure and white
 Shame the bright sun in all his glorious might.

Until that day with earnest voice we cry,
 Come, O Beloved! Why delay so long?
 Our importunity do not deny:
 Come in Thy love so mighty, true, and strong.
 Already beams of morn the night cloud lace;
 Come, Jesus Lord, we long to see Thy face.

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DEUS VOBISCUM.

Darkly it dawns, the day of thy departing.
 Soon in the West the sunbeam sinks from sight.
 Say we, with vision blurred and bosoms smarting,
 God's will be done, for sure He doeth right.

Out from our firmament a sweet star falleth,
 At the last kiss and clasp of trembling hands,
 Yet must we murmur not, for He who calleth
 Calls thee to shine for Him in other lands.

Not there to dwell, as tho' thy feet had entered
In that unquiet land the rest of God,
Nay, rest is where the living Christ hath entered,
Where no defiling foot hath ever trod.

Here but to live for Him who died to save us,
Here to give light until the night is o'er.
This is the work the Lord of glory gave us,
Whose lovingkindnesses our souls adore.

Lone shall the house be now, drear and deserted,
Nothing on earth thy place can ever fill.
Were it His will that this could be averted,
How it would gladden us to have thee still!

Yet not our will be done but His who doeth
Nothing but good to those who love His name,
Who to His heaven high a pathway heweth
Right thro' our sorrows and thro' fire and flame.

And as to why His providence disposeth
Over the earth, His children, here and there,
Never the secret He to one discloseth,
All must their comfort find in faith and prayer.

Strange in the hemisphere to which thou goest,
Oft shall thy fancies cross the soundless sea,
Yea, and to meet them shall our thoughts, thou
knowest,

 Traverse the hoary deep's immensity.

Not from that land the Holy City lieth
Farther away than any other spot,
And where one liveth, ay, or where one dieth,
Christ made the Object—Well, it matters not.

May He who stilled the Galilean waters,
And made the billows their Creator hear,
Guard, where the confidence of mortals totters,
Thee from the torment of all groundless fear.

And when the perils of the deep are ended,
And thou art safe upon the farther shore,
May He who saved, who succoured, and defended,
Be thy strong rock and refuge evermore.

CONGRATULATIONS.

Brother below'd, your verses now received,
 Saying you've penned your eight and eightieth
 page.

Perhaps in youth you never had believed
 To spend so many days on pilgrimage.
 Vailed is the future in His mercy great,
 And we upon His pleasure watch and wait.

Not yet so old as Anna of the line
 Of Aser, who kept vigil day and night
 Hard by the house of God, the sacred shrine,
 Waiting the advent of the living light,
 Light the neglected nations to reveal,
 And all the woes of Israel to heal.

Seven years a wife, a widow of four score,
 At three and twenty very likely wed.
 What sorrows must have cast their shadows o'er
 The history of that devoted head!
 What joys! What thrills of favour all divinel
 What bliss of love that better is than wine!

With fastings and with prayers her service true
 Rose odourous to God. In widowhood
 She realised the ills of life, but knew
 And proved that God was merciful and good.
 And with the sacred vision of a Seer
 She to the people points the Saviour near.

How good it is to be in early days
 Picked out from all earth's multitude of men,
 And to be taught to walk in righteous ways,
 As of the holy city citizen!
 And sure that by no power in earth or heaven
 Can we from our inheritance be driven.

And Oh, how infinitely good to be
 Allowed a sinner to the Christ to lead,
 And tell of mercy and forgiveness free

To every soul who has a sense of need.
And then when we our earthly course have run,
What joy 'twill be to hear His sweet, "Well done!"

With much love,

Yours in Christ

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REDEMPTION.

The lights are out in hut and hall,
The darkness holds in close embrace
The land in which the deathless race
Of Jacob serves in brutal thrall.
In Palestina's verdant veldt,
The Prince with God long time hath lain
Holding in death the loved domain
Where Abraham and Israel dwelt.
And here in Egypt's sandy soil
His poor oppressed descendants grieve,
Who daily from their foes receive
A wage of buffets for their toil.
But God who counteth every tear
That falleth from the creature's eye,
Has heard their agonising cry,
With tender sympathetic ear.
Before His unforgetful heart
Arises Abraham His friend,
And now the miseries must end
From which his seed are made to smart.
The midnight hour is stealing on,
The light has vanished in the west,
The land well guarded is at rest,
The business of the day is done.
The heavy breathing of the host
Surrounding Pharaoh's throne and bed
Is mingled with the martial tread
Of those who sentinel his coast.

The day has passed for good and ill,
Forgotten trouble, toil, and strife,
The weals and woes of human life,
Its hopes, its fears; and all is still,
Except in Goshen, where heart-sore
The chosen people of I AM
With loins girded, eat the lamb
Within the blood-besprinkled door.

But this is all: for otherwise
The night is still, the land is drear,
The silver moon rides cold and clear
Thro' cloudless star-bespangled skies.

Egyptia's multitudes have slid
Unconscious into slumber-land,
The shadows fall across the sand
From pillar, sphinx, and pyramid.

As falls a bolt from out the blue,
As from the crag the kite doth throw
Herself upon the prey below,
As leaps the lion thickets through,
So from the battlements of heaven,
The cherub with his flaming brand
Falls on the death-devoted land,
To judgment mercilessly given.

No trumpet blast the dreamer quakes,
No hand unlocks his bolted door,
The victim passes, and no more
On earth to pain or pleasure wakes.

No sound disturbs the silence deep,
No faithful watchman sounds alarm,
No dream prognosticating harm
Rouses the nation out of sleep.

No thunderbolt of danger speaks,
No sudden clang of wrathful steel,
No angry ring of armed heel
The stupor of the midnight breaks.

The life-destroying angel goes
With lightning speed about the land,
And by his fiery flaming brand
The life of every firstborn flows.

The pride of Pharaoh, oft reprov'd,
Has now its retribution met,
And all too late has his regret
By this catastrophe been mov'd.

Throughout the land is heard a cry
Like that of creature wild with pain,
That tears the atmosphere in twain,
And rises to the darksome sky.

From humble cot, from palace proud,
The wail upon the midnight breeze
Rolls like the roaring of the bise,
Or as the peal of thunder loud.

The firstborn son in every house
That does not bear the crimson sign
Feels thro' his soul the thrust divine
Of righteous wrath, and helpless bows.

The pride that braved Jehovah's rod
Is trodden in the open street,
And Pharaoh, full of vain conceit,
Has felt the heavy hand of God.

Within the blood-besprinkled door
The sons of Israel retreat,
Where for their journey girt they eat
The roasted lamb, their thraldom's o'er.

The wailing of the wounded heart,
Thro' darkness falls upon the ear,
But safe from every form of fear
They wait the signal to depart.

A land of corn and wine and oil
Now fills the vision of their souls;
For them the bell of freedom tolls
The final end of tears and toil.

The fiery lash that friendless fell
Across their shoulders, now no more
Shall them distress, for at their door
Jehovah stands, and all is well.

For long four hundred years their groan
Gave witness to the furnace hot
In which they served, and which had brought
Tears sympathetic from a stone.

But not on earth was found a friend
To lift a hand for their relief,
Or speak a word to swage their grief,
Or for them timely succour send.

But God, the God of Abraham,
Had seen their sorrows, heard their cries,
And wrought for them by prophet wise
His wonders in the land of Ham.

Now glorious hills and valleys green,
Theirs by the sovereign grace of God,
Shall by unfettered feet be trod.
When they have crossed the waste between.

The way is short, eleven days
Shall bring them to its borders fair;
E'en now they seem to scent the air,
And on the verdant mountains gaze.

The sunlit hills and vales expand
Before their vision, from which spring
The crystal streams that sweetly sing
The glories of that holy land.

That goodly land! The little bit
Jehovah claims as His alone,
Where He shall one day place His throne,
On which His glorious Son shall sit.

That land on which His heart is set,
On which His eyes for ever rest,
And which the feet of Jesus pressed,
And by His blood and tears was wet.

That land that heard His groans and sighs,
That saw the sorrows of His soul,
When over Him the waves did roll,
While wrathful vapours veiled the skies.

Not yet for many centuries
The advent of the Christ shall be,
Nor till the universe shall see
Our human nature's wilful ways
Set forth in these who by the might
Of God had been from fetters strong,
Set free to sing redemption's song,
And dispossess the Canaanite.

Not yet had dawned the dreadful day,
Not yet had come to pass the hour
When Satan could put forth his power
And have with evil men his way.

Not one of them had ever dreamed
That one day their descendants should
Their hands have in the blood imbrued
Of their Messiah sore blasphemed.

This all remained for distant days
The evil heart of man to show,
That every living soul might know
And justify God's perfect ways.

How He had wrought the nation good,
How He had dealt with them in grace,
And how they, even to His face,
His righteous judgments had withstood.

Pharaoh awakened from his bed,
In hopelessness of blank despair
Learns that his firstborn son, and heir
'To his inheritance is dead.

It may be he himself shall be
The next by wrath divine to fall—
Then drink the wormwood and the gall,
And set Jchovah's people free!

No creature may withstand His will.
 Who hath against Him warred, and won?
 Has He not said: Let go my son,
 Or I thy son shall surely kill.

And now the threat has been fulfilled,
 For stubbornness its doom must meet:
 Thy horribly insane conceit
 Thy son hath pitilessly killed.

Rise up, and bid the people go,
 And compensate them for their toil,
 And thereby penitential oil
 Upon the wrathful waters throw.

No longer Pharaoh bars the way,
 But rising in the bitter night
 Their exodus will expedite
 Before the dawning of the day.

His servants too with anxious mind,
 And all the smitten land in woe,
 Cry out for the oppressed to go,
 And leave their benison behind.

To Moses, by their terror drawn,
 They come, and falling at his feet,
 Him with their tears and prayers entreat
 To take his people and be gone.

They go, but not with flight: they rise
 And march as victors from the land,
 Their little children by the hand,
 And everything they own and prize.

Wages withheld, arrears of old
 On their demand in full are paid;
 The stricken people freely lade
 Them with their silver and their gold.

Egyptia's people robbed, bereaved,
 Might well look back when by the hand
 Of Joseph God had saved the land,
 When famine fierce the nations grieved.

And how they since had recompensed
His people whom they should have prized,
And how with rigour exercised
Their gratitude was evidenced.

Four hundred years of tears and blood,
Four hundred years to sweat and slave,
Was the reward that Egypt gave
For an unutterable good.

Four hundred years in bondage spent,
Four hundred years to be despised,
And daily to have recognised
The cruelties men could invent.

Four hundred years in which to trace
The crazes of the autocrat,
Who with his fell advisers sat
To plan destruction to their race.

Four hundred years to feel the rod
Laid on their backs by rulers stern,
To be accursed and crushed, and learn
The patience of their fathers' God.

To see the sun arise, and know
Their day of drudgery begun,
And at the setting of the sun
To meditate upon their woe;

To cast their offspring in the Nile,
And hide his helpless woes from sight,
Until his infant cries invite
The hunger of the crocodile.

And now from bitter bondage free,
By their almighty Saviour led,
With cloudy pillar at their head,
They take their journey to the sea.

No more shall they with terror hear
The voice of the oppressor strong,
No more shall suffer cruel wrong,
No more their flesh the lash shall fear.

Behind them lie the fields they trod
In uncompassioned wretchedness,
Behind them days of dire distress,
Before them God's good land and God.

Of how the proud Egyptian rose,
As soon as he had heard they fled,
And after them with fury led
His warlike forces bellicose;

Of how the roaring sea was rent
In twain by mighty eastern blast,
And how they thro' the waters passed,
Preserved by power omnipotent;

And how the whole Egyptian host
Followed in their presumptuous pride,
And how the overwhelming tide
Broke over their audacious boast;

Of how they fought against the wave
That whelmed them when afar from shore,
Of how they fell to rise no more,
From that dishonourable grave,

Of how that favoured race who were
The objects of Jehovah's choice
Could later lift a rebel voice,
And e'en His righteous judgments dare;

And how their coward hearts declined
Encounter with the Canaanite,
Nor understood that all their might
Was in the living God enshrined;

And how He turned them back again
To wander in the wilderness,
Till it had swallowed pitiless
The carcasses of the profane;

And how for forty years He bore
Their provocations in the waste,
Before in mercy great He placed
Their weary feet in Canaan's shore;

And how that host He daily fed
 With bread that from the heavens fell,
 And how He turned into a well
The rock, that crystal rivers shed;
And how He placed them in the land,
 And how from Him they turned away,
 And after idols went astray,
In spite of the divine command;
And how by them His prophets true
 Who sought to turn them back again
 To God, were scorned, despised, and slain,
Till wrath upon their souls they drew;
And how when came to earth the Son
 Who brought the living Father near,
 From Him they turned away the ear,
As their progenitors had done;
And how eventually they
 Him madly to a gibbet nailed,
 And crowding round His cross assailed
His ears with brutal blasphemy;
And how the Romans overthrew
 Their city, and their temple burned,
 Thousands destroyed ere home they turned,
And captive led the residue;
And how they have been rooted up,
 And scattered thro' the nations all,
 And how the world beheld their fall,
And made them drink the bitter cup;
And how the word by prophets all
 Had oft been spoken in their ears,
 That vagabonds on earth, their tears
Would fast for their transgressions fall;
And how that word has been fulfilled,
 And what deep sorrow they have seen,
 And how like vermin they have been
In every nation cursed and killed;

And how when all to pass has come
Inertia fetters heart and mind,
To light divine the eyes are blind,
To God the soul is deaf and dumb:
All this in the prophetic word
In simple sentences is told;
While years as they have onward rolled
Have shown the wisdom of the Lord.

But yet the voice of prophecy
Foretells a future for the Jew,
When falls on them the heavenly dew
In that propitious coming day.
When their Messiah shall descend,
For their unspeakable relief,
Upon the world, as comes a thief,
Their foes to fight, their woes to end.
To them as Sun of Righteousness
He shall with healing on His wings
Appear, as One whose presence brings
For every cruel wrong redress.
He comes to heal the broken heart,
To wipe the tear from every eye,
To those that ready are to die
Life everlasting to impart;
To bid the pestilence take flight,
To dissipate the darkness crass,
To bid corroding griefs to pass,
And every horror of the night;
To sit enthroned on Zion's hill,
To make accursed war to cease,
To introduce eternal peace,
And let no man his neighbour kill.
To fill with joy the human soul,
So that in songs that never end
Immortal praises shall ascend
In life to God from pole to pole.

How could we now to Thee be dumb
When for such days our spirits wait ?
Come, Lord, we cry with longing great—
The Spirit and the Bride say, COME.



NONE BUT CHRIST.

O Thou who in love to my soul,
Thy blood as a ransom hast given
That an end might be brought to the dole
That me without respite had riven.

I will praise Thee as long as I live,
Of Thee shall my song be for ever;
For nothing the creature can give
My life from my Saviour shall sever.

Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?
Thou canst not on earth have a rival:
When all things forgotten shall be
In my heart Thy love must have survival.

Were the wealth of this world made my own,
And here mine existence made endless,
Without Thee my lot were but lone,
Poor, wretched, forsaken, and friendless.

And what, Lord, were heaven to Thee ?
And what were the kingdom eternal ?
Hadst Thou been compelled to leave me
In the fetters of forces infernal ?

Thou shalt see of the sorrowful travail
Thro' which we by blood have been bought,
And our songs shall delight to unravel
The glories Thy sufferings have wrought.

'Twas not that the cry of my heart
Was instant for Thine intervention,
That Thou shouldest suffer the smart
For my faults was beyond comprehension.

For alas! in my trespass I lay
 A rebel against my Creator,
 And willingly under the sway
 Of my primal deceiver and traitor.

Love sovereign, unfettered, and free,
 Brought Thee from the glory to gather
 Detestable objects like me
 To the heart and the home of Thy Father.

The manger, the gibbet, the grave,
 These witness Thy humiliation,
 From the throne of the highest to save
 Thou didst go to the depths of creation.

But the work Thou hast gloriously done
 Has the right of the Throne vindicated,
 My soul to Thy service has won
 And my trespasses dark expiated.

I wait for Thy coming again
 All links with what's mortal to sever;
 The glory with Thee to obtain
 In the home of the Father for ever.

Till then to Thy servant give grace
 That he may be true to Thy name,
 And with gladness great gaze on Thy face,
 And publish in praises Thy fame.

□ □ □ □

GOD'S SEARCHINGS.

Thou knowest, Lord, for Thou omniscient art,
 The depths profound of every human heart;
 With all Thou art acquainted; not one part
 Lies unrevealed to Thee.

To Thine all-seeing eye are manifest
 All creatures good and bad, the worst the best,
 The things accursed, the things for ever blest,
 The things unknown to me.

Myself I know not. Who can comprehend
His thoughts, their number, origin, or end?
Or who their character would dare defend?
Not one on earth like me.

Search Thou my heart, my Saviour, winnow well;
Self-confidence from mind and heart dispel,
And unto Truth's eternal citadel
In mercy lead Thou me.

Once was I wilful, in my nature wild,
The devil's bondsman, ruined, sin-defiled;
Now rescued, blood-redeemed, and reconciled,
By grace bestowed on me.

I yet am fearful lest the flesh of sin,
Thro' my unwatchfulness a victory win,
And I Thy Holy Spirit grieve therein:
From this preserve Thou me.

If I should err, in my deceptive zeal
E'en for Thy glory, here and now I kneel
Before Thy throne, and pray Thee to reveal
My wanderings unto me.

Thy Word is light! Am I, my Saviour, blind,
And know it not? Thou who art good and kind
With truth eternal, garnish heart and mind,
Shine graciously on me.

To not another can I make appeal:
Prerogative hast Thou to wound or heal,
To open wisdom's treasures, or to seal:
Oh, open them to me.

Were I not guided by Thy Spirit good,
Into forbidden paths I might intrude,
Therefore the knowledge of my finitude
Deeply impress on me.

Pride, by which once the covering cherub fell
Down from the mount of God to deepest hell,
Might make my heart its cursed citadel
And slay my soul in me.

Therefore in Thee my confidence I place,
 On Thee my hope and happiness I base:
 O guide my weary feet Thy path to trace,
 Be merciful to me.

I cannot trust my heart; it may be pure,
 It may be false—Oh, search Thy servant poor,
 And in the way that ever shall endure,
 IN THY GREAT LOVE LEAD ME.

□ □ □ □

CHAOS.

Only a speck in creation,
 Only an atom of dust,
 Only a generation
 Reeking with pride and lust;

Only a race in its blindness
 Far from the living God,
 Scorning His lovingkindness,
 Daring His wrath and rod;

Just a procession of people
 Bent on their wilful way,
 Boasting a cross and a steeple,
 Temple and holy day;

Bent upon money-making,
 Grasping at doubtful gain,
 Bartering, giving, taking,
 Busy with heart and brain;

Death all about them throwing
 Arrows that smite and slay,
 Time eternally flowing,
 Bearing its wrecks away;

Kingdoms rising and falling,
 Sceptres trod in the dust,
 Horror to horror calling,
 Murder, robbery, lust;

Razzia, ruin, ravage,
Pestilence, famine, fear,
Brutes with a nature savage,
Hell in this earthly sphere;
Death in the earth and under,
Death in the sea and air,
Death where they plot and plunder,
Death where the souls despair;
Heaven and earth and ocean,
Thunders, earthquakes and storms,
Continents in commotion,
Faithful and false alarms;
Tempests and waters roaring,
Iron and clay at war,
Men to God's status soaring:
These are the things that are.
View this infernal tangle!
Hark to these drivelling men!
Mark how they rant and wrangle
Ceaseless with tongue and pen!
Blind is the night they travel,
Blest by nor moon nor star;
For against those who cavil
Light hath placed bolt and bar.
They who God's revelation
Trample beneath their feet,
Profitless speculation
Must be their mental meat.
Most of them trace existence
Back to the grinning ape,
Therefore with proud persistence
Chatter, jabber and jape.
Few of them caring whither
Life with its sorrow leads,
Bliss and the pathway thither
Veiled is by cavils and creeds.

Yet if their crake we credit
They have the darkness probed,
Yea, they have searched it, sped it,
Light has their minds enrobed.

These are the brainy mortals
Gorged with intelligence,
Gazing thro' wisdom's portals
Down on our ignorance.

High in the estimation
Of the admiring throng,
Ornaments of the nation,
Who could suppose them wrong ?

Yet are they well persuaded
That we are beasts indeed,
Ape-man grossly degraded,
This is their vaunted creed!

Beasts, if the beast will own us!
He, to his nature true,
Might be inclined to stone us
Seeing the things we do.

Should we with beast compare us,
Should we the contrast scan ?
God for the truth prepare us!
He is the gentleman.

We our corruption curtain,
Light we cannot abide;
Openly acts he, certain
He has no shame to hide.

Fearing no reprobation,
Having no curse to flee,
Having no revelation—
Neither, they say, have we!

If we have no unveiling,
If there has come no voice
Us from the shadows hailing,
Whispering woes or joys.

If from the darkness gathered
Into this world of woe,
Back into night unfathered
We must reluctant go;

This may be truly humbling
Back into gloom to pass,
Yet let us minus grumbling
Own to our dulness crass.

If no authentic message
For our enlightenment,
Gloomy or gracious pressage,
Has from the shades been sent.

Vain is all speculation,
Let the plain truth be owned;
Perish our expectation!
Let the blind night be throned.

If we be beasts undoubted,
If this be fact and proved,
Can we be cursed and clouted
Having beasts lived and moved ?

Shall we to these men hearken ?
Shall we their words respect,
While they the true light darken,
While they God's Word reject ?

Guides in the path of knowledge
They may suppose they are;
Nature their boasted college,
Rock and fossil and star.

What would they with apostles,
Moses and all that throng ?
Let them alone with their fossils,
Never suppose them wrong.

Folklore, fable, tradition,
Brew of a boorish age,
They have passed that condition,
Turned to another page.

They have got that which betters,
 Betters eternal truth!
 Therefore are we their debtors,
 Debtors to hell, forsooth!

Who would respect the Bible?
 Folly and fog and mist!
 Fix on the Maker a libel—
 That's if a Maker exist.

Far are we yet from certain,
 Best let the question be;
 Some day shall fall the curtain
 Then shall we wonders see.

Ay, ye shall witness wonders
 When ye have entered where
 Ye, for your wilful blunders,
 Must the resultance bear.

Is there a soul demanding
 Why they should so desire
 We should have equal standing
 With the wild beast our sire?

Why they should wish to hold us
 Kin with the chimpanzee?
 This, had they never told us,
 People half blind might see?

If with the beast we kin are
 Then is the Gospel fraud,
 Man is no longer sinner,
 God is no longer God.

Hence to no power in creation
 Have we account to give,
 Gone all consideration
 How we should act and live.

Cast to the dogs such drivel,
 Be for the Christ heart whole;
 Judgment to come shall shrivel
 This from the Godless soul.

Back to the revelation

God has been pleased to give,
Let every tribe and nation
Drink of that fount and live.

Give to those Godless sages
Latitude free and wide,
Thro' them the devil rages,
We in His Word confide.

Dark in their dreaming leave them,
Waking will come one day;
Not with your preaching grieve them—
You may believe—not they.

Let them alone! Why waste ye
Vainly your precious hours?
Unto the thirsty haste ye
With your life-giving showers.

Give not that which is holy
Unto the dogs to eat;
Take to the poor and lowly
Ever enduring meat.

Fools in their folly ever
Shun lest a fool ye be;
Answer a fool, lest clever
In his conceit is he.

Not unto swine be throwing
Pearls for a palace meet,
Lest they, despisal showing,
Tread them beneath their feet.

Garrulous tongues to fetter
Right may be as a rule,
Tho' it be sometimes better
Fool should be proven fool.

Only by grace be guided,
Wisdom is from above,
Liberally divided
In everlasting love.

Pass thro' this world a stranger,
Meddle not with its ways;
View the Christ in the manger
Then on His gibbet gaze.

There with robbers connected
Bearing both curse and scorn,
Rudely reviled, rejected,
Crowned with a crown of thorn.

Think of the Lord eternal,
Maker, preserver good!
Compassed by powers infernal,
Song of the rabble rude.

Think of Him here to save us,
Seeking our hearts to win!
Think how He died to lave us
White from the stain of sin!

Think how His creatures met Him,
Murder dyeing their breath!
How they like dogs beset Him
Clamouring for His death!

Here you may learn how hollow
Men and their friendships are,
Here you may learn to follow
Him to His home afar.

Right thro' this blind confusion
Ye may a plain path find;
Yet let no vain delusion
Harbour in heart and mind.

You may expect plain sailing,
Storms shall your course pursue;
Yet shall His grace unfailing
Carry you safely thro'.

Hedged is the path with sorrow
Right to the shining end,
Yet shall the hope of morrow
Courage to tread it lend.

See that your feet are in it,
Patiently be it trod;
Glory invites you, win it,
Finding your strength in God.

Never a wild fowl knows it,
Beast has it never trod,
Wisdom eternal shows it,
Grace provides staff and rod.

Never that highway seemeth
Right to the carnal mind,
No, but with life it teemeth,
This shall the pilgrim find.

Holding to it you may be
Slandered, forsaken, lone,
Nathless, tho' scorned the way be,
Leads it to crown and throne.

Weigh everlasting pleasures
Gainst the vain joys of earth;
Weighed against durable treasures
What are earth's vanities worth?

Let the world hear you praising
God in the heights above,
Daily and hourly raising
Carols of grace and love.

Think of the men about you
Bent on a bad career,
Give them no cause to doubt you
Dwell in a sinless sphere.

Let the poor hopeless mortal
Burdened with guilt and shame,
Trembling at death's dark portal,
Hear of the Saviour's name.

Wait no convenient season,
This you might one day find
Had against Christ been treason
And to the soul unkind.

Do not put off till morrow
What can be done to-day;
Plenty of human sorrow
Lies on your pilgrim way.

Not without righteous reason
Be with your neighbour wrath,
Speak a kind word in season
If he a sorrow hath.

Bear with his wilful weakness
Do not impatient be,
Show him a spirit of meekness,
Let him not hardness see.

Not on his woes by heaping
Blame like the breath of hell,
Turn the valley of weeping
Into a springing well.

If a poor friend would borrow,
Present distress to stay,
Bid him not come to-morrow
When you can give to-day.

Do not put off well doing,
Work while you have the chance,
Spiritless souls renewing,
Make the heart-wounded dance.

Do not be still debating
What you shall eat and drink,
Nor of your wealth be prating,
Nor of apparel think.

Has not the Master told us
Life is much more than meat;
Ermine may now enfold us,
Cometh the winding sheet.

Study the wild fowl flying
High in the heavens above,
Care and despair defying,
Fed by a God of love.

Flowers of the field have glory
 Passing royal array,
Even the winter hoary
 Vies with the springtide gay.

You shall be surely cared for
 Till the dark night is o'er,
You have His faithful word for
 This and a great deal more.

Therefore go on rejoicing
 Learning His gracious ways,
Ever and ever voicing
 His inexhaustible praise.

Leaving the things that base are,
 Seeking the best to win;
Riches no sign of grace are,
 Poverty is no sin.

Better is grief than laughter,
 Better sorrow than joy;
Think of what follows after,
 Pleasures too often cloy.

If they were everlasting
 They might be worth some thought,
But must they feel death's blasting?
 Then are they worse than naught.

Go to the house of weeping,
 Sorrow makes wtlings wise,
Good it is to be keeping
 Departure before our eyes.

When the salt tears are flowing
 Their human woes are rife,
Yea, and the field for sowing
 Seeds of eternal life.

Where the east winds are smiting,
 Where to the very bone
Merciless frosts are biting,
 Where are the poor and lone,

Poems of Grace and Glory.

Found are the fields for training.
These are the Master's schools
Where the elect for reigning
Study the laws and rules.

Fools have their days of pleasure,
Pleasure that fades away,
Misery without measure
Darkens the coming day.

Now is their good ship sailing
Over the blue expanse,
Revel their souls regaling,
Fear they no fell mischance.

Wake up the organ charming,
Dulness to-day were crime,
Hearts to the music warming,
See that the feet keep time.

God and His Christ! forget them,
Live for the present hour!
Gospel Scaremongers! let them
Pass with their faces sour!

Thus till a danger rising
Breaks amid wrathful waves,
Death, their delights surprising,
Round them in darkness raves.

Now has their boasting finished,
Death and despair draw nigh,
Now is their joyance minished,
Now unto God they cry.

Yet in His grace surprising
He will their prayers respect,
And from the death arising
Surely their lives protect.

Wilful from Him departed
Now will they whine and cry,
Those who are honest-hearted
Live as they hope to die.

Those in their godless revel
Fill their few earthly days
Headlong rushed by the devil
In his accursed ways.

Shall we their footsteps follow ?
Far be the wicked thought
In this world's ways to wallow
Till we to death are brought!

Then to cry from our craven
Hearts in His heavenly ear,
Just for a passport to heaven
Sheltered from danger and fear.

No, let us gladly own Him
Now we are well and strong,
Now in our hearts enthrone Him,
Make Him our joy and song.

Upward we should be soaring,
Man was created so,
Not like the blindworm boring
Into the soil below.

Not for this world be claiment,
Riches with cares are blent;
If you have food and raiment
You may be well content.

Not after wealth be straining,
Why should you covet dross ?
Losing has oft been gaining,
Gain has been often loss.

Loving your life you lose it,
Losing it you shall live;
Glory invites you, choose it,
Now for the future give.

Plenty of paradoxes
Here in this life we find,
These, and not heterodoxes,
Study with heart and mind.

What amount would your gain be
Were the wide world made yours?
Will to hold it would vain be,
Not even life endures;

And in the end, supposing
Lost were your deathless soul;
Only the dark night closing
Round you could tell your dole.

Never for fleeting pleasures
Barter eternal bliss;
Life everlasting measure
Wisely and well with this.

Take no thought for your clothing,
Be not concerned about food;
Plague your soul about nothing,
God is both rich and good.

He delights to be trusted,
We should this fact have prized;
But with mind ill adjusted
Men have His grace despised.

Yet tho' they will not own Him
Tho' of His grace they wot,
They have most surely shown Him
That they regard Him not.

Nevertheless His kindness
Fills their cup to the brim,
While in their brutal blindness
They have no thanks for Him.

How could He then unheeding
Witness your grievous lot,
When He is clothing, feeding
Souls with their sins besot.

Never will He deny you
Who on His grace depend,
Tho' He may test and try you
Even to your wit's end.

Your extremity giving
Him an occasion good,
Who gives to all the living
Mercies in multitude.

Set not your heart on winning
All that your eye can see ;
Naked was your beginning,
Naked your end shall be.

Let not earth's tinsel charm you,
Drink not its noisome springs,
Gainst its allurements arm you,
Seek after heavenly things.

You have been called to glory,
Therefore let seen things go,
Earth is poor, old and hoary,
Barren is all below.

Give, and you shall be given
An overflowing bowl ;
Lay up treasures in heaven,
Covetousness control.

He that with others sharing,
Scatters, his treasure grows ;
He that is mean and sparing
Often poverty knows.

Practise discrimination
When and to whom you give ;
Send not to condemnation
Those you would help to live.

Temper all things with kindness,
Never too righteous be ;
Practise a little blindness
Lest people's faults you see.

Not with the poor be waging
War of a ruthless kind,
Nor at the rich be raging
Rashly with covetous mind.

Leave it to the unerring
Evils to settle, you might
Smite when you should be sparing,
Spare when you ought to smite.

Do not be self-reliant,
Never imagine you
Are such a moral giant
That you can all things do.

Wait for the day appointed
When in His righteousness
Jesus, the King anointed
Shall human wrongs redress.

Tardy seems its appearing,
Doubted, denied by some ;
Cause there is none for fearing
That it shall never come.

Keep it ever before you
Spite of your many cares ;
Watch for it, I implore you,
Lest it come unawares.

Now is the day for doing,
Cometh the day of rest ;
Now are we life pursuing,
Presently endeth the quest.

Now is the time for sowing
Grain in the open field ;
Cometh the time of mowing,
What shall the harvest yield ?

Now is the north wind chilling,
Cometh the south wind fleet ;
Now are the keen frosts killing,
Cometh the summer heat.

Now are your circumstances
Brimful and black with fear ;
Cloudless a day advances
Laden with endless cheer.

Now is the time for fasting,
Cometh the merry feast ;
Joys that are everlasting,
Full and for ever increased.

Now is the night of weeping,
Cometh the jocund day ;
Watch, lest it find you sleeping,
Earnestly watch and pray.

Now is the time for bearing
Sorrows His soul hath known ;
Cometh the time for sharing
With Him His kingly throne.

Now is the time for praying,
Praying with confidence,
On our petitions spraying
Odours of penitence ;

Cometh the time for singing
Songs in the heavenly sphere,
Praise to the Firstborn bringing,
Sweet in the Father's ear.

Praise to the Son and Father,
Praise in the Spirit's might,
Praise when we all shall gather
There in that living light.

Lift the hands that are weary,
Strengthen the feeble knees ;
Dark is the night and dreary,
Biting the bitter breeze.

Hark ! 'tis the glory calling !
Fear not this false world's frown ;
Free from its toils enthralling,
No one let take thy crown.

God not to faith's defender
Giveth a spirit of fear ;
Therefore let **No Surrender !**
Still be our watchword here.

Be not the least faint-hearted,
Courage the fight shall win ;
Better from friend be parted,
Better leave kith and kin,
Than the eternal heaven
Which you have hope to gain,
And for which you have striven
Fervent with might and main.
Put not the least reliance
On your own moral might ;
This at complete defiance
Satan could put at sight.
Not to the strong is the battle,
Not to the swift the race,
Not to the people that prattle
Of prowess men give place.
God shall lift up the lowly
Setting the proud aside ;
Strength belongs to the holy
Who in the Christ abide.
Cling to the living Father,
Soon shall the goal be won ;
When in His house we gather,
Waiting and watching done.
Griefs you expect to-morrow
Carry them not to-day ;
Often the threatened sorrow
Harmless passes away.
Be not the least dejected,
Think not He has forgot,
If when you had expected
His advent, He came not.
Straight is the road to glory,
Keep it ever in sight ;
Young, ay, or old and hoary,
Walk in that radiant light.

Not to the left hand turn you,
Turn not once to the right;
Dangers abound, I warn you,
Keep the Forerunner in sight.

He has gone on before you,
He has marked out the way;
Failing, He can restore you,
He is your strength and stay.

See Him ascended, seated
On the right hand of God,
Victor, by glory greeted
Having the pathway trod.

Trod to the Father's glory,
Trod thro' the realm of death;
Here let us tell the story
While we have life and breath.

Watch that His footsteps cheering
You may thro' grace divine
Better discern, as nearing
Daily the border line.

Let us go onward singing
Songs of our country fair,
Blessing Him who is bringing
Sons to His glory there.

We are His sons elected,
Given to Christ alone,
While He is earth-rejected,
While on the Father's throne.

When at His grand appearing
He shall His kingdom claim,
Gone shall be all our fearing,
Gone the reproach and shame.

Gone the despite distressing,
Gone the things that molest;
Come the eternal blessing,
Come the unending rest.

Therefore let us be living
Here in that prospect bright;
Help to the helpless giving,
Stars thro' this world's dark night.

Follow after the Saviour
Meek and lowly in heart,
Courteous in your behaviour,
Kindness to all impart.

People who underrate you
Do not in haste condemn;
There may be those who hate you,
Manifest love to them.

Never with curse be blasting
Ingrates in bitter breath,
Nor be at random casting
Firebrands, arrows and death.

Never lay an obstruction
Basely before the blind;
Sympathy, not destruction,
Such at your hand should find.

Curse not the deaf; thro' favour
You have got ears to hear,
Therefore by grace endeavour
Always his soul to cheer.

Easy it is to do it
Strengthened by grace divine;
Love never fails, pursue it,
Make of your heart its shrine.

Here so live that when leaving
Earth with its toils and tears,
Cause may not be for grieving
Self had so stained your years.

Do not forget God knoweth
Even your counsels deep;
Surely what each man soweth,
That shall he also reap.

Order your ways as under
His ever watchful eye;
He doth your pathway ponder,
Therefore from evil fly.

He the Omniscient taketh
Note of the doings of men;
When He to judgment waketh,
What of your trespass then ?

Watch over every action,
Watch over thought and deed,
Watch over each transaction,
Give to your ways good heed.

Then you shall not be fearing
When the great day draws nigh,
When His august appearing
Bursts upon every eye—

When in despair a wailing
Shall from earth's tribes arise,
Fruitless and unavailing,
Unto the frowning skies—

When the Lord Christ eternal
Shall on His holy Hill
Sit, and by power supernal
Break every rebel will—

That you so little believed Him,
Little lived to His praise;
That you so sorely grieved Him
With your unholy ways.

But shall be great your greeting,
Mighty your confidence;
Joy unspeakable meeting
Even Omnipotence.

Rulers and kings shall tremble,
Princes shall bow the knee;
What tho' a few dissemble
Feigning servility ?

All must submit, or perish,
 He must be Lord confessed,
 He shall the lowly cherish,
 Wrongs shall be all redressed.

Peace shall flow as a river,
 There shall be corn and wine,
 Free by the gracious Giver,
 Free from the Hand Divine.

Saved by the blood atoning
 We shall know no distress;
 Ended shall be our groaning,
 Endless our blessedness.

Watch for the Earth-Rejected!
 Watch till He comes with might!
 Watch for the long expected
 STAR OF THE MORNING BRIGHT!



SELF-DISTRUST.

Trust not in thine own self: thou hast not been
 On thy fictitious resources thrown,
 E'en tho' thro' airy regions thou hast flown
 A kite to carry thee from Zone to Zone;
 And tho' the lightning thou hast sped between
 The hemispheres, and islands, wastes, and seas,
 Thy plans to prosper, and thy pride to please;
 And tho' thou hast been privileged to glean
 A little knowledge of the heavenly spheres,
 Their orbit, weight, circumference, and years,
 As well as mysteries of things terrene,
 Thou art but little more than animated dust,
 In which it were disastrous to place thy trust.

Trust thou in Him who made the seven stars,
 And slung the great Orion with a sword,
 And countless worlds with diverse glories stored,
 Upholding all things by His mighty word:

In Him who bears of human hate the scars
Upon His person, and who freely gave
His soul an offering thy lost soul to save,
Put thy whole trust; thy fancied might but wars
Against His grace; do not upon it lean
In the terrific battle waged between
The light of life and the infernal bars
Of darkness, but in Him who is prepared
To lead to victory: trust Him for every need.

Trust thou in Him who still delights to see
His creature place indubitable trust,
Not in himself as tho' he were not dust,
But in the Lord, who merciful and just
Would still encourage us to bend the knee
Before His gracious throne, and seek His face
For such supplies of necessary grace
As help us onward in our way, for He
Both might and wisdom gives with lavish hand
To those who daily feel how much they stand
In need of both, but these He gives, and we
Lack nothing but His shepherd staff and rod
For found are our resources in the love of God.



GOOD NEWS.

The gladsome tidings of Thy heavenly grace—
Surpassing thought—
Which for the ransom of a captive race
Redemption wrought,
With all its matchless miracle of grief,
Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief!
In sin conceived, corrupt in thought and deed,
Branded with shame,
I come confessing my sad plight, but plead
Thy peerless name,
And blood for sinners shed, yea, for the chief.
Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief!

To-day I come: I dare no longer wait.
 The present reign
 Of grace this hour may pass, and I too late
 Might seek in vain,
 And even here my sojourn must be brief—
 Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief!
 My sorrow-laden soul Thou shalt receive,
 And rest impart.
 Let not, O Lord, my hesitancy grieve
 Thy faithful heart,
 For in Thee only can I find relief—
 Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief!
 White are the fields to harvest even now,
 And, lo, I see
 The standing corn before the reapers bow:
 O bind Thou me,
 Lord of the harvest, in Thy heavenly sheaf,
 For I believe: help Thou mine unbelief!
 Soon Thou shalt come, and that shall close the gate
 Of mercy free,
 To scorners all, who then, alas, too late
 Shall bend the knee.
 When on the world Thou comest as a thief—
 Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief!



MY HIDING-PLACE.

Saviour, when the winds of might
 Wake the quiet of the night;
 When around me waters foam,
 And I wander far from home:
 In Thy never-failing grace
 O be Thou my hiding-place.

When the thunders rend the ear;
 When the gloom is fraught with fear;
 When the tempests lift the voice,

And in razzias rejoice:
Be my covert true and tried,
Give me shelter by Thy side.

When I thro' this wildering waste
To my home in heaven haste;
When my soul is parched and dry,
And I ready am to die:
Make in grace a crystal tide
Thro' this Rephadim to glide.

When I weary with the way,
And the burning sun by day,
Rays devouring, ruthless shed,
Pours on my defenceless head:
Be the Rock to which I run,
Safe from scorching sand and sun.

Troubles come with flying feet:
What have I yet got to meet,
Only unto Thee is known,
But let it be mirth or moan:
In Thy mercy, love, and grace,
Be Thou then my hiding-place.

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PRAISE YE THE LORD!

Praise ye the Lord!
To Him accord
The glory and the might.
Eternal Son!
In Godhead One!
Object of heaven's delight!

Bow low the knee,
For truly He
Worthy of worship is;
And we indeed

His praise should lead,
For we thro' grace are His.

From the estate
Of Godhead great,
From form of the Unseen,
From realms of light
Where angels bright
His servitors had been.

In wondrous grace
From that high place
He came the lost to seek,
And unto us
In Manhood thus
Of God's great love to speak.

He entered earth
By lowly birth,
And in a servant's state
Obedient
To death He went
Our sins to expiate.

By men blasphemed,
By God esteemed,
By angel hosts adored;
Of demons fell
The terrors tell
The glory of the Lord.

He bore the cross,
His was the loss
Endured to set us free;
He bore the blame,
The curse, the shame—
O let us bend the kneel

For we who once
By fell mischance
Degraded and undone

And now thro' grace
Heirs of the place
By His afflictions won;

A home, a place,
The best that grace,
That wisdom, could conceive,
Or Godhead might
Tho' infinite
Was able to achieve;

A place, a state
Where glory great
Sends living rays abroad;
A home of love
All praise above!
The bosom of our God.

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A MAN OF SORROWS.

Who hath received the report?
Who hath the Saviour-Lord
Seen in the meek and lowly
Jesus, by man abhorred?
Who, when our eyes beheld Him
Clad in unkingly guise,
Woke in our hearts no worship,
Hopes of no great emprise.
He was a Man of sorrows,
He was acquainted with grief,
Sorrows, unfathomed sorrows
Carried without relief.

Honoured, extolled and exalted,
He shall be Monarch of all;
Nobles shall kneel before Him,
Kings at His feet shall fall.
Such was the presage thrilling,
Such the soul-stirring word;

But when we saw Him found we
 Not what our ears had heard.
 He was a Man of sorrows,
 Theme of the drunkard's song.
 Where was His kingly glory?
 Where were His armies strong?

He shall grow up before Him
 Tender as sapling green;
 Angel hosts shall proclaim Him
 Lord of all things terrene.
 Yet was He earth-rejected,
 Loathsome to princes proud,
 Libelled, defamed, derided,
 Hated and disallowed.
 He was a Man of sorrows,
 Sorrows of heaven's height,
 Deep as the depth of Sheol,
 Black as the brow of night.

Mocked, maligned and forsaken,
 Vilified all day long;
 Heard He as one not hearing,
 Silent He suffered wrong.
 Lined was His heavenly visage,
 Sorrow His form had marred;
 Insult, reproach, reviling,
 Deeply His brow had scarred.
 He was a Man of sorrows
 Met with ingratitude;
 Ay, for His love He had hatred,
 Spitting and scoffing rude.

Like unto sheep we had wandered,
 Captives to sin were we lost;
 He in His tender compassion
 Bore of our ransom the cost.
 Fell on our righteous Redeemer,
 Friendless, tho' faithful and true
 Woes that were truly our merit,
 Wrath that was justly our due.

He was a Man of sorrows,
Who shall their torment tell?
Fierce as the frowning welkin
Black as the billows of hell.

Who shall be slain for the nation?
Who shall the Roman release?
Robber and murderer ruthless,
Him, or the Prince of peace?
Never this Man, but Barabbas!
Set the assassin free;
Send the Lord Christ to the gibbet,
Let Him be nailed to the tree!
Thus did a thankless nation
Mercy with hate requite,
Yea, and a Man of sorrows
Made of the Nazarite.

Nailed to the cross like a felon,
Crowned with a circlet of thorn;
Hands that had healed the afflicted
Wounded, bleeding and torn!
Numbered with evil transgressors,
Ended His sorrowful path,
Drinking the chalice of judgment,
Lone in a tempest of wrath.
He was a Man of sorrows,
Whelmed with unspeakable grief,
Sorrows heaped high upon sorrows,
Sorrows without relief.

Led as a lamb to the slaughter,
Dumb as a sheep being shorn,
Bore He in absolute silence
Barbarous buffet and scorn.
Surely our griefs He has carried,
Surely our sorrows He bore,
When there was none to take pity,
No one His griefs to deplore.
He was a Man of sorrows
Far beyond human ken,

Sorrows from depths infernal,
Sorrows from sinful men.

Cold was the welcome we gave Him,
Thorny the path that He trod,
Stricken, smitten, afflicted,
Ay, by the hand of His God.
But for our trespass He suffered,
For our offences was bruised,
For our transgressions was wounded,
When by His creature refused.
He was a Man of sorrows
Never forgot to be,
Grief like the storm of winter,
Woes like the wrathful sea.

Fought He our foes infernal,
Foes that had us enslaved,
Crushed is their might for ever,
Us thro' His mercy saved.
Soon shall He come in His glory,
Soon shall He take His throne,
Then shall the ransomed nations
Him as Messiah own.
Then shall the Man of sorrows,
He who was so despised,
Be by all creatures breathing
Honoured and praised and prized.

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PRESENT WITH THE LORD.

Gone from this world, from its gloom and its glitter,
Gone from its sin and its sorrow and shame,
The summer, the winter—the sweet and the bitter—
Fancies and follies, its praise and its blame.

Gone to the land where no evil shall enter,
Gone where no pestilence venom'd shall smite,
Gone to the sphere of which Jesus is Centre,
Gone to the land of ineffable light.

Gone from a fallen and faithless profession,
Gone from corruption, confusion, debate,
'Treason and treachery, trespass, transgression,
Gone from this life and its love and its hate.

Gone to the spirits, for whom have been ended
Desert and danger and failure and fall,
Gone to the Christ, who in mercy descended
Down into death as a ransom for all.

Gone from the home upon earth with its gladness,
Leaving the lonely heart bleeding behind,
Gone from the sobbing and sighing and sadness,
Gone from the vision, but not from the mind.

Gone from this darkness to brightness supernal,
"Gone to the peaceful abode of the blest,
Gone to a home and a welcome eternal,
Gone from the turmoil and toil into rest.

Gone from our midst, but we dare not lament thee,
E'en tho' thy service to sinner and saint
Ended for ever is, Jesus who sent thee
Lives for the feeble and failing and faint.

Long hast thou stood in the front of the battle
True to thy Captain beloved and adored,
When men were flying like dumb driven cattle,
Faithless, alas, to their Saviour and Lord.

Never again shalt thou follow the standard,
Never, tho' men may thy Master defame,
Tho' He be slighted, forsaken, and slandered,
Shalt thou draw sword in defence of His name?

Called from the field where the fell foe was raging
Called from the front and the fiery attack,
Where never foeman thy prowess engaging
Saw thee exhibit a cowardly back.

Yet was it grace, and grace only, that made thee
All that thou wast as a servant of Christ,
Grace that had saved thee, subdued thee, and swayed
thee,
Sweetly thy soul from transgression enticed.

Grace, for by nature perverse and polluted,
 Thou wast like others, nor better nor worse,
 Deep in thy bosom rebellion was rooted,
 Grace thy proud spirit redeemed from the curse.

Gone to thy Saviour, triumphant thy going,
 Bright was thy sky at the set of the sun—
 Rather the rising—with deathless love glowing,
 Almost the summit of happiness won.

Only one action to perfect the blessing,
 Only one touch of the finger of God,
 Then that on which the death shadow is pressing
 Shall in Christ's image arise from the sod.

If for a moment the pain of thy parting
 Strikes thro' the mind and the heart and the brain,
 Soothed is the soul from its sorrowful smarting
 By the bright prospect of meeting again.

Yes, we shall meet when the last trump is sounding,
 When falls that Voice so well known on our ear,
 When in the clouds our Redeemer surrounding,
 Parting no longer His people shall fear.

Oh, to be near Him, to see Him in glory!
 Oh, to walk with Him apparelled in white!
 Oh, to be hearing His wonderful story
 Told by Himself in those regions of light!

This is our prospect! O hasten the day, Lord,
 When Thou wilt gather us home to Thy side;
 When in Thy likeness Thine eye shall survey, Lord,
 Those Thou hast loved, and for whom Thou hast
 died!

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MADE FIT.

Blest be the living Father
 Who in unfathomed grace
 Sent His own Son to gather
 Out from a fallen race,

Souls made fit to inherit
All that His hands have made,
Found without might or merit,
Rebels in rags arrayed.

Yet not their vile condition
Him from His purpose drove,
Gave He His Son a mission
Them from their woes to save.

Yea, should the cost be sorrows,
Sorrows that none had known;
Yea, if thro' infinite horrors
He for their sins must atone.

Nothing His mercy deterring,
He shall His path pursue,
They must be rescued thro' erring,
Ransomed and made anew,

Meet for the Father's pleasure,
When His great work is done,
Loved with a love without measure,
Jewels His woes have won.

Once was I sin-polluted,
Now by His grace divine
Cleansed from defilement, suited
High in His home to shine;

Fit for the realms supernal,
Fit for the Father's sight,
Fit by the life eternal,
Fit for those courts of light;

Fit as my God can make me,
Fit for His home of love,
Fit, should He come to take me
Hence to His heaven above;

Fit by the Father's favour,
Fit in His high esteem,
Fit by the altar and laver,
Fit thro' His grace supreme;

Fit, and to glory going,
Fit by water and blood,
From His pierced body flowing,
Meeting the claims of God;

Fit for the fadeless glory—
Ye who that home would share,
Golden-haired, ay, or hoary,
Seek ye a sanctum there.

Once in the wilds I wandered,
Once the blind night I trod,
Years in rebellion squandered,
Caring nothing for God.

If, mid the things that charmed me,
Came for a moment fleet
Voices that deep alarmed me,
Rumours of wrath to meet.

Filled was my soul with terror,
Fevered were heart and brain,
Seeing my way of error
Led to eternal pain.

Worthless were carnal pleasures
Bringing a joyance brief,
If, when shall fade my treasures,
Comes everlasting grief?

Black was my night around me,
Moonless the leaden skies,
Till my Redeemer found me,
Carried me off His prize.

This is my simple story,
Such was His way with me;
Saved by His matchless merit,
Soon shall I with Him be.

Now in His service hoary
Born by the Word of God,
Sealed by His Holy Spirit,
Led by His staff and rod.

Jesus my Friend and Leader
Soon I His home shall share—
But shall I every reader
See in His glory there ?



THE HEART'S LONGING.

Oh, to be here for my Saviour,
Oh, to be true to His Name,
Here in this place of rejection,
Here where they put Him to shame.
Oh, to keep spotless my raiment,
Safe from the soil of the world.
Oh, with the faithful to follow
Under His banner unfurled.

This is my infinite longing
Here for His pleasure to be.
Thou who hast died to redeem me
Help me to glorify Thee.

Thine am I, mighty Redeemer.
Thine am I, bought by Thy blood.
Back from the brink of destruction
Brought to the bosom of God.
Sins done away with for ever,
Satan, whose fetters I wore,
Bruised in his stronghold and broken,
Death can appal me no more.
This is my infinite longing, etc.

Now with the faithful I find me,
Those who confess Thee as Lord;
Those who to Thee all the greatness,
Glory and honour accord.
Join we our voices together,
Sing we Thy praises again,
Here where despised and rejected
Thou by Thy creature wast slain.
This is my infinite longing, etc.

Not a path pleasant and peaceful,
 Marked by the favour of man;
 Not the world's friendship I look for,
 Rather I welcome its ban.
 Here where the Master had sorrow
 How could the servant have bliss,
 Were he not guilty of treason
 Black as the evil abyss?
 This is my infinite longing, etc.

Boldly, Great Captain, to battle
 Strong in Thy strength I would go.
 Say to my soul, I am with Thee:
 Fear not the face of the foe.
 Timid am I and fainthearted,
 Fain from the conflict would fly
 Make me, O Saviour, immortal,
 Ready if need be to die.
 This is my infinite longing, etc.

Glad on my vision the glory
 Gleams from the place Thou art gone,
 Through the deep gloom that surrounds me,
 Here where I wait for the dawn.
 Haste Thee, Bright Star of the Morning,
 Break thro' the clouds of the night,
 Come in Thy beauty and glory,
 Majesty, mercy, and might.
 This is my infinite longing, etc.

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TILL THE MORNING BREAKS.

For thee, Beloved, desert days are ended,
 The Body sleep enfolds,
 The deathless part delivered has ascended
 To Him who risen holds
 The keys of death and hades in His keeping,
 And guards the bones of His blood-ransomed sleeping.

Thou knowest now how infinitely better
 It is to pass from here,
From bonds that bind the spirit, and that fetter
 In desert waste and drear,
To rise to Him who in His love enfolds us,
And to His faithful heart so closely holds us.
Gone in a moment! with no restless tossing,
 Weakness or wasting pain,
Nor dread distemper tediously crossing
 The fevered heart and brain;
But like a watchman weary, overtaken
By slumber, out of which thou shalt awaken.
When Jesus lift His voice at His appearing,
 In that long-looked-for day,
And with its music sweet, enchanting, cheering,
 Shall animate the clay;
That voice that of thy soul once took possession
In quickening might when dead in thy transgression.
Farewell, Beloved! Yes, but not forever,
 For we shall meet again
In brighter circumstances, where can never
 Come parting, grief, or pain.
The Bright and Morning Star, the Resurrection,
Shall bring reunion in divine perfection.



A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

O Thou eternal Lover, who ere the earth was framed,
Ere on the heights of heaven cherub or seraph
 flamed,
Didst thro' the unborn ages, and all the things
 that are,
Behold in Godhead vision glories as yet afar;
Teach Thou our hearts to fathom those mysteries
 profound,
And guide us while we traverse such high and holy
 ground;

Those mysteries which hidden remained while ages
 ran
 Their courses in Thy dealings with Thy lost creature
 man.
 Keep us, O Lord, from stumbling, and guide our
 steps aright:
 To traverse plains celestial give us celestial light.

From that eternal radiance of light immaculate,
 Into which no mere creature has power to penetrate;
 Before time's wondrous ages, before the lapse of years
 Ere had the sages fathomed the secrets of the
 spheres,
 Before this vast creation, ere sun and moon was
 formed,
 Before the tides had swollen, or oceans raged and
 stormed,
 Before the great Creator His labours had begun,
 Or through the void passed creature, for yet there
 was not one.

From that unblemished brightness rose visions of
 the days
 When Thou wouldst fill creation with God's eternal
 praise;
 When Thou with fingers cunning wouldst touch
 creation's soul,
 And mighty hallelujahs throughout all realms would
 roll.
 Bright on Thy soul was shining with joy unfathomed
 then,
 For Thy delights were centred upon the sons of men,
 And sons of men subsisting in all the power of God,
 Not in a legal fealty with fear of wrath and rod.
 But in a song ascribing to God eternal might,
 In favour everlasting and blessing infinite.
 And round Thee, ay, and like Thee those sons in
 multitude
 Where never foot defiling dare venture to intrude.

But something in the distance, a masterpiece of art,
Glorious enough, Lord Jesus, to captivate Thy heart;
Arrayed in holy splendour and bliss beyond compare,
Love's marvellous conception, all thought surpassing
fair.

This star of new creation arose with purest ray,
And shone o'er all things brightest in that all-glorious
day.

With matchless grace resplendent, for ever Thine to be
Thy Bride, Thy loved companion, Thy Father's gift
to Thee.

As Eve from bone of Adam smote on his waking
sight,

And thro' his artless being rushed rays of pure
delight,

And in his joy confessed her his very flesh and bone,
Part of himself, his consort, henceforward not alone.
This holy heavenly vision a glorious prospect cast,
So on the second Adam, the second and the last;
Bride of eternal purpose, Bride of the Lamb to be,
Slow shall the ages vanish ere she shall stand with
Thee.

By the eternal Father to thee as Love-gift given
Whiter than snow that falleth down from the heart
of heaven.

Thy Bride! Thy holy Body! What pen of mortal may
Her infinite perfections, her comeliness portray?

Fails all that has been written, fails all that has
been sung:

Fails every thought of mortal, fails every human
tongue;

Thy beauty put upon her, Thine excellency hers,
This fills my soul with singing, this all my spirit stirs.

We wait for Thine appearing, we wait this sight
to see,

We cry, Come Star of Morning, and that with
bended knee.

Oh, high and holy calling! Oh, purpose good and
 great!
 Oh, love surpassing knowledge! Oh, grace com-
 passionatel
 Oh, wisdom, secret, searchless! Oh, power omnipotent!
 Resources without limit! Our joy and wonderment!
 We wonder and adore Thee as on Thy work we gaze,
 We ponder o'er Thy counsels, we contemplate Thy
 ways.

This joy for Thee was purposed, and in The Book
 was writ,
 Not one thing to be added, nor be erased from it.
 And this before Thou movedst the heavens and earth
 to frame,
 Ere at Thy powerful fiat worlds into being came.
 Ere yet Thy voice almighty had into being brought
 Sun, moon, or star, or planet, creating all from
 nought.
 Love's purpose then was written to have us with
 Thee there,
 To bear Thy heavenly image, Thy glory great to share.
 To see where is no veiling the living Father's face,
 To be in Thine acceptance, relationship, and place.
 As sons brought home to glory, as sons to be with
 Thee
 Within those halls of holy and sweet felicity.
 Thy brethren, Bride and Body, Thy fellows all
 blood-bought,
 Who were for Thee rejected, for Thee were set at
 nought.
 This was Thy Father's counsel, this was His mind
 divine,
 The work, His thoughts to perfect in righteousness,
 was Thine.

Well do we know that nothing can stay Thy mighty
 hand,
 That infinite resources spring up at Thy command,

Yet oft we stand astounded when faith with trembling
scans
The obstacles which threaten to circumvent Thy plans.
But when we see the wisdom bring forth the power
to lay
In dust the thing obstructing Thy good and perfect
way,
We realize that even the rebel human will
Must bend thro' Thy disposal Thy counsels to fulfil.

To bring to pass those counsels it cost Thee tears
and woes:
Thy sorrows none can fathom, Thy griefs no mortal
knows.
From form of God Thou camest Thy creature man
to serve,
And tho' despised, rejected, from this Thou didst
not swerve.
The death that was our merit Thou hadst to undergo,
The wrath that lay upon us Thy soul was made to
know.
Derided by Thy creature, abandoned by Thy God,
Thro' cross and curse terrific death's fastness Thou
hast trod.

But Thou hast gained the battle, the rest of God
hast won
And Thou hast ransom given for that which we had
done.
And Thou hast laid a basis on which Thy hand
shall build
Thy thoughts of love eternal, yea, all that Thou
hast willed.
To scenes of brightest glory Thy voice divine has
called
Those to that love responsive by that same love
enthralled.
And in the hope of being with Thee in that great day,
We wait with exultation joys that shall last for aye.

Thy heavenly grace sustains us throughout this bitter
 night
 Which rules until we see Thee in everlasting light;
 A day of joy unmingled with sorrow or distress,
 A day of holy rapture that words can not express;
 A day of mighty triumph for Father and for Son,
 A day of celebration for battles fought and won;
 A day Thy people long for when faith shall yield
 to sight;
 A day of satisfaction and infinite delight,
 When the redeemed creation shall be at home with
 Thee,
 And when our raptured vision God's face unveiled
 shall see;
 A day when in Thine image we shall be where
 Thou art, [heart.
 Thy brethren, Bride and Body, close to Thy faithful
 Haste, haste, that day eternal! Haste, Father, Spirit,
 Son! [in ONE!
 Haste, for Thy saints are weary! Haste, Trinity

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ARISE.

Awake thou that sleepest! Arise
 From those who in trespass are dead.
 Lift up to the heavens thine eyes
 From whence the light living is shed.

Arise, for the light has appeared,
 The light of which prophets have dreamed,
 Mid the darkness oppressive and weird
 That had almost omnipotent seemed.

The light of the Father unseen,
 The heart of invisible God,
 The life-giving glorious sheen
 By the Son of His love shed abroad.

Then arise! Let the darkness and dole
Be dispelled from that cold heart of thine;
Let the glory break bright on thy soul
By the might of the Spirit divine.

Thou hast nothing to do with the dead,
With the world, with its dissolute trend,
Its plans and its politics red
With the blood of thy Saviour and Friend.

It has been by man's lawlessness built,
A God-hating path it has trod,
Old and grey it has grown in its guilt,
And it waits the just judgment of God.

It has cast out the Just One, the Christ,
To whom belong kingdom and throne,
It cannot to truth be enticed,
Best therefore to leave it alone.

From the wrath and the curse that shall fall
On its sin and its mutinous pride,
The penitent soul let us call
To the Saviour in whom we confide.

This is all we can do—'tis enough,
Let us do it with heavenly might;
We are sure to get oft a rebuff,
But with good let us evil requite.

We are not here the world to amend,
We could not do this if we would;
Let us then not endeavour to blend
Its horrible evil with good.

To witness for Him are we here,
Whom this world on a gibbet impaled,
Tho' sure we have reason to fear
In witness we've fearfully failed.

In the light of His love is our lot,
Thro' the grace of our life-giving head:
This world—there is death in the pot,
Let its dead therefore, bury its dead.

OUR FATHER.

Father! Most High! Most Holy! Most Supreme!
 Revealed in Jesus, by whose mighty hand
 Thou sentest forth, from death us to redeem,
 That we in light before Thy face should stand
 A multitude of sons, a blameless band,
 Within Thy house, where deathless glories gleam,
 Where myriads celestial stand before Thee,
 For ever and ever to adore Thee.

Our voices rise to Thee in ceaseless song,
 Thy wonders we declare, we worship Thee;
 Glory and greatness unto Thee belong!
 Low at Thy footstool glad we bow the knee—
 Free in Thy presence, by Thy favour free!—
 And tell Thee what our ransomed spirits long
 To tell Thee, and shall tell Thee, gracious Father,
 When in Thy house with gladness great we gather.

Thou art our Father, and we know Thy name,
 That name by Jesus unto us declared;
 He who to earth in Thy compassions came,
 And in the sorrows of Thy chosen shared,
 And caused Thy voice life-giving to be heard
 Within their souls, and gave them right to claim
 Relationship with Thee in spheres supernal,
 And in the blessedness of life eternal.

In Thee is our delight, for we are Thine,
 Thy children tho' we wander in this waste;
 Born of Thy Spirit, by Thy life divine
 Quickened, and in Thy Well-Beloved graced.
 Onward and upward to the goal we haste,
 There in His beauty with Himself to shine;
 There where Thy counsels—creature thought con-
 founding—
 Crowned are with glory and with grace abounding.

Filled with Thy favour great our hearts o'erflow!
 Speak we our praises in Thy holy ear.
 How hast Thou given us in grace to know

Love that has banished from our bosoms fear!
Dear to Thy heart are we as Christ is dear,
Loved with the love which dwelt on Him below;
Love giving everything, and nought demanding!
Love that surpasses all our understanding!

Oh, the delight, the bliss, of knowing Thee,
The satisfaction of the human heart!
Oh, the deep blessedness of being free
To have with Jesus everlasting part!
Thou the true source of every blessing art,
The fount of infinite felicity,
And love, and life, and goodness; grace, and glory!
Radiant in Jesus and His wondrous story!



THE TABERNACLES OF GOD.

Blessed be Christ, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Blessed be He who bore the cross and shame!
Blessed be He who hath sin's fetters riven!
Blessed for ever be His holy name!
Blessed the glory that to Him is given!
Blessed be He of universal fame!
Blessed! Thrice blessed be the Lord of glory!
Blessed! Thrice blessed be the Gospel Story!

Has He not called us in compassion tender?
Wooed us and won us by His great love's might?
Who would not praise to our Redeemer render?
Glorious dispeller of our darksome night!
Merciful, marvellous, Divine Defender!
Thine is the kingdom and the power by right!
Lord universall! Life's Originator!
Than the best better, than the greatest greater!

Into this darkness He has brought the Father,
Made us to know Him in His matchless grace,
Died to be able the redeemed to gather
Home to His heavenly and hallowed place;

Drew us from distance and from death, yea, rather,
Set us as sons before the Father's face,
There in the love and in the life eternal,
There in the brilliant beams of bliss supernal.

There in the favour of the Father placed us,
There in the light of everlasting love,
Love that allured us to itself, embraced us,
Gave us a place angelic hosts above;
Love that in God's beloved Son has graced us,
There the immensity of love to prove.
Love that surpasses all our understanding,
Love, the true love of every heart, commanding.

Gave us His Spirit that delights eternal
Might by His people be perceived and known.
Fair is the country and for ever vernal
Thus to their spirits by His Spirit shown;
Leading their hearts from pleasures hodiernal,
Fading and failing, soon for ever flown,
Up to a region and a rest unfading,
Far from deceiver and deceit degrading.

Soon to that region He will safely bring us,
Once in that dwelling which is His and ours,
Sorrow envenomed never more shall sting us;
There shall felicity in peaceful bowers
Dwell for eternity, while joys enring us:
There shall we worship with supernal powers.
There shall we see Him who has died to save us,
And not the grace alone but glory gave us.

Yea, and on earth He has disclosed a dwelling,
Here where His Spirit has His blest abode;
Here where His saints their songs are ever swelling,
Here where their offerings His altars' load;
Here where with transport still their tongues are telling
Tales of His benefits on men bestowed;
Here in this Temple every stone is living,
And in this darkness light of God is giving.

Great is the House, and great is He who built it,
Great is the Person Who within it dwells;
Great is the value of the Gold that gilt it,
Great is the wealth, which all the world excels;
Great was its price—the blood of Him who spilt it—
Great is the story which its glory tells.
Great is the mystery of its holy places,
Great is the wisdom its design embraces.

Yet tho' the Spirit dwells on earth among us,
There is that better place for us in store:
Travellers thitherward nor crowd nor throng us,
Few haste to enter at the heavenly door.
Yet will our Saviour not so sadly wrong us,
As to declare it better is before,
Had He determined in this waste to leave us—
Never, no never would He thus deceive us.

Christ in the way of righteousness is guiding
Souls thro' this Rephadim to living streams,
And to the fountains which are found abiding
Blessings beyond the boundary of dreams.
There, where with lavish hand His gifts dividing,
Love of the Father on His Chosen beams.
There shall we find eternal satisfaction
Far from this world's disturbance and distraction.

John—from the desert where he saw the Harlot
Drunk with the purple blood of martyrs slain,
Covered with precious stones and gold and scarlet,
Proud o'er the rulers of the earth to reign;
King, prince and potentate and peer and varlet,
Standing before her in respect profane—
Rose to the City bright with jasper gleaming,
Rose from the nations and their mad blaspheming:

Saw the Metropolis, and heard the thunder
Peal with the praises of the heavenly Lamb,
Waking the welkin and the wide world under,
Rising as incense to the great I AM;

Wondered at Babylon's pollution, wonder
Swelled as he witnessed where in glory swam
God's mighty Masterpiece of new creation,
Light of the Messianic dispensation.

Paul carried upward to this land Elysian
Heard things unspeakable; and how shall I
Tell what my soul hath, in ecstatic vision,
Heard in those empyreal courts on high?
Things which to publish is there not permission,
Language of mortals those delights defy.
God, for His people, has in grace prepared them,
And by His Spirit have we seen and heard them.

There have I walked about the twelve foundations,
There have I gazed upon the golden street,
Watched the arisings, the transfigurations,
Saw the saints worship at their Father's feet,
Marked the magnificent administrations
Saw where the heavenly and earthly meet,
Knelt in the kingdom of the Living Father,
Saw His sons glorified before Him gather.

Felt the pulsations of the heart of Jesus,
Felt the pulsations of the heart of God,
Felt on my spirit free the balmy breezes
Wafted from sanctuaries yet untrod;
Tasted the power that the soul releases
If for a moment from the earthly clod,
Heard in the rush of the seraphic legions
Mercy administered to far off regions.

Oh! that my tongue could to the whole creation
Tell what my spirit hath with joy explored,
Summits of ecstasy and exaltation!
Circles of mystery, admired, adored!
Heights to which never man's imagination,
In its most elevated flights, has soared!
Heights which thro' mercy we shall soon inherit,
Brought there in body and in soul and spirit.

Praise ye the Lord of life, the King eternal!
Praise Him who overthrew the forces fell!
Praise Him who rules amid the hosts supernal!
Praise Him who has the keys of death and hell!
Praise Him with gladness in your springtime vernal!
And in your praises of His virtues tell!
Praise Him in youth, and when your locks are hoary!
And in your weary way, and in the glory!



THE OLD AND NEW.

Cold is the breath of dying year,
Dark are the days, the nights are drear,
Sunless the sombre atmosphere,
The snow is falling,
Shadows of shivering creatures steer
Thro' vapours galling.

Soft steals the year we hail as new
From ermine mantle into view,
Noiseless its footfall as the dew
Falls round our dwelling.
Give to its advent greetings true,
Mistrust dispelling.

Bury the old without a tear,
Welcome the new without a fear,
Heart true and tranquil, conscience clear,
And faith unfailing,
Meet with a hope serene, sincere
Its bright unvailing.

Withered this world is, old and weak,
Lifeless and loveless, bare and bleak;
Let us in tender mercy seek
The myriads sunken
Deep in debauch, of which they reek
Dazed, drowsed, and drunken.

Now in the Gospel vespertine,
 Clear thro' the clouds that intervene,
 Is by our faith's clear vision seen
 The Star of Morning,
 Turning our hearts from things terrene
 And godless scorning.

Upward to stainless spheres of light,
 Upward to regions fair and bright
 Vailed from the carnal creature's sight,
 But yet apparent
 By the eternal Spirit's might,
 Their sole Declarant.

Bury this world with the passing year,
 Bury it deep without a tear,
 Its vice, its verve, its thin veneer
 Of virtue hollow,
 Into its grave let casket, bier,
 And trappings follow.

Strong in the Saviour's heavenly grace,
 Strong in the Father's warm embrace,
 Fly from this world's deceitful face,
 Its baleful cup shun.
 Join in the spiritual race
 For incorruption.

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DAVID.

David remember and his dire afflictions!
 God will remember! Let not men forget
 David the Greater, and the contradictions
 Which in this world His weary way beset;
 Malice unmitigated, maledictions,
 Rude and unreasonable wrath, which met
 Hard on His head devoted, undefended,
 Not with a crumb of true compassion blended.

Never shall we, His blood-redeemed, forget Him,
Never shall ages from our hearts erase
Sacred impressions of the griefs that met Him,
Infinite wonders of His furrowed face,
Marvellous musings of what woes beset Him
Lone and abandoned in the sinner's place;
When for our benefit His blood He proffered,
When for our souls His soul He freely offered.

Lord of the heavens and the earth for ever,
Lord of creation, Being Increate,
Come in the likeness of our flesh, but never
Stained by the evil of our fallen state,
Come to destroy the might of death, and sever
Men from its mastery, in mercy great.
Oh! let us kneel before Him, let us own Him
King of our hearts, and on that throne enthrone Him.

King! He is King of kings! His birth predicted
Early by prophet and by heavenly herald.
Glorious things are of His reign depicted
Peerless Possessor of this war-worn world:
Government absolute, and unrestricted
By the earth's boundaries, where flags unfurled
Wave from the battlements of every nation,
Marking the limits of their proud location.

This, circumscribing in its vast embraces
And in the glory of its endless years,
Not only everything in earthly places
But, the ensphering of the heavenly spheres,
Beings angelic, hierarchs, and races
Flushed with felicity, or drunk with tears.
Come, let us worship, at His footstool falling,
Held in the greatness of His grace enthralling.

Gabriel, sent unto the virgin daughter,
David's inheritress, foretells a Son;
True to the piety that grace had taught her
Answers submissive, let His will be done.
God, such a message as the angel brought her,
Sent to none other underneath the sun.

Blest among women was the virgin lowly!
 Son of the Highest was her Firstborn holy.
 Far from the sunrise come the Magi, bringing
 Myrrh and frankincense and their gifts of gold,
 Come to set every ear in Jewry ringing,
 Racked or enraptured with the tale they told.
 From the deep blue the royal star is flinging
 Light over water, desert, waste, and wold:
 Light to direct them to the Temple Holy,
 Found with the carpenter in cottage lowly.

Wake up the echoes with your acclamations,
 World of humanity, your God is near;
 Shout it aloud among the living nations,
 Make every man on earth the tidings hear;
 Rend the blue welkin with your exultations,
 Rouse the lone valleys and the deserts drear;
 Let every corner of the wide creation
 Hear of the Saviour, and of God's salvation.

Bethlehem, house of living bread, confess Him,
 Let the broad ways with hallelujahs ring;
 Proud let thy ancient walls be to possess Him,
 Wide thy glad gates before His presence fling;
 Old men and young, your voices raise and bless Him,
 Offspring of David hail as Christ the King.
 Tell it abroad, Messiah has been born there.
 Woe to the scoffer who is heard to scorn there.

Zion, acknowledge with a welcome glorious
 Power that plucked thee from the Jebusite,
 Making thy name with matchless grace notorious,
 Clothing thy battlements with lustre bright,
 Fair in prophetic vision, and victorious,
 Splendour of royalty and kingly might:
 Welcome that might in the Messiah vested,
 Soon in its glory to be manifested.

Cold the reception that the world's Creator
 Met in His mission of immortal love,
 When in God's mercy as the Mediator
 Sought He the heart of fallen man to move;

None on earth lower, none in heaven greater,
Not even He who fills the throne above:
Yet in a servant's fashion we behold Him,
Wondrous the mysteries that thus enfold Him.

Wisdom incarnate, yet in wisdom growing,
Perfect in manger as in man's estate,
Finite in knowledge, and yet all things knowing;
Maker of worlds, but here in weakness great,
Feeling what want was, and yet bread bestowing
Hunger of multitudes to satiate;
Highest, yet lowest in humiliation;
Master, yet servant: God in incarnation.

Angels with joy His advent celebrated,
Here as a creature saw the Increate,
Glad on the hitherto Unseen now sated,
Eager their eyes with admiration great,
Making their voices, as they contemplated
God everlasting, man's associate,
Wake up the midnight with their marvellous story,
Peace upon earth, to God in Highest glory!

But as to man, to whom is thus attested
Favour so vast, to whom this Babe is born,
Is the sole creature all uninterested,
Blind to the bliss of that majestic morn.
Grace thus so marvellously manifested,
Welcomes he with indifference or scorn.

Only where Herod, Idumean plotter,
Feels his throne murderous beneath him totter.

Gainst Him both bolt and bar the princely palace,
Find Him no favour at the wayside Inn,
Cruelly press on Him, with conscience callous,
Poverty synonymic is with sin.

Press to His infant lips the bitter chalice
Brimmed with malevolence. Let Him begin
Gainst hosts infernal the terrific battle,
Cradled as outcast where they feed the cattle.

This shall make manifest this world's remotion
From its Creator, spite of its venger;

This but the spray of that tenebrous ocean
 Wrath with the fury of the nether sphere.
 Yet shall His piety and prime devotion
 Guard Him immaculate through haunts of fear;
 Faith shall not fail Him in the hour of trial,
 Met by reproach, betrayal, and denial.

Strange never Cherub from the spheres supernal,
 Roused into wrath at the disloyal sight,
 Burst thro' with thunders of the dread Eternal,
 Earth and inhabitant with curse to smite.
 Could not Omniscience from His place discern all
 Creature antipathy and cruel spite?
 Meted to Him in measure overflowing,
 Who to our race the living God was showing.

Woeful the way we met the Holy Saviour,
 Woeful the world He came in grace to save;
 There the full ocean of our base behaviour
 Hurled o'er His head the overwhelming wave.
 Boundless the love that caused Him thus to brave
 your

Malice, O men, beset by cross and grave,
 Meeting it all to righteously recover
 Souls from destruction—What a faithful Lover!

Blind tho' the eye be to His moral glory,
 Hard tho' the heart be set against such love,
 Dull tho' the ear be to His wondrous story,
 Deaf to a message that the dead might move,
 Hostile tho' earth be in its hatred hoary,
 Scorning the light from sacred courts above:
 High in the heights is One whose approbation
 Far over-balances such condemnation.

Not His own will but His who sent Him doing,
 Not His own glory seeking here below,
 Not a path chosen by Himself pursuing—
 How to be subject monarchs first should know—
 Never with murmurings His way bestrewing,
 Never complaining, tho' the end be woe:

Crown or cross, woes no creature mind can measure,
Right it is all, if but the Father's pleasure.

There by the waters of the Jordan bending,
He, the Beloved, and forever blest,
Bows to the righteousness of wrath impending,
Ranks with the remnant who their sins confessed;
And from the dome above the Dove descending
Finds on His person pure a place to rest;
And there the Father owns the scorned and slighted
Son of His love, in whom His soul delighted.

Then, and then only from the world's foundation
First was the Trinity by voice declared:
Seen was the Spirit, and in incarnation
Seen was the Son, the Father's voice was heard.
What, on the basis of propitiation,
Has such a Trinity for us prepared?
Things not made manifest since man's creation,
Things never reached by man's imagination.

Him ye knew not, but had ye wished to know Him,
Or had ye pondered the prophetic word,
Or had ye longed to see Him, and to show Him
How ye could welcome David's Son and Lord,
Ye might have understood how much ye owe Him,
Ye might have welcomed Him with one accord;
But dominated by your notions carnal,
Cast ye the wheat away, and dined on darnel.

Had ye but known Him as my soul has known Him,
Earth ye had filled with everlasting song,
Ye would have owned Him as the heavens do own
Him,
Glad to acknowledge ye to Him belong;
Lord in your heart of hearts ye had enthroned Him,
Hating their fellowship who work His wrong:
And had the world degraded and despised you,
What if the heavens above had praised and prized
you.

Ye shall yet see Him, ye who have not seen Him,
 Ye shall yet know Him, tho' ye have not known,
 Ye who have fancied ye could stand between Him
 And the companionship of all His own,
 Ye who imagined ye could so demean Him
 He would be reaved of kingdom, crown, and throne,
 What will ye say when ye at last behold Him,
 When the dread terrors of His wrath enfold Him ?

Say! Ye shall surely nothing say whatever,
 What could ye say when every thought is known ?
 Then ye will understand how vain the endeavour
 Wrong to defend before His righteous throne.
 Dream not that innocence ye can assever,
 Willing ye had been constantly to own
 Lordship in Him, so highly venerated,
 Had but the Word been well authenticated!

Once in God's form, with Godhead glory vested,
 Zoned with that light invisible to man,
 Never approachable, unmanifested,
 Being whose face no mortal eye could scan,
 Thence on our woes His eye with mercy rested,
 Thence He came forth according to the plan
 Of our redemption, purposed ere the ages,
 Yet undiscovered by the wisest sages.

Man among men in human form and weakness,
 Slave to the Godhead in His life below,
 Marked by His love, His mercy great, His meekness,
 Taking a part in all our want and woe.
 Praise we the grace, the goodness, the uniqueness
 Told in a life no man can fully know:
 Day on man's darkness and despair awaking,
 Light thro' this gloom in living lustre breaking.

Dumb, demon-harassed, troubled, and tormented,
 Sick folk sorrowful, lepers and the lame,
 Debtors, diseased, distressed, and discontented,
 Trespassers steeped in all their guilty shame,

Blind, bruised, beggar-poor, broken, and demented,
Weary souls burdened by the law's dread claim,
Struck by the word from Sinai's darkness spoken,
Cursed by the just demand so often broken:

Such in Him found a welcome and a healing,
Who in His mercy came the lost to save,
Love, love unfathomable love, revealing,
Grace bringing, wave in overwhelming wave.
Demons of darkness from His presence reeling
Whelming witness to His Godhead gave,
But as to man who was so well befriended
Hate with hypocrisy he basely blended.

Lone in Adullam or in desert hiding,
Knelt on the mount, or walking on the sea,
Treading the dark and liquid waves, or chiding
Storm-troubled waters of dark Galilee.
Or to the hungry multitudes dividing
Bread in abundance free, for grace is free.
Found still the path of patient love pursuing,
Way thus to hearts thro' human hatred hewing.

On to the cross, for that must be the ending
Unto a life so utterly abhorred,
Life in which grace and truth divine were blending,
But with man's thoughts in perfect disaccord.
Yet must He still be ceaselessly befriending
Men, tho' He heap reviling as reward:
Yea, as a ransom for the vile offender
Hanged on a gibbet He will life surrender.

In the lone garden when the gloom was stealing-
Up the deep valleys and athwart the skies,
Where the cold winter zephyrs were congealing
Dews which Judea's bleeding land baptize;
And while thro' sorrow sleep was softly sealing
From the last conflict the disciples' eyes,
Witnessed the stars accomplishing their courses
Bellicose muster of infernal forces.

Heaven, the interested sole spectator,
 Views thro' the vapours cold the powers engaged;
 Hell, in the person of her imperator,
 War with the Lord of life and glory waged,
 Who, with a might than creature prowess greater,
 Struck the fell forces which against Him raged.
 But who the battle to describe is able?
 Fought in the bosom of the darkness sable.

Not for the first time had these met together,
 Nor each at each their fiery forces hurled:
 One from the upper world, one from the nether—
 God of the universe, god of this world;
 Nor was it now an open question whether
 This one or that one had his cause imperilled;
 One by His righteousness and faith was shielded,
 One all the might of death and darkness wielded.

Once at Pas-dammim was rehearsed the battle,
 When with his spear the son of Rapha strode—
 Where the war chariots were heard to rattle—
 Cursing the armies of the living God.
 Heard the youth David the perpetual prattle,
 Boasting and blasphemous, which greatly awed
 All the great heroes of the Tribes assembled,
 Who in the presence of the monster trembled.

Saul, than his brethren taller, head and shoulder,
 Choice of the people, every inch a king,
 Met by this prodigy is now no bolder
 Than is the feeblest of his following
 David despised is the alone upholder
 Of the Lord's honour, with a stone and sling.
 There the blest shadow of the great Redeemer
 Crushes the insolent and bold blasphemer.

Faint this reflection of the battle fateful,
 Foughten by David's Son and Lord, and won,
 When for a nation and a world ungrateful
 Crushed He the cherub in the darkness dun;
 Punished and paralysed the powers hateful,
 Left, to perpetuate the conflict, none:

Now thro' man only must the fight be foughten,
Led by his guilty leaders fiend-begotten.

Golgotha was of this the awful sequel,
Christ there the chalice dark was made to drink;
What in the history of worlds could equal
Depths into which His soul was doomed to sink?
Yet never this, nor e'en the godless clique will
Cause Him one moment from the shame to shrink,
Yea, let them gibbet Him as a transgressor,
Death He will dare that He may be their Blessor.

Drank He the cup in overflowing measure,
Drank, till its bitterness awoke despair,
Drank, that my soul as His eternal treasure,
He might have with Him in His glory there,
Drank, when as Azazel the fierce displeasure
Of the Omnipotent was His to bear,
When on that gibbet He made expiation
Freeing our souls from fear of condemnation.

Glorious in holiness, in praises fearful,
Glad we Thy victories, O Lord, rehearse,
Here Thou didst see us, tost and torn and tearful,
Crushed by our captor, crying under curse.
How hast Thou left us? Free, unchained, and
cheerful.

Who is like Thee in all the universe?
Thine is the kingdom, and the might and glory—
Who would not eulogise Thy wondrous story?

Who gave the pliades their influences?
Who drew the stalwarts to Adullam's cave?
Who on the lily's lip the dew condenses?
Who took the terror from the gloomy grave?
Who overthrew the devil's dread defences?
Who to the prisoner his freedom gave?
He, it is He who shed His blood to save us:
He, it is He who from our sins did lave us.

Who was it slew, to save the lamb, the lion,
Plucking the quarry from between its teeth?

Who slung the sword upon the great Orion—
 Bright for the battle in its starry sheath?
 Ere He was heard of in the halls of Zion
 Who consternation caused in hell beneath?
 He, it is He who is the Lord's anointed:
 He, it is He who is the King appointed.

Heard of in heaven and in earth and under,
 Heard by the hierarchs in death's domain,
 Heard from the throat of the deep threatening thunder,
 Heard in the moaning of the mighty main,
 Heard in the rending of the rocks asunder,
 Heard in the passion of the pouring rain,
 Heard in Golgotha's gloom and grief surprising,
 Heard in the rouse of the Redeemer's rising.

Witnessed in everything, the least and greatest,
 Glorious in atom as in sun or star,
 Wondrous activities, the first and latest,
 Things long vanished, and the things that are,
 Heard in the ordinance of king or statist,
 Whisper of peace, or thunder-peal of war,
 Heard from the solitude when God-forsaken,
 Heard when the heavens and the earth are shaken.

Youngest of all the sons of Jesse, call Him,
 Set Him among the men of might we see,
 Right in the centre of the throng install Him—
 Samuel anoint Him, for this is He!
 Pour on His head the Holy Oil, extol Him,
 Bend low before Him in the dust the knee.
 Shepherd of Israel and God elected:
 Saul is the people's choice, but God-rejected.

God hath as Saviour and as Prince enthroned Him,
 Sworn, and saluted Him as King and Priest,
 Honour and majesty have crowned and zoned Him,
 Lord of the highest and Lord of the least.
 Soon shall have seen Him all the world, and owned
 Him,
 Carping of critics then shall all have ceased:

When every knee at His great name has bended,
And the rebellion of the world has ended.

Name ever excellent in every nation!
His is the kingdom and the crown by right.
As Saul was fallen from his lofty station
Glittered Gilboa with Philistine might.
Fallen has he before the foe's invasion,
Fallen tho' panoplied in armour bright:
Fallen, for justice has not slept nor slumbered
Fallen, as one who long the ground had cumbered.

Name above every other name, God-given!
Name that eclipses every name on earth!
Name that is mentioned in the courts of heaven
As the one Name of everlasting worth.
Name that has demons into darkness driven:
Name that is sweet to all of heavenly birth.
Name that the sorrows of the soul assuages,
Name that endureth to eternal ages.

Name that the Father hears with gladness spoken;
Name all intelligences must revere;
Name that to weary souls conveys the token
That to the creature is brought mercy near,
Name that the melody of love unbroken
Wafts to the sons of men in every sphere,
Name that unfolds to us redemption's story,
Name now almighty in the courts of glory.

Shout ye aloud, ye wastes of earth, glad-hearted,
Let from the wildernesses songs be heard,
Fields from which fruitfulness has long departed
Drenched by the rains which were in wrath deferred,
Valleys and hills which thro' the curse have smarted
Drink as ye listen to the Gospel Word:
Once like the barren rod of mitred Aaron,
Now bloom and fructify like fruitful Sharon.

Praise Him, ye heavens and ye hosts eternal,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all ye sons of light,

Land, by the favour of the Highest, vernal,
 Praise and extol Him, morning, noon and night;
 Vapours of darkness and of clouds nocturnal
 Fire, hail, and stormy winds, with all your might,
 Worship Him, oceans, rivers, brooks and fountains,
 Fields, forests, valleys, heights and deeps and moun-
 tains.

Kings, princes, welcome give me King eternal,
 Bend low the knee before Him, kiss the Son,
 Nightly your voices raise, your praise diurnal,
 Bless Him for everything that He has done.
 Tremble, ye rebels, and ye powers infernal
 Broken in battle by Messiah won.
 Fiercely your fortresses have ye defended,
 Howl in your helplessness, your day is ended.

Earth and her deeps exult, the heaven's loud thunder,
 Flames the artillery from ramparts high,
 Cleave the red lightnings the expanse asunder
 Far fly their flashings thro' the central sky.
 Weltering ocean joyously thereunder
 Leaps to the welkin with its praises high,
 And all the lilies of the field are kissing
 Gladly His feet who comes the curse dismissing.

From the four corners of the wide creation
 Kings, principalities and powers appear,
 Gracing the triumph of His coronation
 Seat of the mighty King of kings ensphere.
 Legions of angels in their adoration
 Gleam like the lightning, holding sword and spear,
 Princes and potentates and powers supernal
 Flame in the phalanx round the King eternal.

Lift up your heads, ye ancient gates and hoary,
 Lift up your heads, ye doors that last for aye,
 Fling wide your portals, that the King of glory
 Who has the right to enter, enter may.
 Who is this King of glory, famed in story?
 Lord of Hosts decked with universal sway.

Lift up your heads, ye gates, and welcome glorious,
Give to your King who comes from war victorious.

Lift up your heads, ye gates, that He may enter,
Lord of all lords, and King of those that reign.
Lift up your heads before the sacred Centre
Make with your songs the echoes ring again.
Lift up your heads, ye gates, let Zion vent her
Pleasure supreme in rapturous refrain.
Who is this King of glory? Matchless story?
Jesus—Jehovah—is the King of glory!

Lift up your heads, ye gates, in deep devotion
Bend low, ye hills, about Jerusalem.
Shout fruitful vineyards, which with sweet emotion
Dews from the heavens your purple fruit begem.
Lebanon, wave in reverent commotion
Welcome to Him who wears the diadem.
Who is this King of glory? Great His story!
Jesus—Jehovah—is the King of Glory!

Lift up your heads, ye gates, let all creation
Join in ascribing blessing to the King,
Worship Him, all ye angels, adoration
Be unto Him from every living thing.
Joyful with banners blue and acclamation
Giving Him glory loyally enring.
Who is this King of glory? This His story—
Jesus—Jehovah—He is King of Glory!



WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST ?

What thinkest thou of Christ? I ask thee not
For a pronouncement on His lineage:
It may be thou hast not one certain thought
Gathered concerning this from Sacred Page;
But like the once blind beggar blest with sight
Thou hast not learned the greatness of the One

Who put an end to thy long lone dark night,
 Nor dreamed that thou hast looked upon THE
 SON.

What thinkest thou of Christ? nor do I ask
 For answer the dead dogma of a creed,
 Which serves a guilty ignorance to mask
 But strangles conscience and the cry of need:
 Like Judah's scribes, who wist not He must die
 To break the cruel power that man oppressed,
 Nor His resurgence understood, nor why
 David his Son in spirit Lord confessed.

What thinkest thou of Christ? nor ask I thee
 His excellencies wondrous to dilate;
 But tell me that without Him heaven would be
 An arid waste, a region desolate:
 Like one to whom the Creditor in grace
 A multitude of trespasses forgave,
 Thy highest heaven—the brightness of His face:
 Thy greatest glory—that thou art His slave.



HOME-COMING.

Written on board the S.S. Baltic, almost in sight of
 the Irish coast.

Oh, who shall be sad when the cliffs of green Erin
 Arise from the ocean wave glad on our eyes?
 Should there start in that rapturous moment a tear in
 Our vision, or sob from our bosom arise,
 These shall not of sorrow
 Be signals: the morrow
 Our souls in an ocean of bliss shall baptise.

How sad the leave-taking was, when we were severed,
 What seas have long sundered. What years have
 rolled by
 Since we said, "Banachth lath," while in vain we
 endeavoured
 By laughter to give to hearts breaking the lie.

How oft have we thought on
Friends never forgotten,
For joy we to meet them are ready to die.
Auld Scotia, thy heather and heath shall be trodden
Once more by thy sons so long severed from thee;
Thy fields by our forefathers' blood have been sodden,
Who fought and who fell that their homes should
be free.
And back, if not bettered,
We come, still unfettered;
Free men and free women determined to be.
Dear England, though distant from thee we have
wandered,
Thy loveliness still without rival remains.
To thee, where with lavish hand nature has squandered
Her gifts, we are bound with unbreakable chains;
For distance can never
Thy sons from thee sever,
As long as the body the spirit retains.
But land of my faith, far eclipsing these Islands,
Where never expandeth the darkness her wing;
Not emerald lowlands, nor purple-browed highlands
Such infinite joy to the bosom can bring,
As where from the glory
Grim Golgotha's story
And Jesu's great love His blood-ransomed shall
ring.

□ □ □ □

REMEMBER ME.

Now that 'tis well with thee, Belov'd for ever,
Well thro' the sorrows I endured for thee,
Freed from the fetters I alone could sever,
Hast thou, my blood-redeemed, forgotten Me?
Brought out of darkness, death, and seas of sorrow
Into the transport of a life divine,
What joys await thee must a blissful morrow
Tell where the emerald and jasper shine:

Brought to the knowledge of the living Father,
 Set as a son before His unveiled face,
 There where the ransomed shall rejoicing gather,
 There where the glory great shall crown the grace:

There where the armies of the High and Holy
 Wear the imperishable anadem,
 There shall they think upon the Meek and Lowly
 Treading the solitudes of death for them.

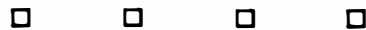
Yea, and the love which had their souls befriended
 When under death, and where that love brought Me,
 Depths into which I for their sakes descended,
 When I the judgment bore for them and thee:

Made the abominable thing God hateth,
 Dying My death upon a gibbet lone,
 Shedding for thee the blood that expiateth
 Sins, to the glory of the heavenly throne.

Now it is well with thee, and well for ever,
 ·Glory thy destiny, thy cloudless goal,
 Never can I, Belov'd, forget thee, never,
 Never can it be evil with thy soul.

Now in this doleful day of My rejection
 I who have suffered and been set at naught
 Earnestly long to witness Mine election
 Give to My body and My blood a thought.

Only remember what for thee I suffered
 When God-forsaken on the cursed tree,
 When for thy sinful soul My soul I offered.
 Now it is well with thee REMEMBER ME.



REVELATION VERSUS SPECULATION.

Oh, the grandeur and the glory
 Of the Gospel from above!
 Oh, the sweetness of the story
 Of the living Father's love!

Oh, the infinite perfection
Of the work by Jesus wrought,
Glorified in resurrection,
Death despoiled and set at naught!

All its darkness and its sorrows
Which my soul in bondage held,
All its mists and mystic horrors,
He has broken and dispelled.

Rescued me from mine oppressor,
Ransomed me from bondage base,
I an insolent transgressor,
Rebel of a rebel race.

Brought me to His God and Father
In whose house my feet shall stand,
When His blood-redeemed shall gather
In that deathless love-lit land.

This is not the vain creation
Of a febrile fantasy,
I have found a firm foundation
For the hope that dwells in me.

Nor have I the foolish notion
That all others I surpass
In divine and deep devotion,
Many faults have I, alas!

If like unbelieving creatures
I in judgment should appear,
Bearing all the marks and features
Of an obstinate career.

Could I justly be defended?
Could I wrath divine evade,
I who sin with insult blended,
Love with bitter hate repaid?

I am not so feeble minded
Such a thought to entertain,
Nor so densely demon-blinded,
Spiritually insane.

This I know, and long have known it,
 Give me what my deeds can claim,
 Unto God and men I own it,
 Wait me darkness, death and shame.

Had His judgment overtaken
 Me in my campaign of sin,
 God-condemned and God-forsaken
 I for evermore had been.

But His grace, o'er sin abounding,
 Met me in my lost estate,
 Welcomed me—O love astounding!
 Welcomed with forgiveness great.

Had I then in mine offences
 To His judgment-seat been brought,
 Worse than worthless my defences,
 Shelters, hiding-places naught.

Useless all my prayers and pleading,
 Vile my rags of righteousness;
 Better things than these were needing
 In that judgment merciless.

How could I to justice render
 For my errors recompense?
 I the veriest offender
 How atone for mine offence?

If in liberal concession
 Justice less than all would take,
 Not amends for one transgression
 In a thousand could I make.

Wherefore then the good of toiling
 Liabilities to meet
 If my debts be dailing coiling
 Fetters fast about my feet?

Better drop it altogether,
 Own my sinful self undone,
 Turn to God, and find out whether
 Grace exists for such an one.

This most pressing, most momentous
Question must an answer find:
Has our Maker message sent us?
Must the blind direct the blind?

This shall sure have evil ending
For the leader and the led;
Fool on brother fool depending,
Life of both is jeopardized.

Something more than speculation
I must have to rest upon;
If there be no firm foundation
I my hope may jettison.

What know I of my Creator?
What of sinful self know I?
Have I friend or arbitrator
In the courts of the Most High?

Bound to part with friend and brother,
Bound to pass within the shade,
Where perhaps a thousand other
Terrors lurk in ambushade.

From beyond the blue surrounding,
From beyond the starry spheres,
Has no living voice been sounding
In this vale of toil and tears?

Unto whom for information
This regarding can I look?
Shall I practice incantation,
Call up devil, demon, spook?

I am in a world of liars
Where no mortal truth may glean,
Rank are human thorns and briars,
Do these sprout in the unseen?

Should I cross the portal mystic,
Should I words from Hades hear,
Would they fall as atheistic
Or theistic on mine ear?

Nought of that mysterious region
 More than I my neighbour knows.
 Speculations, these are legion—
 Tell me not what ye suppose.

Light I want, the light that shineth
 Brighter than your tapers dim;
 Light that the unseen defineth,
 Not your philosophic glim;

Not your schoolmen's stupid babble,
 Offspring of the chimpanzee,
 Leaders of the restless rabble,
 Doctors of Divinity.

No, I want the light that breaketh
 From the living Father's heart;
 Light that ghostly worship waketh
 With its wonder-working art.

Who can bring me this? What mortal
 Once his ashes have been urned,
 Has recrossed the mystic portal
 And from Hades back returned?

Who can bring report veracious
 From this spiritual sphere?
 Plague upon your thoughts audacious!
 Verities I want to hear.

Bring me facts, or stop your prating,
 Your mad reveries restrain.
 Why our souls be aggravating
 With your postulations vain?

Some of you have limits broken
 And with spirits have conversed,
 And the stuff and nonsense spoken
 Ye have in our ears rehearsed.

Ye have wonders apprehended,
 Ye have seen the sacred light,
 Your discoveries have ended
 Our long blind and bitter night!

Ye have talked with the departed,
Ye have formed with them a link,
Ye have healed the broken-hearted
With this light divine—you think!

Ye have seen them, ye assure us,
And the sight has banished grief,
Therefore ye desire to cure us
Of our woeful unbelief.

Just a word of exhortation
From an utter stranger brook,
Doubting not confabulation
With your spirit, spectre, spook.

But while waiting some disclosure
Which may yet in darkness lurk,
Watch, lest haply you expose your
Little hole and corner work;

Also fortunately seeing
That your cult by God is banned,
Banned for your and my well-being,
Dread, desert, discard it, and

Stop your miserable yapping!
For we doubtless all know well
Seance dark and spirit-rapping
Are controlled by demons fell.

Ye who wear the Roman collar,
Ye who somewhat seem to be
In this world of moral squalor,
More than others what know ye?

Why should any human being
To your guidance trust his soul?
Have ye left this life sight-seeing
And returned upon parole?

Have ye left the solar system
In your pilgrimage behind?
Your Creator—have ye missed Him
In investigation blind?

Have ye looked into the wonders
Of the star-bespangled spheres?
Have ye reached where darkness thunders
HALT! to prying pioneers?

Have ye seen where God has hidden
Human ghosts from mortal sight?
Have ye on a cherub ridden
Thro' the deathless vales of light?

One would fancy by your talking
Ye had heard the heavenly choir,
And had been with spirits walking
Scaithless on the stones of fire.

Without doubt ye are the people
And with you shall wisdom die!
Backed by college, church, and steeple,
Who your dogmas dare deny?

Hence with fruitless speculation,
Product of disordered brains,
Leave me with God's revelation
And the grace that it contains.

Leave me God and Christ and heaven,
Leave me Father, Spirit, Son,
Cross and blood and sins forgiven
And the glory Christ has won.

Leave me every member holding
To the Living Head above;
Leave me faith and hope enfolding
Everlasting peace and love.

After this, to all whatever
In creation may remain
Ye are welcome. I assever
Nothing else would I retain.

Ye can keep your thoughts endearing
If they comfort to you bring,
But remember death is nearing
With its fell, envenomed sting.

Proudly now, but not for ever,
Ye His Word may criticise,
Deem yourselves uncommon clever,
Yet may God unveil your eyes.

Better have your sightless vision
Opened in a day of grace,
Than when hopeless your condition
Ye must wrath eternal face.

Then too late shall be repentance,
Then too late on Christ to call;
Ye perforce must hear the sentence
That shall every soul appal.

Blessed be the revelation
Of my God, and of His Christ,
Which, from maze of speculation,
To my Saviour me enticed.

Drew me by His grace, and met me,
Offspring of a ruined race,
Gave me welcome, safely set me
As a son before His face.

With His Holy Spirit sealed me,
Gift beyond all power to tell
Made me sure that He shall shield me
Gainst the might of death and hell.

Gave me prospect, doubt dispelling,
That when here my course is run
I shall in the Father's dwelling
Bear the image of the Son.

Oh, the greatness of the glory
Of the Gospel from above!
Oh, the sweetness of the story
Of His everlasting love!



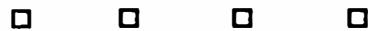
MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

Another turn of Time's relentless wheel,
 Another milestone past,
 From life's sweet bells have come another peal,
 The trump of God has blown another blast—
 And all is well.

Another link from off life's golden chain
 Has dropped into the night.
 We cannot count how many more remain
 Ere the last vanishes from human sight—
 No tongue can tell.

Thy times are in thy Father's faithful hands,
 And shall for ever be.
 Who can unloose the eternal golden bands
 That to His Son have bound for ever thee?
 No creature fell.

He winnoweth thy path: no evil fear,
 He leads thee in His way.
 Unto His voice keep thou an open ear
 And may His love be thy support and stay
 Until thy feet shall reach the unsullied way—
 God's citadel.

**THINE AM I.**

I love Thee, Lord; this I rejoice Thou knowest,
 Omniscient Searcher of the human heart,
 Tho' of all saints I be the least and lowest,
 Yet am I Thine, for Thou my Master art.

Thou lovest me; O Thou immortal Lover!
 Surpassing every other love is Thine;
 This makes my cup of happiness run over,
 The thought that "I am Thine," not "Thou art
 mine."

To me that fact the fullest joy hath given,
To me who have Thy trust so often failed;
Another than Thyself my soul had driven
Where my repentance never had availed.

I love Thee, Lord; I covet to be near Thee,
Am happy only when alone with Thee:
Sweet is Thy voice! Oh, how I love to hear Thee
Tell of the Father's deep desires for me!

Thou lovest me; the cross the proof eternal
Of love that leads me to unrivalled rest;
This like a flower that blooms forever vernal
Fills with its fragrance heavenly my breast.

Thou lovest me; I could not, dare not doubt Thee;
Thy deep desire is toward me, I am Thine.
Not only gladly have I heard about Thee,
My inmost soul well knows Thy voice divine.

That quickening voice that sweeter far is speaking
Than all the music of the heavenly spheres,
Healing the heart that is thro' anguish breaking,
Wiping from fevered faces bitter tears.

That voice—Oh, let my heart be ever hearing:
Open to its sweet accents keep mine ear,
Until shall dawn the day of Thine appearing,
When Thou shalt speak and all the earth shall hear.

Then shall I know, as in this darkness never,
How infinite Thy matchless love to me,
And how impossible it is to sever,
Or weaken cords that bind my heart to Thee.

O everlasting Lover, scorned, rejected,
Well-spring of life within this weary waste,
Despised, dishonoured, mocked, maligned, neglected,
By those who unto death's dark waters haste.

Thou lovest me; Thou hast my heart's devotion
Won thro' the work that brought Thy love to light;
In this I dwell as in a shoreless ocean
Until the day I walk with Thee in white.

With Thee in white thro' fields of fadeless glory,
 With Thee in white upon the street of Gold,
 From Thine own lips to hear Thy love's sweet story
 As never mortal yet the tale has told.

Thou lovest me; Oh, bliss beyond all measure!
 Its depth unfathomed, length and breadth and
 height.

The love that made me Thine my soul shall treasure
 Forever in the realm of living light.



SOVEREIGN LOVE.

O Thou who the glory supreme
 Hast entered as Saviour and Lord,
 Of praises immortal the theme,
 Exalted, admired, and adored.

I shall praise Thee as long as I live,
 Of Thee shall my song be for ever
 And nothing the creature can give
 My soul from my Saviour shall sever.

Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
 On earth Thou hast never a rival,
 When all friendships forgotten shall be
 Of my love shall be seen the survival.

Were the wealth of the world made my own,
 And here my existence made endless,
 Without Thee my lot were but lone,
 Poor, wretched, forsaken, and friendless.

And what, Lord, were heaven to Thee—
 And what were the kingdom eternal—
 Hadst Thou been compelled to leave me
 In the fetters of forces infernal?

It was not that the cry of my heart
 Was instant for Thine intervention,
 That Thou shouldest suffer the smart
 For my faults was beyond comprehension.

For alas, in my trespass I lay
A rebel against my Creator,
And willingly under the sway
Of the primal deceiver and traitor.

Love sovereign, unfettered and free
Brought Thee from the glory to gather
Detestable objects like me
To the heart and the home of the Father.

The manger, the gibbet, the grave,
These witness Thy humiliation,
From the throne of the highest to save
Thou didst go to the depths of creation.

But the work Thou so glorious has done
Has the right of the throne vindicated,
My soul to Thy service has won,
And my trespasses dark expiated.

I wait for Thy coming again
All links with what's mortal to sever,
The glory with Thee to obtain,
In the house of the Father for ever.

□ □ □ □

TALKS BY THE WAY.

Part I.

T. Good-morrow, friends, What happy circumstance
Has brought about this wonderful surprise,
That I should light upon you in this land,
So desolated and despoiled by war,
Its pristine beauties scarce are traceable?
It seems an age since last these eyes of mine
Had one good look into your friendly face,
Tho' now to meet you, where the power and pride
Of savage vandals have such havoc wrought,
Unhappily diminishes the joy
Of this occasion good, and what is left
With melancholy mingles; yet am I

Right glad to give you greeting. Which of us
Would for a single moment have supposed
When last we met, that when we would again
Look one another in the face, a scene
Like this would temper with its woes the joy
That springs from clasping on a foreign soil
The hand of one well-known and well-beloved ?

But here we find ourselves, and face to face
With the effects of that which with its huge
And wildering horrors, has a prosperous land
Ravaged and ruined, blasted, battered, bruised;
And with its fierce infernal frightfulness,
And infamies too horrible to name,
Has left a world with horror stupified.

Here traceable is the acursed track
Of barbarous brutalities, here death
Met suckling and the patriarch that leaned
Hard on his staff; here amid multitudes
Of overwhelming woes aghast we stand,
And contemplate the fearful havoc wrought
By fell inventions, to one end applied—
Destruction of both life and property.
Here, and for leagues beyond the bound of sight,
Red ruin shrieks of murder pitiless,
Let loose with fire and sword upon the world.
Here was an Eden, where the fruitful field
Met the glad footsteps of the husbandman
With overflowing basket, of the best
That cultivated nature could bestow;
And here, with kindness prodigal, the trees
With luscious fruits their laden arms provoked
The drouth of those who sneltered in the sun.

And now what meets the eye ? Those ruined heaps
Of wood and stone and lime, where you may see
Dejected creatures searching nervously
For souvenirs of vanished happier days,
Are what remains of villages and homes,
In which a well-contented people dwelt;
And from the midst of which at early morn

And eventide arose the gladsome song,
The merry laugh, the music of a joy,
'Thro' which not e'en the peevish pessimist
Expected one discordant note to strike;
And now amazed, and almost terrified,
We view the desolation, that with tongue
Of woeful eloquence and noiseless force,
Bruits the unpardonable wickedness
Of ruthless miscreant, whose venom'd will
Heaped for the basest ends those cruel woes
Upon the inoffensive heads of men,
Gainst whom no other accusation could
Be laid, than that they wished to live at peace
With every member of the human race.

C. No words can give expression to the grief,
The helpless grief, that one is made to feel,
When called to contemplate the ravages
Of fighting forces, loosed from the restraint
Of their commanders, confident that they
Have no account to render for their deeds
Of cruelty, when perpetrated on
Weak, helpless, and unweaponed citizens
Of the invaded death-devoted land.

Around us everything with dumb despair
Bears witness of the diabolic march
Of legions powerful and pitiless.
And yet I question seriously your right
To lay the guilt of this dread razzia—
The dire effects of which we sadly are
Compelled to witness, and to scathingly
Condemn—on one crowned head, as oft is done.
Tho' surely those who have the ruling power
Must most of all be held responsible
For the excesses executed by
Those under their control, especially
Their fighting forces, for the populace
Cannot their ruthless cruelties resist.
Still if we would dig deep into the root
Of all this woe, we must take serious

Account of yet a higher Autocrat
 Than him who seemed to be the ruling force,
 And leading spirit of the Central Powers.
 If never further than the Emperor
 Our diligent investigation goes,
 Never shall we have recognised the root,
 The seed, the secret of the dread distress
 Thus fallen on the world.

T. Who, then, I ask
 Should in your judgment bear the bitter blame
 Of all the ills that have befallen us ?

C. Myself, the first transgressor, after that
 You and the rest of men on whom the name
 Of Christ has solemnly been called, and who
 Have got the Holy Scriptures in their hands,
 His priceless and too much forgotten gift,
 And revelation of His thoughts divine.
 We, and we only, most responsible,
 Because most privileged of all mankind,
 Must bear the blame of all the miseries
 That have been heaped upon this erring world
 By this most sanguinary razzia.

Is it not so that nations **Christian** called
 Are almost all that did participate
 In this unholy struggle ? And of those
 Not actively engaged upon the field,
 Is there a single one of them that has
 Not somehow suffered from its dire effects ?

Was it a pleasure to the living God
 To see His creatures in their madness dash
 At one another's throats, and like wild beasts
 Mangle and murder mercilessly those
 With whom they had no personal dispute ?
 And could He not have ordered that the war
 Should never be ? or having been declared,
 Should have been settled ere a single man
 Had fallen on the field ? I grieve to see
 One of whose faith I once had better hopes,

Leave out the living God, as tho' He had
Nothing to do with the affairs of men.
Is He in your esteem of no account—
In His creation a nonentity—
A cypher in this world of wilful men?
Has He no business to interfere
In mundane matters? Has He naught to say,
(That is, if you imagine He exists)
Regarding the behaviour of a race
That wallows in corruption like the beast,
Or lower than the beast, and who has filled
This whole wide world with vice and violence?
Is He the only one to be left out
In our examination of the cause
Of the afflictions that upon us fall,
Leaving hearts desolate and minds distraught?
Must we, in our analysis of things,
Limit ourselves to the activities
And machinations of misguided men
And say, If such an one had not done this,
Or such another had not moved in that,
Such and such things would not have taken place;
And thus leave out of sight, in our blind quest,
The righteous Ruler of the universe,
Who takes the most minute account of all
The griefs unnumbered that oppress the soul?

If men exalted to the height of heaven
With privileges of the highest kind,
Upon them lavished with most liberal hand,
Make of those privileges little gain,
Or none whatever, but to fables turn—
Food only for the soul adrift from God,
And for the voice of conscience silencers—
Thus setting at defiance God, and Him
Who gave Himself to die the cursed death,
That unto all He might a Saviour be,
And adding to their heavy load of guilt
By speaking evilly of that great work
By which alone salvation could be won,

Then let them never think the righteous God
 Will intervene on their behalf, to save
 Them in the hour of their calamity,
 From him who can with craft and subtlety
 Clothe his intention fell with what appears
 A panacea for the cure of souls.

If this His castigation stern and sore
 Of all the nations that are **Christian** called
 Lead not to true repentance, and return
 To Him who this rebuke so grave has given,
 He may be forced to say, as once He said
 Of Ephraim: "He is to idols joined;
 Let him alone." He may not speak again
 With warning merciful, but let the world
 Drift onward in its mad and wilful way,
 Until in its presumption, pomp, and pride,
 It flings its forces in insane revolt
 Against the throne of the Omnipotent,
 To be in pieces dashed, as the proud waves
 That foaming in their foray furious,
 Are broken by the rock unshakeable.

T. Whatever purpose may have been in view
 In bringing to our doors this world-wide war,
 Not at this moment am I well prepared
 To speak with confidence; but this one fact
 Is everywhere apparent, that the chief
 Effect of so great sacrifice of life,
 Has been to interest the minds of men
 In the existence of a future life,
 That long has mantled been with mystery:
 A life that does for worse or better hang
 On what behaviour may have been on earth;
 Whether with diligence we disciplined
 Ourselves with scrupulous and ceaseless care,
 On moral and on spiritual lines,
 In order to our elevation, when
 We have passed over to the other side.

Out from the past dark years this precious light
 Has moved with marvellous and mighty power;

And by its brilliant beams have sorrowing souls
From the encircling gloom been gently drawn,
Hearts well-nigh broken have been cheered and
healed;

Sorrows have been assuaged, and tears have been,
From eyes made blind with weeping, wiped away.

C. Regarding Spiritism, of which you speak,
In it is nothing new. From early days
It has been practised; and in places dark
Veiled from God's Revelation, where are served
Spirits infernal, it is practised still,
And in much greater power than appears
In your seances; such physicists would but laugh
At your apology for spiritism.

But with regard to life beyond the grave,
Where in our consciousness can room be found
For the dark shadow of a single doubt?
When our allotted span upon this earth
Has to an end been brought; and be it long
Or short—short at its longest—well we know
By the innate conviction in the soul,
That death is but the breaking of the bonds
That bind us to the present course of things,
And not the utter end of everything.

Along with this an impress permanent
Seems to be made upon the souls of all
Of yet a day of reckoning, when things
Never on earth adjusted, shall be dragged
Into the light, and there be manifest,
Bereft of all their varnish and veneer;
When a most sure reward of praise sincere,
Or blame with punishment, shall be bestowed
In certain and unerring righteousness.
Upon the souls of men this impress may
Be less or more distinct, the after life
Take various forms in various peoples, still
The fact itself remains, that in the soul
Of man is planted the conviction firm,
That death, whatever it may do, does not

Bring to an end the vital principle,
 But is the simple instrument by which
 The transfer to another sphere is made.

But when we come to God's eternal truth,
 The revelation He has made to men,
 We have this principle confirmed, and put
 Before our minds in verity and power,
 And thus are we delivered from the vain
 Vagaries of the unfettered mind,
 That not the truth believes, unless it be
 A state of matters sanctioned by itself.

The very earliest records of the Word
 That God has given in His unfathomed grace
 To us for our enlightenment and life,
 Make known to us in most convincing power
 That those from whom we part and mourn as dead,
 Whose flesh and bones are mingled with the dust,
 Still live in life beyond the power of death,
 For He declares Himself to be the God
 Of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and
 The God of Jacob. He is not the God
 Of dead but living, for all live to Him.
 Men when they die die from their fellow-men;
 Dust unto dust returns, and they are lost
 To us for ever, as in flesh and blood:
 To us they are as tho' they had not been.
 Their memory alone remains to dim our eyes
 As we bemoan the irreparable loss.
 But only unto us are they extinct,
 For in their spirits all yet live to God.
 Hence every one of us must recognise
 That from His presence there is no escape,
 And with the ancient seer confess: "If I
 Should make my bed in sheol, THOU ART THERE."
 This solemn truth throughout the Word of God,
 From alpha unto omega, doth run,
 And by it resurrection is evinced.

T. No one will question that the Bible speaks
 Most definitely of a future life;

But from the Book most people turn away,
Because so many of its dogmas war
Against all sense of justice. Is it not
A fact that the majority of men
Refuse most stubbornly to be enticed
To spend one hour in every seven days
Within a church, to worship, or to hear
A sermon by an erudite divine ?

C. True, a political oration, or
A kinematograph performance, has
Much more attraction for the multitude
Than has the service of the living God.
But this is what the prophets have foretold,
And therefore have the people of the Lord
Been well prepared for what has come to pass.
Plain was a warning word on record placed,
While yet the Lord's apostles walked the earth.
Early in this the day of heavenly grace
The danger signal to the breeze was given,
And plain before our vision was portrayed
The nature of the day, in which is cast
Your lot and mine, and there am I apprised,
That in the last days of this time of grace
Those in the midst of that which bears the name—
The holy name of Christ—would give their minds
Unto seducing spirits, being taught
Doctrine of demons, and would lovers be
Of pleasure, being without love to God.

What cares the mass of people now for Him,
Or for the Gospel of His saving grace ?
The mad tub-thumping orator, who stands
In open spaces, or in public parks,
To rant and rave about the rights of men,
Is able huge attention to command,
And thunders of applause to influence;
While he who seeks to call the madding crowd
To give attention to the rights of God,
Has few to hearken to his wholesome words.
The crime of this lies crouching at the door

Of those who influence the vicious trend
Of modern thought. The theologic chairs,
For training those who hope to give themselves
To minister to men the Word of grace,
Are largely occupied by men who care
No more for Gospel verities than for
The vagaries of Islam. Is it then
A wonder that the pulpits have got filled
With semi-infidels, and infidels
Fully developed? Had these men that sit
In seats of learning been the servants true
Of Him who spoke as spoke no other man,
They had the Word which they have travestied,
With solemn earnestness and power impressed
Upon the minds and hearts of those who came
To be instructed in the living truth;
And stead of pulpits being occupied
By men who for the truth have no regard,
Men filled with God's good Spirit, and with love
For human souls, and for the risen Christ,
Might have from every rostrum in the land
Been heralding the saving grace of God;
And not alone would churches have been filled,
But they would not have had capacity
For all the multitudes of pious men
Who would have eagerly admission sought.

Alas, that we can only speak of this
As but a splendid might have been, and not
A great and glorious reality!
Too many of the hierarchs themselves
Have never tasted of the grace of God,
And therefore cannot truly set it forth
To those who look to them for light and help.
They know the world, its pleasures, politics,
The drivellings of the evolutionists,
The higher Critics' bumptious bellowings,
The pagan ritual of Anglicans,
The clamour for admission into Rome,
The swagger of conceited Modernists,

And every other mad invention found
Within the boundary of Christendom.
In this strange school of speculation vain
They live, and move, and reason, rant and rave,
Of things unseen and by themselves unknown,
But still more oft of things terrestrial,
And better by those worldlings understood.
And thus the consciences of men are left
Without the light that would have been their guide
To rest and peace, that only can be found
In the pure atmosphere of God's great love.

T. Whatever reasons you may offer for
The absence of the people from their place,
When tolling bells to sacred service call,
You should, I fancy, honestly confess
Your Christianity has sadly failed
To interest the masses, or to gain
The approbation of impartial men.

C. The masses never yet have been, nor are,
The main despisers, or antagonists
Of things relating to the grace of God,
And to the Gospel of that heavenly grace,
However little they may seriously
Into consideration take the fact
Of their own personal and private need
Of that which is proclaimed. As in the days
When Christ was here exponent of that grace,
The common people heard Him gladly, but
Were hindered by the hierarchy, so
In these days, as in those, the hierarchs
Who dabble in the false philosophy
Of sceptical and atheistic minds,
And babble in the pulpit and the press,
Concerning things of which they nothing know,
And speak of erring men as God-inspired,
And tell their hearers that in every cult
Under the shining sun the truth is found,
Have had one sad effect from all their work,
And that is, that the crowds that used to come

To hear the Word of God belief have lost
 In everything that to religion has
 The slightest reference.

Had they been true
 And faithful to the trust in them reposed
 By Him whom they were sworn to serve in truth;
 And had they faithfully the Word declared
 To those who were disposed to hear their words,
 Instead of tearing into tatters that
 Which they had undertaken to set forth,
 Many had heard, and had through grace believed.
 But turning to a wretched ritual
 With plain avowal of their unbelief
 In that which men had come to church to hear,
 And leading lives of open worldliness,
 They have become to all who to them turn
 For rest of heart a disappointment huge.
 Clouds they appear, with promise fair of rain,
 To make the dry and thirsty earth rejoice,
 But from which no refreshing dews descend;
 Guides by profession, but instead of guides,
 They are themselves outvoiced and set aside,
 And borne about by the uncertain winds
 Of movements popular; trees without fruit,
 By nature dead, and by apostasy;
 Waves raging in a sea of lawlessness,
 And foaming out in unbecoming boast
 The things of which they should be most ashamed;
 And yet by titles and habiliments
 Professing sanctity, to which no men,
 Except themselves have got the slightest claim,
 That is, if we accept them at the price
 They without blushing put upon themselves.
 These are the men that into disrepute
 Have brought the Gospel of the grace of 'God:
 Tho' surely none of us can take the ground
 Of being absolutely free from blame.

T. It seems to me, that if all this be so,
 The Gospel must give place to something else,

For it is useless to convert the world.

C. It never was intended to do that.

T. This certainly is news to me. Can you
Inform me, then, what is its mission here ?

C. To call a people out of it to Christ.

T. But those who make profession of His name,
And those who set themselves apart to teach,
If I your verdict honestly receive,
Are nothing better than the Pagan world.

C. Little, if anything, I must confess.
But merely to profess His sacred name
Will save no human being. Men must have
Another life and nature, different
From that derived from Adam's fallen stock.
And this can only be by living faith
In Him who died for us, and rose again.

T. The revelation that you glory in
Is to my mind a manifest mishmash
Of wisdom and of folly. No one could
This gallimaufry disentangle, or
Extract the precious from the vile, unless
Possessed of more than ordinary powers.
I cannot anteverte the notion, that
The level-headed man whom I have known—
Yourself among the number—who have found,
Or fancy they have found, within that Book
Wisdom immortal and eternal life,
Must have done ferine violence
To reason, with which most of mortal men
Have been endowed, and that in this one case,
Not only stifled in their souls its voice,
But rudely thrown it on the rubbish heap,
As an encumbrance and impediment
To their blind faith. Infatuation such
As you exhibit, who have cleverness
Beyond the ordinary measure given
To men, I can no other way explain.

Just think of all the cursed cruelties

Comanded, ay, commended, eulogised,
 By that blood-thirsty tribal God, the God
 Of those imaginary patriarchs
 And their descendants, ay, and carried out
 By them, with all the venom of the time,
 And by that autocratic murderer
 King David, after God's own heart the man.
 Read of his horrible and hellish deeds,
 Hear his denunciation of his foes,
 His cry for their extinction, his appeal
 For their humiliation, their complete
 Extermination, woman, man, and child!
 Foh! But to read it makes my very blood
 Boil in my veins.

C. This choleric display
 Of will unbridled, blasphemous and fell,
 Plainly proceeds from a proud mind, made blind
 By influence satanic. Why should you
 Cry out against such imprecations made
 To Him who has the power of life and death,
 And who is of His whole creation, Lord.
 It seems to me He is the only One
 To whom to make appeal in the dark hour
 Of our extremity, especially
 If we are soldiers fighting in His wars.

Surprised am I, and greatly grieved to hear
 You thus express yourself, you who have been
 Thro' the late wasteful war, and have beheld
 Upon the bloody field of battle dour,
 The dreadful engines of destruction used
 To waste, to wound, to bruise to blind, to maim,
 To blow to atoms men impressed to fight;
 While both sides grieved that they could do no more,
 To mangle or annihilate their foes.
 And possibly had you the cleverness
 Possessed, of bringing into evidence
 An instrument of death more terrible
 Than any yet by cunning mind contrived,
 You would, without the slightest reticence,

Have put in operation all your craft
To perfect such a weapon, and to bring
It into action with the least delay.
And yet in impious horror you lift up
Your voice against the prayer of righteous men,
Who plead the intervention of their God,
To save them from destruction by their foes.
I cannot think you really expect
That I suppose your cavilling sincere.
Hidden it surely cannot be from you—
Certes it is from not another hid—
That the dark fount, from which arises all
This feverish eagerness to find a flaw
Within the sacred Word, is the innate
Hostility to all that is of God.

That little tract of land, that lies between
Euphrates and the shore of the Great Sea,
Was unto Abraham by promise given,
And to his seed, as an inheritance,
Made theirs for ever by the oath of God.
This land the sons of Jacob had command
To take, to occupy, and to retain,
In spite of all the forces that withstood
His purpose, who has every right to give
The earth to whomsoever He may please.

This opposition to His will divine
Shall once again assert itself, and men
Shall seek to utterly annihilate
That ancient, hated, persecuted race.
And truly were not God their help and shield
Not one of them, when that dread day shall dawn,
Would to possess the land alive be left.
Our Lord has said that if those days of woe
Were not cut short there would no flesh be saved.
It is to this great sorrow yet to come,
That those expressions that so worry you
Have application. Any one can see
Without much study of the sacred page,
That where those fervent invocations find

Their Spirit-given and well ordered place,
 The circumstances of the people as
 Therein depicted never did exist
 During the reign of Jesse's son, but some
 Less grave events were by the Spirit used
 To set before us in prophetic power
 A time of tribulation, never yet
 Experienced by this world; and after which
 Nothing to equal it shall be again.
 To this sad hour our thoughts are forward led,
 And to the true resources of the saints
 When in that fearful hour they find themselves.

T. The eternal right of Him who made the worlds
 I question not, but this I question much,
 Insistence such as yours, that Scripture is
 The revelation of His mind divine,
 And, as originally given to men,
 Faultless from the beginning to the end;
 This, for the reasons I have plainly given,
 In spite of your most vincible defence,
 Not for one instant could my mind accept.

C. But is not God in His own universe
 To have His own and undisputed way?
 And may He not reprove, rebuke, chastise,
 Remove from this world altogether those
 No longer here required? and may He not
 Take them away by whatsoever means,
 And at whatever age, or in what time,
 He may in wisdom infinite elect?
 He does it anyhow, not taking you
 Or your humane and tender-heartedness
 Into account; and I can boldly say,
 Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

You seem to think He had a mighty hand
 In bringing this late cruel war to pass;
 And venture to suggest that by its means
 He sought to turn our base and barren thoughts
 Toward the truth of yet another life;
 Leading us as disciples to sit down

At the dim gateway of the spirit world,
And hearken to the voice that comes from thence,
Not knowing who may be the oracle.

That the eternal God has got His own
And perfect way in which He speaks to men,
And shall, in spite of all His critics, speak,
Cannot be rightly called in question, tho'
He speak by cruelty of despot, dead
To all compassion; or by servant true
And loyal to the God that gave him life,
And armed him with a sword, to execute
In this rebellious world His sovran will;
Or by the elements of nature, which
Only by His permission operate,
And which have no perverse and evil will
To manifest compassion, when the hour
For showing clemency has passed away;
Or judgment merciless to execute,
When but compassion fills the Maker's heart.

But let us now for one brief moment give
Attention unto things inanimate,
And over which God has complete control.
Who sends the fireball from the thunder-could ?
The lightning forked to paralyse and kill ?
The tidal wave that whelms a Galveston ?
The terrible tornado that with mad
Demonian laughter leaves upon its track,
Death, desolation, ruin, wretchedness ?
By whose dread fiat does the pestilence
Creep thro' the darkness, blasting old and young ?
And by whose leave are born into this world,
The blind, the deaf, the crippled, the insane ?

T. These are unfathomable mysteries.

C. But mysteries, or not, they do exist.
And He who made this marvellous universe,
And by whose power the fabric is upheld,
Cannot but have most absolute control
Of every atom, as of every life

That He has made; nor can they live, or move,
 Or anything accomplish, great or small,
 Apart from His permission. May I ask,
 This being so, what moral difference
 Can one discover, should He use the sea
 To whelm a city large and populous?
 Or send down fire from heaven? or call a host
 Of barbarous and brutal, weaponed men?
 Or cloud-burst big to desolate a land?
 If cruel to despatch, or to allow,
 A ruthless razzia a land to waste,
 It cannot be less cruel to despatch
 A deadly microbe armed with power to kill.

T. The great Designer of the universe
 Cannot be saddled with the deeds of men.

C. I have not said He could. But your reply
 Shows you have lost the subject on debate.
 For your contention is, that the true God
 Is not the God of the Old Testament,
 Because of all the wars unmerciful
 Made by the Jews at His command;
 And also on account of imprecations harsh,
 Addressed to God by men inspired by Him
 To offer prayer to Him agreeable,
 Against the foes who rose to do them hurt.
 And I have sought to show you that the God
 Who could a microbe or a cyclone send,
 Or could permission to the creature give
 To bring Disease and death to hearth and home,
 Might also to His servants give a charge
 To wipe a nation out from under heaven.
 As far as moral feelings are concerned,
 And the importance of man's little life,
 He that could kill one man could millions kill.
 No want of harmony exists between
 The God who rules the world and David's God.

T. It cuts across the current of my thought
 To hear of God our Maker who is good,
 And Author and preserver of all life,

As leading us on any other line
Than that of friendly intercourse with all.
And surely we responsible must be,
As far as in us lies, to live at peace
With all our fellow-creatures. If we fail
And lives of raven lead, so that we be
A pest and peril to society,
A sure reward of punishment must be
Found to await us in the sphere beyond,
Since for our deeds we are accountable.

C. But are you not an evolutionist ?

T. Most surely and confessedly I am.

C. And is an ape accountable to God
For its misdeeds ?

T. I do not say it is.

C. How then can you, who are, as you affirm,
The offspring of the ape, be made to give
Account for your misdeeds ? If it be so,
That from accountability the sire
Is held immune, how can the son become
Accountable, who nature has and life
From that same father not accountable ?

T. The son has more intelligence.

C. But then

The ape is still more clever than the pig,
And if responsibility be gauged
According to the standard of intelligence
Possessed by man, or dog, or chimpanzee,
To what condition of intelligence
Must either of these various beasts arrive
Before it ranks as one that must beware
Lest in your purgatorial fires it finds
Its woeful portion after leaving earth ?

You may be much more clever than an ape,
But of an ape the nature you have got,
However anthropoid you have become,
You cannot dodge responsibility,
Nor can your father ape from whom you sprung.

That is, if that which you affirm be true;
 For ape derives from ape, and dog from dog.
 For like begets like, sheep derive from sheep
 A hog has got the nature of a hog,
 For from a hog its nature is derived.
 It neither brays nor neighs, but grunts, and in
 The mire it wallows; it is neither ape
 Nor ass, nor horse, nor cow; if it could speak
 Its derivation it would not disown,
 But frankly would confess—I am a Hog.

A man has got the nature of a man,
 For let a man be large or small or stout
 Or lean, or any other sort you like,
 A man he surely is, and with the form
 And nature of a man, and certainly
 Will not be pleased if you will call him dog.

But you your hairy ancestor disown,
 At least in practice, he is less to you
 Than is your dog, tho, nearer as your kin.
 You catch him, cage him, at his antics laugh,
 And thus at his expense amuse yourself.
 You will not have him as relation near,
 Not as your cousin-german possibly,
 Nor will you introduce him to your friends
 As of your kindred by the ties of blood.
 He is a beast of course, but so are you,
 That is, if you've descended from the ape.
 Better be honest and confess the fact
 That you and he are of one family.
 And near of kin.

T. Sir, this is lunacy.

C. A kind of lunacy that's easy proved
 To be a litte scrap of common sense.

That there is an affinity between
 Man and the lowest creature no sane man
 Who knows the Scriptures should have any doubt,
 And this to every soul is manifest.
 The purpose of the all-wise Maker was
 That man should over all His works be set,

That is, the works which under heaven are.
The image and the representative
Of God invisible, and governor
O'er all the living creatures on the earth:
The flying fowl, the cattle of the field
And all the creatures that are in the sea.
And that he might be competent to fill
This honoured place all creatures under him
Were formed with an affinity to man;
For to be head and ruler this must be.
If he must govern he must understand
The nature of the creatures over which
He was to exercise despotic sway.
Therefore it needful was he should possess
A scruple of connaturality.

Now men behold the living chain that binds
The creatures of this fallen nether world,
And note the links that are from head to feet.
But stead of starting from the honoured head,
And tracing down the interesting links,
They at the feet begin and upward trace,
Or try to trace their witless way until
They reach the head, and in their blind
And utterly contemptible and vain
Conceit, they fancy they have found great things
And fathomed mysteries while yet remains
The greatest mystery of all unsolved,
The mystery of their misguided minds,
And alienation from the life of God.

True, Adam, latest of all creatures made;
In this immense creation, over which,
In his almighty Maker's counsel wise,
He was to hold the reins of government,
He of necessity must be prepared,
Before he could assume the place of head.
But when was made the creatures that should be
Placed in subjection under him, then he
Was formed, and in the place supreme installed.
You seem to have a special preference

For placing the creation upside down,
 And making of the world and its contents
 A most phantastic topsyturvydom.
 Depend upon it, sir, your wiser plan
 Would be to take it in the perfect way
 In which God made it, and in the divine
 And perfect order in which all was set,
 As traced in the unerring Word of truth.

T. It puzzles me how you make bold to speak
 In such extravagant and boastful terms
 Of records ancient, fact and fable mixed,
 As God's own Word, and as the Word of Truth.
 We have no word directly from Himself.
 The Testaments, let them be Old or New,
 Are to us given only by report
 Of men as liable to err as we.
 The words and works of Christ are handed down
 To us by certain men, who are supposed
 To have accompanied His steps when here;
 Most earnest men, I readily admit,
 But most of them unlearned and ignorant.

C. But at what disadvantage are we placed,
 By knowing that our Lord took up such men
 To be His witnesses? Would you not own
 That, where the question is of hearing words,
 And seeing works accomplished, any one
 However humble and illiterate,
 Who was a witness of the words and deeds,
 Would as to testimony rendered, be
 As worthy of our trust and confidence,
 As he who is for erudition famed?
 Indeed I think I would give preference
 To the unvarnished testimony given
 By the uneducated, rather than
 To that by the scholastic, who would be
 Less likely to report in simple terms
 The plain unvarnished data of the case.

That the apostles of the Lord were not
 Of calibre most easily convinced,

Their almost stupid stubbornness, when faced
With facts that bore convincingly upon
Their Lord's resurgence from among the dead,
Bears powerful witness. Incredulity
Is that which strikes us forcibly, and not
Their confidence or gullibility.

They tell us that they saw His works of power;
The dead were raised, the lepers cleansed, the sick
Restored to health, and those by demons grieved
And sore tormented were released, and that
By the strange might that accompanied His word.
And this went on before their wondering eyes
For more than three whole years. It was not once
Nor twice in darksome rooms; nor here and there
A hundred fakes and frauds, deceptions gross,
And lies cold-blooded, punctuated by
A casual and questionable sign
Of something answering from out the gloom;
But every day and in the light of heaven,
And every hour before the multitudes
That followed Him, cases uncountable
Sprang up upon His right hand and His left,
Proclaiming their deliverance from woes
That had made dark their previous history.
The sick in multitudes went home with songs
Of praise upon their lips to Israel's God,
And bearing on their shoulders strong the beds
That long had borne their tossings, and had been
Drenched with their tears of spiritless despair.

Could these apostles, bookless tho' they be,
For these long wondrous years been daily duped?
Is there a man insane enough to think,
When he has analysed the evidence,
That those eleven men were mesmerised,
Hoodwinked, bewitched, bedevilled, made to see
Things that had no existence; things that they,
Throughout Judea and to all the world,
Reported as the verities of God:
And when imprisoned, beaten, threatened, stoned,

The only truthful answer they could give
 Was, that they never could do otherwise
 Than speak the things that they had seen and heard.
 The man that thinks—if such a man exist—
 That these eleven men were dreaming fools,
 Must have been either idiotic born,
 Or filled with such infernal enmity
 Against the Holy Saviour of the world,
 That human evidence, however great
 And overpowering he will treat with scorn
 And in his wicked rage will madly grasp
 The most outrageous vile absurdity,
 Concocted by the enemy of souls
 For his degraded, graceless appetite,
 If it do give the flimsiest excuse
 For unbelief of God's most sacred word.

Were those eleven men deceivers all,
 Bound in one horrible conspiracy,
 To mystify and victimise the world?
 For sure they were not victimised themselves.
 I know your spirits, or your mediums,
 For both are very much the same to me;
 And you yourself are very well aware,
 That very many of the latter lead
 Degraded and disreputable lives
 And that whenever they have failed to get
 A message thro', they do not hesitate
 A barefaced falsehood to invent, which will
 Serve for the time to satisfy their dupe.

T. This is infrequent, tho' I must admit
 Such things have taken place, but in the main
 The mediums are of moral calibre.

C. I only speak of that which I have read
 In books put forth by prophets of your own,
 Who unto spiritism give support.
 And what a contrast to your mediums
 Are the apostles of the Christ of God!
 Read but the writings of these holy men.
 In what most simple language everything

Relating to the Master's mighty works
Is the attention of the reader called!
With no parade of high-flown rhetoric,
With no great, swelling words, no flourishes,
With not a flash of bragadocio,
With no embellishment of adjectives,
With not the least excitability,
The marvellous doings of the Man divine,
That every hour before their vision passed,
Are tamely and most temperately told!
No flaming picture, gilding, garnishing,
Excessive colouring, verbosity,
Or phraseology high-sounding, no
Great glut of words, depict the thrilling scenes
That every moment must have brought to light
By beds of sickness, tortured, dying, dead.
What mind of man, not under God's control,
Would have depicted such a wondrous life
In such a simple unpretentious way?
Their every word the heavenly hall-mark bears
Of truth unvarnished; every sentence comes
Forth from the bosom of eternal love,
And redolent with love's sweet atmosphere.

The marvellous unfathomed verities
Relating to the ever-blessed Son,
Eternal and immortal—His descent
From Godhead form to that of bondsman—come
In human likeness—of the Virgin born—
Rejected from the outset—scorned, despised—
With malefactors on a gibbet hung—
Laid in a sepulchre—raised from the dead—
His patient grace with the most culpable
And unbelieving followers, who might have known
That He to whom death oft was made submit
Could not be held within its dark domain
A moment more than He considered good—
His exaltation to the Father's throne,
Until the day when He shall come and claim
The throne that rightly is His own on earth—

All these eternal verities we find
 Declared in words that leave no single doubt
 That those who to our ears bring the report
 Speak of the things that they have seen and heard.

Think of the moral spirit that pervades
 Epistles, gospels, sermons, sermonettes.
 Could these dark spirits you interrogate
 Or those unwholesome mediums you employ,
 Or you yourself, put forward anything
 That could incorporated be within
 The sacred text, and that would not appear
 Like a foul blot upon a work of art?

No, sir, no human being sound in mind,
 Who with a little carefulness has read
 What the apostles have made known to us,
 Imagines for one instant, that the men
 Who thus were honoured by the risen Christ
 Had been by Him befooled, so that they thought
 The works beheld that never were performed,
 Or secrets heard that never were divulged;
 Nor can a single soul, not biased made
 By stupid enmity opposed to God,
 Conclude that the apostles of our Lord
 Were all deceived, and every one of them
 In turn deceiver of the human race.
 The only honest verdict that can be
 Recorded is, that thro' these faithful men
 We have God's revelation of His mind.
 Refuse the witness that those men have given,
 But when you do, be honest and confess
 No human testimony can we trust.

T. No one will wholly question the report
 Of those devout and well-intentioned men,
 For doubtless Christ was supernatural;
 But in a mortal body He was here,
 And in how far He from that body spoke,
 Or called upon the spiritual power
 That lay beyond it, one may still enquire;
 For certainly, according to the source

From which He spoke, His word must be adjudged.

C. But how know you that the eternal Christ
Was in a mortal body here on earth?

T. I should have fancied that His cross and grave
Were all-sufficient to evince that fact.

C. The fact that He could die is not a proof
That He was subject to that dreaded foe.
The life of flesh and blood He took, that He
Might die our death, and death for us annul.
Had He Himself to death been liable,
His life for others He could not have given.
But that He from His human body spoke
At certain intervals, which you affirm,
I must confess I know not what you mean.
No human being from his body speaks.
He speaks by means of one small member, but
His understanding is the source from which
His thoughts arise, which into others ears
Are blazoned by the tongue. As Servant here
The Lord of glory spoke the living words
The Father gave Him, and no other words.

T. But you have not the tenets of your faith
Made so completely unassailable,
That when bombarded by an avalanche
Of incontestable and stubborn facts,
They may not be laid level with the ground,
And in their weakness utterly exposed.

C. The bulwark of divine and heavenly truth
Is unassailable. As I have said,
The twelve apostles could not be misled.
Too many years they were witnesses,
And far too numerous were all the words
That they had heard, and works that they had seen,
For them to be mistaken or deceived.
No worthless fakes and frauds gave them the power
To bear without a murmur sufferings
That they could have avoided, had they wished
To silent be, and speak not in His name.
How wondrously affecting is their warm

Expressions of thanksgiving unto God
 That they were counted worthy for the name
 Of Christ to suffer. Their unworldly lives,
 Their lofty morals, heavenly hopes and joys,
 Their one consuming passionate desire
 To seal their testimony with their blood:
 These virtues, baffling all description, show
 The absolute impossibility
 Of our associating with these men
 The notion of deceit. The verdict just
 Must out of hearts unperjured be, that they
 Neither deceivers nor deceived could be.
 And to a like conclusion must we come
 Regarding those who wrote the ancient Script.
 Besides, the statements of our Lord have well
 Authenticated the prophetic Word.
 From Genesis to Malachi the Book
 Is Spirit-breathed, and every single pen
 With nectar of eternal wisdom drips.

T. Then you believe these imprecations fell,
 By which the prophets did Jehovah's throne
 So brutally bombard, for the despatch
 To hell of all their enemies, were fit
 To be presented at the throne of One
 Who for His creatures may have some respect ?

C. You do, at any rate.

T. I do!

C. Yes, you.

You have no need to be informed that prayer
 Was offered frequently for the success
 Of British arms and their confederates.
 And if you did not much believe in prayer,
 A slaughter of the fierce invading foe
 Would have been pleasant reading. Do not think
 That I believe the miserable cant
 Of men who would their foes in pieces rend,
 And yet like lunatics will rant and rave
 Against the imprecations of the Jews
 Addressed to God in their extremity,

When causeless was their blood like water spilt.
I reckon these peurile attempts of yours
To cast discredit on the Word of Truth,
Are not alone invective against God,
But insult heaped upon my common sense.

T. But surely you would never have me take
Those fierce anathemas, of which I speak,
As breathings of true Christianity!

C. But what has spiritism got to do
With Christianity? The Christian
Is called to follow the rejected Christ.
And his inheritance is in the heavens.
Not so the Jew to whom the earth belongs.
We quarrel not with those who empire claim,
And have their portion in this present life.
When Jesus reigns we share the throne with Him
Until that day we leave the world alone.

The earth was Israel's, as I have said,
And by the sword, and in the might of God
The foe that rose their title to dispute
They were most mercilessly to destroy,
But place and portion is for us above.
No one can rob us of our fair estate,
That richer is than all the wealth of worlds.
Therefore our battles are with spirits fell
Which in the heavens have their present place,
With such we wrestle, not with flesh and blood.
And therefore we without the least regret
Can earth relinquish in the hands of those
Who when they part with it do part with all.
Besides, it is our happy privilege,
While Christ is in rejection by this world,
To share in His rejection, and to walk
In that good path His feet have traced for us;
Instead of wrong resisting, doing good
To them that do us evil, blessing them
That heap with senseless hate upon our heads
Curses all causeless, for when we deserved
The curse of God the blessing was bestowed.

T. If this alone be Christianity,
Then there is none of it on earth to-day.

C. It is no more than the example set
Before His followers by Him their guide,
Who when reviled, did not revile again,
And when He suffered uttered not one threat,
But to the One who judges righteously
Himself did in strong confidence commit.
We follow in His path until the day
When He shall come to judge in righteousness
This world that, when He was on earth, in grace
And ready to deliver man from all
The woes that him encompassed, placed upon
His brow a crown of thorns, and brutally
The holy Saviour to a gibbet nailed
And yet this crowning act of human sin
Has been, in the great mercy of our God,
Made an occasion for the grand display
Of His eternal wisdom, love, and power.
For there the evil that had man oppressed
Received its judgment, and a glorious way
Of free salvation was disclosed for all.

T. What element of justice can be found
In the vicarious sacrifice of Christ ?

C. This element of justice: should you be
Bound as a debtor in a prison cell,
And someone in the kindness of his heart
Stepped in, and price of your redemption paid;
Justice, I think, would be well satisfied,
And your redemption follow without doubt.

T. But where is justice found in making one
Guiltless of doing evil bear the blame
And judgment of the wrong that has been done
By someone else.

C. The difficulty found
In dealing with such unbelieving minds
As you exhibit is, that such have no
True understanding of the topic which

Is at the present moment in dispute.
From notions that are current in the air
Throughout the whole of Christendom you have
Your false theology, for false it is.
And you have not a serious study made
Of God's own revelation. Had you closed
Your ears to the confusion and the noise
Of many voices, and with earnest prayer
To God for guidance, sought to search His Word
For light regarding His most blessed will,
Seeking for grace, that when His will is known
It might be your delight that will to do,
You had not been in such a darkness left
As that in which you find yourself to-day.

You know enough, if you but felt your need,
To lead you to the Saviour of the lost;
For lost you are, whatever you may think.
No latent power reposes in yourself
Your own recovery to bring to pass;
And if no other witness could be found
This fact to perfectly substantiate,
The painful story of the human race,
Revealing a progressive downward drift
To bestiality, and phrenzied claim
To kinship with the beast, might be adduced
As absolutely indisputable.

I do not wish to give the least offence
Neither to you nor to your boon compeers,
But I must say, that neither you nor they
Know anything of the true character
Of God's salvation in the risen Christ.

It surely is a very painful thing
To have impressed on the reluctant mind,
The fact that, with the Scriptures everywhere,
Minds should be found so utterly devoid
Of all true knowledge of their rich contents,
And of the woes that wait the rebel soul,
Despising both the Saviour and His work;
And yet with ever reckless tongue and pen,

Imputing to His wisdom foolishness,
 And wrong and cruelty to truth and love.
 But as it was from the beginning, so
 It is to-day, the heart unchanged by grace
 Is in its nature full of vain conceit,
 And enmity against the God of truth.

T. This does not justify the cruel wrong
 Done to the just, by making him atone,
 And that by sorrows indescribable,
 For evil deeds by evil doers done.

C. But would it not be quite as great a wrong
 To make a just man pay a debtor's debts ?

T. Surely, but then the just might act in grace,
 And mercifully pay the debtor's debts.
 But this must be of his unfettered will,
 And not as by an autocrat compelled.

C. But there was no compulsion placed upon
 The Christ, to give Himself to bear our woe.
 Who was there great enough to have compelled
 To anything the Maker of the worlds ?
 The mind of the eternal triune God
 Is one. By this I do not only mean
 That there is no divergency between
 The mind of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 As tho' each Person had a will distinct,
 Tho' with the others in agreement true.
 One mind, one will, one counsel, and one thought,
 Not as three men might be in purpose one,
 For every man a mind has of his own,
 But God is ONE, and yet in function THREE:
 The Father sends the Son, the Son in grace
 Becomes a Man, tho' never less than God,
 And gives Himself a ransom for our souls;
 Raised from the dead and glorified He sends
 The Holy Spirit to possess His own,
 That by His power they might the Word proclaim,
 And by that means might gather to His name
 Those foreordained to everlasting life.
 The words He spoke, and all the works He did,

Are to the **Trinity** attributed.
The Son was here performing mighty signs,
And yet He says, The Father dwells in Me,
And does the works; and by the Holy Ghost
He cast the demons out of men possessed.
One God are the three Persons; it is not
The Three in concord are; the Three are ONE.
No one compelled the Son to bear our woe,
It was the purpose of the Triune God.
Unfathomable is the mystery
Of Him on whom no creature eye hath looked,
Who dwells in light all unapproachable,
And yet as far as He can be revealed,
He has been manifested in the Son.
With this let satisfaction fill our souls.

Man is a lawless creature, broken loose
From his Creator, wandering in the earth,
Guilty of deeds he well knows to be wrong,
And contradictory to the divine
And just command. Of this he was aware
Before he did those deeds; for doing which
He stands most righteously condemned to bear
The fearful penalty. And how could God
Say to intelligences made by Him,
Either by word, or deed, that He might do,
That lust, that pride, departure from Himself,
Rebellion rank gainst His authority,
Was of but little or no consequence?
Would this not restlessness have caused among
The vast unfallen host that ready stand
Before His throne to do His holy will?
What confidence, and what security,
Could any creature find within the realm
Of the eternal God, if He could bear
The presence of iniquity, and let
The rebel creature loose in His domain
To work his lawless and his wicked will?

No, blessed be His name for ever! He
must punish sin wherever it is found.

He cannot say by either work or word
That sin is not of any consequence.
The cross of Christ is proof infallible
That sin He cannot, will not, tolerate,
And it is also that which manifests
How far for man's advantage He would go.

What safety would men have in any land
Where lawless people with impunity
Could trample under foot the wholesome laws
Made for their welfare and their happiness?
Who would desire at any time to live
Under administration such as this?
In constant peril would be property,
And life would be without security.
We can be thankful that the throne of God
Established is in perfect righteousness.
And that the slightest evagation from
The golden lines of righteousness and truth
Must never be permitted to disturb
The tranquil realm of everlasting love.

Therefore in order that in righteousness
A channel might be made, thro' which His grace
Could flow to every son of Adam's race,
The Son eternal took a servant's form
And gave Himself, that on the shameful cross
Might be before the universe displayed
God's utter detestation of the sin,
That had the fair creation so defiled,
And judgment brought upon the human race,
And also His great love to erring man.

But after all it is the sense we have
Of sin and of the holiness of God,—
To whom we all one day must give account,—
Determines in the main our attitude
Toward the question we investigate.
If we suppose that sin in God's esteem
Is very much the same as in our own,
And that we may dismiss from heart and mind
All discomposure as regards a day

When every secret of the human heart,
As well indeed as every overt act,
Shall into conspicuity be brought,
And every single soul of man receive
For deeds committed, whether good or bad,
Thus having foolishly our souls deceived,
We are not likely to be much disturbed
By warnings solemn that accompany
The Gospel of the grace and love of God;
Nor are we likely to take sides with Him
Against the evil that destroys the earth;
Tho' why we helpless creatures should prefer
Eternal discord to eternal peace,
Ourselves could not a sober reason give.

T. I do not say that you no data have
For much that you have honestly believed;
But you will not allow as evidence
Facts on our side incontrovertible.
We are in contact with the spirit world,
With people who have passed the great divide,
Who tell us how they passed, and where they are,
What they have found, the people they have met,
Their occupations, and the life they lead,
Their eagerness to get in touch with us,
That they may set at rest our nervous fears,
But sadly hindered by our want of faith;
And these communications companied
By signs that break down every prejudice,
And absolute assurance bring to us
That we discourse with those we knew on earth.
Surely in that which you so trustfully
And with tenacity adhere to, tho'
Received on circumstantial evidence,
And in the things that we have seen and known,
And which are open to be seen and known
By any exercised unbiassed mind,
A grand substratum of eternal truth
Might be discovered, on the ground of which
A glorious temple of pellucid light

Might be erected, that would one day drive
The darkness and the sorrow from the world.

C. Between your spiritism and the truth
Of Christianity is no accord.

Should I, to save myself from seeming rude,
Say otherwise than this, I should but prove
Myself to be your foe and not your friend.

The one is light, the other rayless gloom;

One from above, the other from beneath;

One from the Spirit of the living God,

The other from the spirit of Antichrist;

One for the good of your immortal soul,

The other for its everlasting hurt;

The goal before the one is heaven above,

The goal before the other hell beneath:

Between the two is no affinity.

A gulf of breadth and deepness infinite

Is fixed unbridgeable between the two.

Apart, and with a different end in view,

Both have been toiling since the fall of man,

And yet shall toil until the dark abyss

Receives the fell deceiver of our race.

T. You may believe all this; I do not doubt
You speak according to the faith you have.

But could you talk to Peter or to Paul,—

And truly you might reach them if you would—

I doubt not they would tell you something else,

And that astonishingly different

From that which in their writings you have read.

Much knowledge they have gathered since the day

They passed, and entered on the spirit-sphere.

C. Who told you ?

T. The inhabitants who dwell

Within that spirit-region, whom you may

Consult whatever time you should desire.

C. But how know you that those who answer make

Out from the shadows to your questions are

The human spirits they profess to be ?

Or human ghosts at all ?

T. What could they be ?

The signs they give are overwhelming proofs,
That they are quite the men that we have known.
The most indomitably sceptic minds
Have had to yield before established facts,
And overthrow, confess most secret things
That in their earthly life had come to pass,
Known only to another and themselves,
Have been advanced by them, to set at rest
All doubt that they the spirits are of those
Whom they assume to be. We also have
Had them before the unerring camera;
And very critical comparison
Made with their pictures taken while on earth
As well as having them examined by
Their living relatives, who recognised
Them as the persons they professed to be.

C. But do you think allowance has been made
Regarding powers that may be possessed
By those dark spirits you interrogate ?
Are you quite sure they cannot personate
The dead whom you would daringly consult ?

T. If so, they must have powers astonishing.

C. Powerful they surely are.

T. Omnipotent,
Omniscient, omnipresent, they must be.

C. Oh, no, but wise enough to wilder you.
How can you tell what creatures occupy
That darksome sphere, in which you make yourself
A reckless trespasser, and must accept
The consequences of your lawless act ?
You think that you can answer for yourself,
Absurd to fancy you are victimised,
You shall the witnesses interrogate,
The evidence you'll analyse and weigh,
No message must be pocketed on trust,
Above-board all experiments must be,

You will not, and you cannot, be deceived,
Proofs you must have that all is fair and just,
The spirits shall be tested carefully,
And microscopically every proof
Shall be examined, that no tinge of fraud
Shall without challenge be allowed to pass.

But is it wise, where no necessity
Exists for trial, to throw down your glove
Before the forces of another world,
Of whose resources you are ignorant,
And thus to challenge them, brains against brains,
That powerless is their art and subtlety
You to bamboozle, mystify, or fool?
I do not doubt that, clever as you are,
On earth are men alive and to be found,
Who could with very little effort dupe,
Delude, deceive, and victimise you all.
And if your fellowmen can do such things,
What powers may not spirit-beings have?

Suppose that those intelligences, whom
You take to be departed human souls,
Are spirits fell, and in such myriads
That almost everything that men have done
Is known to them; and let us yet suppose
That they are of such fearful power possessed
That if they would impersonate the dead,
Means to accomplish this they could invent,
And that despising counsel you became
Their willing dupe, until the day and hour
You passed from here, and found yourself, not where
They told you you would be, but in the dark
And everlasting region of despair:
What dread that waking hour would bring to you!

Soon there shall be a medium here on earth,
The like of which has never been before,
Nor after him shall any be again.
By him such signs and wonders shall be done,
That none but those by God's great power preserved
Shall have the wisdom to withstand his wiles.

The signs that then shall every day be done
Shall make those that to-day have you convinced,
Appear like little children's playful pranks.

This strong delusion is now held in check
By the almighty mercy of our God,
And but the shadow of those coming ills,
Entice to-day the foolish multitude.
But if the shadows have such subtle might,
When comes the substance, who shall it resist ?

T. The spirits that in answer to our call
And give us all the knowledge we desire,
Are not the evil demons you suppose,
If there be such in all the universe,
For never have they sought to do us ill,
But ever calmly to communicate
That which assures us of an after-life,
A life not cursed with hopeless miseries,
As this world teems with, but a better life
Of happiness for all who do their best
On earth for peace, and for the good of men:
A life that has before it prospects great
Of rising ever higher, till the plane
Of absolute perfection has been reached.

C. Oh, tell me not those spirits have not sought
To do you ill. Is it no ill to be
Enticed from God's own truth to Satan's lie ?
Is it no ill if you are made forsake
The only One in whom salvation is,
To follow that which you will one day find
To be a baseless murderous deceit ?
Is it no ill to scorn the grace of God,
The Gospel to reject ? Christ to despise ?
To designate His blessed sacrifice
A relic of a coarse and barbarous age ?
Will you assert when you have been arraigned
Before the throne of God, and have your place
Appointed with blasphemers of His Word,
That those dark spirits have not done you ill ?

Turn from those soul-destroyers unto God,
And in confession of your wickedness
Lay hold by faith in His beloved Son
Of that salvation that is found in Him.
You know not who those spirit-beings are;
You cannot say you could not be deceived,
For you know not the forces that may lurk
Within the darkness you would penetrate.
You think they are the spirits of the dead,
But do not tell me that you know they are,
For this you certainly cannot affirm.
The spirits of the dead cannot appear,
Neither to you, nor unto any other soul
Of man who yet in flesh and blood is found.
To come to you they must their flesh resume,
And from their graves re-enter earth again.
Scripture reveals no other opening
Back to this earthly sphere than by the grave,
And of that region Christ has got the keys
In His possession; and with Him are those
Who conscious of their lost and ruined state
To Him for refuge fled, and put their trust
For ever in the virtue of His blood,
As that which expiation made for sins.

The spirits of the wicked are in woe.
Their hopeless situation they have now,
With grief and ruthless sorrow, realized;
And just as they had chosen in this world
To do without the company of God,
So now at last they must experience,
That God without their company can do.
But neither good nor bad can visit earth,
Unless their bodies leave the sepulchre.
Impersonated they may be by those
Who by such means destroy the human race,
But they themselves must tarry where they are.

T. Not for one instant has the faintest thought
Flashed thro' my rather pessimistic mind,
That any testimony I could bring,

However powerful and convincing, in
Support of things well-founded, and well-known,
Would alter, even in the least degree,
A stubborn mind like yours, too long obsessed
By one idea; room does not exist
Within your rational capacity
For one resplendent, hope-inspiring ray,
However brilliant with celestial light.
If you will neither credit that which we
Report to you, as having seen and heard,
Nor come these matters to investigate,
I think it manifests an obstinate
And bigoted ambition to remain
In ignorance and superstition dark,
And it were best you should be left alone.

C. As I have said, so now I say again,
The things that you suppose that you have seen
And heard have neither worth nor weight with me,
Unless I know who from the shadows speak.
And since by God's own Word I am advised
That if I hear those spirits I shall fall
Under their influence, me it becomes
To steer my shallop far from rocks that lie
Within my vision, leaving God to guide
From dangers hidden neath the whelming wave.

Loss endless, and not profit, have you gained
By these new phantasies you have embraced;
Loss that shall fully on your vision break,
When you have closed this transitive career,
And have to meet with Him, whose matchless grace
You have for wicked spirit-lore despised.

T. My gain is great, and very quickly told:
I know what waits me when I pass from here.
I know the circumstances of my friends
Who have passed over to the other side.
I know the golden stairs that I must climb
Till at the summit glorious I arrive,
And I am lost in God.

C. And everything

That ever lived and passed into the shades
 Is with you on your lofty enterprise,
 From the mollusc to the philosopher!
 Millions of ages ere they toad became,
 And billions ere the first ambitious ape
 Determined to make long his stumpy legs,
 And make them end in feet instead of hands,
 And greatly shorten his too lengthy arms,
 And bite his tail hard off by the backbone,
 Must ages, ere was memoranda kept,
 Have reached the height to which your soul aspires.
 What a position proud was his who led
 That long procession toiling thro' the years,
 Onward and upward, leading every life.
 Maggot, or snail, what was its outward form—
 Its spirit-body? That can matter not,
 It had its proud position as the one
 Leading to glory the great universe.

I think your mediums purposely ignore
 The presence in the spirit-world of souls
 Continually passing on, not men
 But birds and beasts and reptiles, climbing up
 And on to that same end you have in view.
 That ape your cousin-german shall be there;
 But which of you shall have the precedence?
 Your opportunities to make advance
 Are at this present moment more than his.
 But which of you has been more diligent
 To reach perfection may be still in doubt.
 If he has used his meagre benefits
 With greater diligence than you have yours,
 I would not be surprised some day to find
 That he had passed you panting on the stairs.

T. This is the raving of a mind diseased.

C. Diseased or healthy, I must draw my own
 Conclusions from the dogmas you advance.
 The snail has reached the ape, the ape the man,
 The man is on his upward way to God.
 Snails are for ever rising up to ape,

Ape up to man, and hence am I compelled
To view all living creatures on this earth,
Along with all the creatures that have been,
As of one great bewildering family;
Each single member of one bone and flesh,
And of one spirit too with all the rest,
Whether they fly, or creep, or walk, or swim,
And these you cannot part with as you please.
But as you found them here upon the earth
On your arrival, you must find them there
When you have entered on the spirit-world,
And all of the same moral stature as
They were when death removed them from this scene.
Bear, elephant, snake, tiger, dog, and man.
What fearful myriads of such as these
Must now be wandering in the spirit-world,
And fierce as when they left this selfish scene.

If this your creed is credible how full
Of nameless horrors must the future be!
Beasts wild and tame, men good and reprobate,
Rapacious, ravenous, meek, merciful;
For as on earth they were, so are they there,
Rampaging, roaring, rending, raving, mad,
While other stubborn spirits walk abroad,
Their spiritual rifles shouldering,
And with munitions spiritual stocked,
To keep at bay wild beast and wilder man.

This is the logical deduction from
Your system, as propounded by yourself
United with your spiritual creed
Is evolution, and the chattering ape
Is of your bone and flesh, and cannot be
Other than with you in the future sphere,
And where you leave off here you there begin.
The man that here is brute, there brute he is,
Orang-outang is there orang-outang,
Tiger is tiger, and the dog is dog,
And this, and this alone, is in accord
With those strange theories you have embraced.

From that far distant fount from which you sprung,
 Mollusc, or toad, from this the wolf and bear
 Have likewise sprung, and all that now is worm,
 Baboon, or man, must in the distance dim
 With you put on the immortal diadem.
 If you with all those people you call beasts
 Have had your woes together in this world,
 Why should they not be with you where you go ?
 They boast as much morality as man.

T. What utter gibberish! A dog is not
 In any sense a moral being.

C. Why ?

I take it you make bold to say that you
 A moral being are; but if you be,
 By what strange freak of nature did you come
 To this distinction ? You were born a man;
 Your father was a man, this made you one;
 His father was, his father's father was;
 And back you go until another step
 Would bring you to the jungle and the beast.
 The naked, hairy, and unmoral ape
 Becomes the parent of a moral man!
 This, I am confident, you will admit
 Makes huge demand on our credulity.

But let that pass: as I have said, you join
 Along with spiritism the principle
 Of evolution, and this makes the whole
 Vital creation one in life and hope.
 All living creatures that have ever been,
 Except the few that may have reached the goal,
 Are on the onward, upward, patient move;
 And when they all have cast the outward shell,
 They shall together take the second step,
 And onward move into the higher sphere;
 For as they all one life and hope possess,
 And in this earthly sphere are intermixed,
 Why in the higher sphere should some be found
 And others not ? Now please do not suggest
 That all are not of moral stature one,

For then I should be warranted to ask,
Are all that enter this terrestrial sphere
Of the same moral stature? Here I find
Life in an infinite variety,
Diversified from maggot up to man.
And if they come into this nether world
In such variety, and leave it much
As when they entered, why should they not
Together pass into the higher sphere?
And if the course of man is morally
Downward on earth—for downward without doubt
It surely is—what confidence have we
That in the higher sphere the tendency
To that which bestial is shall be reversed?

I marvel that the sheer insanity
Of this delusion does not tear the veil
From off your eyes! no certainty,
No rock unshakeable have you, on which
To build your hopes of everlasting bliss.
The end shall surely come when you shall see
Your creed, your confidence, your baseless hopes,
Your godless superstitions fade and fall
Like autumn leaves in the oragious blast
Of a tempestuous and storm-swept sky.
In that dread day you will awake to find
That you your proud but puny mind have matched
With beings whose dark subtlety as far
Exceeds your own, as yours that of the worm
You tread beneath your feet. You are no match
For those infernal beings you consult.
You are presumptuously trespassing
Upon forbidden ground, nor can you tell
Into what pitiless and cruel hands
You may at any luckless moment fall.

You have no fear! In this your danger lies,
For to be coward here is to be wise.
You cannot keep yourself, no creature can.
All that are kept, are kept by power divine,
And safe is he that holds this fact in faith.

When man by trespass fell away from God,
And from that hour a downward course pursued,
Both him and his care-worn posterity:
The devil, demons, angels, fallen men
Are in their different localities
And camps divided, but in their enmity
Against the Maker of the worlds agreed,
Tho' man alone is dreadfully deceived.
And yet to man, and to him only, has
The grace and mercy of a Saviour-God
Been in a manner unmistakably
Made manifest; therefore the demon-host
With energy unabated dedicate
Their fell activities to this one end,
The everlasting ruin of the race
To which unfathomed mercy has been shown.
And man, misguided, miscontented man,
Because of his immortal bitterness
Against his Maker merciful becomes
An easy prey to these infernal ghosts
That are on his destruction resolute.

You have been trespassing on ground tabooed,
And there the fell destroyer of your soul
Has spread his snares and nets, and you suppose
No harm shall come to you. You vainly think
That you may with impunity blaspheme
And tread beneath your feet the Word of God,
But in the end—and may that end be not
Too late to seek salvation, and to find
The mercy that to-day awaits to save—
You shall discover that the living God,
With whom all men on earth must have to do,
Has not been to your ways indifferent,
But has of every secret thought, as well
As of each overt act, a record made,
And not a movement winked at or forgot.

Your disregard of prohibitions made
For your protection and prosperity,
Your venture to consult the spirit-world,

Explicitly forbidden by His Word—
Your fierce denunciations of that Word—
Your fulsome claim to kindred with the beast—
Shall into judgment certainly be brought.
And when your vain and ignorant conceit
With God's eternal verities shall meet,
I leave to you to settle as you may
With Him whose mercy you despise to-day.

□ □ □ □

TALKS BY THE WAY.

PART II.

R. If I who am a wanderer amid
These wildering, interminable wilds,
And to yourself a stranger all unknown,
May, without being counted meddlesome,
Presume to draw an inference, which seems
Both right and reasonable, and to give
Expression to it in your ear, I would,—
From the profound and steadfast interest
With which you study nature, unadorned
By man's inventive, but irreverent hand,
As witnessed in the way your vision roves
Over those vast and awe-inspiring moors,
With almost bigot confidence conclude,—
That nature in its state primordial,
Roughcast, uncultivated, barbarous,
Untouched by man's rude hand, unaltered by
His false conceptions of the beautiful,
Has over you attractiveness beyond
That which its rough and rugged aspect has
Over the many who have sometimes crossed
These winding valleys and those cloud-capt hills

C. Who could with soul enraptured raise his eyes
Amid these noiseless witnesses of power
And wisdom infinite? Who could behold
Those everlasting and colossal hills
That lift their heathery crowns toward the blue,

As tho' their sloping sides were made to be
For mortal feet an easy gradient
To realms celestial, and forget the God
That made them, and to whom they are no more
Than the small dust upon the balance, or
The thistle-down upon the granite rock ?

Or who those narrow labyrinthine vales
Could view, and trace their mystifying ways
Among the roots of the gigantic hills,
Where crystal streamlets sparkle, and which slake
The thirst of vagrant fox or flying fowl,
And yet remain unconscious of the voice,
That tho' to outward ear inaudible
Discourses witching music to the soul,
Turning away the thought of feeble man,
And all his miserable littleness,
To the eternal wisdom and the work
Of Him whose puissance omnipotent
Hath these deep valleys digged, and heaved aloft
Those elevations, round whose distant crowns
Dark clouds assemble, furious tempests rage,
Red lightnings flame, and wrathful thunders roar ?

And yet whatever solid interest
Such spectacles have for our human souls,
I do not doubt a hidden danger lies
Even in contemplation of the works
Of the Creator, if not on our guard.
For if we should unduly occupy
Our minds with the enchanting scenery
Of His created glories, easily
We should have weakened in our inmost souls
The fact that we are residents within
A world perversely broken loose from God;
A fallen, sinful, ruined, death-doomed world.

The heavens above that on a darksome night
We love to contemplate, the earth we tread,
The moorland, meadows green, the endless plains,
The towering cliffs, the cultivated vales,
The forest glades, the restless sea, the tides

That rise and fall, the thunder of the waves
Breaking upon the rugged rock-bound coast:
These things have all their charm, but let us not
Forget that death is swift upon our track,
And that we steadily are drawing near
The time when we must say farewell to earth.

How infinitely good it is to know,
And feel it to the centre of our souls,
That He who planned and built the universe,
Who made the sun, the moon, the stars of light,
The hosts that people worlds to us unknown,
Who by His mighty word upholds them all,
Could in the greatness of His grace divine,
And in His love to rebels such as we,
Renounce the form of God, and take the form
Of bondman and the fashion of a man,
And enter as a man this sinful world,
Causing the light of God to shine before
The vision of the creature hitherto
Immured in darkness, under Satan's lie,
Who had to us misrepresented God.
Not only this, but willing to lay down
His spotless life, and thus annul the power
Of death that lay upon us as the dread
Wages of sin, and break the might of him
Who over us that dreadful power did wield;
And all for our advantage, that we might
Be with Him as the Victor raised and gone
Back to the Father, having won for us
A place within the Father's house on high.

R. I fear I cannot follow where you lead,
However indisposed to disagree.
It still has been a sorrow to my soul,
When meeting men of cultivated mind,
To find on matters of eternal truth
The lack of harmony one would desire;
And realize that discord must result
From every effort honourably made
To reach agreement in consistence with

The revelation made to us of God.

C. It surely is a lamentable thing
 That those who truly love the Holy Word,
 Should with such biased minds that Word approach,
 And should their own vain notions to it bring;
 Not seeking from the heavenly living fount
 Refreshing for the spirituál man;
 Nor with anxiety to have their souls
 Built up on God's life-giving verities,
 But that their own foundationless concepts
 Might some support in holy writings find.
 Whoever will a course like this pursue
 Shall live and die without the light of God.

Never was book more simple placed before
 The poor unlettered followers of the Lord;
 For He who gave the Book knew what we were,
 And also knew the way in which to speak
 To those who neither noble were, nor wise
 According to the flesh, but who were His
 By sovereign grace, that they the worldly wise
 Might utterly confound, and bring to naught
 Those that be something in their own esteem.
 Therefore let us approach the holy Word
 Distrusting utterly the carnal mind,
 But with the utmost confidence in Him
 Who can and will good understanding give
 To those possessed of no ability
 Conceptions infinite to entertain.
 And let us take it in the very words
 In which it has been given, adding not
 A tittle of our own, nor tincturing
 With His unerring Word our sophistries.

But tho' this Word, that verities reveal
 In words most simple to be understood,
 Is placed before us, yet are we not thrown
 Upon our own ability to grasp
 The verities those simple words announce;
 For those who have upon the Christ believed
 Have been anointed with the Holy Ghost,

Who is our Teacher in whate'er relates
To our relationship with God, and those
Who truly call upon the Lord on earth.
If we submissive are, and grieve Him not,
He guides us deep into the thoughts of God,
Makes known to us eternal mysteries,
Directs our hearts into that endless love
That came thro' Golgotha's deep woes to light,
And gives us power to take the place of sons.
Well may we praise Him for His grace divine,
And pray that truth should rule within our hearts
While here on earth.

R. Most gladly I confess
That Jesus is Creator of all worlds,
But that He is the everlasting God,
This I must not an instant entertain.
I hold He owes existence to His God,
And unto Him alone. He is the first
And last, direct, and only work of God.
To this undoubtedly He reference made,
When He affirmed, I AM THE FIRST AND LAST.
OF GOD'S CREATION also He has said,
I THE BEGINNING AM. This surely were enough
To end upon this question all dispute.

C. But if we speak of Him as the first act
Of God's creation, would not this imply
That God had a creation other than
That which the heavens and the earth reveal,
And which the Word of the eternal God
Attributes to the Son? Your statement seems
—Unless your notion be what I suggest—
To bear a contradiction to my mind.
If God has a creation, and if Christ
Be the result of the first move of God
in creatorial power, Jesus could not
The only work of the Almighty be.
A first, at least, a second must suppose.
But everything in heaven and on earth,
The visible, and the invisible,

Owes its existence to the Son, who came
In lowly grace into this world of men.

Surely in these most solemn mysteries
You, do not let imagination loose,
Or to its frolics pay the least respect.
If God has graciously been pleased to place
His revelation freely in our hands,
Why should we in pursuit of mysteries
Fall back upon our own illusive dreams?
To not a human soul in this wide world
Are those vain fantasies which you indulge,
And which you seem to rate with Holy Writ,
Of any service only to deceive.
As for yourself, they do but blind your eyes,
To the true import of His holy Word.

By that unerring Word, as I have said,
We doubtless have been made to understand
That everything that being has received
By Jesus it received it. Everything
Owes its existence to the living Word.
That Word that did of flesh and blood partake
And bore the name of Jesus here below.
Now if a creature Jesus also be,
He must have been created. If He was
Created, and Himself Creator was
Of everything in heaven and on earth,
The things invisible and visible,
And this of Him the holy Word affirms,
Then by Himself Himself created was.

To this grotesque and rank absurdity
Your fancy has decoyed you, and because
You would permit it to engage itself
With subjects which without the help of God
And mind and heart submissive to His Word
You with the sacred Writings are at war.
Were you well satisfied with that which God
Has in His grace and loving-kindness given
For our enlightenment and joy of faith,
You would have preservation merciful

Found from the folly of the fleshly mind.
But not content with this you must explore,
Or venture to explore the secret things
That to the creature God hath not disclosed.
On such a deep unfathomable theme
As is the incarnation of the Son,
We must not throw the reign upon the neck
Of our imagination, and allow
Ourselves to be by its insanity
Dragged into regions of uncertainty,
In which destruction waits the trespasser.

R. Not now, nor ever, have I said, or thought,
Or hinted that I thought, or given you
A shadow of a reason to suppose
That I believed the Holy Saviour was
His own Creator. I have told you He
Owes His existence to the living God.

C. I understand. But you are but a man,
And not the living God, and therefore where
Your words the Scriptures plainly contradict,
And where I find you paradoxical,
I can but answer you according to
The way in which your words my mind impress.
That Christ is the Creator you admit
And that all things possessing being owe
That being to His creatorial power.
Has Jesus being ?

R. Surely: but He is
The one exception that existence owes
To the direct almighty power of God.

C. But there is no exception. Scripture says,
That not one single thing apart from Him
Received existence. And, sir, unto this
Rightful conclusion I would be compelled
To come, if I adopted your belief,
That will have the Creator less than God:
If everything was made by Him, and He
A creature is, He must have made Himself.

But will you not be good enough to turn
 With me to certain portions of the Word,
 Which shall unquestionably give us light
 Regarding this most vital theorem.
 I read in Genesis that it was God
 Created both the heavens and the earth.
 In chapter two we have the added name
 Jehovah in relationship with man.
 And there I read that He had fashioned man
 Out of the dust of earth, and that He had
 Into his nostrils breathed the breath of life.
 And later on He says to Israel,
 I am thy God Jehovah that hath brought
 Thee from the land of Egypt, and out from
 The house of bondage, therefore thou shalt not
 Beside Myself have any other god.
 Again, Before Me there was no God formed,
 Nor after Me shall there be any God.
 Is there a God beside Me? There is none:
 I know not any. I Jehovah am.
 I am Jehovah that hath all things made,
 And BY MYSELF hath stretched the earth abroad.
 I am Jehovah, and there is none else.
 I am the first, I also am the last.

Here the Creator of the universe
 Affirms that He is God, and that beside
 There is no god, no other god exists,
 And solemnly is Jacob's ransomed race
 Warned not to worship any other god;
 For He who brought them out of durance vile
 Is He who made the heavens and the earth.

This from the ancient Scriptures; when I come
 To where the true light breaketh from the New,
 I find that the Creator is the Son,
 And that of Him the same thing is affirmed,
 As is of God emphatic in the Old:
 Jehovah of the Old is Jesus of the New,
 And but Himself no other God exists.

R. We learn as we grow older! I had hoped

I might have found you generous enough
To have allowed the Father one small place
In your ideas of almighty God.

C. Not my ideas, feeble, incomplete,
Worthless, and waste of moments to discuss.
We have been looking at what Scripture says
And neither you nor any other man
Who is both sane and sober can deny
That in the writings of the prophets God
Asserts that He Himself Creator is,
And that there is no other than Himself.
Not from the first of Genesis, right through
Until the very end of Malachi,
Can God the Father and the Son be found.
One God is there who ever speaks as one
But unrevealed until the Son appeared,
And then we learn that He who spoke as one
Was then a Trinity in Unity,
And is to-day, and shall for ever be.
Nay, do not let the smile of unbelief,
Or of conceit of a superior faith,
Crinkle your lip. In God's most holy Book
I read of Father, and I read of Son,
And of the Holy Ghost I also read,
In many places—more than I could name—
The Son is certainly set forth as God,
Creator and upholder of all things,
He is the true God and eternal life.
As we have seen, in the Old Testament
God is Creator, Christ is in the new.

But when, in order that a righteous way
Might be prepared for the accomplishment
Of God's eternal counsel, and for men
To hear of mercy and salvation free,
The eternal Son in grace unspeakable
Himself divested of the form of God,
And took upon Himself a servant's form,
Come like ourselves, in fashion of a man.
Taking a place inferior to God,

And therefore things regarding Him could be
 Affirmed, that could not have been said of Him
 Before He entered upon man's estate.

Viewed as a man, and of the virgin born,
 He is saluted as the Son of God.
 Thus the decree has been declared: Thou art
 My Son, this day have I begotten Thee.
 These words, we are informed, have never been
 Addressed to angel, or to angel kind;
 And revelation not a hint contains
 Of any creature in the universe
 Set in intelligent relationship with God
 Other than men and angels; sons of God,
 Powers, principalities, let them be good
 Or evil, all appear before the throne,
 In the Apocalypse of angel kind.
 Therefore the Saviour ere He man became,
 Not in this category can be classed.

Again, whatever creature God has made,
 He made to serve Him, and in servant's form
 He from the hand of his Creator came,
 But here we find One in the form of God,
 Decked with the tokens of eternal might,
 Unto whose fiat every creature bows,
 But yet from whom no being that exists
 Can claim subjection. This majestic form
 He lays aside, and takes another form,
 The form of servant, of a woman born,
 And as a Man appearing amongst men.

Was this upon His part apostasy?
 If He was creature, then without a doubt
 It was to serve the purposes of God
 He was created; therefore as a slave
 He stood before the Despot who had brought
 Him into being, hence He could not take
 Upon Himself a servant's form, for in
 That form He stood from the first hour in which
 His work was pointed out to Him by God.

But the assumption of a servant's form

Was a most true and veritable fact.
When He became a Man, a Man He was,
In bondman's form, a Bondman without doubt.
Deception there was none; the place He took
Was one in which He could speak of Himself
As less than God. He could most truly say,
Greater than I My Father is. Again,
Not unto Thee My goodness doth extend.
And yet again, I did not come to do
My will, but His that sent Me. Yet altho'
This He could say by reason of the place
He had as Man assumed, He never was,
Nor could be, less than the eternal Son
Of the eternal Father.

R. This you must
Admit is paradoxical, for Son
Could not by any possibility
Eternal be; beginning He must have.

C. But so must Father.

R. As a Father, yes.
But yet the Person being must have had
Before the name of Father could be His.

C. But are your present thoughts and reasonings
In this not governed by what you observe
As true in human life?

R. Yes, certainly.
Do you know ought of these relationships
Other than what you learn in human life?

C. I know a little of the things that God
Has plainly put on record for our faith,
And there I find that the Creator is
The high and holy One inhabiting
Eternity; and He is also called
The everlasting God, Creator of
The heavens and the earth. God has made known
His very nature to His blood-redemmed,
But He has not revealed the mysteries
That lie in that light no one can approach,
And in the Godhead, whom no eye hath seen,

Nor can see even by the Spirit's power;
 Nor is it necessary we should know,
 Nor good that we our dialectic powers
 Should occupy with things that lie beyond
 What God has given us strength to apprehend.

R. Only-begotten He is said to be,
 And also Firstborn, hence there is no need
 For reason on the matter. Let us take
 The Word as it is given, adding not
 As much as an iota to the text;
 Simply permitting the inerrant voice
 Of Scripture to control our restless minds;
 Nor seek to force our way thro' mists and fogs
 Of error to the goal we have in view,
 Whether the goal be one of gain or loss.

C. That sole-begotten Christ is said to be,
 Is absolutely undeniable.
 The only point to be debated is
 The meaning of the appellation. Not
 In every instance does it do to take
 A word in Scripture text, and analyse
 And separate its elements, and thus
 Its meaning and its force determine, no
 I have a strong suspicion that the word
 Only-begotten has another sense
 Than what is usually applied to it.
 In Hebrews Abraham is said to have
 Offered, by faith in power eternal, his
 Only-begotten son, but yet he had
 By Hagar Ishmael, and other sons
 By yet another wife Keturah. I
 Therefore conclude the import of the term
 Is that of an affection measureless,
 Centered in one in whom reposes all
 The hopes and expectations of a sure
 Fulfilment of all excellent desire.
 We can be certain anyhow it does
 Not mean an only son, for certainly
 It is apparent that it means not that

In case of Abraham, to which I have
Made reference; nor am I confident
That it has any reference to Christ
Apart from what He is as come in flesh.
Only-begotten could most truthfully
Apply to Him as come in flesh and blood;
For tho' believers are of God begot,
Yet not in the same manner as the Son.
Therefore to build a doctrine on a text
That has at all times been debatable
Is not a wise proceeding.

If I take

With reference to the "Firstborn," I shall find
It is not always to be understood
Quite in the sense of seniority,
But more a status of pre-eminence.
Of Israel as a nation God has said:
He is my son, my firstborn; lifted up
As head among the nations of the earth.
Of David also He declared, I will
Make Him firstborn, higher than kings of earth.
He says by Jeremiah: Ephraim
Is my firstborn. Also His purposes
With reference to His saints is, to conform
Them to the image of His Son, that He
Might midst His many brethren be Firstborn.
Firstborn of all creation also, for
He is Creator. Firstborn from the dead.
Thus every passage where you find firstborn,
The thought conveyed is of pre-eminence,
And not at all priority of birth.
Indeed the very reason given for His
Unique position as Firstborn, is that
In all things He must have pre-eminence.

R. Let me remind you that the Word of God,
In terms that cannot be misunderstood,
Declares that Jesus the beginning is
Of God's creation. What may else be said
Cannot upset a statement such as this,

Or of God's verity a figment make.

C. This statement does not in the least assist
Your aim to make a creature of the Christ.
This is the character that He assumes
To that corrupt assembly that had closed
Its door against Him, and had fallen down
To old creation level, tho' by grace
They had been set to witness faithfully,
Amid the old creation, to the new.
To this the Church is called, and while on earth
To stand as those who have been given part
In that vast universe that shall appear,
Not as the work of the Creator's hands,
But rather as the labour of His love.

Of this bright sphere, the centre and the Head
The risen Christ is set, and He shall give
To that creation life and character.
Founded upon the mighty work He wrought
When Golgotha beheld His woes, He is
Beginning, corner-stone, director, Head.
Therefore because this luke-warm church had sunk
Down to the old creation plain, He calls
Their hearts to that to which they should have borne
A faithful testimony. But this word
That speaks of Him as the beginning of
Creation that shall be for ever new,
Has only reference to Him as man,
And as the One from whom this glorious sphere
Shall have its never fading character.

Back to beginning let the reverent mind
The ages cross to the last stepping-stone,
Of things created, ere the voice went forth
The voice of the Creator causing things
At once to spring from utter nullity
Into existence; when that light alone,
That living light most unapproachable,
In which the Godhead have their blest abode,
Was there the eye to meet, had eye' been there
To contemplate it; light above the shcen

Of the bright orb that rules the gladsome day,
When forth at noontide from the burnished blue
His brilliant beams the earth with glory bathes;
That light, a ray of which made blind the eyes
Of Saul of Tarsus, in his mad career
Of hate against the risen Son of God.
Light increate, serene, immaculate,
Eternal, veiling, not displaying Him
Who has His home within its precincts bright.
Impenetrable light the vision blinds
No "Morning Stars," no "Sons of God," no worlds,
The universe not yet has issued forth
At the command of the Almighty's voice,
For you have reached the point preceding all
The grand results of creatorial might
In its activities, and to your eye
By light ineffable Godhead is veiled.

But there in the beginning was the Word,
The Word which was with God and which was God.
The One in the eternal Trinity
Who was to give effect to all that lay
In Godhead counsel. He who never had
Beginning was in the beginning there,
And ready to give utterance to the thought
Of love eternal. For this reason He,
And He alone, is called "The Word of God";
That which expresses all that God would have
Expressed in His creation; all the light
By which He would our souls illuminate,
The light of the true knowledge of Himself.
Therefore when He was here in blood and flesh
The hitherto Unseen was manifest.

The revelation that we have received
From Him whose will was to enlighten us,
Not only with the history of His works
But also with the goodness of His heart,
Informs us that in the beginning He
Created both the heavens and the earth.
You tell me that in the beginning God

Created the Creator of the worlds.
 Whatever else may therefore doubtful seem
 One thing is certain and beyond dispute,
 With Him you rashly are at variance.
 You tell me that the primal work was Christ,
 He tells me 'twas the heavens and the earth.
 You cannot be surprised if I adhere
 To His account of things, rejecting yours.

He was, as I have said, the One designed
 To give effect to purposes of love,
 And just as such a wondrous universe
 Was needful, if effect was to be given
 To those great thoughts of the eternal mind
 The Son put forth His own intrinsic power
 And into actual existence brought
 This vast creation, filling it with souls
 And beings spiritual, heavenly
 And earthly, all by His almighty hand
 In beauty and in virtue wisely framed,
 Into whatever state some may have lapsed,
 When their allegiance to their Maker good
 Was to the test subjected.

Satan fell
 And others fell with him, as from the crown
 Of some of those huge hills is loosed a rock,
 That falling from its lofty altitude
 Brings in its rapid and headlong career
 A shower of metal made to share its fall.
 Thus fell the first transgressor from the height
 In which he had been by His Maker placed.
 And Adam fell, our representative
 And federal head, from whom we all derive,
 And therefore have we all been born in sin,
 And sinners are by practice, under death,
 And sorely dominatd with its fear;
 For Satan has the might of death, and wields
 It over us as judgment of our sins
 So that we naturally live in dread
 Of having God to meet. This fact involved

His intervention in eternal love,
If we from ruin were to be redeemed
And set in right relationships with God.
Therefore the glorious One to whom we owed
Our being, and to whom in counsels deep
Was given the task of taking hold of those
Purposed for blessing ere the world began,
And of delivering them from Satan's power
And giving them to know the Father's love,
Came in the form of bondman, came in flesh,
That He might take upon Himself the curse,
The death, the doom that justly lay on us,
And expiate our sins, God honouring
And glorifying in the spot where we
Had Him dishonoured; also that He might
By His own death death utterly annul;
And from the dead arise victorious
And seat Himself upon the heavenly throne.

R. To say the body of the Christ was raised
Is fatal error, for it vitiates
The ransom given for the souls of men.

C. But some of us, I fear, have yet to learn
Of resurrection that does not include
The body. On what Scripture do you base
Your bold assertion, that we who believe
In the resurgence of the body lie
Under the condemnation and the guilt
Of holding vital error?

R. I refer
To Paul's first letter to Corinthian saints,
And chapter fifteen:—"That which thou dost sow,
Thou sowest not that body that shall be."
That should be plain enough for any man
Not by his preconceived ideas blind.

C. Truly it is most plain and he were fool
That knew it not apart from being told.
No one expects the very grain he sows
To be what he shall reap when harvest comes.

R. Still that which the apostle has in view
 Is resurrection, and to this known fact
 He calls attention, lest it might be thought
 The body that is sown would rise again.

C. But when he comes immediately to deal
 With death and resurrection, he declares
 That that which in corruption has been sown
 Is raised in incorruptibility;
 And that which has been in dishonour sown
 Is raised in glory; that in weakness sown
 Is raised in power; and the natural
 Is brought forth spiritual. It is not
 Another body than the one entombed,
 That, when the voice of the eternal Son
 Is heard in power omnipotent, comes forth
 In incorruption, power, and glory great,
 But still the body that was sown, though changed,
 With such a change as o'er the living saints
 Shall pass before we meet Him in the air.
 Sowing and reaping, darksome night and morn,
 Winter and springtime, all these things remind
 Our spirits that the principle on which
 This fallen world we live in has been set
 Is death and resurrection. To His foes
 Our Saviour said, Destroy this temple, and
 In three days I will raise it up again.
 The Holy Spirit tells us that in this
 He of the temple of His body spoke.
 Again, He says, Thou wilt not leave my soul
 To hades, nor allow Thy Holy One
 To see corruption. And of this the chief
 Apostle to the circumcision says
 That this prophetic word has reference
 Unto the resurrection of the Christ,
 That not in hades God had left his soul,
 Nor did His flesh corruption see. But you,
 In mad conceit with your vain fantasies,
 Have no respect for the unerring Word,
 But turning from its strict averments, seize

On that which gives a shadow of the true,
And, in rejection of its tenets plain,
Out of the type will fabricate your creed.

The mighty angel's rolling back the stone
To manifest the triumph of the Lord
Over the king of terrors, if we give
Your fleshly notions lodgment, was no more
Than a corrupt proceeding, farcical,
And utterly deceptive. And to think
(Tho' surely blasphemous the thought must be)
Of Christ conniving at it all, and then
Exhibiting His wounds, inviting them
To handle Him and have their faith assured
That He had truly flesh and bones; and that
Not with a spirit had they got to do.
But with Himself victorious from the dead.

R. I think you should admit that patience great
Has on my part been truly manifest.
The way you seek to bolster up a myth,
And dress a figment up to make it look
Like an unquestionable verity
Is interesting; but no act of yours
Can make me fancy that the payment made,
As ransom for our death-deserving souls,
By Jesus on the cross has been recalled.
But if the Man Christ Jesus has been raised,
This very thing is what has taken place,
And we without redemption are to-day.

C. But ere I touch the question that you raise
Concerning the recall, or otherwise
Of that great ransom found thro' Jesus' death,
I would remind you that the Scriptures do
Most clearly testify the glorious fact
That Jesus Christ of David's seed is raised;
And Paul to the Corinthians declares
That if He be not, they are in their sins,
And that the dead who put their trust in Him
Are every one of them for ever lost.
You say, if He is risen we are lost;

The Word says, we are lost if He is not.
 Thus are you found at variance with God.
 I care not what results you may suppose
 Follow this fact, the fact is in the Book,
 And if to this its testimony you
 Reject, I place no value on the faith
 You think you have in any other thing
 Of which it testifies. It seems to me
 You have a certain creed, your own, or that
 Invented by some more ingenious mind,
 And that you venture to the Word of God
 To get this wretched creed of yours confirmed,
 And from its evident and simple sense
 It must be twisted that your creed may stand.

R. I say, the Scripture teaches Jesus passed
 Out of existence to the purpose that
 Adam and all his race might enter in.

C. But where does Scripture say that Jesus passed
 Out of existence ?

R. It declares He died,
 And if He died He certainly did pass
 Out of existence. Death is certainly
 The end of human life. A man goes down
 To sheol, where he knows not anything;
 He is extinct.

C. And yet the Psalmist says,
 When speaking to the living God: If I
 Should make my bed in sheol, Thou art there.
 Had also God out of existence passed ?
 And more than this, He says He is the God
 Of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob.
 And Jesus says He is not the God
 Of dead, but living; for all live to Him.

R. He claims that He is able to destroy
 Both soul and body in the fire of hell.

C. But your idea of **destroy** is just
 As faulty as it is of everything
 That in these solemn things you have advanced.

Destroy does never mean annihilate.
When Jesus says, The Son of Man is come
That He may seek and save that which was lost,
Had these lost souls out of existence gone?
Had Jesus to annihilation gone
That He might save them? He had come to earth
To save the lost, and when His followers
He sent to preach the Gospel, then He told
To go to the lost sheep of Israel.
Here "lost" and "perish" are the same in Greek.

Because that we were here in flesh and blood
The mighty Saviour in the same took part,
In order that He might a ransom be
For us, by bearing from the hand of God
The judgment just that heavy on us lay;
And having borne the hiding of the face
Of Him whose righteousness must sin condemn,
He yielded up that life of flesh and blood
To which in every other but Himself
Sin was attached; a life for sinners given,
Never to be resumed; therefore the blood
Is that which makes atonement for the soul.

But flesh and blood is not the whole of man,
As you, sir, seem to think; for not alone
The saint, but sinner also, lives when death
Has blood and flesh transported to the grave.
Paul tells us that for him to die was gain,
And better to depart and be with Christ
Than serve in His glad tidings to the world.
Was Paul distressed with imbecility?
Or facts disclosing, to himself well known?
He says that "Absent from the body" means
For the believer "Present with the Lord."
But absent from the body finds no place
In your dark creed; the body is the whole
In your opinion.

R. Surely I believe
That when a man has died, dead that man is,
Not part of him, but he, the man himself

Is just as dead as tho' he never had
 The slightest interest in human life.
 The prophet says, "Hear and your soul shall live."
 To what conclusion can I come than this,
 That if you will not hear your soul shall die.

C. But in the dispensations that are past
 The question raised was, Could a man retain
 Life upon earth by his own righteousness?
 When from the burning mount the law was given,
 These words were spoken in the people's ears,
 The man that does these things shall live by them.
 He did not say, The man that does these things
 Shall go to heaven, or, The man who fails
 Shall be consigned to everlasting fire.
 Hence it is now no more a question which
 Has long been answered, Can a man retain
 Life upon earth by his obedience?
 Or must he for transgression die accursed?
 The Gospel puts before the sons of men
 Two other, and more infinite, extremes,
 God's glory, or the endless lake of fire.
 These two extremes are never to be found
 In the old Scriptures, for they are not there.
 Life upon earth, or death, are the two poles,
 Tho' resurrection and a judgment day
 Can in their pages certainly be seen.
 But now that the true light upon us shines
 In Gospel story, the true poles are found,
 God's glory and the endless lake of fire.

By the intrusion of the living God
 On our behalf thro' His beloved Son,
 The whole aspect of things has undergone
 A sweeping transformation; everything
 Regarding our eternal blessing lies
 Connected with the risen Son of God.
 The question of the life of flesh, and earth,
 Is over, never to be taken up while lasts
 This world and man as its inhabitant.

It never was, in one sense, otherwise,

For every blessing since the fall of man
Could only be secured by means of Christ,
And by true faith in Him as yet to come,
Or having come; but while the human race
Was under trial men were set to work,
As tho' on their fulfilment of the task
Allotted to them their salvation lay.
But when the Lord of glory was disowned,
And to a gibbet by this world condemned,
Not only did He bear His people's sins,
But sinful flesh, the nature that produced
The sins, was also judged and set aside.
His death has finally our history,
As of the first and fallen Adam, closed,
And a new history has been begun
For us in the last Adam glorified.
Our sins are gone, the Holy Ghost is given,
And in the life of our exalted Head
We live in new relationships with God.
His Father ours, His God our God, the love
That rests on Him, on us it ever rests,
And we are made the righteousness of God
In Him the risen and ascended Christ.
And this salvation is to every soul
Brought in the Gospel of the grace of God.
No longer on probation is our race;
No longer is a man's attention turned
To contemplate his obligations, and
The fearful consequences that result
From non-fulfilment of the total sum.
But men are told that they are lost, that life
And righteousness are found for them in Christ;
And if by faith in Him they turn to God
The blessings of the Gospel shall be theirs.

Of this you nothing know, while you refuse
The Mediator between God and men.
Your creed declares you lost Him at the cross,
And you have no one who can lay his hand
On God and on yourself. No one but God

Could lay His hand on God, and none but man
 Could lay his hand on man. You cannot do
 Without a mediator, and the mediator must
 Be God and man, and yet in person one.
 The only Mediator that is ours,
 Or could be ours, is the incarnate Son,
 As truly Man as tho' He were not God,
 As truly God as tho' He were not Man:
 The God that made the worlds, the Man that hung
 Upon a gibbet for our benefit
 Between the awe-struck heavens and the earth,
 The Man gone back to that exalted place
 From which in grace He came to bear our woe:
 The Man, the Son of Man, that Stephen saw
 At God's right hand, the risen Man, to whom
 That Protomartyr did in confidence
 Commit his spirit, in the hour in which
 He sealed his testimony with his blood.

Jesus of Nazareth, a Man approved
 Of God; this is the way the Scripture speaks;
 A Man once truly of a virgin born.
 A Man who, if I trust your Gospel, passed
 By woes unfathomed, and by shameful death,
 Into oblivion, became extinct,
 Became as tho' He had not been, became
 Annihilated, so that since that death,
 Exists in heaven or earth not such a Man.
 Tho' Saul of Tarsus, in his mad career,
 As persecutor of the saints that called
 Upon His blest imperishable name,
 Thought that He saw Him in the heavenly light,
 And heard His voice from the celestial sphere
 Demanding wherefore in his wicked zeal
 He persecuted those the name revered,
 Declaring I AM JESUS, it was all
 Hallucination; yea, tho' Peter preached
 That God had raised Him from among the dead,
 And that at God's right hand that Man was set,
 Nothing it was but bounce and balderdash!

R. That in existence there is no such man
Not in the least can prejudice the fact,
That now between us and the living God
Is found a Mediator competent
To lay one hand on God, and one on men.

C. It does most thoroughly the fact deny,
For as a ransom for this world of men
The Mediator gave Himself, and you
Affirm that that gift of Himself implied
Annihilation, Therefore I maintain
That if your statement be a vital truth,
There cannot be a Mediator now.

R. It seems to me extremely evident,
That not sufficiently you keep in mind
The fact, that all that Jesus was before
He took up manhood perfectly remains,
And shall remain throughout eternity.
The Man is gone as ransom for our souls,
Tho' when referred to He must ever be
Known by the name of Jesus, and as Man
He still is spoken of, for as a Man
We came to know Him in His history here.

He died for all, and all shall come again
Back from oblivion, back from the sleep
Into which most have fallen, known as death;
For as a sleep our death is ever viewed,
By reason of their similarity.

C. That is "To be," and "not to be" possess
Semblance so notable, that either term
Will equally and perfectly express
The fact one wishes to communicate,
This is what you desire me to believe.
And which with all my vigour I refuse.
I scarcely dare to think a person sane
Would say such things, and mean the things he says,
Unless he wished his hearer to perplex.
Death, in your view of it, has not the least
Analogy to sleep, as I know sleep;
But sleep has a distinct analogy

To death as spoken of in holy Writ.
 At death the body to corruption goes,
 The spirit, from the mortal coil released,
 Passes to be with Christ, or to a place
 Where an eternity of hopeless loss
 Rises before the unforgiven soul,
 And fills him with unspeakable despair.

This was but dimly, if at all, perceived
 Before the advent of the Son of God.
 And hence the ancient Scriptures speak of those
 Departed from this world, as in their graves,
 A land of gloom, of silence, whence no voice
 Of praise ascends to God, dust gone to dust,
 And where the worms upon the carcase feed.
 All in that land as tho' they had not been.

But now that the eternal Son of God
 Has come, the true and heavenly light that made
 All things in earth and heaven manifest,
 Has thrown its glory into death's domain,
 Unveiling all the hidden mysteries
 That long had lain in deep obscurity;
 So that in all the ways and thoughts of God
 With erring moral creatures, not one thing
 That can be known is hidden from our eyes.
 Thro' a dim window it is true we see,
 And that we know in part is also true,
 But still we see and know, tho' waiting till
 Not thro' a window we shall have to look,
 And not in part we mysteries shall know,
 But face to face we everything shall view;
 And the vast edifice of truth divine
 Shall shine in wondrous unity before
 Our ransomed souls, and we shall know as known.
 These vast eternal verities have come
 To us by Spirit revelation, and
 In faith of them is life, eternal life,
 Life that despises the assaults of death.

R. You surely have not fallen yet so low
 As to believe that any mortal man

Is the possessor of eternal life.
If from the moment when one first believes
Eternal life is his, how can he die ?
And if he cannot die he cannot be
Raised up by power divine at the last day;
Yet that he shall be raised the Lord has said.
New birth and life eternal both belong
To that grand moment consequent upon
The travail of the human body in its death,
It is the final and complete release
Of new creation from the circling bands
Of our corruptible and mortal flesh.
This will take place when God puts forth His power
And brings the dead back into life again.

C. There are three ways in which eternal life
Is viewed in the most holy Word of God.
In Matthew's Gospel, and in Mark's, and Luke's,
It is connected with the world to come.
These men inform us that the Saviour said
That those who had forsaken all for Him
Would more possess e'en in this present time,
And in the world to come eternal life.
Paul views it in its own eternal home
The glory yet to come, the Father's house,
Its native sphere of which it is the life,
In promise having it and not in fact,
And consequently is in hope of it.
John brings the moral atmosphere of that
Bright home to earth, and views this heavenly life
As that which powerfully has vitalised
The family of God. With him it lies
For God's dear children in the knowledge of
The Father and His Son, Jesus the Christ.

But not the slightest lack of harmony
Lies in the writings of these men of God.
Whether that life divine may be declared
As in the hope of the believer, or
As in possession at this present hour,
In both these ways it can be, and is, viewed.

We have it in the spiritual power
In which we live to God, while yet we are
In mortal bodies which have yet to come
Under the quickening influence of Christ.

Now He who is life-giver has Himself
Declared, that everyone receiving Him
Receives this everlasting life. Do you
Consider you know better than the Son
Who has this gracious gift, and who has not ?
Have you got knowledge in advance of Him
Whom you admit is Maker of the worlds ?
And must we come in our bewilderment
To you, that for our soul's tranquility
This most momentous question may be solved ?

Not one of us but has the consciousness
That not our bodies have yet quickened been.
This waits, as I have said, the glorious hour
When He who has created in our souls
The deathless love of God shall come again,
And touch our bodies with the primal wave
Of that almighty power by which He shall
All things subdue, and by which power thro' grace
His dead and living people shall arise
In glory, and surround Him in the air,
And henceforth not a single element
Of that dead matter that to us belonged
Shall in our being be for ever found.

But now already are we born again,
Already have we got eternal life,
And you may argue, contradict, oppose,
Dash your frail intellect against the rock
Of God's impeccable, impregnable,
Resistless revelation, but not it
You damage, but your own futurity
With reference to the hopes you entertain
Of everlasting bliss, nor can you change
Its voice, that sounds in the believer's ear
Like golden bells from the eternal throne.
Or make it say other than what it has,

In simple words, unquestionably said:—
He that believeth on the Son of God
Hath life eternal, and He that believes
That Jesus is the Christ is born of God.

But you are utterly mistaken when
You think that when the body is deprived
Of life, the soul must also die, and you
Forget that Christ has told us not to fear
Those who the body kill, but have no power
To kill the soul, but that our fear should be
Of Him who can the body and the soul
Destroy in hell. And this destroy is not,
As I have evidenced from other texts,
Annihilation, but a wretched state
Of separation from the living God,
And therefore endless, hopeless misery.

And you will not admit that anything
Survives the stroke of the destroyer's death,
Nor will you have it that the body shall
Be ever rescued from its powerful grasp.
This is, however, but another way
Of saying death has gained the victory,
And thro' the creature God has known defeat.

R. No, I believe the individual
Shall from the shades mysterious return.

C. Return! There is no being to return.

R. The ego comes, the individual.

C. There is no individual; there is
No ego to return. Nothing exists
Of that which once existed. God could make—
Who dare deny it?—a fac-simile
Of one who once existed and had passed
Out of existence, like in every way,
Provided he who thus had passed away
Was not a fallen sinner, but I do
Not hold, nor think, nor would the thought allow
To harbour for an instant in my mind,
That once a sinner base had ceased to be,

God would that sinner base bring back again.
 Whatever God at any time did make,
 He made the best that, of its special kind,
 A God of goodness, power, and wisdom could
 Create. I know Him well enough to hold,
 That could a sinner be to nothing brought
 That sinner He would never recreate.

R. The sinner, like the saint, existence has
 Still in the mind of the eternal God,
 And not alone shall he be brought again
 Back from the region of forgetfulness
 But as he left this world shall he return,
 With all the thoughts that once had harbourage
 Within his heart and mind, and all the words
 That ever passed the portal of his lips,
 The base brutality, the lechery,
 The malice, envy, hatred, blasphemy,
 That congregated in the mind corrupt,
 All must be brought again along with him
 Who had conceived them, bred them, nourished them,
 And he shall once again be made appear
 Before the throne of God just as he was,
 Laden with every evil he had done
 During his life, and as he passed away.

C. But this time in his recreated state
 He shall be visibly the work of God.
 When in this wretched and corrupt estate
 He shall be manifest before the throne,
 As an entirely new creation, he
 Must certainly be cited to appear.
 All that he once was had been blotted out,
 This being so, why then not let it be?
 What purpose could be served—what justice met—
 By recreating one once passed away,
 By process of annihilation, out
 Of an existence sinful and corrupt,
 And bringing in the sinner as he was,
 And this time, as I have already said,
 A sinner of the type he was before,

But then himself as his own evil work,
And now the sinner as the work of God ?

R. Your words do not my thought quite represent,
The person brought again from death can not
Be viewed as God's creation. He is that
Which he had made himself in earthly life,
And comes from hades burdened with the guilt
Incurred by him in his career of sin.

C. But must I once again attention draw
To that which cannot rightly questioned be,
But unto which you have paid no respect,
That if I take the ground your theories
Would have me take, I certainly must say,
That there is nothing and no one to bring
From any quarter of the universe,
For there are no dead persons anywhere,
Either within, or yet without the graves.
Those that were persons can nowhere be found
For there is nothing now but heaps of dust,
Tho' reverently they buried may have been,
And therefore there is no one to bring back.
Neither the person nor his acts exist,
Neither can he existent be again
But by direct creative work of God.
And as to hades, you have surely seen
That if it means annihilation, then
Annihilated God must also be,
For He is there. And you may designate
This bringing back by any name you please,
The fact you cannot change; a person is
From non-existence to existence brought,
And that is what most people understand,
When on their ears the term creation falls.

You talk of resurrection; this is just
The raising of the dead. But when I ask,
Where are the dead ? You have to own that they
Are people who were once alive on earth,
But whose existence once came to an end;
That is, the dead if named bring to the mind

Persons as known on earth at various times,
 But who once ceased to be and are no more.
 Upon their present state you cannot fix,
 For, as for them, no present state exists.

But if what you assert were possible,
 And all those people who have passed away
 Were into being brought again, with all
 Their previous imperfections and their deeds,
 Nor praise nor blame could unto them attach,
 For by the work of God they now would be
 Whatever they for good or ill were found,
 And praise or censure must result to Him.

This is the pass to which your theories,
 Dark as the deep abyss from which they spring,
 Have led you, and to which they yet must lead
 All those who with God's Gospel discontent
 Under your baseless postulations fall.
 You wrest the Scriptures, and their simple sense,
 Beyond all recognition you distort.
 One wonders that the terror of the Lord
 Should be so utterly impuissant
 The restless human spirit to restrain
 From such excesses as those you have reached,
 In making the attempt to furnish souls
 With fables such as men like you concoct
 As substitutes for His life-giving Word.

R. I do not for a single moment think
 Your dialectics can be justified.
 I no more think that God, in bringing man
 Back from destruction in the state in which
 He into death descended, can be charged
 With re-creating evil, than I think
 That He the evil did originate.
 Nor do I think your strictures warranted
 By my attempt to represent the truth,
 As I have learned it from the written Word.
 That which in Christendom has been yclept
 The Gospel is assuredly not that;
 For if there yet is anything on earth

Worthy the name of Gospel, it is not
That which we have from your ordained divines,
Who to eternal condemnation send
The greater part of poor humanity;
And that in spite of God's plain Word of truth
That says He would have all men to be saved.
Nice Gospel that I tho' I am glad to see
That people are beginning to rebel
Against that which so much misrepresents
The true and gracious character in which
God still presents Himself to ruined souls.
It seems to me the love expressed to men
In the great gift of His beloved Son
Should have such thoughts in their inception slain.
I certainly with all my heart believe
In one complete probation for all men,
Whether in this life or in that to come.
And by probation I but indicate,
That every man from Adam to the last
That are of his unhappy fallen race
Shall tested be by having Christ to him
Presented; and that those who have not heard
Of Him on earth, and who have passed away.
Shall one time or another hear of Him,
And of His ransom for the souls of men,
That they may have an opportunity
Of coming into everlasting good.

The holy Scriptures testify that God
Would have all human beings to be saved,
And to the knowledge of the truth to come.
And therefore in a Mediator He
Has us approached, a Mediator who
On our behalf Himself a ransom gave
This testimony to be sent abroad
Gives me the hope that every soul of man
Shall have a presentation of the Christ,
Either to-day or in a time to come.

C. That all men should be saved is without doubt
The manifest and proved desire of God,

For He has at a cost most infinite
Salvation made available for all.
And now that the occasion opportune
Had come when man was proven to be lost
The Mediator, by the grace of God,
Appeared to make God manifest to men.
Previous to Christ on earth and to the cross,
This testimony, I need scarcely say,
Could not be rendered, for the thing to be
Thus testified had not yet taken place.
But when the trial, or probation, that
Had been by wisdom great accounted good
To place man under, to an end had come
The Mediator gave Himself for all.
God neither did, nor could, in public ways,
Take into His own hand deliverance.
Until man's hopeless state had been disclosed.
But when it came to light that fallen man
Was utterly unable by his works
One thing to merit but the curse of God;
And when was added to this fearful fact
That foe he was, and that inveterate,
Of his Creator manifest in grace
(For with the thorny crown upon His head,
And with the filthy spittle in His face,
Nailed to a gibbet, the eternal Son
Was witness to this alienated state
In which the human race all helpless lay).
Then came the opportunity for God
To take into His own almighty hand
The matter of salvation for the race;
Approaching by the Mediator, who
In meekness and in mercy infinite,
As ransom for us, freely gave Himself;
Thus opening a good and perfect way
Of free salvation for the worst of men.
And later from His presence glorified
The Holy Spirit came with power, to fill
His servants, and enable them to spread

Abroad the testimony to the Jew,
In the first instance, to the Gentile next.

From man's unhappy and terrific fall
Up to the advent of the Son of God,
And, I may say, up to His cross of shame,
Under probation was the human race;
And every test that wisdom infinite
Could possibly determine was applied
To win the wandering human heart to God;
But all in vain; the testing only served
To bring to light what in the creature lay.
And this was needful to have brought to light
If fallen men were purposed to become
The subjects of the gracious work of God.
This was not requisite that God might learn
Our ruined state, as tho' He knew it not,
But that that state might be made manifest
To all intelligences in the heavens,
And to the creature under test himself,
That everyone might learn and understand
The hopeless plight to which the fall had brought
The race that in the fallen Adam fell;
And that in all the patient ways of God
With the rebellious race might be declared—
His grace; His goodness; His long-suffering;
His tenderness; His lovingkindness great;
His infinite compassions; righteousness;
Hatred of sin; consuming holiness;
His faithfulness to all His promises;
His chastisements, that oft upon them fell;
His pity for them; and His healing grace,
When there was any turning to Himself
Among them manifest, tho' everything
To which He had recourse completely failed:
Yet not until they crucified His Son
Did He refuse and set aside the flesh,
So that in no relationship with God
It stands to-day, for only in the Christ
Is there salvation and acceptance found

Men are now plainly told that they are lost,
 And that they must be of the Spirit born;
 If not they cannot enter, no, nor see
 God's kingdom. What is born of flesh is flesh,
 And that is in its very nature base,
 And enmity against the living God.
 A soul by second birth is born of God,
 A child of God, and object of His love.

R. As to new birth and spiritual life,
 Like many more in Christendom, you fail
 To grasp the facts, as furnished in the Word.
 And tho' you certainly must give account
 Regarding that which is the baneful root
 Of all your errors, your most obstinate
 And wayward will, you scarcely can be blamed
 For faulty rendering of the sacred text,
 Therefore in your case one must exercise
 A certain modicum of clemency.

Where men are said to have been born of God,
 The Greek word means "Begotten," and not "Born."
 All saints have been begotten by the Word,
 But the event of spiritual birth
 Is not until the travail has been past
 Of this our mortal body in its death.

C. This conversation interesting grows,
 And I must certainly admit, that not
 Often are Scripture tenets understood
 Quite in the light in which you set them forth.
 Therefore I must to the conclusion come
 If I can safely take on trust your word,
 That John the Baptist by Elizabeth,
 And not by Zacharias, was begot.
 For than the Baptist was no greater born
 Of women—should I say begotten here?
 I would be parting company with you
 If I should say he was of woman born.
 Paul tells the Chiliarch that he was born
 In Tarsus. Do those words convey the thought
 That he was there begotten? If they do,

How would this prove that he a Roman was ?
He surely there must also have been born.
Was neither Esau nor his brother yet
Begotten, when it was foretold that he
Who was the elder would the younger serve ?
For then they two were struggling in the womb,
Take my advice and leave the Greek to those
Who understand it.

I cannot express
Those notions, which from your productive brain
You at your will seem able to detach,
Like evil spirits human souls to kill,
By any other name than venom'd spawn,
That have their origin in the abyss
Of evil, nor can I imagine how
You can your mind and conscience satisfy
With such a fusion of absurdities.

John the evangelist tells us of a man
Of whom his parents certify, that he
Was blind from he was born. Suppose we say
They certified he was begotten blind!
And this is just the word that you would have
Begotten rendered where the subject is
Of a divine and spiritual birth;
And just because translators have not seen
Their way to pander to your ignorance,
You rail against their inconsistency.
A thousand pities verily it was
Those men, so bigoted, so bigot-blind,
Have never heard of you, or if they had
Should have displayed so little confidence
In scattered rumours of your scholarship.
If you could only have conveyed to them
The few plain words you have to me addressed,
We might have had another sort of book,
Than that we cherish as the Word of God.
But now your criticisms come too late!
So we must be with what we have content.
But let us to the subject now revert

Of man's probation. If attentively
We contemplate the righteous principle
On which the judgment of the world shall rest,
Perhaps in God's unfathomable grace
On us a little light may be bestowed.

In Paul's epistle to the Romans, and
In chapter two I read, that in the day
Of the unveiling of the righteous wrath
Of the almighty God, shall rendered be
To every soul of man, without respect
Of persons, who pursue an evil way
And are contentious, indignation, wrath,
Anguish and tribulation. He that wrought
Evil apart from law, without the law
Shall perish; while the soul that under law
Has sinned shall by that holy law be judged.
Whatever light has been on men bestowed,
By that light justly shall his judgment be.
The Jew which has refused to hear the law,
Which is the claim legitimate of God
Upon all those of Adam's progeny,
That law shall him accuse before the throne,
And greater shall his judgment be than those
To whom no revelation had been made.

The Gentile also who apart from law,
But with the witness of created things
To things that are invisible, e'en His
Eternal power and divinity;
And more than this, the kindness of His heart
Unto rebellious, undeserving man,
Seen in the rain that from the clouds descends
The earth to water, sunshine, fruitful fields,
With food and gladness filling thankless hearts;
Spite of these witnesses to power divine,
And to His lovingkindnesses to men
In their remorseless alienation great
From God and all in which He took delight,
Him by their fell idolatries outraged,
And next themselves dishonoured by their deeds.

All such shall perish when the righteous Judge
Shall bring to light the deeds in darkness done,
Make manifest the counsels of the heart,
And those who had His testimonies scorned
Give soul and body to the fiery flame.

Be not so foolish as to think that men
Who close their ears against the voice of God,
When uttered by the things that He has made,
Will give attention to that self-same voice
When sounding in the Gospel of His grace.
Put the mere child of Adam in the best
And purest circumstances possible,
And though you may, to all appearances,
Make him more moral, you will never make
His heart responsive to the love of God.

Never was creature better circumstanced
For gaining heart-acquaintance with his God
Than was Iscariot, who for three whole years
Followed the footsteps of the Son divine;
But never for a moment seemed his thoughts
To rise above the money-bag he bore,
In which the free-will offerings were placed
By those who served their Master and their Lord.

R. He was but one. All men are not alike.
Why for one criminal condemn the race ?

C. Who maketh thee to differ, if at all
A difference exist, that proudly stands
To your advantage, and conspicuous
Amongst your fellows, like a vein of gold
Found in material contemptible;
Your nature normal, in a crooked world
Pre-eminent! But what good thing hast thou
That thou hast not received? And if thou hast
Received it, wherefore dost thou boast, as tho'
It were thine own creation, underived
From any source external to thyself,
Thine innate genius, virtue self-begot.
These are God's questions to the proud of heart,
Nor could you to Omniscience make reply.

As face in water answers unto face
So is the heart of fallen man to man.
There is none righteous, none that doeth good,
And none there is that seeketh after God.
This is the verdict of God's holy law,
The covenant which at the burning mount
Was made with Jacob, and ordained to life,
But which because of trespasses became
Death to that people. Man must therefore be
Anew begotten, not on ancient lines,
Not once again of flesh, as tho' he would
Be given another opportunity,
Himself to raise above the base estrade
Of his old fallen and debased estate,
Of hell-deceived, debased humanity,
But new-begotten by the Word of truth,
On spiritual, not on fleshly lines,
While in his mortal body, yet to be
Brought under the transforming might of God,
The natural to spiritual changed;
So that the saint in his estate complete
Shall to the likeness of his Saviour come.

But every whit of this, from first to last,
From the foundation to the glorious crown,
Shall in the day of Christ's appearing be
Seen as the workmanship of love divine.
No puny efforts shall in this appear,
No print of creature handiwork shall mar
The beauty of the new creation, no,
Not one unholy blemish shall be found
To indicate that all was not of God
But that in it the man himself had hand.
The crown of gold, the symbol of the peak
Of creature exaltation must be cast,
And gladly shall be cast, before the throne,
And all the honour and the glory shall
Be given to Him who on that throne shall sit,
And unto Him who by His precious blood
Made expiation for our many sins.

Of Man there is no mending, but of him
An ending in the judgment of the cross
Has come to pass. We who believe can say
That our old man has to an end been brought.
Not only have our sins, but that from which
Our sins have sprung, has also come beneath
The wrath and judgment of a righteous God,
And we, partakers of the life of Christ,
Exhorted are to reckon ourselves dead
To sin, and unto God alive in Him.

That spotless life, the life of flesh and blood,
Of which our Lord partook, in order that
He might by His own death, death's power destroy,
He freely gave, and never took again.
But that is not the same thing as to say,
The man that died for us no longer lives.
Not flesh and blood is all that is of man,
For Scripture shows that when the body dies,
The spirit still abides. I do not doubt
The thing has vanished from your memory,
For I am almost certain you have read
That without question there is such a state
As **absent from the body**, and to be
In this condition is for saints of God
To be with their beloved Lord at home.

R. The passage quoted I have not forgot,
Yourself it is who has the word misread.
When with the Lord the saint for ever is
He shall be absent from his mortal flesh,
And in another body than the one
Reduced to dust, and blown about the earth.
This is the hope of all who trust in Christ,
And this is all the Scripture says or means.

C. With reference to the body I had thought
You would have been submissive to the Word
Which tells us that the Christ distinctly says,
Destroy this body, and in three days I
Will raise it up again. The Spirit says,
That of the temple of His body this

Was spoken; and that when His followers
 Beheld Him risen, then they understood
 The Scriptures, and believed what He had said.
 Our mortal bodies at this present time
 Are temples of the Spirit, and because
 This Spirit is the Spirit of the God
 That raised up Jesus from the dead,
 Our mortal bodies shall be surely brought
 Under the quickening power of Him who is
 The God of resurrection, then shall this
 Mortal be clothed with immortality.

But to return again to the unclothed
 And separate condition of the saints
 Departed from this scene; Paul tells us, that
 For him to live was Christ. His object here
 Was but to serve, to have his mind and heart
 Engrossed most absolutely with the One
 Who had for him all other things eclipsed.
 And now when death seemed drawing near to him,
 He views it but as gain unspeakable,
 For then in Spirit he would be with Him
 Whose moral excellencies had compelled
 Him to despise the things he once held dear.
 With you death is existence at an end.
 You shall not find it so when death shall come.

For our enlightenment our Lord has drawn
 Aside the veil that hides the unseen world,
 And we behold two men for ever gone
 From earth, from kith, from kin, and from all change
 Of better circumstances; bliss and doom
 For ever fixed by the almighty God.

R. That is a parable.

C. I do not now
 Question its parabolic character.
 But like all other parables by Him
 Who could more lessons far than one present
 From any single subject He might choose;
 So in this case, if parable it be,
 Tho' oft the explanation teachers give

I look upon as so much gibberish.
I do not think that any one shall doubt
That when the bosom of the patriarch
The friend of God is mentioned, it refers
In Jewish thought to happiness supreme.

A parable it is by which the veil,
That hides a world concealed from human sight,
Is drawn aside that we may be informed,
By figurative language, what exists
Within that region, where the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary are at rest.
Before our mental vision is portrayed
The state of those who from this world have passed,
Contrasted with their circumstances here;
And to the covetous addressed, who held
That to have riches in abundance was
A certain witness of divine regard.

The scene depicted, one need scarcely say,
Lies far outside the bounds in which our minds
Can travel without danger to our souls;
And therefore of necessity are we
For light regarding what therein obtains
Dependent on the certain word of Christ.

The place of rest and endless happiness
Is by the bosom of the patriarch
The father of the faithful symbolized;
And the unhappy state of those who grasped
After this world's allurements, and forgot
The transitory character of all
In which men seek to find their happiness,
Is by the flame of torment vividly
And powerfully portrayed, by Him who knew
The end of everything in which poor man
Away from God is hopeful life to find.

As in the body still both men are viewed,
In order that we might be capable
Of realizing the unfortunate,
Or blissful, state of things for ever gone
From this unhappy world. Where greed of gain

So terribly controls the thoughts of men,
 And blinds their minds to the eternal world,
 To which so rapidly we onward move;
 For human language is incapable
 Of setting forth the circumstances, good
 Or evil, in that shadowy land of ghosts.
 Nothing could be more evident than that
 This parable was uttered that our hearts
 Might be from earth diverted, and transferred
 To things eternal in another sphere,—
 And for no other reason, let the minds
 Of impious dreamers drivel as they will.

R. But may I ask you, sir, if you have read
 The books in which these subjects are set forth,
 And thoroughly supported from the Word ?

C. Some of them.

R. Not them all ?

C. No, sir, from this
 Most mercifully have I been preserved.
 Life is too short to have my precious time
 Wasted on such unedifying work.
 More profitably I my precious hours
 Can to advantage put.

R. Then I must say,
 I challenge your ability, or right,
 To enter the arena of dispute,
 Concerning spiritual principles
 Held and confessed by the elect of God;
 And placed by students of the sacred Text
 Beyond the region of fair criticism.

C. Not yet have I the slightest reference made
 To that which any man alive or dead
 May have by printer's ink, or verbally,
 Adventure made to set those theories
 Before the public mind. I have but made
 Reply to things which you with obstinate
 And consummate assurance have advanced,
 As that which is in holy Writings taught;

But which, when tested by the Word, are found
To be the unsubstantial drivellings
Of one whose mind, loosed from divine control,
Wanders a wilderness bewildering,
Without a path, without the faintest clue,
Regarding whither his uncertain steps,
Taken at random, in the end may lead.

Where you your false and foolish thoughts have
found,
To me is non-essential. I have met
You here among these hills, which lift their heads
Toward the heavens, where the God of truth
His everlasting habitation has,
And from the height of which He condescends
To take account of His poor creature here
In bellicose defiance of His will
Feeling compassion for the ignorant,
Whose leaders by their perfidy provoke
His righteous wrath, who, when the day shall come
For execution, shall receive their due.

Me you have met in contemplation deep
Of His all-wise and creatorial might
And I have found you coveting to make
My soul submissive to the principles
Which you with such assurance have advanced;
But which, when tested by the Word of God,
Are found to be the vapid reasonings,
In which the vain conceit of godless minds
Disport themselves where moral darkness reigns.
In all your dissertations I perceive
A total absence of the sweet restraint
Of God's eternal Spirit, so benign
And needful for a virtuous pursuit
Of mysteries, that lie outside the range
Of mortal vision, and which only can
Be by God's revelation known to us.
Attempt to grapple with the things unseen,
Without dependence on the Holy Ghost,
Spells endless damage to the human soul.

R. I cannot in the least degree admit
 That my defence of everlasting truth
 Has furnished you with reasonable ground
 For your contention, that in this debate
 I have been seeking to direct your steps
 Into a region of uncertainty;
 Or that I have a hairbreadth gone beyond
 That which our God has unto faith revealed,
 And which He has most graciously been pleased
 To place on record. Yet I must aver,
 I stubbornly refuse to be enticed
 Into the notion that when one is dead,
 He is not dead, but very much alive;
 A contradiction so transpicuous
 Cannot one moment find a domicile
 Within my unimaginative mind,
 And that in spite of all your sophistry.

C. When I a man discover, let him be
 Christian or infidel, I care not which,
 Contending that the dead are not yet dead,
 I shall not then have need to be informed
 That I have met a trickster or a fool.
 But when this is admitted, there remains
 The most important point in the debate
 To be considered; that is, What is death?
 This only can we learn from holy Writ
 You call it non-existence: Is it that?
 I think I have unquestionably proved,
 And that from God's inerrant oracles,
 That on this most important question you
 Have lost your way, and in the darksome night
 Of your transgression, you mistake the sparks
 Of your own kindling for the shining sun.

I do not for one moment overlook
 The fact that you can quote from ancient Script,
 Texts that appear your errors to endorse;
 Such as, In sheol who shall give Thee thanks?
 In death is no remembrance made of Thee.
 But you forget, or yet have never learned,

That not in all the dispensations past,
Nor yet until the advent of the Son
Had brought the light, that with its brilliant beams
Illuminated death's obscure domain,
Had anyone the power to penetrate
That region, from which even saints of God
Shrank as they trenched upon the dread unknown.

But now the light that everything reveals
Illuminates the dark domain of death,
And gives our feeble faith to apprehend
That while the body to corruption goes,
The spirit indestructible exists
In misery or bliss unspeakable.
That Pharisees, and all the orthodox
Among the Jews, had a sustaining hope
Of resurrection, to enjoy the reign
Of the Messiah, cannot be denied
By any one who trusts the written Word;
But that until that day, it would appear,
Their sole conception of their hallowed dead,
Was that in darkness and unconsciousness,
They in the meantime must perforce remain.
All that sustained the weeping Martha's faith,
With reference to her brother Lazarus,
Was that when came the day to terminate
This present age, her brother would arise.
But of his status intermediate
She nothing knew, as far as we can learn.

The woeful lamentations for the dead
Heard thro' the law, the prophets and the psalms,
Have only reference to the pit, to which
Sin has made liable the human race,
While yet no revelation had been made,
With reference to a spiritual world
That they with confidence could build upon,
Whose hearts had felt death's sharp envenomed sting.
Impenetrable clouds of darkness veiled
That sphere from mortal vision. Unto them
The dead were in the sepulchre, and knew

Nothing, but were as tho' they had not been.
 What may have been made known to favoured men,
 Who walked with God, we cannot tell. But that
 To which the psalmist utterance has given,
 And unto which I have already called
 Your serious attention, seems to give
 Some positive support to the belief,
 That unto some at least had been revealed
 Light bearing on the spirits of the dead.
 The prophet says, that should he make his bed
 In sheol, yet Jehovah would be there.
 This certainly disposes of your thought
 That death is non-existence. This could not
 Be true of God.

R. The prophet simply speaks
 Of the ubiquity of God, for He
 Is everywhere.

C. But if I follow you,
 Death not location is but state. We are
 In death as tho' we had not been.

R. You seem
 Unable to receive the simple fact
 That in the memory of God all live.

C. You mean that He remembers we had once
 Existence. I remember many who
 Have passed away from earth, but I am not
 With them in hades.

R. But you are not God.

C. But what has that to do with it? You say
 Hades is non-existence: God is there.
 Here graphically is the holy seer
 Describing the bewilderment of one
 Who from Omniscience seeks a hiding-place.
 Heaven is explored, and there he traces God.
 Earth's uttermost investigated is,
 And there on him the hand of God has hold.
 Shall he descend to sheol? God is there.
 If non-existence sheol is, then God
 Is non-existent. This false estimate

Of death is largely answerable for
The darkness that encompasses your soul.

Without the Word you settle for yourself
What you imagine death to be, and build
On that erroneous and deceptive base
A superstructure of absurdities,
By this means bringing your immortal soul
Under the curse pronounced upon the man
Who brings another gospel to our ears;
For certes yours another gospel is,
Tho' not the Gospel of the grace of God,
But a corrupt and wretched counterfeit
Of His glad tidings, and invented by
The prince of darkness, to the jeopardy
Of all who turn aside from truth divine,
Preferring to that truth the devil's lie.

R. Hard words!

C. Hard words! You much astonish me.
Should you discover in your wanderings
A miscreant who, underneath the mask
Of true philanthropy, the sick would tend,
But secretly injected in their blood,
And that with murderous intent, a germ
Whose virulence was death undoubtable
To all within whose veins it found its way;
Would you not deem that monster death deserved?
But what then of the man who feignedly
Presents an antidote for sin-sick souls,
Which not relief to heart or conscience brings,
But kills the soul that it pretends to save.
If he who kills men's bodies should be killed,
What fate does he deserve who kills the soul?
My words are not more hard than those employed
By the eternal Spirit in the Word,
Concerning men less culpable than you,
Who by a great parade of Scripture texts,
All misapplied, and violently torn
Out of their true connection, are set forth
To give to falsehood the support of truth.

R. This curse can have no reference to me,
 Whose one desire is the recovery
 Of every member of the human race,
 And who believes that Jesus Christ has given
 Himself a ransom for the life of all.
 Had you the Scriptures studied carefully
 You would have understood that Israel
 And all the nations shall be brought again
 From death, and from dispersion, and installed
 In their own land, to serve and worship God.

The valley full of bones, lifeless and dry,
 Seen by Ezekiel in his vision, might
 Have taught you the complete recovery
 Of all that nation; for the bones are said
 To represent the house of Israel, and when
 Jerusalem, the world's metropolis,
 And all her daughters are brought back,
 Samaria and Sodom shall return,
 With all their daughters, unto the estate
 That they had formerly inhabited.

C. So non-existent Israel could talk,
 And say, Our bones are dried, our hope is lost!
 The speed with which your nimble-footed mind
 Can change about gives me an impress strong,
 That I have met among those verdant hills
 A moral harlequin. You tell me that
 The people who have died are now no more,
 But are as tho' they had not been, and yet
 They speak, bewail their woeful lot, and hear
 Words calculated to awaken hope
 Within their long annihilated hearts!

But may I ask, Do you contend that those
 The total seed of Israel typify,
 And that a resurrection from their graves
 Is that which we must from this vision learn?

R. The passage says the bones have reference
 To the whole house of Israel. I can
 Do nothing but refer you to the text.

C. What terrible catastrophe shall then
This nation overtake, that shall destroy
And bring to Sheol every living soul
From Jacob sprung? If you are as correct
As you are confident, why then the race
Of Jacob, from the eldest of his sons
Down to the latest of his issue must
Into the grave descend, for here we read
That God their graves shall open, and that He
Shall bring them up, and place them in their land.

But, sir, in Scripture neither does the house
Of Israel, nor the house of any man,
Include a solitary individual
Other than those who are alive on earth.
To Israel in God's good time shall come
The Word with power to those who are submerged
Among the various nations of the earth,
Whence in the righteous government of God
For their transgressions they have been dispersed.
But He His promises has not forgot,
For yet He shall behold their moral death,
And by His life imparting Spirit move,
Among them in their wretched hopelessness,
And in the day that He shall visit them
Life from the dead shall be their bringing back.

R. But what of Sodom and Samaria
With all their daughters once again returned?

C. Who are their daughters?

R. Their inhabitants.

Who else were they?

C. But what about their sons?
Why in oblivion should they be left?
Have you not come to be a little mixed?

R. Daughters personify the aggregate
Of the inhabitants long passed away,
When from captivity they are released.

C. You certes have a most convenient way
Of disentangling a perplexity.
If you will read the passage carefully

I think you shall not fail to understand,
 That those three cities yet to be restored
 Are simply cities, and their daughters those
 Cities of less significance, which lie
 Convenient to their various capitals;
 Which from the positive prophetic word
 Shall in the time of blessing be rebuilt.
 But why you fancy they must be filled
 With their original inhabitants,
 From nothing, and from nowhere, back returned,
 Is certainly a mystery to me.

No, sir, When men from earth have passed away
 Rejecting testimony given of God,
 Be that the witness of created things,
 Or the Glad Tidings of abounding grace,
 They come no more into the haunts of those
 Whom they had left behind upon this earth.
 To bring men back from the abode of death
 That to their souls a witness might be brought
 With which they never had before been faced,
 Would only be to openly admit
 That no sufficient testimony had
 Been set before their God-rejecting minds.

R. But that is what the Lord Himself declares.
 When on those cities that had seen His works
 And yet repented not, He woes pronounced:—
 Woe to Chorasin and Bethsaida!
 For had the mighty works been done in Tyre
 And Sidon which in you were done, they had
 In sackcloth and in ashes long ago
 Repented. And Capernaum raised up
 To heaven with privileges infinite,
 Would down to Hades be in judgment brought;
 For had the works done in that city been
 Performed in Sodom, it would have escaped
 The fearful judgment that upon it fell.
 Hence I conclude that the inhabitants
 Of Sodom and such cities yet shall hear
 That which shall humble them for their bad ways,

And guide their feet in ways of righteousness.

C. Now Scripture speaks of men as all alike;
As face in water answers unto face,
So is the heart of every man to man.
We therefore have to ask the question, why
Capernaum was indifferent to that
Which would have humbled Sodom in the dust.
No human being underneath the sun
Is more susceptible to grace divine
Than is another. But a Sodomite
Into the light, relations, privilege,
In which the Jew was found; the light will blind;
The high relations, privileges great,
Will fill his foolish heart with vain conceit,
So that unless a sovereign work of grace
Is wrought within him, he will have become
More hardened gainst the living voice of God,
That would to penitence his heart recall,
Than would the creature who had never claim
To dispensational relationship,
Nor standing in proximity to Him.
Besides all this, in earthly government,
The true condition of the human heart
Is not so very much the thing that counts,
As are the overt actions, that set forth
The obstinacy or the penitence
Of any creature made perforce to stand
Before the threatened judgments of the Lord.
King Ahab and the wicked Ninevites
And many other men of whom we read,
Who, at the declaration of His wrath,
Fear manifested, and put sackcloth on,
Judgment averted, tho' no sign appears
That any vital or long-lived effect
Was by the gracious clemency produced.
If men refuse to listen to the voice
Of one true witness on behalf of God,
Not to another will their hearts attend.
And, as I have already pointed out,

No man before God's throne shall be condemn'd
 By an all-merciful and gracious God,
 As a rejecter of a witness given,
 Which never reached him. That which He has sent
 In grace to men, and that which men have heard,
 And unto which they have unfaithful been,
 By that shall they be judged, but not by that
 Which they have not been privileged to hear.
 And in no part of this unhappy world
 Has God without a witness left Himself.
 Raised from the dead, the men who have despised
 The testimony given them of God,
 Shall find that powerful testimony rise
 And them accuse before the judgment throne,
 And that, and only that, which they deserve
 Shall be to them in justice meted out
 Within the lake of everlasting fire;
 Nor shall a single being thus condemned
 Have on his own behalf one word to say.

R. The Gospel of the grace of God is that
 By which alone the creature can be saved,
 And therefore I believe that every soul
 Who has not heard that Gospel, yet must have
 At some time, soon or late, the privilege
 Of hearing of salvation thro' the Son.

The restoration of the human race
 Is no vain dream of a disordered mind,
 But the plain statement of immortal Truth.
 For unto Abraham in Palestine
 The promise came: In thee and in thy seed
 Shall all the nations of the earth be blest.
 And later unto him this covenant
 Was by an oath confirmed.

C. But by the oath
 The promise that was made to Abraham
 Was of a progeny most numerous;
 But as to others it was: In thy seed
 Shall all the nations of the earth be blest.
 And this was when the faithful patriarch

Had at divine dictation offered up
His only son, and had received him back
In figure from the dead, thus setting forth
The fact, that by our great Redeemer's death,
And in the power of resurrection might,
Stablished and sure would every blessing be.
For whatsoever promise is of God,
In Christ are both the yea, and the Amen:
For to this SEED the oath of God refers.
This is the promise cited to the Jews
By Peter, when the Word was first announced.
For only in the Seed of Abraham,
Not in himself, the blessing is made sure.
Paul also tells us that if we are Christ's
We are the sons of Abraham, and heirs
According to the promise. But as heirs
Of Abraham's inheritance, no more
Can we inherit than to him was given;
And this included nothing but this world;
Whereas in Christ, and as co-heirs with Him,
All things in God's vast universe are ours.

A fourfold right has He to everything;
For first of all He everything has made;
And second, He is Son and heir of all;
And in the third place, He is Son of Man,
And everything, by the prophetic word,
Is to the Son of Man subservient made;
Fourthly, He tasted death for everything.
Therefore His right to the whole universe
Is placed beyond the hazard of dispute.

But this in no way gives us to suppose
That every man eternal life shall gain;
For tho' because of His one sacrifice
The life eternal is to all proclaimed,
It is rejected by the worldly-wise,
And by the madding crowd, who sin pursue.
Of this insane rejection of His Word.
The Lord's apostles were by Him apprised
In words that could not be misunderstood.

He told them not to wonder if the world
 Heaped on them its unreasonable hate,
 For Him they hated, yea, their eyes had seen
 In Him the Father in His boundless grace,
 And both His Father and Himself had been
 Hated by those who had experienced,
 In multitudes of philanthropic ways,
 The grace and mercy of a Saviour-God.
 Plainly He gave them all to understand
 That persecution, prisonment and death
 Were all that they could look for from the world:
 But told them also that a day would dawn,
 In which with clouds Himself should be revealed,
 Attended with the angels of His might
 In flaming fire, vengeance to execute
 On all that know not God, and who refuse
 Obedience to the Gospel. These shall be
 Cast from His presence in that dreadful day,
 Into destruction that shall know no end.

Your restoration of the human race
 Is but a figment of a heart that loves
 Its own inventions, that have got their roots
 In soil empoisoned by the fiend of hell.
 And everything in Scripture must be turned,
 And torn, from its connection, and compelled
 To serve the enemy of God and men,
 In his unwearied efforts to destroy
 The souls of all.

R. Amid your hurricane
 Of wild unguarded words I gather hope
 That in eternal torment you have not
 The slightest confidence, for you admit
 That those who finally do grace refuse—
 If any such shall be—their endless doom
 Shall be destruction everlasting. I
 Am glad you go this far with men who love
 The revelation of the grace of God.

C. Not on this whole wide world does there exist
 A man that truly loves and understands

The revelation of the grace of God,
Who for a single moment will indulge
The error, that annihilation is
For man's destruction a true synonym.
The Jews are said to have destroyed themselves,
While still a living nation on the earth.
But we already have considered this,
And need not now.

R. However I would hope
You do not follow some of your compeers,
Into the barbarous and horrible
Belief, that God is such a pitiless
And cruel Autocrat, as would condemn
His erring creature for eternity
To outer darkness and the lake of fire.

C. A cruel autocrat and pitiless,
Would hardly have his well beloved son
Delivered unto death, our souls to save.

R. But of this gift the great majority
Of human beings have not been informed.

C. What gain, do you imagine, would result
To men who sin against the witness given
Throughout the world to His eternal power
And His divinity, by all the host
Of luminaries brilliant that adorn
The face of heaven, should he come to hear
The tidings of the grace and love of God?
If they the witness of creation scorn,
Not likely would they welcome words of grace.
How few their number even in these lands,
So favoured by the preaching of the Word,
Have any heart for the eternal Christ!
Yourself, among the vast majority,
Prefer your own conceptions to the plain
Unvarnished statements of the living God.

R. Who, I?

C. Yes, you.

R. I think the dreadful guilt
Of intermeddling with the sacred Text,

Must very much more criminally rest
 On your unhappy spirit than on mine.
 I hold as truth eternal every word,
 As well as every single sentence, penned
 By prophet or apostle of our God.

C. And yet reluctantly I must aver
 I know no principle of holy Writ,
 For which you have not found a substitute.
 You, or your leaders who have you deceived,
 Have, for the Gospel of the grace of God,
 A miserable substitute matured.
 And this to demonstrate I will proceed,
 If you to mine indictment of your creed
 A patient ear will lend; and with one thought
 Within my heart of hearts, that you may be
 Delivered from the darkness that has found
 A domicile within your carnal mind,
 And that you may come under the control
 Of heavenly and life-imparting light.

FIRST

Jesus the great Creator of the worlds
 Is nothing but a creature, tho' He be
 Declared by Seer and prophet of our God
 To be Jehovah everlasting, One
 Once in the form of God, yet by His will,
 And by His power omnipotent, could lay
 Aside that form, and take upon Himself
 A servant's form, and be of woman born,
 A Man among a race of fallen men,
 In an estate inferior to God,
 Tho' whether in the manger or upon
 The gibbet, never less than He to whom
 A Servant He had willingly become;
 A Servant to accomplish the divine
 And holy counsels of eternal love.
 You take advantage of this place assumed
 By Him in lowly grace on our behalf,
 And boast His self-surrender as excuse
 For your attack on His divinity.

SECOND.

You obstinately hold up to contempt,
What in the Gospel is most constantly
And definitely everywhere affirmed,
That Jesus the rejected Nazarene,
A Man approved of God, but crucified
By hands of lawless men, is from the dead
Raised by the glory and the power of God,
And on the Father's throne is seated, till
The hour when He shall sit upon His own.
You say the Christ is raised, but not the Man
Your stupid and most ignorant retort,
That this—His resurrection from the dead—
Would vitiate the ransom, manifests
That you, the true and glorious character
Of His atoning work, have never grasped;
Nor seen what Scripture makes most evident,
That in His life of flesh and blood He bore
The judgment due to us, and not again
That life of flesh and blood resumed, for in
The blood the life is, and the living God
Said early in the history of the world,
That on the altar blood was that which made
Atonement for the soul; and therefore Christ,
That He might make atonement for our souls,
Shed on the cross His most atoning blood.

That life is gone. Not now in flesh and blood
Is He as seated on the Father's throne.
But flesh and bones He is, a real Man.

The protomartyr saw the SON OF MAN
At God's right hand, and to His keeping gave
His spirit ere He sank into his sleep.
Parting with flesh and blood does not involve
Parting with manhood; this is where you err.
Not even saints when risen shall retain
The flesh and blood condition, but shall be
In spiritual bodies glorified.
Tho' men to everlasting they shall be.

THIRD.

You tell us also that for man to die,
 Is just to be as tho' he had not been.
 Nothing survives the article of death,
 For death annihilation is for all.
 But when I look into the Word of truth,
 Other impressions I than this receive.
 Peter puts off his tabernacle; Paul
 Departs, and is with Christ; becomes unclothed;
 Is absent from the body, and is then
 Present with Jesus; and for him to die
 Was gain. But was it gain to be extinct?
 Gain to be non-existent! Gain! What gain?
 Was the Apostle subject to attacks
 Of madness? Either he or you show signs
 Most incontestable of madness, or
 Of a low order of mentality.
 No "Absent from the body," no "At home"
 In it have you; you cannot be "Unclothed."
 You have no "Tabernacle" to put off.
 "At home with Christ" while yet the body lies
 Entombed, and in corruption wastes away,
 No place can find in your theology,
 Though in the revelation God has given
 It has a very striking place indeed.

FOURTH.

As to the subject of eternal life,
 You to the Saviour boldly give the lie;
 For He has said that every soul on earth
 Who Him believes has everlasting life;
 And this you most decidedly deny.

R. I say, If one has everlasting life,
 It is impossible for him to die.

C. And is not this the very thing averred
 By Christ in words most unmistakable
 He that believes in Me shall never die.
 He may be absent from the body, but
 That moment he is present with the Lord,

And therefore death is to the faithful gain.
To this I have already made reply,
And nothing more is needful to be said.

FIFTH.

Not even has the "Second Birth" escaped
The savage onslaught of your hand profane.
Begotten now, in resurrection born,
Is your fantastic substitute for that
Which God has made so certain in His Word;
And all your imbecile philosophy.
Based on your own translation of a word
That can as truly be translated "Born,"
As it can be "Begotten," and indeed
In certain instances impossible
To otherwise translate it. In each case,
According to the usage of the term,
As far as Scripture is concerned, it speaks
Of parentage, or entrance to this world
Of animal or man; or God's own work
Begetting a new nature in a soul,
By which the subject of this work of grace
Is ever spoken of as born of God,
For even now of God we children are.

SIXTH

The word "Probation" truly is not found
Within the covers of the sacred Text,
But yet the subject-matter there is found.
Not in the way in which you set it forth;
But in the way in which we have it given,
By Him who to His creature cannot give
A false impression, any more than He
Can to the soul embarrassed lie direct.

His Word makes plain, that from the fall of man
Up to the cross of Christ, the sinner was
Under probation, and in every way
That wisdom everlasting could invent,
Tested he was; and tested found to be
Not only a transgressor under law,

But an incorrigible enemy
Of God, when in the person of the Son
By Him in grace confronted. You may say,
Only the Jews this presentation had,
But Scripture says that all men are alike,
And there is none that seeketh after God.
If there are some that on the Christ believe
Their evident submission to the Word
No super-excellence of nature proves,
But manifests the sovereign grace of God.
Now men are spoken of as lost and dead,
And Jesus said that none could come to Him
Without the Father's drawing; and that all
He drew would come. Men must be born again,
And such a work as this no human soul
Could bring about. Two thousand years ago
Christ found rejection here on earth from man,
And now to-day, and where His Gospel shines,
Its light is hated, and with fables men
Regale their souls, scorning the Word of Life.

Under probation men are not to-day,
For were we to the proclamation left,
No human being would at all be saved.
The Gospel, while it carries grace to all,
And evident makes God's desire to save,
So that the creature is without excuse,
It after all is God's most gracious way
Of gathering His elect out of the world.

To tell a man he must be born again,
Ay, or begotten—for indifferent
I am regarding the distinctive term
You wish to use—is just, in other words,
To let him know that he is lost indeed;
For with his own begetting, or his birth,
No human being has got aught to do.

That every soul, who at this present time
Obtains salvation, has been saved by grace,
The grace that in the Gospel is declared,
And that it has been given him to believe,

Can plainly in the sacred Word be read.
If one is saved it is by sovereign grace.
He has been quickened out of moral death.
Without this primal operation, none
Would ever turn from darkness unto light.

SEVENTH

Eternal torment also you reject,
For in the end you must have all restored;
All but the Christ, who has, in your account,
Become extinct, that we brought back may be.

R. I emphasise the MAN, who gave Himself,
That we thro' Him might be brought back to God.

C. The Christ is the anointed Man; no other Christ
Does Scripture know; but let that pass, for we
Already have the subject well discussed.
You will have all the sinful race brought back,
And yet not all, for you misgivings have
Regarding every individual soul.
And well you may, for Scripture speaks of some
Who never have forgiveness, and of some
Who for themselves it had indeed been good
Never to have been born; and yet again,
The curséd at the judgment of the quick,
And those who stand before the great white throne,
Whose doom is in the quenchless lake of fire.

But now your vain and venturesome attempt
To wipe away by the unhallowed sponge
Of senseless reasoning the awful blot,
As you suppose, from off the name of God,
Does naught but daub the holy character
Of the Eternal with your ignorance;
For you would make Him One who rashly gives
A false impression to His creature poor.
For He declares the wicked shall be cast
Into the lake of fire, and that the smoke
Of their most righteous torment shall ascend
Throughout the long dark night of their distress,
And thro' the radiant day of the redeemed,

Unto the ages of the ages. I
 Accept His holy Word, and leave Himself
 To reconcile this judgment with His love,
 Which I am sure He very well can do.

R. Scripture contains, not only not one word,
 But not a single hint, that any one
 Shall suffer torment for eternity.
 "Unto the ages of the ages" you
 Have taken as a perfect synonym
 For everlasting or eternity,
 Not knowing that the scholar Kuhner says,
 The preposition "Eis" (which in the text
 Has been translated "Unto") certainly
 Of time denotes a limit, and removes,
 Yea, even absolutely contradicts
 The notion of duration without end.

C. I think that you and Kuhner may be said,
 And truly said, to be afflicted with
 Myopia, at least in intellect.
 For this translation of the Greek word "Eis"
 Putting a limit to eternal pain,
 A limit places to the life of God;
 For "Eis tous aionas ton aionon"
 Is also the duration of His life,
 And most of us have had the confidence,
 Erroneous, if we can trust your Greek,
 That God, who a beginning has not known,
 Can never of existence known an end.

Thus have you found a wretched substitute
 For every principle of Gospel truth;
 And I am thoroughly convinced, that not
 Unaided has the mind of fallen man
 This daring parody of truth conceived.
 Under a power of darkness you are held,
 And have been held, while your unhallowed mind
 Has been in fables all infernal shaped.
 Deceived yourself, you others would deceive.
 Turned from the fountain of eternal truth,
 No other living soul must be allowed

To quench his thirst at that perennial spring.
Your Gospel, not the Gospel of the Christ,
Must rule within the souls of sinful men.
The Man who gave His life a sacrifice
For ruined creatures must in death be left.
For us He perished, and tho' we have gained
An endless life, our Saviour we have lost;
And He has lost Himself, and us, and all!
And I am robbed of all that ever made
The heaven above a place to be desired.
He loved His own when they and He were here,
And to the death He loved them, and for them
Laid down His life, and lost them thro' His love.
Was any man so utterly insane,
As to imagine one would pay a price,
So great a price, in order to secure
And make His own a treasure so desired,
Knowing that he would forfeit by the price,
Not only that on which he set his heart,
But non-existent make himself as well?

Thank God, your Gospel is a falsity,
A counterfeit of hell, a thing accursed,
As is its fell inventor. Woe betide
The base inventor, and the godless fool
Who gives it harbourage within his heart.
To say that I refuse it would be words
Too tame to truly indicate to you
The terrible abhorrence of my soul
To every principle of your belief.
Small wonder you so resolutely strive
To banish utterly from heart and mind
All notion of a judgment that shall be
Final for all that into judgment come;
And which shall truly, and for ever end
The faintest prospect of recovery.
Annihilation you esteem as bliss,
And well you may, compared with that which you
May find yourself compelled to undergo.

There is but one sure way of finding life,

And that is by the Gospel of the Christ,
And yours is not that Gospel. I would be
A mischievous and deadly enemy,
If I, to pose as an agreeable
And pleasant gossip, made the false pretence
Of acquiescing with your theories.
Without the shadow of a single doubt,
If you have got God's Gospel, I have not.
If that which you believe will save your soul,
What I believe will me to judgment bring.
For certainly if that which you have brought
Before me in the circle of these hills
And verdant valleys, the Evangel be,
Then I have never known it, nor alone
Not known it, but as I have truly said,
I say again, within my inmost soul
A deadly hatred of its principles
Repells it as a poison virulent.

Therefore, I pray you, give more earnest heed
To God's pronouncement with regard of those
Who preach another Gospel to the world,
Than that which the apostles of our Lord
Preached everywhere, and to the churches taught.

I know that where you propagate your views
Many will hearken to your baneful bruit,
Who to the Gospel of the grace of God
Will with rebellious mind and careless ear
Contemptuously go upon their ways,
And risk the upshot of their unbelief.
To men, however distant it might be,
Recovery of all were glorious news,
Therefore disciples should be numberless.
But in the judgment, when they wake, and find
How terribly deluded they have been,
Where shall you hide your terror-stricken soul,
When not alone the anger of the Lord
But from the lips of those to ruin led
Curses are heaped upon your guilty head ?

HE IS WORTHY.

Hark to the song from courts celestial ringing!
Voices seraphic songs immortal raise!
Come let us blend our sonance with their singing!
Let our enraptured souls dissolve in praise!
Let us draw near! Oh, let us kneel before Him!
Pour out our hearts in everlasting song!
Oh, let us worship Him! Let us adore Him!
Him let us crown amid the heavenly throng!

Glory and might and majesty and splendour
Be to the Lamb, who hath redemption won!
Lift up the voice! Oh, let us gladly render,
As to the Father, honour to the Son!
Let us draw near! etc.

Hark, as the hierarchs attribute glory,
Glory to Him who bore the cross and shame!
Far thro' the universe His wondrous story
Voices innumerable glad proclaim.
Let us draw near! etc.

Worship eternal out of hearts o'erflowing
Fall on the ear like ocean's mighty sound;
Faces with happiness immortal glowing,
Speak of a blessedness that knows no bound.
Let us draw near! etc.

Oh, He is worthy of our veneration!
Oh, let the Blesser of our souls be blest!
Oh, let us bring to Him a great oblation!
Oh, let us offer to the Lord our best!
Let us draw near! etc.

Into the presence of the King eternal
Full of thanksgiving let us gladly come!
Shall they extol Him in the heights supernal,
And shall His ransomed on the earth be dumb?
Let us draw near! etc.

Till we the courts of the Redeemer enter
How shall we curb the passion of our praise?

Oh, let us crowd around the sacred Centre!
 Oh, let us revel in those holy lays!
 Let us draw near! etc.

Pass thro' the veil, for He would have us near Him
 Come let us bring our sacrifices sweet!
 Oh, let us tell Him how our souls revere Him!
 Oh, let us haste that we may kiss His feet!
 Let us draw near! Oh, let us kneel before Him!
 Pour out our hearts in everlasting song!
 Oh, let us worship Him! Let us adore Him!
 Him let us crown amid the heavenly throng!

□ □ □ □

CONGRATULATIONS. (E.C.)

Over thy head twice forty years have passed,
 No more for ever to return—'tis well;
 The mercy matchless, that from first to last
 Has followed thee, another day must tell.

Thou shalt remember all the weary way,
 Bewildering wilderness and burning sand,
 Thro' which thy God hath kept thee night and day
 Hidden within the hollow of His hand.

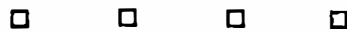
Look back upon that day when called by grace
 To leave this world, and at thy Lord's behest
 To wade thro' tribulation to the place
 Within the Father's house an honoured guest;

And what appearance does the retrospect
 Present to thee? Dare we our ways defend?
 How little can the clearest eye detect
 Of faithful witness borne to such a Friend?

A day of dire temptation on our part,
 As on the part of all who tread this waste,
 But yet a day when love that fills His heart
 May on our souls in living lines be traced.

From sting of scorpion and from serpent bite,
 From godless Amalek's devouring sword,

From pestilence that walketh thro' the night,
From countless woes within the darkness stored—
Thro' these He led in His unfathomed grace,
Nor overdrive thee when was rough the road,
Nor kept thee in suspense about the place
Fixed in His sovereignty as thine abode.
Met has thy hunger been by bread of God
White at thy tent door in the morning grey;
The flinty rock struck by the Prophet's rod
Poured forth refreshing tides thy thirst to stay.
And all was well! And all shall still be well!
For faith shall soon have given place to sight,
And for eternal ages we shall tell
His praises in the realms of living light.
The Father's love, the Son's, the Spirit's power,
Be with thee till the day the shadows flee,
And we behold His face—yea, till that hour
Goodness and mercy, great shall follow thee.



OUR OUTLOOK.

Lord of my life and righteousness,
Saviour immortal mine,
My weakness freely I confess,
Tho' feebly do my words express
My need of power divine.
Beset by foes on every hand
Who heavenly light despise,
Who have Thy name unblemished banned,
Who Thy life-giving truth withstand,
To Thee I lift mine eyes.
Not that I look for betterment
Of things around me here,
For fruitless has Thy love been spent
Upon a world still blindly bent
Upon its curst career.

For Thee I look, Thine advent wait,
 This earth no peace can know
 Until Thou dost in glory great
 Come forth, by judgment to debate
 The cause of right below.

But ere that day when Thou shalt show
 Thyself in kingly guise,
 Thy touch of power Thy Church must know,
 That ends forever all her woe,
 Her tears forever dries.

Therefore 'tis not to part with this
 My earthly tent I long,
 Not by the unclothed state, I wis
 Not by that door to perfect bliss,
 Enter the blood-washed throng

Tho' surely good indeed it were
 To drop this mortal coil,
 And like a bird freed from the snare
 Arise to meet Thee in the air,
 Where come nor tears nor toil.

But better still to wait the day
 When in Thy love's great might,
 Without monarchial display,
 In secret Thou shalt call away
 Thy Bride to realms of light.

Our bodies moulded like Thine own
 Fit for that heavenly land,
 Before the living Father, known
 In love, which by Thy cross was shown,
 In that same love to stand.

To be with Thee, Thou risen Lord!
 To see Thee as Thou art:
 This blessed hope, so long deferred,
 But founded on Thy faithful word,
 Still cheers the drooping heart.

The Spirit and the Bride say, COME!
 Thou wilt not these deny,

Thy blood-redcedmed invoke Thee from
Earth's deserts and can not be dumb;
O hear the earnest cry.



MISUNDERSTOOD.

Misunderstood: with spirit unobtrusive
We pass along this world's unquiet way;
Friends faithless fail us, foes with words abusive
Assail our ears, and thus we fill our day,
Misunderstood.

Misunderstood: how could it be expected
That light would be by darkness eulogised ?
Or love by hatred ? Was not Christ rejected,
Reproached, reviled, dishonoured, mocked, despised,
Misunderstood ?

Misunderstood: it may be they accuse us
Of things which to our minds have never come;
Buffet with falsehood foul, bespate, abuse us—
Pass on, my soul, to slander deaf and dumb,
Misunderstood.

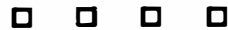
Misunderstood: why should we worry o'er it ?
It comes, like all things earthly, to an end.
Our living Lord and Master meekly bore it,
And suffered death, by every human friend
Misunderstood.

Misunderstood: not this our grief, but glory;
The earthly never can the heavenly know.
Not wiser grows the world, tho' old and hoary,
And therefore must the sons of God be so
Misunderstood.

Misunderstood! but here we must be careful,
Lest hard and haughty should our spirits grow.
Make us, O Lord, more watchful and more prayerful
That we may bless when we are cursed, altho'
Misunderstood.

Misunderstood: when we are manifested
 Before His judgment seat, and in His sight;
 And when the work and motive both are tested,
 Then every soul shall in that living light
 Be understood.

Yes, understood: Oh, haste that day eternal,
 When every eye the Christ of God shall see,
 When bright shall shine His saints in bliss supernal,
 And every workman and his work shall be
 WELL UNDERSTOOD.



HOMeward-BOUND.

Called by the grace of my Saviour on high
 Leave I this world without even a sigh,
 Called to a kingdom and glory above,
 Bars of brass broken by infinite love,
 Fetters of Satan, sin's service, death's fears,
 Gone with the grief of rebellious years.

Free as the bird that hath broken the snare
 Wakes with its music the slumbering air,
 Thus to the glory my glad way I wend,
 Thus the cords tender of nature I rend.
 Hold me not country, companion, nor kin,
 Loss shall be gain for the Christ I shall win.

Guarded by grace thro' an enemy's land,
 Strong made the night of fell foes to withstand
 Fit made to fight thro' their forces my way
 Right to the porch of perpetual day
 Where an inheritance fadeless and fair
 I with my risen Redeemer shall share.

Gone is what creatures of natural birth
 Count in this world of unrighteousness worth,
 Gone for my soul in the cross of my Lord,
 Gone in the power of His Spirit and Word.
 Blind me, O Lord, to earth's profitless joys,
 Deaf make mine ears to the spell of its voice,

On to the glory my feeble feet guide,
Kill in my soul carnal passion and pride:
Be Thou my object as Thou art my life,
Cover my head in the pitiless strife,
SON OF THE FATHER, MY LOVER AND
FRIEND,
BE THOU MY GLORY AND GUIDE TO THE
END.



HOME.

My home is where my Saviour is,
In light, and life, and holy love;
And He is mine, and I am His,
In blessing creature thought above.
For me that place is now prepared,
And of its glories I have heard.

No spot on earth, in His esteem,
Is good enough wherein to place
The objects of His love supreme,
The Spirit-born, the heavenly race.
His Father's house alone is meet
Wherein His blood-redeemed to seat.

Less would my soul have satisfied,
When hunger-bitten I retraced
My steps across the great divide,
Which severs affluence from waste;
A servant's menial place had met
The famine which my soul beset.

And this was my sublimest thought,
For not for love had I returned;
The mercy now so humbly sought
Long had my haughty spirit spurned;
Nor had I ventured back again
Had not by famine pride been slain.

But with a fatherly embrace
 The vagabond I was He met,
 And in a son's eternal place
 Me with rejoicing great He set;
 And in a robe, the very best
 That heaven could furnish, I was dressed.

The mirth, the music, dance, and song,
 From end to end of heaven heard,
 Broke from the hierarchal throng,
 The Father gave the gladsome word:—
 Let this propitious day be crowned
 With merriment, the lost is found.

And midst that festive multitude,
 Whose joy was all on mine account,
 I ate the heavenly living food,
 And drank from love's eternal fount;
 More welcome, even in a way,
 Than if I ne'er had gone astray.

Forgiven. Ay, if that were all,
 Tho' surely much it be indeed,
 It had not given me right to call
 My Maker **Father**, nor to read
 In His own Son's eternal place,
 My heritage before His face.

Yet this relationship is mine,
 Designed before His works of old,
 And brought to pass in power Divine,
 By circumstances uncontrolled.
 But had that love and power been less,
 Endless had been my soul's distress.

The fatness of His house I eat,
 And more than satisfaction find;
 I who once envied swine their meat,
 And would off husks have gladly dined,
 But could not, even when I would,
 Have fed my hunger with such food.

For Him who loves me thus I wait,
He comes to claim me as His own,
And bring me to His glory great,
The joys of which I now have known.
Then shall I, in His likeness dressed,
In body, spirit, soul, be blest.

Oh, day of days for Him and me,
When I shall gain the heavenly goal,
And He who died to save me, He
Shall see the travail of His soul;
And I shall praise Him as I would,
For all His mercies multitude.



THE WISDOM OF GOD.

Wisdom infinite eternal,
Thou by whom the worlds were made,
Daily at Thy gates supernal,
Where Thy treasures are displayed,
Stand I with attentive ear
Life-imparting words to hear.

Godhead counsel, thoughts surprising,
Purposes of Love Divine,
Brighter than the sun, are rising
On this wondering heart of mine;
Thoughts that hold my soul in thrall,
Marvellous conceptions all.

Here I witness the unfolding
Of the living Father's thought;
Here with soul entranced beholding
Purpose to fruition brought,
Founded on the work once done
By the sorrows of the Son.

Deep designs that ere creation
Occupied the mind of God,
I in hclly admiration

Contemplate with feet unshod:
 For our glory then prepared,
 Now in Spirit power declared.

Cloudless morning see I breaking,
 Dawn of an eternal day;
 Hear I holy song awaking,
 Ravishing the heavenly lay,
 Jesus and His cross of shame
 Mingled with the Father's name.
 World of wonders! Realm lucific!
 Flight of fancy far above;
 Vision blissful, beatific,
 Masterpiece of matchless Love!
 Length and breadth and depth and height,
 Sphere of glory infinitel

Who this world of light shall enter ?
 Who shall worthy be esteemed,
 Where the Christ is sun and centre,
 His companions blood-redeemed ?
 To that high and holy place
 Bring me, Saviour, in Thy grace.

□ □ □

WHAT SEEK YE ?

John i. 38.

What seek ye ? Is it silver ? Is it gold ?
 To gain such things 'twere vain to follow me.
 My abject poverty your eyes behold—
 Wayworn and travel-tainted—What seek ye ?
 What seek ye ? Is it concert with the great ?
 With princes proud, with nobles would ye be ?
 Companionship with men of high estate ?
 Grandeur and worldly greatness ? What seek ye ?
 What seek ye ? Is it pleasure ? Is it power ?
 Wisdom or folly ? Is it gaiety ?
 While from the shades before you darkly lower
 Terrors of loss eternal ? What seek ye ?

What seek ye? Is it life beyond the grave
In resurrection—immortality?
Is it a sight of the Unseen ye crave?
What is it that ye covet? What seek ye?

What seek ye? Would ye see the Father's face,
And in His holy presence bend the knee,
Where shines the glory of eternal grace,
And seraphs veil their faces? What seek ye?

□ □ □ □

WHERE DWELLEST THOU?

John i. 38.

Where dwellest Thou—Thou whose unfathomed grace
Our souls with wondrous longings doth endow?
Bright visions of a purer better place
Before us rise! O say, where dwellest Thou?

Where dwellest Thou? O Lord, hast Thou not said
Foxes have dens, and birds the forest bough,
But Thou hadst here no place to lay Thy head?
Then tell us, Son of Man, where dwellest Thou?

Where dwellest Thou? Fain would our eyes behold
Love-lighted courts where veiled seraphs bow;
Where shine the jasper and the burnished gold—
Is there Thy home? If not, where dwellest Thou?

Where dwellest Thou? Here weariness and woe,
Sorrows innumerable, griefs enow!
But where Thou art must there be overflow
Of joys eternal—Lord, where dwellest Thou?

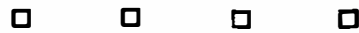
□ □ □ □

COME AND SEE.

John i. 39.

If ye would know the place where I abide,
Take up your cross and follow after Me,
Despised, reproached, rejected, vilified,
Cast out for My name's sake, and Come and see.

How could the splendour of the place be told
 In words that mortal creatures such as ye
 Might understand? Its glories manifold
 To publish words are feeble. Come and see.
 Its brightness from the denizens of earth
 To all eternity must secret be,
 But manifest to all of heavenly birth
 By God's free Spirit: therefore, Come and see.
 The Father's bosom! Who could this dilate?
 The infinitude of such felicity,
 The joys immortal, matchless, increate,
 Reached by no flight of fancy! Come and see.
 Oh, come and see, for I so long to take
 Companions to that home along with Me;
 Where from each overflowing heart shall wake
 Eternal praises. Come, Oh, Come and see.



A LITTLE NEARER.

To S.R. on his sixty-fifth year.

A little nearer to the pearly portal,
 A little nearer to the priceless prize,
 A little nearer putting off the mortal,
 A little nearer seeing with the eyes,
 A little nearer to the journey's ending,
 A little nearer to the grand ascending.
 Another milestone on the highway counted,
 How many more remain are all unknown,
 Before thy weary feet, belov'd, have mounted
 The golden stairway leading to the throne,
 When with the multitude of God's election
 Thou hast arrived at infinite perfection.
 The weary wilderness that lies behind thee
 Bears powerful witness to His ceaseless care,
 And in the glory oft shall it remind thee
 Of grace unfailing manifested there;

Grace patient, boundless from thy first beginning,
Grace thine affections for thy Saviour winning.
How could that love one moment brief forget thee?
That love that at such cost has made thee His.
Can never rest till it hath safely set thee
Along with Him, made like Him where He is.
Has He not died His very own to make thee?
How then could He forget thee, or forsake thee?
By sorrows great, yea, by His blood He bought thee,
God's wrath He suffered, for He loved thee so,
Back from the grave triumphantly He brought thee
That thou His faithful heart might learn and know,
And that with all the ransomed He might gather
Thee to the bosom of the living Father.
May thy remaining days, beloved brother,
Be infinitely brighter than the past,
And may Himself alone, and not another,
Fill thy soul's vision till the very last.
That last that shall be on the cloud to meet Him,
When all His saints with songs shall gladly greet
Him.



MARANATHA.

In the grim silence of the shuddering night,
The latest born of the expiring year
Limps wearily war-wasted out of sight
With garments rolled in blood and vision blear.
The thunder of contending armies rends
Celestial regions; from the firmament
Destruction, like the hail of God, descends;
The depth of ocean boil belligerent.
We wait not for the coming year to bring
An era of tranquility to men;
Not to the forces of the flesh we cling—
Oft have they failed, and they would fail again.

The glorious advent of the Prince of Peace
 Is all our hope, and all our confidence:
 He, only He, can bid the battle cease,
 And put an end to vice and violence.

He only can bind up the broken heart;
 He only can, and will: let none despair!
 From death and hades He who bore the smart
 Of our transgressions back our dead shall bear.

Let us arise, and from the willows take
 Our harps: let us exult with all our powers,
 And with our songs the slumbering echoes wake,
 For by His favour victory is ours.

□ □ □ □

A NEW YEAR'S BREATHING.

Another year comes tottering to its close,
 War-worn, war-weary, ravaged, ruined, cursed,
 Bemauled, beweltered, weighted down with woes,
 Its hoary head in seas of blood immersed.

O God, Thy rod is on the nations laid,
 And on Thy creature in Thy likeness made.

Oh, that Thy grace would to the princes grant
 Return of reason, that their trust might be,
 Not in battalions proud, *impuissant*,

But, Righteous Ruler of mankind, in Thee,
 And that they might this welter of distress
 Charge to their guilty God-forgetfulness.

Call back to Thee the hearts of men, begin
 With potentates, with peers of royal blood,
 Thy ransomed saints awake, that for our sin
 Salt tears may ceaseless flow in mighty flood,
 And from Thy presence may be sent relief,
 For we have been rebellious past belief.

□ □ □ □

A CRY FROM THE TRENCHES.

Jesus, mighty Son of God,
Who hast lain in death for me,
From this blood-besotted sod
Let my cry come near to Thee.
Turn not from my prayer away,
Let me see Thy face divine;
Shed of love a kindly ray
Into this dark heart of mine.

Thou hast from a flowing bowl
Drunk the sorrows of our race;
Shed Thy blood, my sinful soul
From defilement to efface.
Therefore I would lay my head,
Saviour, on Thy faithful breast
Where the dying welter red,
Where the dead unburied rest.

Oft have I, alas, forgot
Thee when circumstances shone
Bright upon my earthly lot
In the days forever gone.
Now when danger presses near,
Now when wanders death abroad,
Now when fenced around by fear,
Turn I to the living God.

Thou wilt not my prayer refuse,
Thou wilt pity my distress;
Let not unbelief accuse
Love divine of carelessness.
It is not what I have been,
It is not what I am now—
On Thy grace my soul would lean
As I at Thy footstool bow.

From the fierce and fiery dart,
From the sword that seeks my life,
Cover Thou my head and heart
Mid the sanguinary strife.

Let me underneath Thy wing
 Shelter from the danger find;
 Back from gates of hades bring
 Me preserved in heart and mind.

From the deadly fume and flame,
 From the storm of iron rain,
 Messengers of death that maim,
 Blind and bruise and break and brain,
 Be my shelter and my shield;
 From destruction me defend,
 On the fearful battlefield
 Mercy unto me extend.

Where the blast of winter bites,
 Where I sink in seas of mire,
 Where the shower of shrapnel smites,
 Where is reigning slaughter dire;
 There Thy servant poor behold,
 Who has trust in none but Thee;
 In Thine arms of love enfold
 Thy blood-ransomed, even me.

And in Thy compassions great
 Look upon this human sea
 Foaming with infernal hate
 In its ignorance of Thee;
 And rebuke the winds and waves,
 Bid their agitation cease,
 Crush the power that man enslaves,
 Bid the nations be at peace.

□ □ □ □

SHELTER ME.

Let Thy perfect peace, Eternal
 Father, garrison my soul,
 Where the tempests from infernal
 Regions round about me roll.

Mid the threatening of the thunder,
 When the lightnings smite the eye,

When the death that seeks to sunder
Soul and body riots nigh.
Shelter me, Eternal Lover,
From the life-destroying dart;
Mid the tumult do Thou cover
From misfortune head and heart.

Hitherto Thy mercy tender
Has preserved me night and day;
Take it not, Divine Defender,
From Thy feeble child away.

Let me live, but not to grieve Thee,
Not that I may sin pursue;
But to love Thee, to believe Thee,
To delight Thy will to do.

□ □ □ □

HEAR, O LORD.

God of infinite compassion,
Father of Thy blood-redeemed,
Whose great love in Jesu's passion
On this world of sinners gleamed,
Hear the roar of strife infernal,
Hear it in Thy courts supernal.

Bid the agonising nations
Into plowshares beat their swords,
Stay the murderous invasions
Of the fierce barbaric hordes.
See Thy saints like slaughtered cattle
Bruised and bleeding in the battle.

Prince of Peace, Thine intervention
We with confidence await;
Then and not till then contention
Greed of gain and human hate,
Waste and war and sin and sorrow
Vanish shall with all their horror.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

Father, infinite, eternal,
Without whom no sparrow falls,
Where the roar of war infernal
Shakes creation, roof and walls.
Look upon Thy children's sorrows,
Succour when to Thee they cry;
And amid the battle's horrors
Be to them a fortress high.
Captain of our great salvation
Overshadow all Thine own;
In their toil and tribulation
Leave, Oh, leave them not alone.
Stop the march of the aggressor,
Check the ruthless foe's career,
Break the power of the oppressor,
Keep the tyrant far from here.
We have sinned with desperate daring
Thy most holy word profaned;
Unbelief, with boastful bearing,
Has on faith confusion rained;
We have heard the nations crying
Unto us for food and light;
We have seen the sinner dying
In the darkness of the night;
False the answer, falsely given—
God dishonoured, souls misled,
Darkness for the light of heaven,
Ashes for the living bread.
At the critic's vain caprices
We have heard Thy truth denied;
We have seen it torn in pieces,
Him blasphemed who for us died.
Yet have we not rent our clothing,
Yet have we not humbled been,
Yet have we not turned with loathing
From these theorists unclean.

Therefore hast Thy rod been lifted,
Therefore has this chastening come;
Now we see where we have drifted
Stricken with amazement dumb.
But Thy clemency is boundless,
And Thy heart compassionate;
Thy deep love is shoreless, soundless,
Thy forgiveness, Saviour, great.
Hence to Thee we venture, owning
In Thy sight our sin and shame—
Hear our penitential groaning
For our Saviour's sake and name.
Bring to war a termination;
Let the issue be for peace
To Thy people and creation,
To Thy Gospel great increase.

□ □ □ □

THE MIGHTY HAND OF GOD.

God of our spirits, Despot great,
Upholder of all things that are,
Who erst the atom did create,
As well as sun and moon and star.
Indifferent Thou canst not be
To griefs which cause the brain to reel;
Thou who hast made the eye must see,
Thou who hast made the heart must feel
The sorrows and the sighs of souls
Bereaved of brothers, husbands, sons,
For whom no bell funebral tolls
Amid the grime and growl of guns.
Thou wilt not scorn: this well we know,
For we have seen Thy heart laid bare,
When Golgotha was gloomed with woe,
And Christ for us was stricken there.
The groaning of the prisoner,
Who friendless would be friends with death;

The wounded mortals plaintive prayer
 Poured forth upon his latest breath.

Ascend to heaven Thy dwelling-place,
 For Thou art infinitely good,
 Preserver of the human race
 In Thy compassions multitude.

Though now upon the nations who
 The name of Thy Beloved bear
 Thy hand lies heavy, yet most true
 Thou art in judging everywhere.

Lord God of Hosts, who hast control
 Of armies numberless and strong,
 Who mad'st us this immortal soul
 That can inflict and suffer wrong;

That loves, that hates, that wounds, that kills,
 But cannot bring again from death,
 Subdue our wayward stubborn wills,
 Thou who hast given us life and breath.

By sword and spear, by fire and flame,
 Thou pleadest with the nations all,
 Oh, give us grace to see our shame
 And at Thy footstool low to fall;

And make that Name so long despised
 By princes, peoples, small and great
 To those whom Thou hast sore chastised
 A glorious Name, and peace create.

□ □ □ □

LORD, ESTABLISH PEACE.

Once more upon its fiery centre hung
 Has this great world its trackless orbit traced,
 And still Thine offspring, God, are being flung
 By brutal war like compost on the waste;
 Look on the killed and those compelled to kill,
 And peace establish, if it be Thy will.

The silver moon that rules the grisly nights
Has registered but sighs and griefs, and groans,
The stars have witnessed soul-distressing sights,
And of the dying Thou hast heard the moans;
Behold, O God, the souls that slaughtered lie!
To Thou, O God of peace, for peace we cry.

The dew upon the fields of France is red,
And Belgium battered, bruised, and bleeding lies.
Trembles the earth beneath the martial tread
Of myriads who fall no more to rise—
Bring to an end, O Lord, this brutal strife,
And grant Thy people poor a tranquil life.

The welkin shakes with bursting shot and shell,
Uprooted hills are to the heavens hurled,
And from the fierce, infernal regions hell
Has launched her legions headlong on the world—
Look, Lord, upon Thy people's sorrows sore
And early, in Thy mercy, peace restore.

What comes to-morrow none of us can tell,
Shall new year bells the Saviour's advent ring?
Or shall this hell a still more horrid hell,
With all its woes, upon Thy people bring?
Upon Thine intervention, Lord, we wait,
For only Thou canst peace on earth create.

Not unto Thee we cry as tho' we claim
Thy mercy as a just and bounden right.
Our wilful ways have loaded us with shame,
And unto those we owe our present plight;
But look upon us for Thy mercy's sake,
And for our preservation, Lord, awake.

HOPE.

This world is passing, soon it will be o'er;
 The circumstances of this present life
 Shall be forgotten, once the eternal door
 Is reached, and man is done with selfish strife.
 Therefore let us be governed by the goal,
 Not influenced by things that have an end;
 Our faith be to the saving of our soul,
 To God's decree our stubborn natures bend.
 And let us, like our Master, be controlled
 By our divine and heavenly Father's will,
 Doing the thing that we to do are told,
 And like the hireling our short day fulfil.
 Thus shall we realize that rest of heart
 Found by the Saviour in His pathway here,
 With whom in heaven is our eternal part,
 Where glory crowns that stainless, deathless sphere.

**ATTRACTION.**

Oh, to be with the One who ever liveth
 Within the courts of empyreal light,
 Where the eternal Father glory giveth
 According to His love and wealth and might
 To His sons, whom grace
 Shall set before His face,
 For His unspeakable and endless pleasure,
 In blessing which no creature mind may measure.
 Oh, to be near Him who by blood hath bought me
 To sit before Him, and to worship Him!
 To hear Him tell me how He loved and sought me,
 When lost I wandered in the darkness dim;
 And of how He bore
 For me the judgment sore,
 And drained to the last drop the bitter chalice,
 When made the mark for man's accursed malice.

To see Him—Him in whom my soul delighteth!
To feast mine eyes upon His face divine,
Where glory radiant with His love inviteth
The confidence of this poor heart of mine!
 With supreme delight
 I shall behold that sight
Reserved for those who here on earth confess Him,
And morning, noon and night extol and bless Him!

Oh, to be like Him, to the satisfaction
Of His, and of His Father's loving heart!
No more to suffer sorrowful distraction,
No more from my Redeemer made to part,
 But with Him to share
 Glory immortal there,
Free from invasion of the foot defiling!
Safe from the serpent and his base beguiling!

To be enraptured with the heavenly cadence
Of that sweet voice that thrills throughout my soul,
And with the fulness of the Godhead ladens
My heart set free from sin's distressful dole!
 Life-imparting voice!
 Making my soul rejoice!
Heard when I lost lay in my black transgression,
Heard now in glory making intercession.

Oh, just to feel that I am His, His only,
When the great wilderness and waste are past;
And all my weary wanderings so lonely
Have ended in His home, at length, at last!
 Tears all wiped away!
 Come, the glad, glorious day!
For I am Thine in singing or in sighing!
Thine, Jesus, Thine! Thine living, ay, or dying!

Lord Jesus, precious, living, loving Fountain
Of life eternal and of endless bliss,
Call home Thy flock from valley and from mountain,
From bruit of battle and necropolis.

O beloved Lord,
 Speak Thou that welcome word,
 That shall the sons of God together gather
 Into the bosom of the living Father.

Then shall I ever be with Thee, and near Thee,
 Then shall I see Thee, Saviour, as Thou art,
 Then shall I like Thee be, then shall I hear Thee
 Tell in the glory all Thy loving heart.

O Thou faithful Friend,
 Come, and the desert end!
 For still my heart to see my Lord is burning,
 And slow the wheels of laggard time are turning.

Come, break the cords that bind to dust Thy sleeping;
 Wake with Thy voice the quiet of the grave:
 Their souls and bodies, Lord, are in Thy keeping,
 Waiting the first, and the most welcome, wave
 Of Thy power divine,
 Which shall to sparkling wine
 The water turn, and cause this cursed creation
 In freedom to break forth with exultation.



COUNSELS OF LOVE.

Father, our ransomed souls would bless Thy name,
 As all Thy purposes before us shine;
 Conceived before the earth or starry frame
 Burst into being at Thy word divine.

Before Thy works of old Thine eyes beheld
 That radiant sphere in which Thy love should rest,
 And where Thy glorious triumphs should be swelled
 In endless song by souls supremely blest.

'Twas Man that filled Thy vision, not the host
 Which flame before Thy throne in splendour bright;
 Thyself the Object of His holy boast,
 Thy love of His rejoicing heart the light.

Chosen in Christ, Thy well beloved Son,
Blameless in holiness before Thy face;
One in the oneness of the Godhead one,
One in the greatness of Thy heavenly grace.

With Him who, here where Thou dishonoured wast,
Thy name and nature fully glorified,
And, lest the foe should triumph to Thy cost,
Upon a gibbet as a felon died.

No creature knows how dear He is to Thee,
Nor Thine appraisement of the work He wrought;
We who a little know, on bended knee
Desire in this to be more deeply taught.

With Thee He lives, and we rejoice to know
That gloom and grief and passion are all o'er;
The sorrow and the shame, the cross and woe,
Have no admittance through the heavenly door.

And there our place is ready even now,
In Thine own home, in love's unclouded light,
Where glory circles every sinless brow,
To Thy deep satisfaction and delight.

And there that love that prompted Thee to send
Thy Son to succour us, and Him to die,
Shall be our portion, where shall never end
The joys which power of praise or speech defy.

O holy, living Father, God of light,
And love, and peace, and truth, and righteousness,
With heart and soul, and strength, Thy saints unite
Thy name unto eternity to bless.

THE SON.

Let us praise the Son eternal, who when in the form
 of God
 Laid aside that form, and took upon Himself the
 form of man;
 As a servant, not a sovran, He His earthly pathway
 trod
 That the grace of the Invisible the human soul
 might scan.
 Never finite mind could fathom such a mystery divine
 As this wondrous myst'ry manteled in the Person
 of the Son;
 Here on earth in infant weakness, yet His holy flesh
 the shrine
 Of the Godhead come to seek and save the soul
 by sin undone.
 Let us contemplate with reverence this mystery pro-
 found!
 Let us dwell upon His weakness, let us muse
 upon His might,
 Let accurséd curiosity with brazen bonds be bound,
 Lest His wrath should such irreverence in righteous
 judgment smite.

It was for the Father's pleasure that a servant He
 became,
 That where He had been discredited He might
 be glorified;
 This was why He suffered ignominy, cross and
 curse and shame,
 Brutal blows and vile invective, yea, for this He
 bled and died.

But His blood has been the basis of the blessing
 of His own
 Whom He loves with love surpassing far the
 flight of human thought.
 Blood that has been sprinkled both before and on
 the eternal throne,

Blood that has complete redemption for repentant
sinners wrought.

In the presence of His people praise Him! Own
Him Lord alone!

Speak to others of the greatness and the glory
of His grace,
Him commend to souls despairing, who have not His
mercy known,
Tell of His unfathomed pity for this ruined human
race.

Never less than the Creator tho' in human fashion
made,

Like the feeble, fallen creature, whom in grace He
came to save;

Never less than the Almighty even when in manger
laid,

Yea, or when upon the gibbet nailed for us His
life He gave.

Never other than the One by whom the universe
subsists,

Never other than the One whom holy seraphim
adore,

Never less than the Omnipotent who gathers in His
fists

Raving hurricanes and tempests rude that thro'
the welkin roar.

Let us worship at His footstool! Let us sing His
praise aloud!

Let us falling on our faces the eternal Son adore,
Let us hail Him as the mighty God, low in His
presence bowed,

Let us celebrate His worthiness now and for
evermore.

Yet as truly Man as Maker! this our spirits shall
content,

Yea, as certainly the Servant as the Sovran on
the throne,

As the Sent One of the Father, yet the mighty One
 who sent
 God the Holy Ghost to tabernacle in and with
 His own.
 Bondman verily, tho' Despot; clothed with all the
 might of God
 Yet in absolute submission to His Holy Father's
 will,
 Godhead veiled, yet Godhead shining thro' His veil
 of flesh and blood,
 Giving up His life the counsels of the Father
 to fulfil.

Let us bless Him as the Man who fills the boundless
 heart of God,
 Let us bless Him as the God who fills the finite
 hearts of men,
 Let us bless Him as the Man who once this weary
 desert trod
 That the wanderer might righteously be brought
 to God again.

Light in Him, the light life-giving, in surpassing
 splendour shone,
 Light above the blinding brightness of the blazing
 sun at noon,
 Light of God unseen by eye of creature in the
 ages gone,
 Light that shall this world envelope in its warm
 embraces soon,
 Light now shining thro' this darkness from the
 living Father's heart,
 Light that wins the wandering creature from the
 haunts of sin and shame,
 Light that wakes the guilty conscience, and doth
 perfect peace impart
 To the spirit of the penitent who pleads the
 Saviour's name.

Let us bend the knee before Him, let us with our
 lips confess

Him as Lord of earth and heaven, worthy of the
highest place,
Our Redeemer, our Deliverer, our Life and Right-
eousness.

Omnipotent Revealer of eternal love and grace.

He is bringing sons to glory, He is leader of the band.

He will bring them to the blessing of the Father's
house on high;

He will keep their feet from falling by His never
failing hand,

And all grace upon the journey He will lavishly
supply.

He will bring them to His Father, in His presence
He will place

Every one with chalice full of endless pleasures
to the brim,

Every soul that can be numbered with the God
begotten race,

Every soul that by the Father has been given
unto Him.

Let us praise Him! Let us eulogize our Saviour
and our God!

Sing aloud, ye mighty myriads of righteous, ran-
somed men!

Hallelujah! Send His praises thro' the universe
abroad!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Yea, Amen!



A RETROSPECT.

It is many a day since our gracious God

In His tenderness made us one.

It is many a day since we walked abroad

In the spring of our sponsal days, and trod

Together the rugged and tender sod,

Amid shadow and sheen of sun.

Our hopeful hearts held no lurking fear,
No cloud o'er our future frowned;
Love perfumed the ambient atmosphere.
If the black night thundered, the Lord was near,
And His voice in the hurricane we could hear,
And His mercy swathed us round.

We have traversed the ocean tempest-tost,
But the harbour is nearing now.
The danger Zones have been safely crost,
The burning heat, and the biting frost,
The rocks upon which were the reckless lost,
We have passed, and we scarce know how.

But oft with shame we must fears confess,
When the seas rose mountains high;
Tho' a look from our Lord dispelled distress;
And a peace no mortal mind could guess
Possessed our souls, tho' none the less
The tempests rent the sky.

And again would our Sun's immortal rays
From the throne of the highest shine,
With a glory too great for mortal gaze,
Dispelling the momentary haze,
That had well nigh stifled the voice of praise
For mercy and grace divine.

His love for one moment was not in doubt,
Nor His power to bear us thro',
But oft would the dark cloud close Him out,
And then would the foe seem strong and stout,
Fit to put feeble faith to rout,
And confidence undo.

But now is the end of our journey nigh,
And at hand is the home and rest,
And together our raptured souls descry
The white robed multitude on high,
Whose songs enravishing testify
The the joyance of the blest.

We praise the Saviour who early sought
Our souls in His love so great,
And us, as His own blood-ransomed, brought
From the far off land, where worse than naught
We pleasures pursued, nor gave one thought
To our utterly lost estate.

And the mercy that made us one we bless,
One, that we might pass on
Together, not lone and comfortless,
Thro' dangers, and deaths, and deep distress,
But helps of each other's helplessness,
Till the cloudless day shall dawn.



AU REVOIR.

Just a line to say Good-bye, and God be with thee,
that is all.

Round about thee be His loving and His ever-
lasting arms,
Thro' the dangers of the deep and terrors dread that
do appal,
Mid the brawling of the billows and the numberless
alarms.

From this great world's utmost limits, from the South
Pacific sea,
From the land so rudely riven by the white man
from the black,
From the country of the kangaroo a calling comes
to thee,
And the echo in thy heart forbids a coward turn-
ing back.

Love the darkness deep defies, and love the tempest
laughs to scorn,
Therefore shall the wrathful ocean music make
upon thine ear,

And on love's unerring vision bright the coming
bridal morn
Shall thro' night's funebral shadows o'er the watery
waste appear.

It will surely cause thee sorrow from Auld Reekie
to depart,
But there's one in far Australia who has thine
affections won.
'Tis the feeble moon in Scotia that is tugging at thy
heart,
But the orb that draws thee thither is his majesty
the Sun.

Thou wilt find thy Saviour near tho' every human
prop should fail,
He will hold thee in His keeping till thou reach
thy journey's end,
And will never, never leave thee, till within the
heavenly veil
Thou hast proved the faithfulness of such a Lover
and a Friend.

He has promised to be with us till the close, and
this is sure,
Therefore spite of things untoward on His faith-
fulness we rest;
Be it health, or be it sickness; be we rich, or be
we poor,
All is by His wise ordaining, therefore all is for
the best.

He has shed His blood to save us from the death
that was our due,
He has planted us in righteousness before the
Father's face;
And tho' we to reach that land must tread an arid
desert thro',
We can count upon His mercy and His never
failing grace.

Love to thee and thy beloved. Shall we ever meet
again?
Surely we shall meet in heaven; but on earth?
Ah! who can tell?
When the Saviour comes and calls us we shall meet
in glory—then
Oceans shall no longer sunder. Till that meeting,
Fare thee Well.



TRUST.

Unto Thee I cry,
Light of the worlds. Star of the cloudless day.
Before me mists like mountains veil the sky:
Chase Thou the gloom away.

On my pathway shine.
Turn into glorious day the face of night;
That I may trace Thy footprints, Lord Divine,
Oh, say, Let there be light.

If one step I take
Onward amid the gloom, I cannot tell
Where I may wander—Oh, for Thy name's sake,
Guard me from angels fell.

On my wakeful ear
Discordant sounds of conflict darkly break;
My feeble heart within me melts with fear—
For my salvation wake.

I have none but Thee
To turn to in my spirit's dire distress;
Poor, frail, and faint I am, Oh, guide Thou me
In paths of righteousness.

For infernal powers
Would drive me far from life's unsullied way,
To paths rebellious where destruction lowers,
And starless night holds sway.

At the fearsome noise
And bruit of battle melts my trembling soul.
Oh, let me hear Thy spirit-stirring voice
Where fiery chariots roll.

If I feel Thy hand
About me in the battle I am strong;
By Thy side surely sheltered I shall stand
Amid the struggling throng.

Thou hast gone before,
Thou callest me, Thy well-known voice I hear.
Where wild wolves raven and where lions roar,
Oh, let me feel Thee near.

In the battlefield
And in the forefront of the fiercest fight,
Thy favour shall my shelter be and shield,
My glory and my might.

Thou hast died for me
Thou wilt not leave me, Thou wilt not forsake
Thy blood-redeemed, bearing reproach for Thee,
Abhorred for Thy name's sake.

Guard me night and day
From human wisdom, from the fleshly mind,
From confidence in self; the perfect way
Give me, O Lord, to find.

Till my feet shall stand
Within the palaces of peace and love,
The courts of heaven, that empyrean land,
God's dwelling-place above;

And till all be o'er,
The journey, and the desert, and the fight;
Discord, and danger, and for evermore
I walk with Thee in white.

CHRIST EVERYTHING.

Where songs of human friendships
The souls of mortals move,
There my song shall be of Jesus
And His immortal love.

Love sovran and supreme,
Defying tainture fell:
On that love my soul relying
Knows a joy no tongue can tell.

He came from light eternal
To darkness and to woe,
Yea, to curse and condemnation—
Love's wonders none can know.

Higher they are than heaven,
Deeper than is the grave;
Love has made my soul for ever
And for evermore its slave.

He bore my black offences
Confessed them as His own,
And when man-rejected, suffered
God's wrath in darkness lone.

Love measureless and true!
Omnipotent! Divine!
Love eternal, matchless, changeless!
That has made my heart its shrine.

He told me of the Father,
A home on high prepared,
And than earthly music sweeter
In His life-giving word.

His voice my soul has thrilled,
His face I long to see;
And in living or in dying
HE IS EVERYTHING TO ME.

THE COMPASSIONS OF CHRIST.

Saviour, by Thy Spirit leading
 I would celebrate in song
 Thy compassions, far exceeding
 Such as unto men belong.

Thou hast sought me,
 Thou hast bought me
 With a price all praise above.
 Thou hast found me,
 Thou hast bound me
 To Thyself with cords of love.

Tho' in nature's night I wandered
 In my sin and in my shame,
 Tho' my priceless days I squandered
 Days I never can reclaim.

Thou in matchless lovingkindness
 Met me in my folly great,
 Met with light my native blindness,
 Met with love my cruel hate.

Grace and truth in Thee combining
 Shed on me their quickening rays,
 Light and love eternal shining
 In Thy words and works and ways.

Deepest depths Thy soul has sounded,
 Wrath endured in darkness lone
 When the thunder deep resounded
 From the everlasting throne.

Death with all its horrors met Thee,
 Scoffing, spitting, mocking rude,
 Hosts infernal fierce beset Thee,
 Creature's base ingratitude.

Rudely by the rabble taken,
 Nailed like felon to the tree;
 Earth was torn, creation shaken
 By the storm that beat on Thee.

Never evil thing deterred Thee
That upon Thy path arose,
Tho' the night of wrath did gird Thee
With unfathomable woes.

For in death was hid Thy treasure;
Thou must enter death for me,
By that love that knows no measure,
Saviour, I belong to Thee.

Thou hast sought me,
Thou hast bought me
With a price all praise above.
Thou hast found me,
Thou hast bound me
To Thyself with cords of love.

□ □ □ □

THE PRE-EMINENCE OF JESUS.

There is none, O Lord, like Thee,
Thou Son of the Father's love;
Creator of everything I see,
In the visible sphere surrounding me,
And of unseen things above.

There is none—there is none like Thee,
Thou well-beloved of God,
In the increate eternity,
And on earth which Thy feet have trod
There is none, O Lord, like Thee.

There is none in heaven like Thee,
Thou hast no rival there.
Thy might and Thy glorious majesty,
Thine infinite supremacy,
The hierarchs declare.

There is none—there is none like Thee
Angelic hosts among.
Head of all principality,
Seraph and cherub strong,
There is none, O Lord, like Thee.

There is none on earth like Thee,
 Keep silence, princes all.
 Kings, rulers, judges, bend the knee.
 Hear ye, and fear the divine decree.
 Before His footstool fall.

There is none—there is none like Thee
 Among the sons of men.
 Great is Thy kingly dignity,
 Thou chief of thousands ten.
 There is none, O Lord, like Thee.

There is none with such wealth of grace
 In the heart's deep fountains stored.
 In the sacred and celestial place,
 By things illustrious and base,
 Be Thy peerless name adored.

There is none—there is none like Thee
 To creation's utmost end.
 Lord of the heaven, the earth, the sea.
 Redeemer, Lover, Friend.
 There is none, O Lord, like Thee:

There is none with a love like Thine,
 So sovereign, tried, and true.
 Which brought Thee down from the heights divine
 To die the death that was justly mine,
 And me to create anew.

There is none—there is none like Thee
 My life, my righteousness,
 Whom soon in Thy glory I shall see
 Firstborn among God's noblesse.
 There is none, O Lord, like Thee.

□ □ □ □

ETERNAL LOVE.

Saints of the heavenly places, raise
 The voice with one accord,
 And in a song of grateful praise

Exalt our Sovereign Lord,
For He is great,
Compassionate,
Worthy to be adored.

How could His blood-redeemed forget
His service here below?
How bitter cross and curse He met
To save our souls from woe?
Eternally
Remembered be
How much to Him we owe!

In lowly grace from Godhead form
To man's estate He came,
Not in the whirlwind and the storm
Engirt with fiery flame,
Else lost were all
Who thro' the fall
Children of wrath became.

But as a Man the earth He trod,
That erring man might know
The lovingkindness of the God
He had esteemed His foe,
For He unsought
Escape had brought
From darkness and from woe.

And we who had been captives held
By our oppressor strong,
From God our Maker good compelled
To wander working wrong,
By grace made free,
For ever we
Shall sing salvation's song.

Not brought again to innocence
From which the creature fell,
His bountiful omnipotence
In praises forth to tell,

Our Father's heart
 Has given us part
 With His Beloved to dwell.

And what could Love do more than this ?
 And what could we desire ?
 Love could not bring to greater bliss,
 Exists no blessing higher:
 This place the Son
 For us has won
 Saved from dishonour dire.

Before the Father's unveiled face
 In blessedness supreme,
 Brought there by everlasting grace
 Where love and glory gleam;
 There glad to raise
 Our song of praise,
 Eternal love the theme.

□ □ □ □

THE BRIGHT MORNING STAR.

Ye who love the Lord of Glory,
 Men of heavenly race;
 Ye who know the deathless story
 Of His everlasting grace;
 Ye who worldly glories scorning,
 All for Him forsake,
 Soon the Star of cloudless morning
 Bright upon your eyes shall break.

Ye who tread this waste in sorrow,
 Weary of the way,
 Watching till the signs of morrow
 Pierce the welkin cold and grey;
 Where eternal love is beaming
 In that region fair
 Is the Star of Morning gleaming
 Gloriously beyond compare.

Where the glory shines supernal
Has our home been made;
Never foot of foe infernal
Dare its precincts pure invade.
He is there who bore our sorrow,
For our sins was slain;
Here we watch until the morrow
When He shall return again.

Let our love then not be waning,
Faith must never fail;
By the grace of God sustaining
Certainly we shall prevail.
Let us bear reproach, rejection,
Let us firmly stand,
Spite of cowardly defection
Manifest on every hand.

What have we on earth without Him?
What in heaven high?
How could we distrust or doubt Him,
Knowing that He could not lie?
Never has He promise broken,
Why then should we fear?
He will come as He has spoken,
And the day is drawing near.

All impatient is our longing
Our Beloved to see
Where His ransomed thousands thronging
At His footstool bend the knee.
Let us then in faith invite Him,
Let no spirit dumb
Cause us to so ill requite Him
As not once to bid Him come.

Oh, we love Him! We adore Him!
This He knoweth well;
Let us come and kneel before Him,
At His feet His praises tell!
Let us tell Him how we sorrow
While He stays away,

How we long to greet the morrow,
And the glorious Star of day.

STAR OF THE MORNING!
HERALD OF THE DAY!

For the hour of Thy returning
Wait we here and watch and pray.

□ □ □ □

CONFIDENCE.

O Thou that lovest as none else can love—
O Thou that knowest as none else can know—
O Thou that hast Thy dwelling far above
This weary wilderness of want and woe,
Teach us true knowledge, heavenly, divine,
That we may live in that great love of Thine.

We are the Living Father's gift to Thee,
In man's account of less than little worth,
But in Thy gracious estimation we
The excellent are counted of the earth.
This Thine appraisalment is of all that leave
Country and kindred, to Thyself to cleave.

We are a little flock, a feeble few,
Beset by grievous wolves and men perverse,
Who with relentless zeal our souls pursue,
And Thy fair fame with lying lips asperse.
Oh, guard us safely thro' this moonless night
By Thy great grace, and by Thy matchless might.

Thou canst not be indifferent we know
To all the falsehood that to light is brought;
Thou hast Thine eye upon the wiley foe,
And all the wrong by evil angels wrought,
And Thou well able art to deal with all
That often does our feeble faith appal.

Called by the Father in His grace supreme
Apart from this vain world, we follow Thee
To that loved land where fadeless glories gleam,

And where Thy face with rapture we shall see:
That world from every mortal eye concealed,
But by Thy Spirit unto faith revealed.

Each footstep taken thro' this tiresome waste
Brings us a little nearer to the goal.
We would not hurry with irreverent haste,
To satisfy the longing of the soul,
For Thou to bring us there wilt not delay
One hour when dawns the long appointed day.

The Father loveth us, for Thee we love:
Love, matchless love, in death made manifest,
Knowledge—surpassing, by the Heavenly Dove
Poured out into the erstwhile vacant breast.
O love beyond our measure, yet we know
It has been measured by Thy cross of woe.

What shall we ask, then, Saviour, at Thy hand ?
We ask the power to press upon our way;
And that still better we may understand
The grace that guards us safe by night and day;
Assured that till we reach our home above
Our portion shall be love, FOR GOD IS LOVE.



DESIRE.

Saviour immortal, Shepherd good,
Who into pastures green Thy flock
Dost lead to rest: their strength renewed
By living waters from the Rock.

We come together full of hope
To study wisdom's perfect ways;
To us the door of knowledge ope
That we may glad on wonders gaze.

Draw near to us in heavenly grace,
As thus we humbly at Thy feet
Thy lowly peerless pathway trace
With love unspeakable replete.

Thy Word is light and life and food,
 Its fulness infinitely great;
 The grace with which it is imbued,
 Oh, teach us to appropriate.

Not by the carnal mind would we
 Attempt Thy thoughts to comprehend,
 But on Thy Holy Spirit free,
 And Thy compassions, we depend.

Therefore, O Lord, let us be led
 To wisdom's ever bounteous store,
 Where hungry souls are freely fed
 To thirst or hunger nevermore.



GOD IS LOVE.

O God, what love was Thine, to lift
 From depths degrading such as we,
 And give us to Thy Son, a gift
 So precious unto Him that He
 Should shed His blood our souls to bring
 To heights of bliss bewildering.

To recreate us, to unite
 Us to Himself, brought from the dead
 By Thine eternal Spirit's might
 Live members of their living Head,
 Made one with Him, by Him blood-bought,
 Sure this were never creature thought.

That we should be thus joined to Him,
 His body, He our heavenly Head,
 And thus to reach the utmost rim
 Of that vast sphere for which He bled,
 And there with light that sphere to fill—
 No creature's counsel this, nor will.

The thought was Thine, the power to bring
 The thought to pass was all Thine own—
 Ring earth with acclamation ring!

Ring worlds that wheel about His throne!
Ring with the praise of Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit—Triune One!

□ □ □ □

LOVE UNSPEAKABLE.

Sons of the living and eternal Father,
Heirs of a kingdom that cannot be moved,
Sing ye of love, but not the earthly, rather
Love that more puissant than death has proved.
Sons of immortal birth,
Pilgrims awhile on earth,
Passing to glory,
Raise the voice sweet and strong,
Fill this wide world with song,
Sing of love all day long
Songs laudatory.

Where He dishonoured was there give Him glory,
Where they derided Him publish His praise;
Here in this world with its trespasses hoary
Tell of His excellent and perfect ways.
Far as a thought has reached
Let His fair name be preached
Publish His story
Unto earth's limits broad,
Wherever man has trod
Give to the Son of God
Honour and glory.

Found in a manger where the beasts were feeding,
Seen in the sorrows of a pathway lone;
Proved on a gibbet, wounded, bruised, and bleeding,
Known, and yet never in its greatness known.
Love that can never fade,
Love that for sins has made
Perfect purgation.
Love to men manifest,
Love in a Man expressed,

Love the for ever blest
Pulse of creation.

Breathed from the centre of the light surrounding
God unapproachable, by man unseen!
Sing of its advent, and of grace abounding,
Which for our rescue into death had been.
Seen by the universe
Made for our souls a curse,
Lone and forsaken.
Then the sun veiled his face,
Night did the day efface,
Hell led the human race
All things were shaken.

Praise ye the Lord! Let the redeemed creation
Join in your joyance, and exalt the Lamb;
Fall at His feet in holy adoration,
Wake the wide world with the eternal psalm.
Heaven of heavens above,
Sons of immortal love,
Join in the singing.
Centre supreme of light,
Clouds, moon and stars of night,
Storms in your awful might
Praise to Him bringing.

□ □ □ □

THE FATHER.

Most High! Most exalted! Omnipotent Father!
To Thee with great gladness our anthems we raise.
Tho' feeble and failing before Thee we gather,
Made bold by Thy blessing,
Thy Spirit possessing,
We join in confessing
Christ's name to thy praise.

Ere ages of time Thou didst find Thy good pleasure
In Him whose whole happiness centred in Thee:

No creature in earth or in heaven could measure
The bliss of that dwelling,
All concept excelling,
Surpassing all telling,
All mortal can see.

There, infinite Father, Thy counsels eternal
Were centred in Him whom as Son we confess,
And who in compassion from regions supernal
Our ruined race nearing
Spoke words in our hearing
Life-giving and cheering
Dispelling distress.

And by His blood-shedding made perfect lavation
For all who in grief and in guiltiness groan.
Thrice worthy is He of our heart's adoration
Who bruised was to bless us,
Who died to possess us
And lives to confess us
Now bone of His bone.

As Blest and the Blessing we joyfully hail Him,
And give Him the glory, the honour and might,
While waiting the hour when the heavens that veil Him
Shall rent be asunder,
And all the world under
Shall see Him, and wonder
And wail at the sight.

Then we who have known Him shall meet Him
rejoicing,
And earth with high heaven His praises shall blend,
And everything breathing His fame shall be voicing
For sin and its sorrows,
Its death and its horrors,
Its hopeless to-morrows,
For ever shall end.

AN EASTERN SONG OF LOVE.**Part I.****The Bride.**

Wake is my heart tho' sleep hath sealed mine eyes:
 Love cannot rest.
 What voice is this which doth the night surprise ?
 It stirs my breast.
 Sweet thro' my slumber falls it on mine ear:
 Its music like celestial bells I hear.

The Bridegroom.

Open to me, my love, my undefiled!
 Wake to my woes!
 Cold is the breath of night, the winds blow wild,
 With frosts and snows.
 Open to me, my sister! O, my dove,
 Wake to the wooing of immortal love!
 Have I not shown to thee the living deeps
 Of deathless love ?
 Love that nor slumbers, no, but vigil keeps,
 Nor false could prove.
 Has it not been before thine eyes unveiled
 When ruthless foes thy friendless soul assailed ?
 Thro' cataracts, whose noise my soul appalled,
 I passed for thee,
 Where deep to deep unfathomable called,
 Thro' wrath's wild sea;
 And where forsaken and unheard by God
 Alone death's solitudes for thee I trod.
 Love quenchless could not, would not be denied;
 Let come what may
 Drunk must the chalice be from death's dark tide;
 The sword must slay,
 Else must the captive in the captor's chain
 A helpless slave for evermore remain.

But now the mighty victory is gained.
 The field is won,
The bitter cup of judgment has been drained,
 The glorious sun
Of love eternal crowns the heaven's height
Cloudless in all its majesty and might.

By all the sorrows thro' which love has passed,
 The shame and scorn,
By the fierce fury of wrath's righteous blast
 In meekness borne,
By all my woes unknowable and known,
Not thy Beloved leave in midnight lone!

Open to me, thou fairest of the fair,
 For I have come
Far thro' the night that I might with thee share
 Thy tranquil home.
Open, for I have knocked so long and loud
Girt by the moonless macerating cloud.

Lonely my way since light of day was quenched,
 By night beset!
My weary head with heavy dew is drenched,
 My locks are wet;
Across the starless welkin vapours creep—
Must I rejected lonely vigil keep?

Behold I stand before the cruel gate
 That love defies!
Abroad I send my cry, I watch, I wait,
 No voice replies.
Must I my long and lonely way retrace
While angry lightnings the deep darkness lace?

To look upon Thy face I left the land
 That knows no night,
Where the fair firmament is brightly spanned
 With living light.
From thence for thee my love hath me exiled—
Open to me, my dove, my undefiled!

The Bride.

I heard His voice. I gave Him no reply,
 But lazily drowsed,
 As tho' regardless of His plight while I
 Was haply housed;
 And when at length I rose, He had withdrawn,
 Nor wist I whither my Beloved had gone.

I sought Him, but I found Him not; I called,
 He answered not.
 The silence of the night my soul appalled.
 The watchmen caught
 Me wandering in the darksome streets astray,
 They smote me roughly, took my veil away.

I charge you, daughters of Jerusalem,
 When ye shall find
 Him whose fair image like a priceless gem
 My soul hath shrined,
 Who hath no peer in earth or heaven above,
 I pray, you, tell Him I am sick of love.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

What is thy well-Beloved than others more,
 Thou wondrous fair?
 What glory has He whom thou dost adore?
 His grace declare,
 That we thy wandering feet may help to guide:
 Pray thee, the secret to our souls confide.

The Bride.

White is my well-Beloved with health aglow,
 And girt with might,
 More pure in nature than the driven snow,
 Or heaven's own light;
 Chief where ten thousand noble princes meet,
 Beyond description infinitely sweet.

His head is as the finest gold, a spring
 Of wisdom rare;
His hair is black as is the raven's wing,
 His visage fair;
His eyes beam bright with love and tenderness,
The Centre peerless among God's noblesse.
His cheeks are beds of spices whose perfume
 My soul o'erpowers;
His lips are lilies whose immortal bloom
 Drops myrrhic showers;
His hand gold rings and set with beryl bright;
His glory puts to shame the stars of night.
Most sweet His mouth, a mine of princely grace
 With truth combined;
Lofty His brow, and shines His glorious face
 The sun to blind.
But how describe perfections without end?
This my Beloved is, and this my Friend!



Part II.

'The Bridegroom.

How beautiful, my undefiled, art thou!
 Beyond compare!
Within thy ringlets is thy beauteous brow
 Surpassing fair!
Clear as the sun that rides the azure heights!
Fair as the moon that rules the silent nights!
How better is thy love, my spouse, than wine!
 Thine ointments smell
Better than spices all! Those eyes of thine
 Praise far excell
Like to the honeycomb thy lips drop sweet!
Thy mouth with milk and honey is replet!

My soul eternally is unto thine,
As is thy soul for evermore to mine.

Within the heart of her who gave thee birth
 Thou hast the throne;
Crowned where the glorious daughters of the earth
 Glad thee enzone.

Bright as the sun when morn has climbed the hill,
And as a bannered army terrible.

As among thorns the lily, so among
 The daughters fair
Art thou, whose virtues wonderful and strong
 My soul ensnare.

Of thy fair countenance the mystic art
Has captivated mine admiring heart.

□ □ □ □

Part III.

The Bride.

Hark! 'tis the voice of my Belov'd that breaks
 From yonder hills,
Thro' verdant valleys, and from golden peaks,
 It sweetly thrills
My soul, that thro' a long dark night and lone
The sorrow of a hope deferred hath known.
He speaks! That voice! Oh, how could I mistake
 Its tender tone
So sweet! So strong! My inmost soul to wake!
 That voice alone
In heaven or earth my soul delights to hear!
Once more it falls upon my wakeful ear.

The Bridegroom.

Arise, my love, my fair one, come away!
 The night is past.
The sun has climbed the mountains, and the day
 Has dawned at last.

The frosts and snows of winter are no more,
 Stilled are the tempests, and the rains are o'er.

The Flowers appear upon the earth and shed
 Their perfume far,
 Deceit, oppression, hatred, pride, are dead,
 And curse of war,
 The birds awake the echoes, and their song
 Thrills thro' the welkin blue the whole day long.

With precious fruit the forest trees replete
 Stretch out the hand:
 The vines with tender grapes give odours sweet
 And fill the land;
 The turtle's voice is heard; the battle's roar
 In our fair country shall be heard no more.

Come has the kingdom, and on Zion's hill
 The King doth reign,
 And violence no longer blood shall spill
 The land to stain;
 And earth disburdened from the curse is gay—
Arise, My Love, My Fair One, Come Away!



DEPART FROM US.

Depart from us, Thou infinite Observer
 Of human actions in this world of ours!
 And leave thy creature to pursue with fervour
 The path of pleasure in his golden hours.
 'Tis but a little while this world can claim us
 Why, then if we would taste its dainties blame us?

Depart from us! Thy ways we do not covet,
 We cannot be subservient to Thee;
 Thou hatest what Thou callest sin, we love it:
 With not one thought of Thine we could agree.
 Keep Thou Thine upper world, we hold the nether.
 We cannot simply both go on together.

Depart from us! How could we Thee as Master
Acknowledge? So austere Thou art unjust.
Thou boastest of Thy world, as richer, vaster,
And Thou dost tread our glories in the dust.
Then leave us with our lot alone contented;
Thine absence shall not greatly be lamented.

Depart from us! What hast Thou done to make us
Forget the terrors of our life of toil?
The plagues, the penalties, the pains that rake us,
The heavy hearts with which we dig the soil;
Curst by a stern inflexible Creator,
Making our grievous load of sorrow greater.

Depart from us! Thy Gospel? We have heard it,
Nor would we wish its favours to despise,
But we must say that we had much preferred it,
Did it not rob us of our earthly joys,
And welcome we had given to a Saviour,
Had He but spared our innocent behaviour.

Therefore depart from us! We are contented
With our frail life and pleasures such as be.
We suffer not our souls to be tormented
With rules and regulations made by Thee.
Our lamps may not be burning very brightly,
Thro' lack of oil, but this with us weighs lightly.

Depart from us! We brave the hour of danger
By wrath divine, the fact of which we doubt;
Unto our souls this fear is yet a stranger,
We must have ease our transient lives throughout.
Let come what may, the present time for pleasure,
Old age for other thoughts gives ample leisure.

□ □ □ □

DEPART FROM ME.

Depart from Me! Ye who with clamour rudely
Disturb the quiet of the peaceful night.
Within My house a congregation goodly

Of princes panoplied with spotless light
 Are banqueting with songs of exultation,
 And ye disturb them with your lamentation.

Depart from Me! Why in the darkness standing
 And knocking at a door forever closed,
 Admittance so persistently demanding,
 When I to welcome you am not disposed?
 Your lamps ye should have kept both bright and
 burning
 In expectation of your Lord's returning.

Depart from Me! Ye came not at My calling,
 Tho' oft I sent to you a summons glad;
 After the garish world and things enthralling
 The multitude ye cleave to drunk and mad.
 These are the things that stopped your ears from
 hearing
 The testimony raised to Mine appearing.

Depart from Me! Oh, had ye yet been wiser!
 Oh, had ye only hearkened unto Me!
 I called in love, but your accursed adviser,
 Him only him ye wished to hear or see,
 Yet I had given My only Son to save you,
 And from your hateful trespasses to lave you.

Depart from Me! Ye met My love with laughter,
 My earnest wooings were your scoff and scorn,
 'Twas scant respect ye paid the long hereafter—
 Oh, good for you ye never had been born!
 Fools blind and deaf and desperate and daring,
 Now terror-stricken, doleful and despairing!

Depart from Me! The day of retribution,
 The day for you to weep and Me to laugh
 Has dawned to your unspeakable confusion;
 The day to part the pure wheat from the chaff;
 The day to gladden every friendly vision,
 And whelm My foes in darkness and derision.

Depart from Me! God's terrors now have seized you,
And all too late for clemency ye cry;
Deaf to My pleading ye pursued what pleased you,
And now to your entreaties deaf am I.
You could not have your wilful way forever,
And I My way of truth and virtue never.

Depart from Me! The light of life ye hated;
Devouring darkness now your doom must be.
With your offences dark forever freighted,
Cursed with the curse of God—Depart from Me!
Your prayers for mercy are as unavailing
As are your bitter weeping and your wailing.

Depart from Me! Give up your futile knocking!
To you belongs a tempest-laden night;
Past is the day in which your guilty mocking
Was challenge to a God of boundless might.
Him whom your eye shall never, never see.
Therefore ye godless proud DEPART FROM ME!



AND NOT ANOTHER.

“For I know that my Redeemer liveth . . . whom
I shall see for Myself, and mine eyes shall behold,
and not another” (Job xix. 25, 27).

And not another: endless Lover mine!
Who when a captive I to sin was sold
Compassioned me, and paid the fine—
Nor lands, nor silver, purest pearls, nor gold—
The ransom of my soul, Saviour divine!
Was Thy heart's blood: I shall Thy face behold,
And not another

And not another: Thou who once didst draw
Thy sword on my behalf, when lost I lay
In dark transgression, curse of broken law,

Under the pitiless oppressor's sway,
 The stings of conscience, death's terrific maw—
 Thee shall I contemplate in cloudless day,
 And not another.

And not another: no, Thyself alone!
 The First! The Last! The Ransom of my soul!
 Eternal God, yet Man! Known, yet unknown!
 Loud let Thy praises like the thunders roll
 Throughout the heavens, the earth, from pole to pole,
 For Thou shalt have the kingdom and the throne,
 And not another.

And not another: tho' the worms destroy
 This body frail, yet, Saviour, when Thy feet
 Shall stand on Olivet, to the great joy
 Of Thy companions, for that day made meet,
 My bliss shall be for ever to employ
 My powers to honour Thee with praises sweet,
 And not another.

And not another: for Thy voice of might
 Shall have, ere that day dawns, Thy ransomed dead
 Brought in a glorious host to heaven's height
 From hades, from the waste from ocean's bed,
 Clothed with a panoply of heavenly light,
 To dwell with Thee, their glorious living Head,
 And not another.

And not another: faithful Friend, and true!
 Chiefest among the many sons of light!
 Centre and Head of the Creation new!
 The everlasting Father's sole delight!
 Son of the Morning! whom we long to view,
 Who vigil keep throughout the weary night,
 And not another.

And not another: neither friend nor foe,
 Nor father, mother, brother, sister, son!
 Nothing to rival Thee on earth below!
 In heaven above beside Thee there is none!

Let all the glory of the creature go,
That on my vision may remain but ONE,
AND NOT ANOTHER.

□ □ □ □

REQUEST FOR LIGHT.

To Thee, O Lord, we lift the voice,
On Thee our souls rely;
Thou, to the objects of Thy choice
No good thing wilt deny.

Thou who hast died to set us free
From the oppressor strong,
That to Thy pleasure we might be
Light thro' this darkness long.

Wilt not to our request for light
Turn a regardless ear,
Trackless the way, deep the blind night,
Venomed the atmosphere.

Our feeble feet have weary grown,
The path that Thine has pressed
Despised and lone we trembling tread
The highway into rest.

Yet, Lord, the sorrows of the way
Thro' Thy compassions kind
Bring our proud spirits under sway
Of Thine unerring mind.

And thus the highway to the goal,
Shining before our hearts,
Instruction for the thoughtful mind
Thro' grace divine imparts.

Yet to pursue the path aright
All heavenly grace we need,
And must, if we would value light,
To Thy sure word take heed.

Then give us simple confidence
In Thine unerring word,
And let Thy living voice from thence
Within our souls be heard.

Let not our faltering footsteps shun
The journey of the soul,
Nor let us halt till we have won
The empyrean goal.

With mercy and with grace combined
Our fainting spirits meet,
And let us on the pathway find
The impress of Thy feet.

Search us, and know our inmost heart,
Our souls illuminate,
And lead us from all ill apart
In ways immaculate.

