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HYMNS
FOR
THE CLOSET
OF THE
CHRISTIAN MINISTER



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HYMNS

FOR

THE CLOSET

OF THE

Christian Minister.

BY

HENRY MARCH.

AUTHOR OF "SABBATHS AT HOME," ETC.

LONDON:
JACKSON AND WALFORD,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
MDCCCXXXIX.

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LONDON:
CLARKE, PRINTERS, SILVER STREET, FALCON SQUARE.

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PREFACE.

It seems to the writer of the following hymns to be desirable, if not proper, that he should make the reader acquainted with the circumstance in which the writing and publication of them originated.

Several years ago, a beloved relative complained to him that, in certain states of mind, he could meet with no suitable hymns—none expressive of his peculiar feelings as a minister of Christ, and added a request that the author would compose some for his use, of this description.

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This request was met by an obvious objection—the difficulty of composing such hymns, with a right feeling, which should have the spirit of reality in them, and yet suit the peculiar experience of another.

This objection was overruled by the remark that, after making all proper allowance for the diversity of character, gifts, situation, &c., there remained so much of what is common to all faithful ministers, in their trials and supports, their difficulties and their consolations, that a hymn on a topic of common interest which should be a faithful and simple record of genuine experience, could not fail to find a response from their hearts; and that, at least for his own part, he could use so much as suited him and pass over the rest.

Satisfied with the justness of this re-

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mark, from that time, in seasons of retirement and deep feeling, he occasionally endeavoured in simple verse to express what he felt. But soon, what he began to do for another, he continued to do for himself, having found a benefit as well as a gratification in the employment.

Afterwards, when the hymns were increased in number and variety of subject, he was accustomed to have recourse to them in his more solemn hours, for the purpose of devotional excitement; and when he had often thus used them with success, the thought occurred to him that they might in the same way be beneficial to others as well as to himself. Thus arôse the idea of publication.

Such as they are, they are now humbly and affectionately presented to the faithful

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ministers of Christ, of every name; in the hope that they will meet with an indulgent reception, and that God will condescend to make them instrumental for their spiritual good; especially in these times of public excitement, when the temptations to neglect a close inspection of the state of the heart, and the danger of a lowered tone of piety, are so greatly increased.

10, *York Place,*
City Road.



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HYMNS.

I.

RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD.

I HAVE done with the world, I have done
With its follies, its pleasures and cares;
Through all its vain circle have run,
And yet am escaped from its snares.

Oh world, what a tyrant art thou!
What thousands are ruled by thy sway!
And I, too, submitted to bow,
A vassal as slavish as they.

But the spell that enthralled me before
No longer its captive detains,
For now the delusion is o'er,
And now I am free from its chains.

My former companions deride,
Or affect my sad life to lament,
For they see their loved pleasures denied;
And deem that in gloom it is spent.

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In gloom! Ah they know not the joy
So deep and so tranquil within,
When the Spirit is sent to destroy
The tyrant-dominion of sin.

They know not the heavenly peace
That calms and possesses the soul,
When terrors of penitence cease,
And He that hath wounded makes whole.

They know not;—but follow the ways
To sorrow and ruin that lead.—
Ye friends of my earlier days,
Believe me, I feel for your need.

Ye are poor, while ye boast of your wealth;
Ye are grieved, while ye feign to be glad.—
But know there's a fountain of health,
Where waters of life may be had.

Then come, for behold it is free,
And, trust me I say what is true,
The Lord who had mercy on me,
Will also have mercy on you.

II.

DELIGHT IN THE MINISTRY OF THE GOSPEL.

What grace to me is given!
That I should preach the word,
The word that shows the way to Heaven
Through Jesus Christ the Lord!

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O grace, all grace above,
On that sweet theme to dwell—
The riches of his power and love
Unknown, unsearchable!

The love that brought him down
From worlds of light on high,
That made him lay aside his crown
To suffer and to die!

His power to save from death,
And bring the soul to God,
Waked by his Spirit's quickening breath,
And ransomed by his blood.

To preach this news from Heaven
Of life and liberty,
The blessed privilege is given—
Amazing grace!—to *me!*

To me, of all the saints,
Least worthy of the name;
For I, opposing all restraints,
Had reaped eternal shame;

But Jesus came the while,
And having snatched from hell,
Now sends me to the lost and vile
His saving might to tell.

Sure none of human-kind
A larger debt can owe
To Him who gave me sight when blind,
And reconciled a foe.

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My heart, for ever burn
With gratitude and love!
My tongue, the lofty praises learn,
That Angels sing above:—

"Worthy the Lamb of God,
The Lamb that once was slain!
Ye heavens, proclaim his name abroad!
Thou earth, repeat the strain!"

I hear, ye happy band;
And hasten to obey;
What love or duty shall demand,
My soul delights to pay.

O blessed work, above
Whate'er to *you* belongs;
Ye praise the wonders of his love
In never ending songs;

But oh to me, to me
Is given the greater grace,
To bear a sovereign remedy
To Adam's ruined race.

Hence, can I ever tire
In the divine employ?
Oh! to partake your living fire
Of love, and zeal, and joy!

His name proclaiming still,
Nor fainting to pursue;
E'en I on earth would do his will
As done in heaven by you.

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III.

SATURDAY EVENING.

THE busy eager world around
Gladly their week-day labours close,
And saints, who love "the joyful sound,"
Hail the dear hour that brings repose.

How different my lot from theirs!
My toils begin when theirs conclude;
They give dismissal to their cares
Just when with me they most intrude.

Toils, did I say? intruding cares!
Let me the hasty words recal:—
Thrice happy he such toil who bears!
Thy work, my God, is pleasure all.

Or rather (for I may not boast)
Thy work my pleasure ought to be;
Yes—ought; but ah! too well thou know'st
How little I have render'd thee.

For though thy service well repays,
And brings its blessing and its joy;
My spirit faints, my hand delays,
And shrinks from the divine employ.

Oh that, like angel-hosts above,
I could but hear thee and obey!
Fired with the same unwearied love,
Swift to fulfil thy word as they!

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What blessedness would then be mine!
What glory might accrue to thee!
Come then, my God, with power divine,
O come, and set my spirit free.

Speak but the word, and at thy call,
Swift shall I hear, and wake, and rise,
And body, spirit, soul, and all,
Shall yield a living sacrifice.

IV.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

WELCOME, welcome, sacred morning,
Ever to the faithful dear,
Sweet impressions give me warning
That thy hour of rest is near:
Thou art coming
All my inmost soul to cheer.

While the beams of day are stealing
Softly o'er the eastern skies;
With thy wings of life and healing,
Sun of righteousness arise;
Full of glory,
Shine upon my mental eyes.

Error by thy light dispelling,
All thy saving truth reveal;
By thy warmth within me dwelling
Scatter every earthly chill;
That, for ever,
What I know, my heart may feel.

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Thus, with thy divine preparing,
Let me to thy temple go;
And while there, through grace unsparing,
Let me still thy presence know:
There my bosom
Fill with love's delightful glow.

Shed upon me thine anointing,
Pour into my lips thy grace,
That, while to thy ransom pointing,
Words that burn may flow apace:
Lord Almighty,
Then let sinners seek thy face.

O the hours of sweet enjoyment
I have oft experienced there!
O, how blessed the employment,
Lightened then of all its care,
When thy Spirit
Fills my fervent soul with prayer:

When, no fears my mind besetting,
No desires of human praise,
Self is lost in thee, forgetting
All except the wish to raise,
Through thy blessing,
Trophies of thy power and grace.

Come, those happy times restoring,
Come, and with my soul remain;
Saviour, yield to my imploring,
Let me taste that joy again:
'Tis thy promise,
He that asketh shall obtain.

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Grant me, then, the wished-for blessing—
All a Prophet's zeal inspire;
Let thy word, with power impressing,
Waken to intense desire;
Plucking many
From the verge of endless fire.

Let thy people's hearts, obeying,
Melt before thee as I plead;
Each in solemn silence saying,
"Lo my happy soul is freed!
He is present;
'Tis the gate of heaven indeed!"

Then the tongue aloud rejoices,
Songs of adoration rise;
To the swell of mingled voices
Each according heart replies:
Hallelujahs
Join the triumph of the skies!

V.

SABBATH EVENING.

Oh, God! from every human eye
To thee a sinner would retreat;
To thee, from earth and sin would fly,
And lay his burden at thy feet.

The service of thy day is done;
But oh, how wretchedly performed!
No life, no love, when it begun,
Nor, when it closed, my spirit warmed.

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In prayer, what deadness and constraint!
In praise, no soft affection moved;
And when I spoke thy word, how faint!
As though I never yet had loved.

And have I dared, Most Holy Name,
To bring the blind for sacrifice,
Or hoped that from the sick and lame*
Thou would'st not turn thy "purer eyes?"

O Thou who, though so strict and just,
Yet sitt'st upon a mercy-seat;
I bring no plea, I place no trust
Save on the mercy I entreat.

Vile as I am, yet not too low
For grace to pity and to raise;
Grace that to sinners loves to flow,
And magnify the Giver's praise.

Yes, thy compassion will extend
The healing pardon I implore;
For thou art still the sinner's friend,
Who wast the sinner's friend before.

VI.

SATURDAY EVENING.

THUS far 'tis well—the toil, the care
Of mental preparation done:
But thou, my heart—thou must prepare,
The work with thee must be begun.

* Malachi, i. 8.

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Oh, what are lucid trains of thought;
What are all reasonings, strong or clear,
Expressions "exquisitely wrought,"
Well suited to alarm or cheer?

Oh, what are these, and all beside
That deepest study can acquire,
Unless I feel the truth applied,
Touched by the Spirit's quickening fire?

This is indeed to be prepared:
For vain the toil, when all is done,
Unless the labouring mind hath shared
"An unction from the Holy One."

Spirit of truth and life divine,
Thy power to soften let me prove;
Write on this stony heart of mine
The truth of God in lines of love.

My soul with living strength repair,
Without thee lifeless and unstrung;
For where thou art, and only there,
Is liberty of heart and tongue.

The truth of Christ impress, endear,
That ever I may make it known,
From knowledge, heartfelt and sincere,
From deep experience of my own.

Oh, better this than gifts of tongues,
Than miracles, or demons driven;
To this eternal life belongs,
To this a name inscribed in heaven.

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And better, too, the truth to teach
In simple, earnest, holy strain,
Than with enticing, florid speech
That men admire, but hear in vain.

How terrible a doom, but just,
Shall wretched men hereafter find,
Who dare abuse their solemn trust
To catch the plaudits of mankind.

Saviour, to me let souls be dear;
Thy glory dearer still than they;
That I may win thy favour here,
Thy mercy in the last great day.

VII.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

While Zion opens all her gates,
And hails the welcome hour;
Saviour Divine, my spirit waits
To feel thy living power.

Behold what crowds thy temple throng!
Thy poor look up for bread:
And can the task to me belong,
To serve them in thy stead?

To *me*—like them defiled with sin!
Ah, Lord, how shall it be?
For I no wisdom have to win,
Or build their souls on thee.

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Some, hard of heart, thy word repel;
Some feign to have receiv'd;
Some, shaken o'er the gulph of hell,
Implore to be reliev'd.

Now one despairs, another faints,
Unable to endure:
Here, buds of promise error taints,
There, wiles of Satan lure.

Where shall the requisites be found;—
The heart to know and feel,
The hand of faithfulness to wound,
Of tenderness to heal?

O task, all mortal strength beyond,
Beyond all human skill:
Which highest angels might despond
Completely to fulfil!

I feel my weakness;—Saviour, Lord,
To thee I lift my cry;
To thee, encouraged by thy word,
With all my wants I fly.

Now into strength my weakness raise,
Now let thy power be shown;
Use me, and thine shall be the praise,
The glory thine alone.

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VIII.

THE SABBATH EVENING.

I REST, my work is done,
My day of toil is o'er;
Now, all but thee, my soul, I shun,
And bar them from my door.

Say, fluttering spirit, say,
Nor from the question start—
How hast thou served thy God to-day—
Oh, how fulfilled thy part?

That part, full well thou know'st,
(For thou hast learned his laws,)
Is, that thyself should all be lost
In him and in his cause.

And was it so indeed?
Was Jesus seen alone?
And didst thou for His honour plead,
Regardless of thine own?

When thoughts and language flowed,
And quick attention gained,
Was all the labour then bestowed,
By self-applause unstained?

When ardour filled thy heart,
Did zeal for Jesus' name—
Did love for souls that fire impart,
Or love of human fame?

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Ah, me! I can no more
The painful search pursue;
For lo, what evils, hid before,
Rise countless to my view!

O dying Lamb of God,
For wretched sinners slain;
Let this day's service by thy blood
Be cleansed from all its stain.

And though the preacher, Lord,
Defiled thy work with sin,
Yet give a blessing to thy word,
Some wand'ring soul to win.

Save for thy glory's sake—
Save, Master, e'en by *me;*
And bid my soul from self awake
To serve no gods but thee.

IX.

DELIVERANCE.

God of my life, thy ready hand
Was near to save me when I fell;
Deliverance, wrought at thy command,
My heart hath felt, my tongue shall tell.

How often has thy guardian power
Snatched me from deaths unseen, though nigh,
And some, remembered at this hour,
Whose coming met my fearful eye.

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These, ingrate soul, though many, these
Thy memory scarcely did retain;
But He, who all thy folly sees,
Now brings them to thy view again.

Thy wisdom, Saviour, I adore;
And ever let my heart approve
The dealings of thy grace and power,
Thy methods of restoring love.

Full well I know my heart has strayed,
And that I need thy voice to hear:
Let this a quick'ning call be made
To grateful praise and holy fear.

My life, thus rescued from the grave,
Anew I yield to thee, my God;
Oh, use me as a means to save—
Thy herald of atoning blood.

Was it for this that I was spared?
May I the humble hope allow?
Then, Jesus, let me be prepared;—
O for a fresh anointing now!

Help me to render what I owe;
Bid my entangled soul be free;
So shall I die to all below,
And only live to live for thee.

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X.

"LOVEST THOU ME?—FEED MY SHEEP."

O THAT trying, searching word!
"Dost thou love me?" saith the Lord,
"Dost thou love me more than these?
More than riches, honour, ease;
More than brother, child, or wife;
More than comfort, more than life—
Love me so, that, at my call,
Thou wouldst part with these, with all?"

If thou dost so love the Lord,
Hear the injunction of His word:—
"Feed my sheep, the meek, the good,
Nourish them with holy food;
Feed my lambs, and let them share
All a shepherd's tender care;
For such care of them shall be
Surest proof of love to me.

"They are all redeemed to God
By the purchase of my blood:
Yet, though precious in my eyes,
These the hireling will despise.
But the faithful shepherd loves,
And his faithfulness approves,
While the hungry sheep he feeds,
While the feeble lambs he leads.

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"If thou thus fulfil thy trust,
To the claims of duty just;
Prompt to follow where I call,
For my sake performing all;—
When the final day shall come,
And the flock is gathered home,
What thou didst to them shall be
Freely owned as done to me."

XI.

"A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST."

HINDER me not, I must be free,
This highest calling to pursue,
All else is trivial now to me,
Determined this one thing to do.

Now on mine ear unheeded falls
That syren-voice that led astray—
The Captain of salvation calls—
Sworn to his service, I obey.

The man that warreth bursts the bands
Of pleasure's soft entangling snares;
The man that warreth frees his hands,
Nor labours in this life's affairs.

He, the good soldier, seeks not ease,
But aims all hardness to endure;
Intent the Lord he serves to please,
The crown he strives for to secure.

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XII.

DOUBTFULNESS.

To teach the saving truth of God,
With error undefiled;
To tread the path the Saviour trod,
All harmless, blameless, mild;

To warn the wicked that his way
Must lead to endless pain;
To urge backsliding souls that stray,
To turn to Christ again;

To cry aloud to those that sleep,
Unmindful of their fate;
To feel their wretchedness, and weep
With anguish o'er their state;

To watch, and water with the word
The newly opening bud;
To feed the people whom the Lord
Hath purchased with his blood;—

An office such as this to fill,
What must it not require?
How could my vain presumptuous will
So vast a work desire!

Why am I here? Have I not dared
Uncalled-for to intrude,
With no sufficient grace prepared,
Nor holy gifts endued?

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Ah, were I one by God designed
To minister his will,
Would he not give a suited mind
The duty to fulfil?

But where is the intense desire
That other minds have felt?
Where is the ever-burning fire
That in Apostles dwelt?

Where is their love to dying men
That urged them onward still,
Through watchings, weariness, and pain,
Through good report and ill?

Where is the will to suffer loss—
The loss of all below—
And, glorying in a Saviour's cross,
Through deep distress to go?

The simple aim, the single eye,
The scorn of wealth and ease,
The readiness to live or die
For Jesus—where are these?

God of all grace, who never hast
Refused the mourner's prayer,
Or spurned the suppliant that cast
His burden on thy care;—

This arduous work! my heart is chilled,
And sinks, with fears distressed;
With thoughts of my unfitness filled,
Sinks heavily oppressed.

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Let not the Lord be angry now,
Should I the Lord desire
Fully to fit me, or allow
Permission to retire.

For sure the gospel's great design
Will never be obtained
Through one with such a heart as mine,
So lifeless, so constrained.

Reveal the path of duty, Lord,
Oh bring it to my view;
Show by thy providence or word
What thou would'st have me do.

The whole to thee I would confide,
No rash resolve would make,
Nor would I dare, till thou decide,
My office to forsake.

No, Lord, nor will I ever go
From mercy's open gate,
But there, till thy decree I know,
In humble silence wait.

XIII.

"THE CHIEF SHEPHERD."

Oh for the mind that was in thee,
That mind of pity and of love,
That prompted thee, with grace so free,
To leave thy throne and joy above,
On earth to spend a life of pain,
The lost and wretched to regain.

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The sheep, forsaken, gone astray,
By thee with painful care were sought,
And e'en though driven far away,
Back to the fold again were brought:
And thou didst make the broken whole,
The sick didst strengthen and console.

From barren wilds and rugged hills,
Infested by the beasts of prey,
Where long they roamed beset with ills,
When scattered in the cloudy day,
Thou didst to verdant plains restore,
Where cruel foes could vex no more.

Secured from evil and alarm,
How kindly didst thou feed them there!
The lambs, or gathered with thine arm,
Or in thy bosom thou didst bear;
And those that were with young didst lead,
How gently in the hour of need!

And thou didst call them each by name;
Not one unseen by thee could stray;
And when they went or when they came,
Didst put them forth and lead the way;
Well-taught a stranger's voice to flee,
Thine own they knew and followed thee.

How faithful wast thou to reprove,
How wise to teach, how meek to bear!
In patience, tenderness, and love,
What shepherd can with thee compare?
Alas! when of myself I think,
Low in the dust with shame I sink.

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Thou the Good Shepherd wast indeed;
How greatly, how supremely good!
For thou, the ruined flock hast freed,
By shedding thine atoning blood:
For them thou didst resign thy breath,
Didst pour thy soul out unto death.

Oh, for the mind that was in thee;
The blest impression let me take;
Bestow, bestow that mind on me,
That moved thee, for thy church's sake,
To bear the cross, the shame despise,
And die a bleeding sacrifice.

XIV.

DISCOURAGEMENT.

Ah, Lord, command me not to go,
My urgent suit permit;
My mind is dark, my heart is low,
And I am all unfit.

Grant me if only some delay;
My thoughts are all confused;
I feel no more a heart to pray
Than one to prayer unused.

Thus cold and dark, Oh, how can I
Attempt to speak thy word,
Attempt to pray?—My prayers would die
Upon my lips unheard.

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How can I warn of death and hell,
And bid the sinner fly?
Or show the power and grace that dwell
In Christ exalted high?

How can I comfort those that mourn,
Or sooth the wounded soul,
Or bid the wanderer return
From Satan's cursed control?

No warmth, no tenderness I feel,
No love, no hope that cheers;
For Jesus' name I have no zeal,
For dying men no tears.

Then, Lord, command me not to go,
My urgent suit permit;
My mind is dark, my heart is low,
And I am all unfit.

Hark! 'tis Jehovah's voice I hear,
I see his awful rod;
My trembling spirit sinks with fear,
And owns a present God.

"Who made the mouth of man, designed
To speak the fluent word?
Who makes the dumb, the deaf, the blind;
Is it not I, the LORD?

"What thou canst not, Jehovah can;
Go, then, without delay;
I will be with thy mouth, O man,
And teach thee what to say."

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O Lord, if yet my soul may dare
To lift to thee her cry,
Low in the dust behold me, where
I ever ought to lie.

That I have much dishonoured thee
I own with shame and grief;
Forgive, forgive, and set me free
From all my unbelief.

O God, my God, thou art the Lord,
And wilt the power bestow;
Therefore, relying on thy word,
At thy command I go.

XV.

AFFLICTION SANCTIFIED.

"Thou restorest my soul."

I BOW to thy command,
I make thy will my choice,
I see a Father's hand,
I hear a Father's voice.

Grief deafened all my mind;
It listens now, and hears;
My tears had made me blind,
But thou hast dried my tears.

How wisely it was planned,
Behold the issue proves!
How skilful is the hand
That thus the veil removes!

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O fool, that I should think
To build a nest below!
Fool, that my heart should sink
To see my comforts go!

For these my soul had caught,
And bound so heavily,
That little then I thought
How far I lived from thee.

O base, I was content
No higher joy to prove;
To lose in banishment
The heaven of thy love.

But thou hast burst the ties,
And thou hast set me free,
And thou hast bid me rise,
And seek my all in thee.

Oh, grace unspeakable
To one so lost as I,
That raised me when I fell,
That would not let me die.

Thy praises shall employ
My ever grateful tongue;
I'll go and tell my joy
Thy mourning saints among;

And they shall lift the head,
Rejoicing at the sound;
And help the news to spread
Of mercy all around.

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XVI.

INDIFFERENCE DEPLORED.

BREATHE, sanctifying Spirit, breathe
Upon my fainting soul;
This weight of sin I sink beneath
Away in mercy roll.

One touch of thy life-giving power
Can break its iron chain;
To holy freedom can restore,
To health and joy again.

How heavy is the load I feel,
How cold upon my heart;
Spirit of grace, thy warmth reveal,
Thine energy impart.

I see around me hardened souls
That rush to endless pain;
In vain the law's dread thunder rolls,
Its lightnings flash in vain.

Careless, alike of heaven they hear
And hell's eternal fire;
The sound of wrath awakes no fear,
Of mercy, no desire.

All this I see, and yet, O vile!
I see it all unmoved!
Though by a Saviour's love, the while,
I know myself reproved.

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And can I thus look on and feel
No kindlings of desire,
No longing, no impelling zeal,
To pluck them from the fire?

Can I look on without a strife
Of pity, grief, and care,
That groans and travails for their life
With everlasting prayer?

I can, I do:—O wretched man,
Who shall deliver me?
Who from this deathly body can
My captive soul set free?

Spirit of supplication, breathe,
The work must all be thine;
E'en hearts of iron melt beneath
Thine energy divine.

Oh, breathe, for quickened by thy breath,
My torpid soul shall move,
And rise, awakened from this death,
To all the life of love:

Love for the lost, whom Jesus died
To save from endless pain;
Love, like his own, whose mighty tide,
Shall all my powers constrain.

Then breathe, and raise that living prayer
Which brings the blessing down;
So shall success the past repair,
And all the future crown.

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XVII.

INTERCESSION FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL.

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Thy power unconquerable take;
Thy strength put on, assert thy might,
And triumph in the dreadful fight.

Before the lifting of thy hand
E'en foes infernal dare not stand;
But all shall swiftly melt away
Like clouds before the rising day.

Why dost thou tarry, mighty Lord?
Why slumbers in its sheath thy sword?
Oh, rouse thee, for thine honour's sake;
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!

Behold what numbers still withstand
Thy sov'reign rule and just command,
Reject thy grace, thy threats despise,
And hurl defiance at the skies.

Haste then, but come not to destroy;
Mercy is thine, thy crown, thy joy;
Their hatred quell, their pride remove,
But melt with grace, subdue with love.

Give to thy word a quick'ning power,
Come in thy might, be this thine hour;
Thy people watch with longing eyes
To see thee from thy rest arise.

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Why dost thou from thy conquest stay?
Why do thy chariot wheels delay?
Will God, the Lord, his cause forsake?
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake.

Art thou not it that once subdued
Egypt's proud bands, and with their blood
Dyed the returning billows red
Through which thy rescued tribes were led?

Art thou not it that oft of old
Hast changed to friends blasphemers bold,
As on that day of Pentecost
That saw thee turn a murd'rous host?

Thou art: eternal power is thine;
Girt with omnipotence divine,
Lift up thyself; hell's kingdom shake;
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake.

XVIII.

SUCCESS ACKNOWLEDGED, WITH THANKFUL LOWLY ADORATION.

WHENCE is this to me, my Saviour!
Oh, my Saviour, whence to me,
This surprising, gladdening favour,
Thus to be employed for thee?

Wondrous is the blessing given;
Souls awake from sin and death;
While the Spirit, sent from heaven,
Breathes his efficacious breath.

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When the words of life are spoken,
Hearts are opened to attend;
Spirits, most obdurate, broken;
Knees that never trembled, bend.

Where the vital spark was dying,
Almost ready to expire,
There, the living touch applying,
Power divine renews the fire.

Oh, amazing intervention,
Man employed mankind to free!
More amazing condescension,
Thus to use a worm like me!

Who am I? the least, the lowest,
Poor in gifts, in graces poor.
Whence such favour? Lord, thou knowest!
Let me silently adore!

XIX.

PASTORAL CARE.

Dear flock, whom Jesus died to save,
By Him entrusted to my care,
He knoweth that my love ye have,
He knoweth that ye daily share
My heart's desire and prayer to God
That he would guide you by his rod.

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I have not viewed with stranger eye
The sorrows that have bowed you low,
But I have hastened to apply
The comfort that might sooth your woe;
Your trials I have made my care,
Your burdens I have helped to bear.

But much I need:—Oh, that I knew
That blest apostle's deep concern;
"Who's weak, and I am not—or who
Offended, and I do not burn?"
Or, rather, that I knew *His* heart
Who did to Paul that zeal impart.

His church, through all the times of yore,
Enjoyed his ever watchful view;
In all afflictions that they bore,
O grace! He was afflicted too:
Their sorrows then availed to move
His pity and his tender love.

And so he was their Saviour,—so
His mercy and his care he proved;
For he redeemed them from the foe,
And though they wandered, still he loved,
Still carried them—a cherished fold—
And bare them all the days of old.

And when on earth that Saviour dwelt,
He mourned the scattered sheep to see,
The tenderest compassion felt,
And said, "Ye weary, come to me;"
Nor did he spare his life to give,
But died, that they through Him might live.

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And now, though entered into heaven,
That heart of pity he retains;
And still his kind regard is given,
And he is touched with all their pains;
A merciful High Priest is He,
Who feels for their infirmity.

Jesus, may I so love the sheep,
Their welfare make my whole employ,
And ever weep with them that weep,
And ever joy with them that joy;
Touched with a faithful sympathy,
A guide and comforter like thee.

XX.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Give me, my Redeemer, give me
All thy promised succour now;
Haste in pity to relieve me,
Else beneath the load I bow.
Disappointments chase each other,
Like the clouds that darkly roll;
Thickly gathering, these together
Heavily oppress my soul.

Once the prospect was reviving;
Fields that seemed to human sight—
Sun and dew from thee receiving—
Even to the harvest white—
Blighted by the hand of ruin,
Now in mournful darkness lie:
Thou that seest this sad undoing,
Hear my interceding cry.

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Long didst thou behold me toiling,
Sowing precious seed with tears,
E'en while Satan's art, despoiling,
Sometimes raised foreboding fears;
And though weakness, pain, or sorrow,
Stayed my weary hand to-day,
Hopes, reviving with to-morrow,
Cheered me through the rugged way.

And is this—a harvest blasted—
This the fruit of all my pain?
Are, then, all my labours wasted,
Prayer and weeping all in vain?
Pardon the expostulation—
Tell me, Saviour, tell me why
That, with seeming indignation,
Thou thy blessing should'st deny.

True, my works, by sin polluted,
Most imperfect hast thou found;
True, proud self, not yet uprooted,
Fast about my heart has wound;
True, I have not wholly loved thee—
Made thy glory all my aim;
No, though I have ever proved thee
Still in grace and truth the same.

Yet for thee I left the pleasures
Which the eager world pursue,
Bidding all its choicest treasures
Everlastingly adieu.

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Poor indeed the love I tendered,
Yet, though poor, it was sincere;
And, though mean the service rendered,
Yet the Master's name was dear.

Would I boast, then, of my doing?
Nay, but own it worthless all;
Yet, while thus thy favour suing,
I am bold to urge my call;
For I come, thy promise taking—
"Whoso leaveth friends or gold,
All for love of me forsaking,
Shall receive a hundred-fold."

If thou art the same for ever,
Always the unchanging Lord;
If the soul that trusts thee never
Finds thee faithless to thy word;
Then let me, thy goodness sharing,
My reward of grace obtain,
And let that be—the repairing
Of my ruined hopes again.

Let the souls, by Satan cheated,
By thine out-stretched arm restored,
Come, by joyful welcome greeted,
As by tears they were deplored.
Then, let the recorded story
In the heavenly annals shine;
Thine the praise, and thine the glory,
All the happy labour mine.

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XXI.

"IT IS GOOD FOR ME THAT I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED."

THE southern breezes blow,
The sun lights up the day,
And all the winter snow
Melts rapidly away.

And so the redbreast sings,
For all is cheerly now,
And plumes his little wings
Upon the topmost bough.

He pipes a merry strain,
And makes the grove resound,
Nor dreams how soon again
The frost shall bind the ground;

How soon the bitter blast
Again shall sweep along,
And all his joy o'ercast,
And silence all his song.

So I, when grief or pain,
That bowed me down before,
Have passed away again,
And sadness was no more;

Expecting many days
Of happy service here,
Have tuned my voice to praise,
And banished all my fear.

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But soon I feel the hand
That oft hath pressed me low;
I feel, nor dare withstand,
For well its touch I know.

Though shrinking from the pain,
I own that He is just,
Who bids me take again
My station in the dust.

Nor just alone, but good,
For he has taught me there,
That none but the subdued
His richer grace shall share.

The poor unreasoning bird,
When winter howls along,
May well no more be heard
To chaunt his pleasant song.

He pines in sullen mood,
And feels the bitter chill,
But nothing knows of good
That mingles with the ill.

But I, through grace of thine,
The lesson have been taught,
What good, by power divine,
From evil can be brought.

My trials, all arranged
In number, time, and length,
Thy wondrous skill hath changed
To inward life and strength.

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So great thy grace to me!
So blessed thy control!
Eternal praise to thee,
Thou lover of my soul.

XXII.

DISCONTENT.

SOURCE of my being, Sovereign Lord,
Supreme Disposer of my days,
Help me to wait upon thy word,
To mark and to approve thy ways.

Through all their life thy people share
The shield that screens, the sun that guides;
Through all their life thy ceaseless care
Foresees, arranges, and provides.

Fixed by thy wisdom and thy grace,
Is all their varied lot below,
The time, the portion, and the place,
And when to rest and when to go.

By night the fire, the cloud by day
Direct their steps where'er they move;
And when they rest, secure they stay
Beneath the banner of thy love.

Delightful truth! and suited well
To calm and to content the mind,
And make it happiness to dwell
In any place by God assigned.

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But ah! my roving heart selects
Some fancied brighter, happier spot,
And mercies numberless neglects
That crown my present favoured lot.

A vain imagination paints
Some scene where cares, that now annoy,
Shall vex no more, but all complaints
Shall end in peacefulness or joy.

Still do I answer—"He who knows
The state which suits his people best,
'Twas he, most wise, my station chose,
And in his will I ought to rest."

But earthly care, impatience, pride,
This better reasoning render vain,
And press me close on every side,
And, though repulsed, return again.

Oh, Jesus, may a soul so vile
Dare to approach thy throne of grace?
May one whom sins so great defile
Before thine eye lift up his face?

I know compassion dwells with thee;
To me be that compassion shown;
And grant that peace once more to me
Which I in happier days have known.

Thus let me labour in my place,
With love fulfilling thy design,
And growing more and more in grace
Till all my will be lost in thine.

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XXIII.

"APPROVING OURSELVES AS THE MINISTERS OF GOD."

FLEE these things, O man of God,
Higher aims belong to thee;
Tread the path thy Saviour trod,
Let thy hand and heart be free;
Undivided service give,
Only for his glory live.

O the cursed love of gold,
Root of evil, fatal snare!
Piercing sorrows, ills untold,
They that will be rich must share;
While perdition, at the close,
Comes with everlasting woes.

Lo! a prophet perishes,
Balaam covets gold and dies;
Judas an Apostle falls,
Thirsting for the paltry prize.—
Man of God beware, beware,
Haste thee to escape the snare.

Thou the rich must boldly warn
Of an independent pride,
That they trust not in their wealth,
But with humble faith confide
In that God who lives, while they
And their riches fade away:—

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That in good works they be rich,
Helping those of low estate,
Ever ready to bestow,
Willing to communicate;
Thus, by wealth for Jesus given,
Laying up a store in heaven.

If thou would'st with boldness charge,
Faithful to thy Lord and them,
Flee thyself, O man of God,
What thou dost in these condemn;
And let all behold in thee
One from love of lucre free.

Having raiment, shelter, food,
Sweetly to thy lot resigned,
Show that godliness is gain,
By a calm contented mind;
That thy God, in his employ,
Gives thee all things to *enjoy*.

Follow after righteousness,
Patience, meekness, faith, and love;
These with constant peace shall bless,
These thy calling shall approve,
Prove to all around, abroad,
That thou art a man of God.

XXIV.

TRANQUILLITY IMPLORED.

Ye cares that break my soul's repose,
And ye vain thoughts, be gone;
Leave me, ye ever restless foes,
Oh, leave me all alone.

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Yet all alone I would not dwell,
Thy presence, Lord, I seek:—
Saviour, the noisy crowd expel,
And let me hear thee speak.

The might of thy commanding voice
Shall chase them from my breast,
And give my soul, released from noise,
The joy of holy rest.

"Oh rest, rest, rest," I hourly call,
But seem to call in vain;
When shall I, rescued from this thrall,
That bliss once more obtain?

Tumultuous thoughts all rest displace,
And though I still condemn,
Like ocean-waves each other chase,
And endless seem, like them.

As the frail vessel that has lost
Its ballast and its guide;
So seems my spirit, tempest-tost,
The sport of every tide.

And yet, though harrassed thus and driven,
Yet must I lead the way,
To others speak of peace and heaven,
For others watch and pray?

Oh, how shall I the work perform!
Help, Lord, the mourner's friend,
Subdue the raging of the storm,
And bid the tumult end.

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XXV.

TRANQUILLITY RESTORED.

"He maketh the storm a calm."

SWEET hours of peace, returned again,—
My happy soul with joy o'erflows;—
No cares of earth, no wanderings vain,
But all is hushed in calm repose.

Whence is the change? for late my mind
Was tossed in tumult like the clouds
That scattered fly before the wind
When moon and stars the tempest shrouds.

But now, as when such tempests cease,
And breathless silence reigns around,
And moon and stars with solemn peace,
In brightness walk the blue profound;

A holy calm pervades my breast,
A sacred light illumes my soul,
My powers in deepest stillness rest
And wondering own a new control.

And do I wonder whence the change?
To *Him* be all the glory given,
Who lives throughout Creation's range,
And doth his will in earth and heaven.

Once at his bidding here below,
When those He loved his aid implored,
The raging tempest ceased to blow,
And they the wondrous power adored.

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So I confess a present God,
And bow in rapture at his throne,
Who in my heart hath shed abroad
A peace and joy before unknown.

My soul doth magnify the Lord!
In Him my spirit doth rejoice!
Ye saints, assist with glad accord,
And swell the triumphs of my voice.

XXVI.

THE WATCHMAN WARNED.

Hark! the voice of God is near,
O my soul, the summons hear;
"Son of man, my word receive,
And from me the warning give.

"Thee a watchman I have made,
Therefore, should the foe invade,
Mindful of the coming harm,
Thou shalt sound the swift alarm.

"Ever when thou hear'st me cry,
'Sinner, thou shalt surely die,'
Then the solemn warning give,
That he may repent and live.

"If the message he shall spurn,
If the sinner will not turn,
He shall die;—but thou art free,
And no guilt shall come on thee,

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"But if thou to sloth return,
Or, if watching, dost not warn,
He shall die;—but at thy hand,
Know, his blood will I demand."

Awful sentence! dreadful doom!
Yes, the wrath of God will come,
And his curse on him will lie
Who withholds the warning cry.

O my soul, and can it be
That this curse should light on thee?
Answer truly;—Art thou clear
From the blood of all that hear?

Trembling at thine awful word,
Bowing down before thee, Lord,
All my guilt with shame I own,
Seeking pardon through thy Son.

Though so deeply stained with sin
All my services have been,
Yet forbid it, Lord, I pray,
I should prove a cast-away.

Rouse this coward heart of mine;
Banish by thy power divine
Fears of man that bring a snare,
Carnal sloth and worldly care.

Let me wield the Spirit's sword,
Boldly preach the faithful word,
And, to my commission true,
Keep the judgment-day in view.

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Then if any dare refuse,
And their own destruction choose,
Thou wilt still thy sanction give,
And my soul from death reprieve.

XXVII.

"AND WHETHER WE BE AFFLICTED, IT IS FOR YOUR CONSOLATION AND SALVATION."

Oh it is well that I should lie,
Sunk in the dust before thy throne;
There self no longer courts the eye,
Where thou art seen, and thou alone.

I feel the benefit, my God;
Thy love and wisdom I perceive;
Not vainly dost thou send the rod,
Nor fruitlessly thy children grieve.

For not to me alone confined—
The benefit shall farther flow:
He best enjoins an humble mind
Who first that mind has learned to know.

Now I can feel what I declare,
And to thy suffering people prove,
That all the humbling griefs they bear
Are tokens of a Father's love.

Dear Lord, who woundest but to heal,
Who bruisest only to make whole,
Take me, and to thy service seal
My powers of body and of soul.

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XXVIII.

RETURNING FROM THE CREATURE TO GOD.

FOUNTAIN of living waters, let me come,
And slake my thirst in thy unfailing stream,
For thou of all true comfort art the sum,
And creature-satisfactions are a dream.

The mist dissolved when truth celestial shone:
O, had the error sooner been destroyed,
How many a bitter pang I had not known!
How much of peace had I in thee enjoyed!

Yes, I have leaned upon a broken reed,
That pierced, and left a rankling wound behind;
But, staunched by thee, it shall no longer bleed,
For thou to wounded souls art ever kind.

At length for thee my longing spirit faints;
O faithful, merciful High Priest, draw near;
For I must tell thee all my soul's complaints,
And pour my griefs into thy listening ear.

The world I knew no happiness could give,
And turned my steps to those who leave its ways;
Oh, happy life, methought, with them to live,
How sweet shall flow the current of my days!

But happier far I deemed my lot to be,
When called the Shepherd's office to fulfil;
It seemed a state from all of earth set free,
To teach the humble flock their Saviour's will.

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In deep devices of the foe unskilled,
I pictured all, obedient, holy, mild;
Hope's fairest images the prospect filled,
And, touched with light, in long succession smiled.

Alas, by sad experience taught, I find
Even in those who name thy holy name
Spots in the life, and errors in the mind,
That turn my expectations into shame.

Where most I trusted comfort to receive,
There disappointments have been most severe;
And brightest hopes have smiled but to deceive,
As fiery vapours flash and disappear.

But—I adore thy ways; myself condemn;
I followed idols; thou hast set me free;
That so the happiness I sought in them
I now may seek and find alone in thee.

Fountain of living waters, lo, I come,
To slake my thirst in thy unfailing stream,
For thou of all true comfort art the sum,
And creature-satisfactions are a dream.

XXIX.

"LET THIS MIND BE IN YOU, WHICH WAS ALSO IN CHRIST JESUS."

Oh, to be satisfied with all
Thy will appoints, thy hand provides;
To follow meekly at thy call,
And listen to no voice besides.

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Still shall my foolish wishes rove,
And *other* earthly comforts crave,
Nor rest contented in thy love
With that which I already have?

How many prosperous shepherds, filled
With life's fat things, supinely doze;
And while the vineyard lies untilled,
In fleshly dreams their hearts compose.

My soul, thou would'st not be like these;
Thou dost aspire to nobler things,
Dost turn thee from luxurious ease,
And all of earth that bondage brings.

Dead to the world, to wealth, to pride,
Panting for perfect liberty,
And laying every weight aside,
Thou would'st the Lord's free servant be.

Cease, then, to covet; live on high;
Be thou, indeed, the man of God;
The mind of Christ exemplify,
And follow in the path he trod.

Like him on man's proud glories tread,
Who, though earth's plenitude was his,
Yet had not where to lay his head,
Nor ever sought himself to please.

His bosom with a love was warm
Which want nor poverty could chill;
His meat and drink were to perform
His heavenly Father's holy will.

Digitized by Google

Fix, then, thine eyes on Him, on Him
Who, counting wealth and pleasure loss,
Intent the ruined to redeem,
Endured the death upon the cross.

What! did He e'er with hunger sink,
While food convenient spreads my board;
O blush, ungrateful soul, to think
The servant is above his Lord.

It were enough to be *as* Thou,
My Saviour, who dost grant me more;
Oh, give me grace, my spirit bow,
And make me willing to be poor.

Rich in thy love, whate'er befal,
I should not covet aught besides,
But trust thee, satisfied with all
Thy will appoints, thy hand provides.

XXX.

"NOT WITH WISDOM OF WORDS, LEST THE CROSS OF CHRIST SHOULD BE MADE OF NO EFFECT."

MAN's wisdom prompts th' enticing word,
And ornamented speech;
But God employs the naked sword
A sinner's heart to reach.

While gaudy flowers with art are wreathed
Its polished sides around,
The double edge and point are sheathed,
And so no longer wound.

Digitized by Google

The wretched trifler seeks a name,
And he obtains the prize;
A thousand tongues his skill proclaim,
And laud him to the skies.

He wields the muffled instrument,
Elate with self-esteem,
With elegance of phrase intent
To deck the flowing theme.

Admiring, on the tinsel glare
Alone they fix their eyes;
While truth, if aught of truth be there,
Is lost in the disguise.

Thus guilt is hidden from their view,
And every conscience dumb,
And none exclaims—"What shall I do
To flee the wrath to come?"

But souls shall waken and repent
Who hear the simple word,—
The heaven-appointed instrument,—
The Spirit's mighty sword.

The power that makes the dead to live
Is his, and his alone;
Nor will He to another give
A glory all his own.

Shall man, a sinful worm, be free
A proud renown to raise?
Shall he with bold impunity
Usurp his Maker's praise?

Digitized by Google

No, but the Lord will bare his hand,
And make it known abroad
Faith does not in man's wisdom stand,
But in the power of God.

The word, in simple phrase declared,
And glowing from a heart
That longs to rescue the ensnared
From the Destroyer's art;

The word, so preached, the Lord will cause
To quicken and to save;
While they who seek their own applause
That sole reward shall have.

My God, bestow the single eye,
The undivided aim,
That I may ever glorify
Thy ever blessed name.

XXXI.

"OFTEN INFIRMITIES."

While the rapid months roll round,
And the seasons pass away,
Still in weakness am I found,
Hoped-for succours still delay.

Sometimes I have thought the Lord
Would invigorate my frame;
That, for former health restored,
I should have to praise his name.

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But since thou dost not see fit
  Thus to raise me, O my God,
Let me to thy will submit,
  Let me kiss the chastening rod.

Though I still the favour want,
  Shall I cease thy name to bless?
Though my wish thou dost not grant,
  Shall I therefore love thee less?

No, my Saviour; no, my Lord;
  Goodness dictates thy command;
For though pain is thy award,
  Faithful love directs thy hand.

Sometimes I have wondered why
  Thou should'st keep me still so low,
Wondered thou should'st strength deny
  Cheerly through my work to go.

Had I vigour, I have thought,
  This high calling to pursue,
Greater glory might be brought
  To his name whose work I do.

Thus I reason, but how vain!—
  Lord, thou doest all things well:
Every questioning restrain;
  Folly from my heart expel.

Oh, I would on thee rely,
  Simply to thy will would bow:—
Error and pollution I;
  Holiness and wisdom Thou.

Digitized by Google

Grant me thy sufficient grace;
Out of weakness make me strong;
Then shall grief to joy give place,
Mourning, to a cheerful song.

Let thy power upon me light,
Then, though dying, I shall live,
And, while mighty in thy might,
Thou the glory shalt receive.

XXXII.

BLIGHTED HOPE.

I saw the flush upon his face,
I saw the colour come and go,
I saw the tears each other chase,
I felt my heart within me glow.

Praise to thee, Lord, my spirit cried,
That soul will sure thy mercy share;
Thou hast not my request denied;
Conviction's arrow rankles there.

I called him to my private ear,
I heard him tell his tale of woe—
And such a tale! so full of fear!
It forced my tears with his to flow.

I gave my counsel and my prayer;
I showed him in what path to tread;
With thousand thanks he owned my care,
And called for blessings on my head.

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The world's proud scorn, the threats of power,
He firmly braved without a fear;
And still, at each returning hour,
He came the words of life to hear.

Anxious, I watched his countenance,
Each shifting aspect that it bore;
The tears were gone, the kindling glance,
But still a solemn look it wore.

Confirmed in hope—no more afraid,
I joyed to see the fruit remain;
As he who finds the sheep that strayed,
And brings it to the fold again.

Alas, the gladness soon gave place
To anxious fear, and fear to grief;
So sorrows still the footsteps trace
Of joys whose hour is still so brief!

He came not to the house of prayer
In haste, and constant as before;
And when he came, he did not wear
The humble mien that once he wore.

Where meek expression used to dwell,
Now all was hard, and cold, and strange:—
But oh, I cannot bear to tell
The sad gradations of the change.

Suffice it, that he turned again
To paths untrod by holy feet,
Till, walking in the sinner's train,
He filled at length the scorner's seat.

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Lord, what is man? Confused and faint,
I turn from all of earth to thee;
Thou hast an ear for my complaint,
An eye my soul's distress to see.

My faith sinks low; Lord, help me now,
And give me, with emboldened mind,
To grasp with firmer hold the plough,
Nor cast the fatal look behind.

XXXIII.

SUCCESS.

Blessed Saviour, blessed Lord,
Ever faithful to thy word,
Honour, praise, and thanks receive,
All that this poor heart can give.

Long I mourned thine arm concealed,
Now thine arm thou hast revealed;
Now, in unexpected hour,
Thou hast clothed thy word with power.

Thus the promise is fulfilled,
In the proud avenger stilled;
In the lips that now adore,
Filled with bitter oaths before.

Hearts, till now unused to fear,
Melting, speak that God is near;
Waters from the rock that flow
Love and power almighty show.

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Lo, the wanderer turns to thee;
Lo, the rebel bends the knee;
Lo, the bold blaspheming band
Bow beneath thy mighty hand.

Thus shall all thy foes submit,
Falling prostrate at thy feet;
Earth and hell must yield to thee,
O thou God of victory.

While rejoicing angels sing
These, thy triumphs, wondrous King,
Deign the praises to receive,
Such as this poor heart can give.

XXXIV.

DEADNESS OF SOUL LAMENTED.

WHAT shall I say to thee, my God?
I have no words, no heart, no will,
I own thy hand, I see the rod,
But all my soul is dark and chill.

No murmurs have escaped my tongue,
Nor thoughts of discontent arisen;
But yet there seem around me flung
The chains and darkness of a prison.

I bow submissive to the power
That smites me thus and lays me low
Confessing freely every hour,
The hand is just that strikes the blow.

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My sins I seek not to conceal;
Myself I heartily condemn;
And own the grievous pains I feel
Are light indeed compared with them.

"For ever wise are his decrees,
For ever righteous"—still I say;
"Good, when He grants me health and ease;
Nor less so when He takes away."

But oh, the apathy, the death,
The chilling death my spirit feels,
That hardens as the wintry breath
The fountain and the stream congeals.

My pains, so heavy to be borne,
I can lament and wish away;
Alas, for sins, I cannot mourn,
I cannot weep, I cannot pray.

Insensible, nor cares nor fears
One movement to my soul impart;
Oh, for the luxury of tears,
The meltings of a broken heart.

What do *I* suffer, blessed Lord,
Of misery, compared with thine,
When thou didst bear the full award
Of man's iniquity—of mine?

Give me to hear thy dying groan;
Give me to see thy dying woe;
Then smite upon this heart of stone,
And bid the gushing waters flow.

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XXXV.

"I WILL TEACH TRANSGRESSORS THY WAYS; AND SINNERS SHALL BE CONVERTED UNTO THEE."

WHATEVER sorrows I have felt,
Or disappointments known,
The Lord has justly, wisely dealt,
My soul shall ever own.

No, he has not rewarded me
According to my sin,
But spared me still: so good is He,
Though I so vile have been.

His mercy, like my guilt, was large,
He cancelled all the score:
Yet when He gave the full discharge,
He bade me sin no more.

Filled with sweet joy and grateful love,
Methought—It cannot be;
What! I again a sinner prove,
A sinner against Thee!

Ah! little did I then discern
What evil lurked within;
A novice, I had yet to learn
The power and depth of sin.

I have again transgressed; I have
Again a sinner proved;
But He—oh grace! intent to save,
Recalled me when I roved.

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Oh Thou, who dost my guilt remove,
Who dost my soul restore,
And bindest with the bonds of love,
That I may stray no more;

Now help me, taught by thee, to teach
Transgressors all thy ways;
And let that light the conscience reach
Which saving truth conveys.

My knowledge, painfully acquired,
Now grant me skill to use;
Urged by that grace to toil untired,
Which hypocrites abuse.

Like Jesus, faithful, and yet meek,
Instructed by the Lord
To proud or humble souls to speak
The seasonable word;

Like Him, may I the scoff endure,
Nor heed neglect, nor pain;
Intent my object to secure,
Immortal souls to gain.

Be these my hire: oh, give me these;
These only I implore;
Grant me beside, what else thou please,
But I will ask no more.

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XXXVI.

"DO AND TEACH."—Matt. v. 19.

THOU that standest forth to preach
In the name of Christ, the Lord,
Let the truth *thy* conscience reach,
Bow *thyself* to Jesus' word.

Thou, that sayest, "Turn from sin;
Sinner, flee the wrath to come;"
Is that warning heard *within*,
Is it first proclaimed *at home?*

Thou that lov'st to make thy boast
Of that mighty energy
Which renews and saves the lost—
Has it changed and ransomed thee?

Thou that teachest, "Leave thine all,
And the yoke of Jesus take;"
Dost *thou* hear that solemn call—
Dost *thou* all for Him forsake?

Lo, thou art esteemed a saint,
Called a minister of God;
Heaven-bound souls, the weak, the faint,
Watch thy footsteps on the road.

They with meek regard receive
Truth and duty taught by thee,
And with simple trust believe
Thou art all thou seem'st to be.

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Thou, thyself, too, dost confide
That thou knowest well the way,
And art skilled the blind to guide,
Or restore, when gone astray.

Therefore, thou that teachest, learn;
Thou that warnest, take good heed;
And with solemn awe discern
How much thou, e'en thou, dost need.

What, if it should ever be
That the first became the last,
And the taught their teacher see
At the bar arraigned and cast!

Though a million now commend—
Then, nor office, gifts, nor name
Shall thy sentenced soul befriend,
Or preserve from endless shame.

When, with them, thou art reviewed,
By the same great rule art tried,
Nothing but a heart renewed
Will the final test abide.

XXXVII.

HUMILIATION.

It is well, O righteous Father;
I submit me to thy rod;
Yea, my soul would choose it rather;
'Tis thy blessed will, my God.

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Hushed is every rebel motion,
All to thee I now resign;
Calm, I drink the bitter potion,
Mingled by thy skill divine.

First the sorrow was surprising,
Grievous to my soul, and strange;
Now I know 'twas thy devising,
To effect a happy change.
And that change thou hast effected:
Blessed be thy holy name!
Hidden evils, now detected,
I behold and own with shame.

Long did sin, in secret lurking,
All my services defile;
Now I mark and loathe its working,
And confess that I am vile.
Humbled in the dust before thee,
And enlightened by thy word,
Now I see and I adore thee,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Oh! I sink at the beholding
Of this sinful heart of mine,
Now revealed in the unfolding
Of thy purity divine.
"Woe is me!" I cry, astounded
At this awful view of sin;
"E'en these lips that oft have sounded
Thy pure name, are all unclean."

Touch them with the fire that purges,
Touch them with that living coal;

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Then the flame of zeal that urges,
Kindle in my hallowed soul.
Thus prepared, with thy commission
And thy Spirit, Mighty God!
Send me to proclaim remission
Through a dying Saviour's blood.

Well may I describe with feeling
All the bitter fruits of sin,
And thine all-sufficient healing,
Having felt their power within.
Since, then, thou hast thus affected,
Thus my inmost soul impressed,
Let me be—by grace selected—
Used in making others blest.

Then, this bitter hour reviewing
In the light of future days,
I shall bless thy wondrous doing,
Filled with gratitude and praise:
And, while all the past surveying,
Love upon my tongue shall dwell,
Breaking forth in joy, and saying,
"Righteous Father, it was well!"

XXXVIII.

"HE THAT JUDGETH ME IS THE LORD."

Thou shalt judge me, holy Lord;
I appeal from man to thee;
Thou, from his unjust award,
Thou, who judgest righteously,
Thou wilt vindicate my name,
And preserve my hope from shame.

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Man is merciless to man,
  Judging with an evil eye;
But what he is strict to scan,
  Thou in pity passest by:
Jesus, full of grace so free,
How unlike is man to thee!

Till thy purpose I discern,
  No repose my soul can find;
Fear, and grief, and shame, in turn,
  Agitate my feeble mind,
By the slightest whisper stung
Of the proud or envious tongue.

True, it is of small account
  To be judged of man, I own;
He that knows my sin's amount,
  He is judge and He alone;
Lord, I leave my cause with thee,
Calm my soul's anxiety.

And it is of light concern
  My mean name should suffer wrong;
Rather let me grieve and burn
  When the vile, with venomed tongue,
Wound the Master's holy name,
While the servant they defame.

Grant me ever thus to feel,
  Smiling at the loss I bear;
Grant me the consuming zeal
  That absorbs a selfish care;
Zeal, that Thou should'st honoured be,
Though reproaches fall on me.

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Oh, then, while the trial stays,
Let me all to Thee commit;
Still, through seeming long delays,
Trusting, waiting at thy feet;
Till the issue shall declare
All thy faithfulness and care.

Thou wilt soon the truth display,
And my injured cause redress;
Thou wilt roll the mist away,
Bring to light my righteousness,
Cause to shine my judgment soon,
Bright as the unclouded noon.

XXXIX.

THE PASTOR PREPARED FOR USEFULNESS BY TRIALS.

Say'st thou, my feeble soul, "I fear?"
Oh, cast thy fear away;
Behold the Lord of life is near;
He comes in haste, he comes to cheer,
And turn thy night to day.

Aye, thou art weak, too well I know,
By often failures taught;
And strong and numberless the foe,
Who shout to see thee halting go,
In their devices caught.

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An evil heart of unbelief,
To leave the Saviour prone;
This, too, thou knowest, for a grief,
That makes thee weep delayed relief,
And heave the bitter groan.

Yet yield thee not to sad surprise,
Nor count thy trial strange;
For thus, by painful exercise,
The labouring soul is taught to prize
The power that works the change.

For others' sakes, too, thou must know,
As well as for thine own,
Of sin, the burden and the woe,
Of grace, the mighty helps that flow
From mercy's sovereign throne.

The trembling souls that come to thee,
Whom sore temptations prove,
Thou, from the grief, the snare to free,
A counsellor and guide shalt be,
In wisdom, and in love.

XL.

"THE FRIEND OF THE BRIDEGROOM."

O to be faithful, to be true,
To yield the love, the service due;
To wait, to watch, to labour on,
By men unnoticed and unknown,
Content that Thou appear, my Lord,
All glorious in thy works and word!

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Head of the Church, redeemed to God,
Her ransom paid by thine own blood,
Washed from pollution, sanctified,
By grace made meet to be thy bride;
To mingle in thy train be mine,
And see Thee in thine honours shine.

A title to that valued name,
The Bridegroom's friend, I humbly claim;
Allowed to join the favoured few,
To whom is given thy face to view,
O, while I stand and hear thy voice,
How greatly does my heart rejoice!

What grace into thy lips is poured!
What sweet persuasion in thy word!
No child of man e'er spake like thee;
Thy meekness and thy dignity,
Thy mingled majesty and love
Evince thy coming from above.

But I, from flesh deriving birth,
Am earthly, speaking of the earth;
My transient day must quickly cease;
I must diminish, Thou increase:
'Tis well, though I forgotten be,
If those that hear me, come to thee.

And lo, they come—thy triumph grows;
Thy gospel turns to friends thy foes;
The far-off stranger is brought near,
The rebel weeps the contrite tear;—
All haste to join the nuptial throng,
And swell the gratulating song.

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Thus is my joy fulfilled again:
I see the ever-lengthening train;
My grateful voice with theirs I raise;
Lost in the universal praise,
I glory in obscurity,
I point all eyes, all hearts to THEE.

XLI.

THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF THE FAITHFUL PREACHER.

LORD, I have loved thee, and thy word
Sweet to my soul hath been,
And day and night have I preferred
To meditate therein.

When I have sought for light from thee
To make its meaning clear,
How hath my spirit joyed to see
Its hidden sense appear.

And then, the truths that thus I know,
To others to explain;
Delightful office, then to show
The riches they contain.

And when the faithful word dispensed
Is sealed by power divine,
How is my labour recompensed,
What gladness then is mine!

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The look of meekness that displays
An anxious wish to learn;
The solemn, steadfast, breathless gaze
That speaks of deep concern;

The sudden flush, the kindling eye,
That tell of new-born hope;
The contrite sinner's bursting sigh,
Who cannot dare look up;

The smile, the animated glow,
That joy and courage prove,
And all the nameless signs that show
Humility and love;

These are my recompense—and oh,
Not he who finds great spoil
Such plenitude of joy can know
As then rewards my toil.

And yet—my God, I own with shame
The guilt I have incurred—
Yet have I dreaded to proclaim
The message of thy word.

Such gloom has hung upon my mind,
What time the hour drew near,
That every power has seemed confined,
And chilled with anxious fear.

But help, descending from above,
Hath burst the heavy chain,
And light, and liberty, and love,
Have all returned again.

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My God, my strength in time of need,
And would I then forego
A work whose joys so far exceed
The labour and the woe?

Nay;—for those happy, happy hours,
While memory now surveys,
My soul upraised, delighted, pours
Her song of loudest praise.

XLII.

"WOE TO THE IDOL SHEPHERD THAT LEAVETH THE FLOCK."

A SHEPHERD of the gathered sheep,
Sworn to defend, to guide, to keep
Within the narrow way;
What, if he fail through want of skill,
nd miss the road to Zion's hill!
What, if the leader stray!

The flock, so docile, gentle, meek,
Tread in the beaten track, nor seek
Another path to find;
They mark the guiding crook in view,
Still to the given signal true,
To follow still inclined.

But oh, the evils that ensue,
When he, whose steps the flock pursue,
Himself a wanderer proves!
The desolation, who shall tell?
It is the victory of hell,
The ruin that it loves.

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If thirst of pleasure, or if pride
Shall lure the hapless wretch aside
From heaven's restricted way;
If self an idol he shall make,
Or if, for filthy lucre's sake,
He shall the fold betray;

Bereft of guidance and of aid,
Divided, scattered, and afraid,
They fall an easy prey;
For now, in the defenceless hour,
Rapacious wolves in haste devour
The victims as they stray.

O flock, how wretched is thy case!
O shepherd, how immensely base,
How dreadful is thy guilt!
Its heinousness no words can teach;
It seems in measure to outreach
The blood for sinners spilt.

Chief Shepherd of the ransomed sheep,
Keep me, in thy great mercy keep
From this transgression free:
To Thee I look, on Thee I call,
Oh, let me never, never fall
From steadfastness to Thee.

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XLIII.

REMOVAL MEDITATED.

If thy presence go not with me,
Never let me hence remove;
Lest, in going forth without Thee,
From the path of peace I rove.

Better in this present station
To endure severest ill,
Need, reproach, humiliation,
If to tarry be thy will.

What could wealth or ease avail me,
Or the praise of man bestow,
If, with these, my conscience fail me,
If thy blighting frown I know.

Gracious God, repress whatever
Would seduce my wavering heart,
That without Thee I may never,
Never from my place depart.

Let thy pillar, still preceding,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Be the faithful sign, when needing
Guidance in a doubtful way.

If thy servant, Lord, has ever
Mercy found before thy sight,
Help my now sincere endeavour,
And direct my steps aright.

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For wherein shall men perceive Thee,
And thy works of wonder own,
If thy presence go not with me,
If I tread this path alone?

And wherein, if Thou withdrawest,
Shall thy grace to me appear,
That my humble name thou knowest,
That thy fav'ring arm is near?

But if thou be present, blessing
With success my labours there,
Men, thy saving power confessing,
All its wonders shall declare.

And that Thou my course approvest,
I, exulting, shall perceive;
While my heart, the praise thou lovest,
Ever shall delight to give.

XLIV.

REMOVAL RESOLVED ON, AND AT HAND.

"My times are in thy hand."—"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel."

"I will lead the blind," He saith,
"By a way they did not know."
Now, my soul, with simple faith,
Wait till He thy way shall show;
Then how safe thy steps shall be,
Perfect wisdom guiding thee.

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Darkness intercepts my view,
Hiding every path around;
Still I watch, but not a clue
To direct my feet is found;
Lo, a veil on all is thrown,
All uncertain, all unknown.

When the time to move shall be,
Where He will appoint my lot,
These, though fixed by his decree,
Planned, arranged—He shows me not;
Waiting, watching, wondering
What the coming hour may bring.

Righteous were the sov'reign Lord,—
Visiting for sins of old,
Sins against his gracious word,
Sins against his chosen fold,—
Should He now his smile deny,
Nor would guide me with his eye.

This were just; but mercy free
Over judgment doth rejoice;
Passing by iniquity,
Speaking with paternal voice,
Bidding me dismiss my fears,
Wiping from my eyes the tears.

What though all is dark to sense,
All that He designs concealed;
What though painful the suspense,
Till his mind shall be revealed:
When my will is all subdued,
I shall see that "it was good."

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"I will bring them through the night
By an unknown path," He says,
"Turning darkness into light,
Making straight the crooked ways."
Thus He speaks whose words are true:
Adding, "These things *will* I do."

Blessed promise to the blind;
Like the Giver, rich and free,
Not to them of old confined,
Made for others, made for me;
Heritage of all the fold,
I to claim a share am bold.

Now thy gracious hand afford
Safely through the maze to lead:
Resting on thy faithful word,
I, the blind, thy promise plead:
And I shall, I must prevail,
For thy promise cannot fail.

Thou, who mak'st the mourner laugh,
Thou, who mak'st the blind to see,
Thou, upholding by thy staff,
By thy rod directing me,
Thou, my God, art with me still,
Therefore will I fear no ill.

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XLV.

"SORROWING MOST OF ALL FOR THE WORDS WHICH HE SPAKE, THAT THEY SHOULD SEE HIS FACE NO MORE."

The name of love doth well belong
To christian love, so pure and strong,
So free from low and sordid aims,
So just and wise in all its claims,
So prompt to render what is due,
So gentle, faithful, tender, true.

It has a sweet constraining might
In one communion to unite
The servants of their common Lord,
Whose faith and hope and joy accord;
A band of pilgrims on the road,
Together travelling home to God.

These often to each other speak,
And mutual help and solace seek,
When trouble bows their spirits low,
And earth no comfort can bestow;
And words in season spoken then
Revive their confidence again.

But there is one who cares for all,
Whom they with fondness Pastor call;
For, under God, to him they owe
What of themselves and Christ they know,
Their growth in wisdom and in grace,
Their holy walk and fruitfulness.

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He guides them in the narrow way,
He warns them lest from God they stray;
He shares their burdens, feels their grief,
Prompt to afford that sweet relief,
That sovereign balm for human woes
Which none but by experience knows.

From intercourse like this arise
The strongest, most endearing ties,
So firmly knitting heart to heart
That if, thus loving, they must part—
Though God the separation wills—
One common grief the body feels.

Called from each other to remove,
Then first they know how much they love:
And nothing can allay their pain
But hopes that they shall meet again,
Around the Lord their Saviour's throne,
Where parting sorrows are unknown.

O blest Redeemer, who didst say,
When going from thine own away,
"I will not leave you comfortless"—
Thy promise on our hearts impress,
That all, rejoined, shall ever be
Both with each other and with Thee.

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XLVI.

FAINTING IN LABOUR DEPRECATED.

"In due time we shall reap, if we faint not."

Now the precious seed is sown,
Sown in weakness it is true,
But the Lord his word will own,
He will send the heavenly dew.

This the Lord himself declares,
That the uncorrupted grain,
Though the foe may plant his tares,
Never shall be sown in vain;

Still abiding undestroyed,
Cherished by his power divine,
Ne'er returning to him void,
But fulfilling his design.

Blessed declaration this,
Fit anew to kindle fire,
When I cool or grow remiss,
When the spirits droop and tire.

Think, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis the God that cannot lie,
Who hath said, "My living word
Never shall be lost and die."

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Canst thou, canst thou, ever more,
Doubt his promise to embrace?
Is He not the God of power?
Is He not the God of grace?

Blessed Lord, I *do* believe,
Help, Oh help my unbelief,
Let me now the faith receive
That shall scatter all my grief.

He that tills the earth with grain
Deems not all his labour lost,
Waits with patience for the rain,
Though his hope be often crost.

I, alas, unlike to him,
Wrong thee with impatient fears,
And my labour useless deem
When no fruit at once appears.

Grant me pardon, gracious Lord;
Let me on thy truth rely;
Humbly waiting, and assured
That thy coming draweth nigh.

Though the seed hath long been sown,
And the harvest still delays,
Thou wilt yet my labour own,
Turning unbelief to praise.

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XLVII.

"MY SOUL CHOOSETH DEATH RATHER THAN LIFE: I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS."

"I WOULD not always live;"
The dreams of youth are o'er;
And well I know what earth can give,
How little and how poor!
Unfit to satisfy
Those ever new desires
The spirit feels, which cannot die
When this low life expires.

This is no place for one
Of an immortal mould,
That longs to soar beyond the sun,
And tread those streets of gold;
Where life is life indeed,
Where deathless spirits rove,
From all that once enthralled them freed,
And filled with joy and love.

"I would not always live;"
It is a servile state
To tend this body,—it doth grieve
On all its wants to wait;
To clothe it and to feed,
And still, from day to day,
Supply its never-ending need—
Oh, I would hence away.

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'Tis better far to go,
Yea, quickly to depart,
And never more this conflict know,
This war within my heart;
At once to burst the ties
Of earth, and sense, and sin,
At once to that bright world to rise
Where perfect joys begin.

Do any shrink from death?
Oh, 'tis a joy to me,
To think of yielding up my breath,
Of dying to be free.
I hasten to the hour
That brings me my reprieve;
I welcome death, I hail his power;
"I would not always live."

No, no, I would not live
To be the drudge of men,
And all my life and service give
To reap neglect and pain;
A slave, to wait on those
Who render back their scorn:—
How sweet from such to Heaven's repose
This moment to be borne!

And yet—not thus was He,
Who came at pity's call;
He murmured not, but chose to be
A servant unto all:

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And though so rich before,
The meanest he became;
The sinner's contradiction bore,
And bore his curse and shame.

Ah, how unlike to his,
My grieved, impatient mind;
I turn from labour, long for ease;
He suffered for mankind.
Most holy Lord, forgive!
My guilt, abased, I see;
May I a willing servant live,
Till thou shalt set me free.

XLVIII.

"THAT THE EXCELLENCY OF THE POWER MAY BE OF GOD, AND NOT OF US."

LORD of my soul, to whom I yield
The willing service of my days;
Help me, my Glory and my Shield,
A servant help to speak thy praise;
For Thou hast made the feeble strong,
And praise and love to Thee belong.

Though trusting I was truly sent
Among thy people to appear,
In weakness, deeply felt, I went,
And in much trembling and in fear;
But Thou with present aid wast nigh
To lift my drooping head on high.

Digitized by Google

I spake not the enticing word,
No excellence of speech was mine:
But Thou, approving, didst afford
The sealing, the effectual sign,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven,
In power and demonstration given.

Amazing grace! Yet, what am I,
Whose word hath thus been owned and blessed?
A worm, whose honour is to lie
Low at thy feet, in meekness dressed;
An earthen instrument—no more—
Made useful by its Maker's power.

However high with zeal he pants,
Whatever labour he may bring;
Not any thing is he that plants,
Nor he that waters any thing;
But Thou who dost the increase give,
But Thou who shalt the praise receive.

The excellency of the power
I see and own to be of Thee;
Now self, thy rival, reigns no more,
I feel "the glorious liberty,"
Before thee into nothing fall,
And joy to crown Thee all in all.

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XLIX.

THE PEOPLE'S LOVE, THE PASTOR'S REWARD AND JOY.

Thy love, my Saviour, I have prized,
Ah, would that I had prized it more!
Though for it I have sacrificed
My former hopes of earthly store;
And have esteemed it far above
The dearest fellow-creature's love.

And yet, the love thy people bear
To those who feed them with the word,
And guide them with a shepherd's care,
Safe to the pastures of the Lord,
Next to thine own should ever be
Most valued and desired by me.

The richest recompense is this
Of all a pastor may endure;
It brings into his heart a bliss
Of power its deepest wound to cure;
For when of this his soul partakes
He can do all things for their sakes.

Oh, had I prized it as I ought,
And sought it as the noblest gain,
My heart, with tranquil patience fraught,
Superior then to loss and pain,
Had urged me on, confirmed and cheered,
When'er its gladdening signs appeared.

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A sense of *duty*, sternly strong,
Through lengthened labours can uphold;
But sweeter powers to love belong;
And he that counts it more than gold,
All its attractive force shall know
Through good and ill, through weal and woe.

And this, my Saviour, was the joy
Before Thee set—thy people's love;—
This could the edge of pain destroy,
And lift thy wearied soul above;
For this thou didst endure such loss,
Didst scorn the shame, and bear the cross.

That love so precious to obtain,
Hence, let me pay, like Thee, the cost;
I shall not then of toil complain,
I shall not then of service boast,
But deem myself, whate'er befal,
By love sincere repaid for all.

L.

"ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST, AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN."

I HAVE watered, others planted,
I have reaped, and others sown;
God, our Lord, the increase granted,
Whose prerogative alone
'Tis the quickening power to give
That awakes the germ to live.

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Each, predestined, called, anointed,
Prompt at the commanding word;
Each to his own place appointed,
Serving there one common Lord;
Fellow-workers, labourers, we;
Power efficient, glorious, He.

One our Master, Lord, and Saviour,
We, who preach, are brethren all;
So, in spirit, word, behaviour,
May we prove our heavenly call;
Meekly labouring, side by side,
May we in his love abide.

In his sacred cause uniting,
He our souls and works will bless,
While He sees us all delighting
In each other's glad success,
Joying in it as our own,
Glorying in His Name alone.

Only for his honour zealous,
Self shall then forgotten be;
Feelings envious, angry, jealous,
Shall be lost in charity:
Love divine, that works no ill,
Every heart and tongue shall fill.

Then the flocks, no more divided
While the shepherds disagree,—
By their blest example guided
In the way of unity—
Catch their spirit, and the fold
Imitate what they behold.

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Then the world shall say, admiring,
"How, these Christian brethren love!"
Then, the same "great grace" desiring,
They would be what they approve;
Then they seek, and it is found,
And religion spreads around.

Lord, the pride of self withstanding,
Let me of his grace partake,
Who exclaimed, with love expanding,
"Dost thou envy for my sake?
Would that all did prophesy,
All where honoured, blessed as I."

So shall I possess the witness
That I am a child of thine;
So shall I obtain the fitness
For the work that is divine,
Work which Thou to them wilt give
Who in peace and concord live.

But if by some envious spirit
Proffer'd kindness should be spurned,
I the promise shall inherit,
All my peace shall be returned;
And my soul, from anger free,
Shall repose in love and Thee.

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LI.

"THE LORD'S FREE MAN."

I LABOUR for the Lord of all,
And hold his service dear;
I wait obedient to his call,
And when He speaks, his precepts fall
Like music on mine ear.

To serve him with the love I owe
I ardently aspire;
To feed his ransomed flock below,
Is all the business here I know,
And all that I desire.

What then are things of earth to me,
Abundance, pleasure, fame?
They and my heart no more agree,
The spell is broken, I am free,
And count them but a name.

Where now the cares that once distressed,
That like a cloud came on,
Darker and heavier still, and pressed
Upon my stormy, joyless breast?
Oh, mercy! they are gone!

The passions, too, that captive led,
A proud and lawless train;
The hated tyrants—they are fled;
While peace and meekness in their stead,
And heaven-born joy remain.

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O happiest life beneath the sun!
My passions, cares, desires,
All, all are now absorbed in one,
That *in* me, *by* me, may be done
Whate'er the Lord requires.

Zeal for his house, consuming zeal
My fervent soul contrains;
I live but to promote its weal,
And for its sake a joy I feel
In labours and in pains.

And when my service here is done,
The work He gives to do,
The fight is fought, the race is run,
Then shall the glorious prize be won
Which now afar I view.

Then He, whom I on earth confess,
His mercy shall display;
The righteous Judge, who loves to bless,
Shall give the crown of righteousness
In that triumphant day.

THE END.

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