

Faber's Hymns

1st edition, 2017

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PREFACE

Frederick William Faber was a Catholic priest and author, influenced by the Oxford Movement of John Henry Newman. He was a prolific writer of both prose and verse, and several of his hymns, such as "Come to Jesus" and "Jesus, My God and My All", are still included in both Catholic and Protestant hymnals.

Perhaps most modern readers have been introduced to Faber's poems through the American preacher and author, A. W. Tozer. Tozer was especially fond of Faber's verse and quoted it frequently in his devotional books. Tozer's compilation, *The Christian Book of Mystical Verse*, depended heavily on Faber's verse.

The hymns and poetry of F. W. Faber have been an inspiration for well over 100 years, and his simple style has not lost its appeal.

The hymns in this volume focus especially on the themes of God's nature and character, the life of devotion, and the believer's experience of spiritual dryness.

This new edition has been arranged from the 1894 publication of *Faber's Hymns*, with the hopes that more readers will draw deeply from the wells of his spiritual verse.

LUKE PIERCE

May 2017

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THE UNITY OF GOD

One God! one Majesty!
There is no God but Thee!
Unbounded, unextended Unity!

Awful in unity,
O God! we worship Thee,
More simply one, because supremely Three!

Dread, unbeginning One!
Single, yet not alone,
Creation hath not set Thee on a higher throne.

Unfathomable Sea!
All life is out of Thee,
And Thy life is Thy blissful Unity.

All things that from Thee run,
All works that Thou hast done,
Thou didst in honor of Thy being One.

And by Thy being One,
Ever by that alone,
Couldst Thou do, and doest, what Thou hast done.

We from Thy oneness come,
Beyond it cannot roam,
And in Thy oneness find our one eternal home.

Blest be Thy Unity!
All joys are one to me,—
The joy that there can be no other God than Thee!

THE HOLY TRINITY

O Blessed Trinity!
Thy children dare to lift their hearts to Thee,
And bless Thy triple Majesty!
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
Holy, unfathomable, infinite,
Thou art all Life and Love and Light!
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
God of a thousand attributes! we see
That there is no one good but Thee.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
In our astonished reverence we confess
Thine uncreated loveliness.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
O simplest Majesty! O Three in One!
Thou art for ever God alone.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
The Fountain of the Godhead, in repose,
For ever rests, for ever flows.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
O Unbegotten Father! give us tears
To quench our love, to calm our fears.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
Bright Son! who art the Father's mind displayed,
Thou art begotten and not made.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
Coequal Spirit! wondrous Paraclete!
By Thee the Godhead is complete.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
We praise Thee, bless Thee, worship Thee as One,
Yet Three are on the single Throne.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
In the deep darkness of prayer's stillest night
We worship Thee blinded with light.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

O Blessed Trinity!
Oh would that we could die of love for Thee,
Incomparable Trinity!
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we praise Thee.

MAJESTY DIVINE

Full of glory, full of wonders,
Majesty Divine!
Mid Thine everlasting thunders
How Thy lightnings shine!
Shoreless Ocean! who shall sound Thee?
Thine own eternity is round Thee,
Majesty Divine!

Timeless, spaceless, single, lonely,
Yet sublimely Three,
Thou art grandly, always, only
God in Unity!
Lone in grandeur, lone in glory,
Who shall tell Thy wondrous story,
Awful Trinity?

Speechlessly, without beginning,
Sun that never rose!
Vast, adorable, and winning,
Day that hath no close!
Bliss from Thine own glory tasting,
Everliving, everlasting,
Life that never grows!

Thine own Self for ever filling
With self-kindled flame,
In Thyself Thou art distilling
Unctions without name!
Without worshipping of creatures,
Without veiling of Thy features,
God always the same!

In Thy praise of Self untiring
Thy perfections shine;
Self-sufficient, self-admiring,—
Such life must be Thine;—
Glorifying Self, yet blameless,
With a sanctity all shameless,
It is so divine!

Mid Thine uncreated morning,
Like a trembling star
I behold creation's dawning
Glimmering from far;
Nothing giving, nothing taking,
Nothing changing, nothing breaking,
Waiting at time's bar!

I with life and love diurnal
See myself in Thee,
All embalmed in love eternal,
Floating in Thy sea:

Mid Thine uncreated whiteness
I behold Thy glory's brightness
Feed itself on me.

Splendors upon splendors beaming
Change and intertwine:
Glories over glories streaming
All translucent shine!
Blessings, praises, adorations
Greet Thee from the trembling nations
Majesty Divine!

GOD

Have mercy on us, God Most High!
Who lift our hearts to Thee;
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
Most holy Trinity!

Most ancient of all mysteries!
Before Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most holy Trinity!

When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone!

Thou wert not born; there was no fount
From which Thy Being flowed;
There is no end which Thou canst reach:
But Thou art simply God.

How wonderful creation is,
The work that Thou didst bless;
And, oh! what then must Thou be like,
Eternal Loveliness?

How beautiful the Angels are,
The Saints how bright in bliss;
But with Thy beauty, Lord! compared,
How dull, how poor is this!

No wonder Saints have died of love,
No wonder hearts can break,
Pure hearts that once have learned to love
God for His own dear sake.

O listen, then, Most Pitiful!
To Thy poor creature's heart;
It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
That Thou art what Thou art!

Most ancient of all mysteries!
Still at Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most holy Trinity!

THE ETERNITY OF GOD

O Lord! my heart is sick,
Sick of this everlasting change;
And life runs tediously quick
Through its unresting race and varied range
Change finds no likeness to itself in Thee,
And wakes no echo in Thy mute eternity.

Dear Lord! my heart is sick
Of this perpetual lapsing time,
So slow in grief, in joy so quick,
Yet ever casting shadows so sublime:
Time of all creatures is least like to Thee,
And yet it is our share of Thine eternity.

Oh change and time are storms
For lives so thin and frail as ours;
For change the work of grace deforms
With love that soils, and help that overpowers;
And time is strong, and, like some chafing sea,
It seems to fret the shores of Thine eternity.

Weak, weak, for ever weak!
We cannot hold what we possess;
Youth cannot find, age will not seek,—
Oh weakness is the heart's worst weariness:
But weakest hearts can lift their thoughts to Thee;
It makes us strong to think of Thine eternity.

Thou hadst no youth, great God!
An Unbeginning End Thou art;
Thy glory in itself abode,
And still abides in its own tranquil heart:
No age can heap its outward years on Thee:
Dear God! Thou art Thyself Thine own eternity!

Without an end or bound
Thy life lies all outspread in light;
Our lives feel Thy life all around,
Making our weakness strong, our darkness bright;
Yet is it neither wilderness nor sea,
But the calm gladness of a full eternity.

Oh Thou art very great
To set Thyself so far above!
But we partake of Thine estate,
Established in Thy strength and in Thy love:
That love hath made eternal room for me
In the sweet vastness of its own eternity.

Oh Thou art very meek
To overshadow Thy creatures thus:
Thy grandeur is the shade we seek;
To be eternal is Thy use to us:
Ah Blessed God! what joy it is to me
To lose all thought of self in Thine eternity.

Self-wearied, Lord! I come;
For I have lived my life too fast:
Now that years bring me nearer home
Grace must be slowly used to make it last;
When my heart beats too quick I think of Thee,
And of the leisure of Thy long eternity.

Farewell, vain joys of earth!
Farewell, all love that is not His!
Dear God! be Thou my only mirth,
Thy majesty my single timid bliss!
Oh in the bosom of eternity
Thou dost not weary of Thyself, nor we of Thee!

THE GREATNESS OF GOD

O Majesty unspeakable and dread!
Wert Thou less mighty than Thou art,
Thou wert, O Lord! too great for our belief,
Too little for our heart.

Thy greatness would seem monstrous by the side
Of creatures frail and undivine;
Yet they would have a greatness of their own
Free and apart from Thine.

Such grandeur were but a created thing,
A spectre, terror, and a grief,
Out of all keeping with a world so calm,
Oppressing our belief.

But greatness, which is infinite, makes room
For all things in its lap to lie;
We should be crushed by a magnificence
Short of infinity.

It would outgrow us from the face of things,
Still prospering as we decayed,
And, like a tyrannous rival, it would feed
Upon the wrecks it made.

But what is infinite must be a home,
A shelter for the meanest life,
Where it is free to reach its greatest growth
Far from the touch of strife.

We share in what is infinite: 'Tis ours,
For we and it alike are Thine;
What I enjoy, great God! by right of Thee
Is more than doubly mine.

Thus doth Thy hospitable greatness lie
Outside us like a boundless sea;
We cannot lose ourselves where all is home,
Nor drift away from Thee.

Out on that sea we are in harbor still,
And scarce advert to winds and tides,
Like shipes that ride at anchor, with the waves
Flapping against their sides.

Thus doth Thy grandeur make us grand ourselves;
'Tis goodness bids us fear;
Thy greatness makes us brave as children are,
When those they love are near.

Great God! our lowliness takes heart to play
Beneath the shadow of Thy state;
The only comfort of our littleness
Is that Thou art so great.

Then on Thy grandeur I will lay me down;
Already life is heaven for me:
No cradled child more softly lies than I,—
Come soon, Eternity!

THE WILL OF GOD

I worship Thee, sweet Will of God!
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love Thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Our our Saviour's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of His heart
Those three-and-thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of Thee,—

A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free.

I love to see Thee bring to naught
The plans of wily men;
When simple hearts outwit the wise,
Oh, Thou art loveliest then!

The headstrong world, it presses hard
Upon the Church full oft,
And then how easily Thou turn'st
The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will!
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

I know not what it is to doubt;
My heart is ever gay;
I run no risk, for come what will,
Thou always hast Thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,

Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gayly waits on Thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee take
The road that Thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

THE ETERNAL FATHER

Father! the sweetest, dearest Name
That men or angels know!
Fountain of life, that had no fount
From which itself could flow!

Thy life is one unwearing day;
Before its Now Thou hast
No varied future yet unliv'd,
No lapse of changeless past.

Thou comest not, Thou goest not,
Thou wert not, wilt not be;
Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of Thee.

No epochs lie behind Thy life;
Thou hold'st Thy life of none:
No other life is by Thy side;
Thine is supremely lone.

Far upward in the timeless past,
Ere form or space had come,
We see Thee by Thine own dread light,
Thyself Thine only home.

Thy vastness is not young or old;
Thy life hath never grown;
No time can measure out Thy days,
No space can make Thy throne.

Thy life is deep within Thyself,
Sole Unbegotten Sire!
But Son and Spirit flow from Thee
In coeternal fire.

They flow from Thee; They rest in Thee,
As in a Father's breast,—
Process of eternal love,
Pulses of endless rest!

That They in majesty should reign
Coequal, Sire! with Thee,
But magnifies the singleness
Of Thy paternity.

Their uncreated glories, Lord!
With Thine own glory shine;
Thy glory as the Father needs
That Theirs should equal Thine.

Thy Spirit is Thy jubilee;
Thy Word is Thy delight;
Thou givest Them to equal Thee
In glory and in might.

Thou art too great to keep unshared
Thy grand eternity;
They have it as Thy gift to Them,
Which is no gift to Thee.

We too, like Thy coequal Word,
Within Thy lap may rest;
We too, like Thine Eternal Dove,
May nestle in Thy Breast.

Lone Fountain of the Godhead! hail!
Person most dread and dear!
I thrill with frightened joy to fell
Thy fatherhood so near.

Lost in Thy greatness, Lord! I live,
As in some gorgeous maze;
Thy sea of unbegotten light
Blinds me, and yet I gaze.

For Thy grandeur is all tenderness,
All motherlike and meek;
The hearts that will not come to it
Humbling itself to seek.

Thou feign'st to be remote, and speak'st
As if from far above,
That fear may make more bold with Thee,
And be beguiled to love.

On earth Thou hidest, not to scare
Thy children with Thy light,
Then showest us Thy face in heaven,
When we can bear the sight.

All fathers learn their craft from Thee;
All loves are shadows cast
From the beautiful, eternal hills
Of Thine unbeginning past.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER

My God! how wonderful Thou art!
Thy Majesty, how bright!
How beautiful Thy Mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

Oh how I fear Thee, Living God!
With deepest tenderest fears,

And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord!
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

Oh then this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee for Thyself
And for Thy glory's sake.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me Thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God,
Oh what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the Name,
Earth has no higher bliss!

Father of Jesus, love's Reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

MY FATHER

O God! Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.

Yet more than all, and ever more,
Should we Thy creatures bless,
Most worshipful of attributes,
Thine awful holiness.

There's not a craving in the mind
Thou dost not meet and still;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which Thou dost not fulfil.

I see Thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round Thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.

I see Thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see Thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.

I see Thee when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God! yet not alone.

Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of Thee have drunk their fill,
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.

From Thee were drawn those worlds of life,
The Saviour's heart and soul;
And undiminished still, Thy waves
Of calmest glory roll.

All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—

All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command;
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

THE ETERNAL WORD

Amid the eternal silences
God's endless Word was spoken;
None heard but He who always spake,
And the silence was unbroken.
Oh marvellous! Oh worshipful!
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear eternal Word!

For ever in the eternal land
The glorious day is dawning;

For ever is the Father's light
Like an endless outspread morning.

From the Father's vast tranquillity,
In light coequal glowing,
The kingly consubstantial Word
Is unutterably flowing.

For ever climbs that Morning Star
Without ascent or motion;
For ever is its daybreak shed
On the Spirit's boundless ocean.

O Word! who fitly can adore
Thy birth and Thy relation,
Lost in the impenetrable light
Of Thine awful generation?

Thy Father clasps Thee evermore
In unspeakable embraces,
While the angels tremble as they praise
And shroud their dazzled faces.

And oh! in what abyss of love,
So fiery yet so tender,
The Holy Ghost encircles Thee
With His uncreated splendor!

O Word! O dear and gentle Word!
Thy creatures kneel before thee,
And in ecstasies of timid love
Delightedly adore Thee.

Hail choicest mystery of God!
Hail wondrous generation!

The Father's self-sufficient rest!
The Spirit's jubilation!

Dear Person! dear beyond all words,
Glorious beyond all telling!
Oh with what songs of silent love
Our ravished hearts are swelling!
Oh marvellous! Oh worshipful!
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear eternal Word!

JESUS IS GOD

Jesus is God! The solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

Jesus is God! The glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross true God,
He who in heaven eternal reigned
In time on earth abode.

Jesus is God! There never was
A time when He was not:

Boundless, eternal, merciful,
The Word the Sire begot!
Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,
Onward through endless bliss,—
For there are two eternities,
And both alike are His!

Jesus is God! Alas! they say
On earth the numbers grow,
Who His divinity blaspheme
To their unfailing woe.
And yet what is the single end
Of this life's mortal span,
Except to glorify the God
Who for our sakes was man?

Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil;
Worth while a thousand years of life
To speak one little word,
If by our credo we might own
The Godhead of our Lord!

Jesus is God! Oh could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
Oh had I but an angel's voice
I would proclaim so loud,—
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

Jesus is God! If on the earth
This blessed faith decays,

More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise.
We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

JESUS, MY GOD AND MY ALL

O Jesus, Jesus! dearest Lord!
Forgive me if I say
For very love Thy sacred name
A thousand times a day.

I love Thee so, I know not how
My transports to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.

Oh wonderful! that Thou shouldst let
So vile a heart as mine
Love Thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with Thine.

The craft of this wise world of ours
Poor wisdom seems to me;
Ah! dearest Jesus! I have grown
Childish with love of Thee!

For Thou to me art all in all,
My honor and my wealth,
My heart's desire, my body's strength,
My soul's eternal health.

Burn, burn, O Love! within my heart,
Burn fiercely night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly loves
Is burned, and burned away.

O Light in darkness, Joy in grief,
O Heaven begun on earth!
Jesus! my Love! my Treasure! who
Can tell what Thou art worth?

O Jesus! Jesus! sweetest Lord!
What art Thou not to me?
Each hour brings joy before unknown,
Each day new liberty!

What limit is there to thee, love?
Thy flight where wilt thou stay?
On! on! our Lord is sweeter far
Today than yesterday.

Oh love of Jesus! Blessed love!
So will it ever be;
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,
No, nor eternity!

THE ETERNAL SPIRIT

Fountain of love! Thyself true God!
Who through eternal days
From Father and from Son hast flowed
In uncreated ways!

O Majesty unspeakable!
O Person all divine!

How in the threefold Majesty,
Doth Thy Procession shine!

Fixed in the Godhead's awful light
Thy fiery Breath doth move;
Thou art a wonder by Thyself
To worship and to love!

Proceeding, yet of equal age
With those whose love Thou art;
Proceeding, yet distinct, from those
From whom Thou seem'st to part.

An undivided Nature shared
With Father and with Son;
A Person by Thyself; with Them
Thy simple essence One;

I dread Thee, unbegotten Love:
True God! sole Fount of grace!
And now before Thy blessed throne
My sinful self abase.

Ocean, wide-flowing Ocean, Thou,
Of uncreated Love;
I tremble as within my soul
I feel Thy waters move.

Thou art a sea without a shore;
Awful, immense Thou art;
A sea which can contract itself
Within my narrow heart.

And yet Thou art a haven, too,
Out on the shoreless sea,

A harbor that can hold full well
Shipwrecked humanity.

Thou art an unbron Breath outbreathed
On angels and on men,
Subduing all things to Thyself,
We know now how or when.

Thou art a God of fire, that doth
Create while He consumes!
A God of light, whose rays on earth
Darken where He illumines!

O Light! O Love! O very God!
I dare no longer gaze
Upon Thy wondrous attributes
And their mysterious ways.

O Spirit, beautiful and dread!
My heart is fit to break
With love of all Thy tenderness
For us poor sinners' sake.

Thy love of Jesus I adore;
My comfort this shall be,
That, when I serve my dearest Lord,
That service worships Thee!

VENI CREATOR

Oh come, Creator Spirit! come,
Vouchsafe to make our minds Thy home;
And with Thy heavenly grace fulfil
The hearts Thou madest at Thy will.

Thou that art named the Paraclete,
The Gift of God, His Spirit sweet;
The living Fountain, Fire and Love,
And gracious Unction from above.

The sevenfold grace Thou dost expand,
O Finger of the Father's Hand;
True Promise of the Father, rich
In gifts of tongues and various speech.

Kindle our senses with Thy light,
And lead our hearts to love aright:
Stablish our weakness, and refresh
With fortitude our fainting flesh.

Repel far off our deadly foe,
And peace on us forthwith bestow;
With Thee for Guide we need not fear,
Where Thou art, evil comes not near.

By Thee the Father let us bless,
By Thee the eternal Son confess,
And Thee Thyself we evermore,
The Spirit of Them Both, adore.

To God the Father let us raise,
And to His only Son, our praise:
Praise to the Holy Spirit be
Now and for all eternity.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS

Come, Holy Spirit! from the height
Of heaven send down Thy blessed light!
Come, Father of the friendless poor!
Giver of gifts, and Light of hearts,
Come with that unction which imparts
Such consolations as endure.

The soul's Refreshment and her Guest,
Shelter in heat, in labor Rest
The sweetest Solace in our woe!
Come, blissful Light! oh come and fill,
In all Thy faithful, heart and will,
And make our inward fervor glow.

Where Thou art, Lord! there is no ill,
For evil's self Thy light can kill:
Oh let that light upon us rise!
Lord! heal our wounds, and cleanse our stains,
Fountain of grace! and with Thy rains
Our barren spirits fertilize.

Bend with Thy fires our stubborn will,
And quicken what the world would chill,
And homeward call the feet that stray:
Virtue's reward, and final grace,
The eternal Vision face to face,
Spirit of Love! for these we pray.

Come, Holy Spirit! bid us live;
To those who trust Thy mercy give
Joys that through endless ages flow:
Thy various gifts, foretastes of Heaven,
Those that are named Thy sacred seven,
On us, O God of love, bestow.

HOLY GHOST, COME DOWN UPON THY
CHILDREN

Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove divine!

For all within us good and holy
Is from Thee, Thy precious gift;
In all our joys, in all our sorrows,
Wistful hearts to Thee we lift.
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove divine!

For Thou to us art more than father,
More than sister, in Thy love,
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
Holy Spirit! heavenly Dove!
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove divine!

Oh we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit!
Wayward, wanton, cold are we:
And still our sins, new every morning,
Never yet have wearied Thee.
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove divine!

Dear Paraclete! how hast Thou waited,
While hearts were slowly turned!
How often hath Thy love been slighted,
While for us it grieved and burned!
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove divine!

Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,
We would take Thee for our Lord!
O dearest Spirit! make us faithful
To Thy least and lightest word.
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove divine!

Ah! sweet Consoler! though we cannot
Love Thee as Thou lovest us,
Yet, if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle,
They will not be always thus.
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove divine!

With hearts so vile how dare we venture,
Holy Ghost! to love Thee so?
And how canst Thou, with such compassion
Bear so long with things so low?
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove divine!

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD

Paraphrased from the Paradisus Animæ

Father! Creator! Lord Most High!
Sweet Jesus! Fount of Clemency!
Blest Spirit! who dost sanctify!
 God ruling over all!
The Dolors Christ did once endure,
Oh grant that I, with spirit pure,
 Devoutly may recall.

Jesus! the saints in spirit soar,
Where angels hymn for evermore
 The Judge who shall appear;
Receive a suppliant that would raise

His voice unto that choir of praise,
 But is half mute through fear.

THE INFANCY AND YOUTH OF OUR SAVIOUR TILL HIS BAPTISM

Jesus! who from Thy Throne didst come,
And man's most vile estate assume,
 Our fallen race to lift,
Oh grant that such transcending love
To me through Thine own grace, may prove
 No ineffectual gift.

Jesus! whom Mary once conceived
Through grace, her backward fears relieved
 By angel's salutation,
May I, within a chastened heart,
Conceive Thee, Living Word, who art
 My God and my Salvation.

Jesus! the spacious world was Thine,
Yet, when Thou would'st Thy Head recline
 It scarce found room for Thee;
And oh! shall sinful man be bent
On self-sought greatness, not content
 With Christ-like poverty?

Jesus! for whom the Shepherds sought
As Infant, by the angels taught
 From out the midnight sky,
Oh may I love Thy praise on earth,
That I may one day share the mirth
 Of angel hosts on high.

Jesus! my God and Saviour, Thou,
Sinless, didst as a sinner bow
 To ordinance divine;
Oh curb my loose and wandering eyes
Prune my self-will, and circumcise
 This carnal heart of mine.

Jesus! sweet fugitive, who fled
From Herod's bloody net outspread
 For Thy dear infancy,
Give me, O Lord, like modest care
To fly the world when it speaks fair,
 To steal Thy grace away.

Jesus! whom Thy sad mother sought,
And in the temple found, who taught
 The aged in Thy youth:
How blest are they who keep aright,
Or find, when lost, the living light
 Of Thine eternal truth!

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

THE LIFE OF OUR SAVIOUR TILL HIS PASSION

Jesus! the Father's words approve
His Son in Jordan, while the Dove,
Bright Witness, hovers down;
So wash me, Lord, that I may be,
At the Great Day, approved of Thee,
Before Thy Father's throne.

Jesus! who in the strength of fast,
Through Adam's three temptations passed,
On Adam's trial ground,
In me let hallowed abstinence
The issues seal of carnal sense,
And Satan's wiles confound.

Jesus! Thou didst the fishers call,
Who straightway at Thy voice left all,
To teach the world of Thee;
May I with ready will obey
Thine inward call, and keep the way
Of Thy simplicity.

Jesus! who deign'dst to be a guest,
Where Mary's gently urged behest
With Thy kind power made free,
May I mine earthly kinsfolk love,
In such pure ways, that I may prove
My greater love for Thee.

Jesus! how toiled Thy blessed feet
O'er hill and dale and stony street,
 Through weary want and pain!
Oh may I rather for Thy sake
The hardships Thou hast hallowed take
 Than joys Thou didst disdain.

Jesus! in all the zeal of love
How amiably didst Thou reprove
 Poor wretches lost in sin!
Ah may I first in penance live,
Rebuking self, then humbly strive
 My brother's soul to win.

Jesus! who didst the multitude
Twice nourish with miraculous food
 Of soul and body both,
Give my my daily bread, O Lord,
Thy flesh, Thyself, incarnate Word!
 Which feeds our heavenly growth.

Jesus! Thy gracious truth revealing,
All sorrow soothing, sickness healing,
 And so requiting hate,
Oh grant that I may ever be
Like-minded, blessed Lord! with Thee,
 And envy no man's state.

Jesus! transfigured on the height
Of Tabor in mysterious light
 From heaven's eternal fountain,
If such the earthly type, oh lead,
Lead me where Thou Thy flock dost feed
 Upon the holy mountain.

Jesus! who wept o'er Salem's towers,
Wept for her long and baleful hours
Of misery and sin!
O Love divine, could I but borrow
From Thy sweet strength such strength of sorrow
As might her pardon win!

Jesus! and do I now behold
My God, my Saviour, bought and sold,
A traitor's merchandise?
Oh grant that I may never be
A Judas, dearest Lord, to Thee,
For all that earth can prize.

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

THE PASSION OF OUR SAVIOUR
TILL HIS CRUCIFIXION

Jesus! who in the garden felt
The bloody sweat, yet patient knelt
To do Thy Father's will,
To give me such a zealous mind
To suffer, such a heart resigned
Thy statutes to fulfil.

Jesus! Thy friends are fain to sleep,
While to the unresisting sheep
The cruel wolves repair;
May I be found as meek and still
By those who wish or work me ill,
And, like my Lord, at prayer.

Jesus! who saw'st on that sad night
Thine own, Thy chosen, take to flight,
 And leave their Lord by stealth;
Oh may we learn in grief and care
Those harder trials still to bear,—
 Prosperity and wealth.

Jesus! whom Peter then denied,
Thou with one gentle look didst chide
 The weak disciple's fears;
If ever I deny Thy name,
Thy cross, oh send me speedy shame,
 Oh give me Peter's tears.

Jesus! the Judge of quick and dead,
Thyself, when falsely judged, wert led
 In mock regalia clad;
May I my solemn office fill,
Judge of myself, and think no ill,
 Not even of the bad.

Jesus! when scourged and buffeted
And spit upon, Thy sacred head
 Was bow'd to earth for me;
Oh may I pardon find, and bliss,
And expiating love in this
 My Lord's indignity.

Jesus! with crowd of ruddy thorn
The Jews Thy tortured brow adorn,
 And, jeering, hail Thee king;
May I, O Lord, with heart sincere

My humble zeal, my love, and fear,
 And real homage bring.

Jesus! for whom the wicked Jews
A vile and blood-stained robber choose,
 Have mercy, Lord, on me,
And keep me from a choice so base
As taking wealth or ease or place,
 Barabbas, Lord! for Thee.

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
 DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

THE CRUCIFIXION AND WHAT WAS
DONE UPON THE CROSS

Jesus! on that most doleful day
How were Thy garments stripped away,
 Thy holy limbs laid bare!
Oh may no works or ways unclean
Despoil me of that modest mien
 Thy servants, Lord, should wear.

Jesus! what direst agony
Was Thine upon the bitter tree,
 With healing virtues rife!
Oh may I count all things but loss,
All for the glory of the cross,
 The sinner's Tree of Life.

Jesus! around Thy sacred head
There is an ominous brightness shed,—
 The name which Pilate wrote:
Save us, Thou royal Nazarene!
For in that threefold name are seen
 The gifts Thy Passion brought.

Jesus! who to the Father prayed
For those who all Thy love repaid
 With this dread cup of woes,
Teach me to conquer, Lord, like Thee,
By patience and benignity,
 The thwarting of my foes.

Jesus! who, come to seek and save,
Absolved the thief, and promise gave
 Of peace among the blest,
Ah! do Thou give me repentance
Like this, that I, when summoned hence,
 In paradise may rest.

Jesus! true Man, who cried aloud,
Toward the ninth hour, My God, My God,
 Oh why am I forsaken?
Lord! may I never fall from Thee,
Nor e'en in life's extremity
 My humble trust be shaken.

Jesus! athirst, the soldiers think
To mock Thee, giving Thee to drink
 What might inflame Thy pain;
Ah! mindful of the loathsome draught
Which for my sins my Saviour quaffed,
 May I my flesh restrain.

Jesus! Redeemer, all the price
Of Adam's sin Thy sacrifice
 Did more than fully pay;
May I my stewardship fulfil
With equal strictness, and Thy will
 With scrupulous love obey.

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

WHAT WAS DONE AFTER HIS DEATH: BURIAL,
RESURRECTION, ASCENSION, SESSION, AND
SECOND ADVENT

Jesus! all hail, who for my sin
Didst die, and by that death didst win
Eternal life for me;
Send me Thy grace, good Lord! that I
Unto the world and flesh may die,
And hide my life with Thee.

Jesus! from out Thine open side
Thou hast the thirsty world supplied
With endless streams of love;
Come ye who would your sickness quell,
Draw freely from that sacred well,
Its heavenly virtues prove.

Jesus! Thy Passion's bitter smart
Pierced like a sword Thy mother's heart,
As Simeon prophesied;
So fix my heart unto Thy cross,
That I may count all gain but loss
For Jesus crucified!

Jesus! in spices wrapped, and laid
Within the garden's rocky shade,
By jealous seals made sure,
Embalm me with Thy grace, and hide

Thy servant in Thy sounded side,
A heavenly sepulture.

Jesus! who to the spirits went,
And preached the new enfranchisement
Thy recent death had won,
Absolve me, Lord! and set me free
From self and sin, that I may be
Bondsman to Thee alone.

Jesus! who from the dead arose,
And straightway sought to comfort those
Whose weak faith mourned for Thee,
Oh may I rise from sin and earth,
And so make good that second birth
Which Thou hast wrought in me.

Jesus! who wert at Emmaus known
In breaking bread, and thus art shown
Unto Thy people now,
Oh may my heart within me burn,
When at the altar I discern
Thy body, Lord! and bow.

Jesus! ten silent days expired,
The eternal Spirit came, and fired
With His celestial heat
Thine infant Church; oh may that light
Within one pasture now unite
Men's widely wandering feet.

Jesus! who at this very hour
At God's right hand in pomp and power
Our nature still dost wear,
Oh let Thy wounds still intercede

And by their simple silence plead
Thy countless merits there.

Jesus! who shalt in glory come
With angels to the final doom,
Men's works and wills to weigh,
Since from that pomp I cannot flee,
Be pitiful, great Lord! to me
In that tremendous day.

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us when we pray;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

ROME, VILLA
STROZZI.
June 10, 1843.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

At last Thou art come, little Saviour!
And Thine angels fill midnight with song;
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator!
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.
All hail, eternal Child!
Dear Mary's little flower,
God hardly born an hour,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Hail Mary's little one,
Hail God's eternal Son,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

Thou art come to Thy beautiful mother;
She hath looked on Thy marvellous face;
Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary!
And she was channel for Thy grace.

Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,
And our souls overflow with delight;
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus!
With the joy of this wonderful night.

We have waited so long for Thee, Saviour!
Art Thou come to us, dearest! at least?
Oh bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy mother!
This is worth all the wearisome past!

Thou art come; Thou art come, Child of Mary!
Yet we hardly believe Thou art come;—
It seems such a wonder to have Thee,
New Brother! with us in our home.

Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker!
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore;
We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother!
On eternity's jubilant shore.
All hail, eternal Child!
Dear Mary's little flower,
God hardly born an hour,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Hail Mary's little one,
Hail God's eternal Son,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

THE AGONY

O soul of Jesus, sick to death!
Thy blood and prayer together plead;
My sins have bowed Thee to the ground,
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

Midnight—and still the oppressive load
Upon Thy tortured heart doth lie;
Still the abhorred procession winds
Before Thy spirit's quailing eye.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord!
All darkly on Thy human soul;
And clouds of supernatural gloom
Around Thee are allowed to roll.

The weight of the eternal wrath
Drives over Thee with pressure dread;
And, forced upon the olive roots,
In deathlike sadness droops Thy head.

Thy spirit weighs the sins of men
Thy science fathoms all their guilt;
Thou sickenest heavily at Thy heart,
And the pores open, blood is spilt.

And Thou hast struggled with it, Lord!
Even to the limit of Thy strength,
While hours, whose minutes were as years,
Slowly fulfilled their weary length.

And Thou hast shuddered at each act,
And shrunk with an astonished fear,
As if Thou couldst not bear to see
The loathsomeness of sin so near.

Sin and the Father's anger! they
Have made Thy lower nature faint;
All save the love within Thy heart,
Seemed for the moment to be spent.

My God! My God! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts,
Than of the wind that waves the bough?

I sin,—and heaven and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if God's blood had never flowed
To hinder sin, or to atone.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air;
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O Lord?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace Thy passion merited,
Hatred of self and love of Thee?

Oh by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear;
And give me of Thy bloody sweat
To wash my guilty conscience clear!

Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear!

JESUS CRUCIFIED

Oh come and mourn with me awhile!
See, Mary calls us to her side;
Oh come and let us mourn with her;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
His blessed tongue with thirst is tied;
His failing eyes are blind with blood;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried.
And guilty found of too much love;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Found guilty of excess of love,
It was Thine own sweet will that tied

Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart, love's cradle is;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with Love;
For He, our Love, is crucified!

FROM PAIN TO PAIN

From pain to pain, from woe to woe,
With loving hearts and footsteps slow,
To Calvary with Christ we go.
 See how His precious blood
 At every station pours!
Was ever grief like His?
 Was ever sin like ours?

WE COME TO THEE, SWEET SAVIOUR

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
 Just because we need Thee so;
None need Thee more than we do;
 Nor are half so vile or low.

O bountiful salvation!
O life eternal won!
O plentiful redemption!
O blood of Mary's son!

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
None will have us, Lord! but Thee;
And we want none but Jesus,
And His grace that makes us free.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
For our sins are worse than ever;
Dear Shepherd of the outcast!
But Thy patience wearies never.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
With our broken faith again:
We know Thou wilt forgive us,
Nor upbraid us, nor complain.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
It is love that makes us come:
We are certain of our welcome,
Of our Father's welcome home.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
Fear brings us in our need;
For Thy hand never breaketh,
Not the frailest bruised reed.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
For to whom, Lord! can we go?
The words of life eternal
From Thy lips for ever flow.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
We have tried Thee, oft before;
But now we come more wholly,
With the heart to love Thee more.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
'Tis in answer to Thy call,
Dear Hope of the unworthy!
Dearest Merit of us all!

JESUS RISEN

All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail!
Oh what a victory is Thine!
How beautiful Thy strength appears,
Thy crimson wounds, how bright they shine!

Thou camest at the dawn of day;
Armies of souls around Thee were,
Blest spirits, thronging to adore
Thy flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

The everlasting Godhead lay
Shrouded within those limbs divine,
Nor left untenanted one hour
That sacred human heart of Thine.

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
And worship Him with joyous dread!

O Sin! thou art outdone by Love!
O Death! thou art discomfited!

Ye heavens, how sang they in your courts,
How sang the angelic choirs that day,

When from His tomb the imprisoned God,
Like the strong sunrise, broke away?

Oh I am burning so with love,
I fear lest I should make too free;
Let me be silent and adore
Thy glorified Humanity.

Ah! now Thou sendest me sweet tears;
Fluttered with love, my spirits fail,—
What shall I say? Thou know'st my heart;
All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail!

THE CREATION OF THE ANGELS

In pulses deep of threefold love,
Self-hushed and self-possessed,
The mighty, unbeginning God
Had lived in silent rest.

With His own greatness all alone
The sight of Self had been
Beauty of beauties, joy of joys,
Before His eye serene.

He lay before Himself, and gazed
As ravished with the sight,
Brooding on His own attributes
With dread untold delight.

No ties were on His bliss, for He
Had neither end nor cause;
For His own glory 't was enough
That He was what He was.

His glory was full grown; His light
Had owned no dawning dim;
His love did not outgrow Himself,
For naught could grow in Him.

He stirred—and yet we know not how
Nor wherefore He should move;
In our poor human words, it was
An overflow of love.

It was the first outspoken word
That broke that peace sublime,
An outflow of eternal love
Into the lap of time.

He stirred; and beauty all at once
Forth from His Being broke;
Spirit and strength, and living life,
Created things awoke.

Order and multitude and light
In beauteous showers outstreamed;
And realms of newly fashioned space
With radiant angels beamed.

How wonderful is life in Heaven
Amid the angelic choirs,
Where uncreated Love has crowned
His first created fires!

But, see! new marvels gather there!
The wisdom of the Son
With Heaven's completest wonder ends
The work so well begun.

EVENING HYMN

Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

The day is done; its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord! from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

Do more than pardon; give us joy
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

THANKSGIVING AFTER COMMUNION

Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
God of might and power!
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

As men to their gardens
Go to seek sweet flowers,
In our hearts dear Jesus
Seeks them at all hours.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness,
Till our hearts o'erflow.

Pray the prayer within us
That to Heaven shall rise;
Sing the song that angels
Sing above the skies.

Multiply our graces,
 Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord! the chiefest—
 Grace to persevere.

Oh, how can we thank Thee
 For a gift like this,—
Gift that truly maketh
 Heaven's eternal bliss?

THE THOUGHT OF GOD

The thought of God, the thought of Thee,
 Who liest in my heart,
And yet beyond imagined space
 Outstretched and present art,—

The thought of Thee, above, below,
 Around me and within,
Is more to me than health and wealth,
 Or love of kith and kin.

The thought of God is like the tree
 Beneath whose shade I lie,
And watch the fleets of snowy clouds
 Sail o'er the silent sky.

'Tis like that soft, invading light,
 Which in all darkness shines,
The thread that through life's sombre web
 In golden pattern twines.

It is a thought which ever makes
 Life's sweetest smiles from tears,

And is a daybreak to our hopes,
A sunset to our fears.

One while it bids the tears to flow,
Then wipes them from the eyes,
Most often fills our souls with joy,
And always sanctifies.

Within a thought so great, our souls
Little and modest grow,
And, by its vastness awed, we learn
The art of walking slow.

The wild flower on the mossy ground
Scarce bends its pliant form,
When overhead the autumnal wood
Is thundering like a storm.

So is it with our humbled souls
Down in the thought of God,
Scarce conscious in their sober peace
Of the wild storms abroad.

To think of Thee is almost prayer,
And is outspoken praise;
And pain can even passive thoughts
To actual worship raise.

O Lord! I live always in pain,
My life's sad undersong,—
Pain in itself not hard to bear,
But hard to bear so long.

Little sometimes weighs more than much,
When it has no relief;

A joyless life is worse to bear
Than one of active grief.

And yet, O Lord! a suffering life
One grand ascent may dare;
Penance, not self-imposed, can make
The whole of life a prayer.

All murmurs lie inside Thy will
Which are to Thee addressed;
To suffer for Thee is our work,
To think of Thee our rest.

THE FEAR OF GOD

My fear of Thee, O Lord! exults
Like life within my veins,—
A fear which rightly claims to be
One of love's sacred pains.

Thy goodness to Thy saints of old
An awful thing appeared;
For were Thy majesty less good
Much less would it be feared.

There is no joy the soul can meet
Upon life's various road
Like the sweet fear that sits and shrinks
Under the eye of God.

A special joy is in all love
For objects we revere;
Thus joy in God will always be
Proportioned to our fear.

Oh Thou art greatly to be feared,
Thou art so prompt to bless!
The dread to miss such love as Thine
Makes fear but love's excess.

The fulness of Thy mercy seems
To fill both land and sea;
If we can break through bounds so vast,
How exiled shall we be!

For grace is fearful, which each hour
Our path in life has crossed;
If it were rarer, it might be
Less easy to be lost.

But fear is love, and love is fear,
And in and out they move;
But fear is an intenser joy
Than mere unfrightened love.

When most I fear Thee, Lord! then most
Familiar I appear;
And I am in my soul most free,
When I am most in fear.

I should not love Thee as I do,
If love might make more free;
Its very sweetness would be lost
In greater liberty.

I feel Thee most a Father when
I fancy Thee most near;
And Thou comest not so nigh in love
As Thou comest, Lord! in fear.

They love Thee little, if at all,
Who do not fear Thee much;
If love is Thine attraction, Lord!
Fear is Thy very touch.

Love could not love Thee half so much
If it found Thee not so near;
It is Thy nearness which makes love
The perfectness of fear.

We fear because Thou art so good,
And because we can sin;
And when we make most show of love,
We are trembling most within.

And, Father! when to us in heaven
Thou shalt Thy face unveil,
Then more than ever will our souls
Before Thy goodness quail.

Our blessedness will be to bear
The sight of Thee so near;
And thus eternal love will be
But the ecstasy of fear.

PEEVISHNESS

O God! that I could be with Thee,
Alone by some sea shore,
And hear Thy soundless voice within,
And the outward waters roar.

The cold wet wind would seem to wash
The world from off my brow:

And I should feel amidst the storm
That none were near but Thou.

Each wave that broken upon the rocks
Would seem to break on me:
And he who stands an outward shock
Gains inward liberty.

Upon the wings of wild sea-birds,
My dark thoughts would I lay,
And let them bear them out to sea,
In the tempest far away.

For life has grown a simple weight;
Each effort seems a fall;
And all things weary me on earth,
But good things most of all.

And I am deadly sick of men,
From shame and not from pride;
My love of souls, my joy in saints,
Are blossoms that have died.

It seems as if I loathed the earth,
And yet craved not for Heaven,
But for another nature longed,
Not that which Thou hast given.

For goodness all ignoble seems,
Ungenerous and small,
And the holy are so wearisome,
Their very virtues pall.

Alas! this peevishness with good
Is want of love of God;

Unloving thoughts within distort
The look of things abroad.

The discord is within, which jars
So sadly in life's song:
'Tis we, not they, who are in fault,
When others seem so wrong.

'Tis we who weigh upon ourselves;
Self is the irksome weight:
To those who can see straight themselves,
All things look always straight.

My God! with what surpassing love
Thou lovest all on earth,
How good the least good is to Thee,
How much each soul is worth!

I seem to think if I could spend
One hour alone with Thee,
My human heart would come again
From Thy divinity.

And yet I cannot build a cell
For Thee within my heart,
And meet Thee, as Thy chosen do,
Where Thou most truly art.

The bright examples round me seem
My dazzled eyes to hurt;
Thy beauty, which they should reflect,
They dwindle and invert.

Therefore I crave for scenes which might
My fettered thoughts unbind,

And where the elements might be
Like scapegoats to my mind,

Where all things round should loudly tell,
Storm, rocks, sea-birds, and sea,
Not of Thy worship, but much more,
And only, Lord! of Thee.

PREDESTINATION

Father and God! my endless doom
Is hidden in Thy Hand,
And I shall know not what it is
Till at Thy bar I stand.

Thou knowest what Thou hast decreed
For me in Thy dread Will ;
I in my helpless ignorance
Must tremble and lie still.

All light is darkness, when I think
Of what may be my fate ;
Yet hearts will trust, and hope can teach
Both faith and love to wait.

A little strife of flesh and soul,
A single word from Thee,
And in a moment I possess
A fixed eternity:—

Fixed, fixed, irrevocably fixed!
Oh at this silent hour
The thought of what is possible
Comes with terrific power:

As though into some awful depth
Rash hands had flung a stone,
And still the frightening echoes grow
As it goes sounding on.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN

Oh it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Yes, there is less to try our faith
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth,
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith,
Their uphill journey take,
Lose here what there they gain, and, if
We lean upon them, break——

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;

And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's lifelong study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science too
In her simplicity.

Workmen of God! oh lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;

For Jesus own the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave
From what men reckon shame,
In His own world He is content
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul!
Must and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

God's justice is a bed, where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

DESIRE OF GOD

Oh for freedom, for freedom in worshipping God,
For the mountain-top feeling of generous souls,
For the health, for the air, of the hearts deep and broad,
Where grace not in rills but in cataracts rolls!

Most good is the brisk wholesome service of fear,
And the calm wise obedience of conscience is sweet;
And good are all worships, all loyalties dear,
All promptitudes fitting, all services meet.

But none honors God like the thirst of desire,
Nor possesses the heart so completely with Him;
For it burns the world out with the swift ease of fire,
And fills life with good works till it runs o'er the brim.

Then pray for desire, for love's wistfullest yearning,
For the beautiful pining of holy desire;
Yes, pray for a soul that is ceaselessly burning
With the soft fragrant flames of this thrice happy fire.

For the heart only dwells, truly dwells with its treasure,
And the languor of love captive hearts can unfetter;
And they who love God cannot love Him by measure,
For their love is but hunger to love Him still better.

Is it hard to serve God, timid soul? Hast thou found
Gloomy forests, dark glens, mountain-tops on thy way?
All the hard would be easy, all the tangles unwound,
Wouldst thou only desire, as well as obey.

For the lack of desire is the ill of all ills;
Many thousands through it the dark pathway have trod
The balsam, the wine of predestinate wills,
Is a jubilant pining and longing for God.

'Tis a fire that will burn what thou canst not pass over;
'Tis a lightning that breaks away all bars to love;
'Tis a sunbeam the secrets of God to discover;
'Tis the wing David prayed for, the wing of the Dove.

I have seen living men and their good angels know
How they failed and fell short through the want of
 desire;

Souls once almost saints have descended so low,
'T will be much if their wings bear them over the fire.

'Tis a great gift of God to live after our Lord;
Yet the old Hebrew times they were ages of fire,
When fainting souls fed on each dim figured word,
And God called men He loved most—the Men of
 Desire.

Oh then wish more for God, burn more with desire,
Covet more the dear sight of His Marvellous Face;
Pray louder, pray longer, for the sweet gift of fire
To come down on thy heart with its whirlwinds of grace.

Yes, pine for thy God, fainting soul! ever pine;
Oh languish mid all that life brings thee of mirth;
Famished, thirsty, and restless, let such life be thine,—
For what sight is to Heaven, desire is to earth.

God loves to be longed for, He longs to be sought,
For He sought us Himself with such longing and love:
He died for desire of us, marvellous thought!
And He yearns for us now to be with Him above.

THE TRUE SHEPHERD

I was wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto Me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,

O silly souls! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true.

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow ;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

He took me on His shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how He had missed me;
And I'm sure I heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

Strange gladness seemed to move Him,
Whenever I did better;

And He coaxed me so to love Him,
As if He was my debtor;
And I always heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me ;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true.

Let us do then, dearest brothers!
What will best and longest please us,
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus;
We shall ever hear Him say,
As he goes along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me:
I am the Shepherd true.

COME TO JESUS

Souls of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

It is God: His love looks might,
But is mightier than it seems:
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

Pining souls! come nearer Jesus,
And oh come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

INVITATION TO THE MISSION

Oh come to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
Oh come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There s a bright home above where the sun never sets.

Oh come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
Oh come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful Face.

Ye sons of dear England, your Saviour is calling
You back to His Fold and your forefathers faith;
Ah love Him, then, love Him; for the dark night is falling,
And the light of His love shall be with you in death.

Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of His love;

And fear not! tis Jesus, and life's cares grow lighter,
As you think of the home and the glory above.

Have you sinned as none else in the world have before
you?

Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
Oh fear not, and doubt not! the mother who bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose blood you have
spilt.

Oh come then to Jesus, and say how you love Him,
And vow at His feet you will keep in His grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

Come, come to His feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His Name.

Come quickly to Jesus for graces and pardons,
Come now, for who needs not His mercy and love?
Believe me, dear children, that England's fair gardens
Are dull to the bright land that waits you above.

THE WAGES OF SIN

Oh what are the wages of sin,
The end of the race we have run?
We have slaved for the master we chose,
And what is the prize we have won?

We gave away all things for him,
And in truth it was much that was given,—

The love of the angels and saints,
And the chance of our getting to Heaven.

We are worn out and weary with sin;
Its pleasures are poor at the best;
For what we remember, not worth
Half an hour of a conscience at rest.

For sin in the hand is not like
The bright thing it looked to the eye;
Its taste is still worse than its touch;
Yet we swallow the poison and die.

Oh fools that we were! can we now
Break off the bad bargain we made?
And is there a way to get back
The rash price we already have paid?

Oh yes! we have got but to send
One word or one sigh up to Heaven!
The mischief will all be undone,
And the past be completely forgiven.

Jesus is just what He was,
On the cross, as we left Him before,
All gentleness, mercy, and love,
Nay, His love and His mercy look more.

We will back with our hearts in our hands,
For the heart is His one only fee:
Forgive us, dear Jesus, forgive,
All we want is forgiveness from Thee.

A GOOD CONFESSION

The chains that have bound me are flung to the wind,
By the mercy of God the poor slave is set free;
And the strong grace of Heaven breathes fresh o'er the
mind,
Like the bright winds of summer that gladden the sea.

There was naught in God's world half so dark or so vile
As the sin and the bondage that fettered my soul;
There was naught half so base as the malice and guile
Of my own sordid passions, or Satan's control.

For years I have borne about hell in my breast;
When I thought of my God it was nothing but gloom;
Day brought me no pleasure, night gave me no rest,
There was still the grim shadow of horrible doom.

It seemed as if nothing less likely could be
Than that light should break in on a dungeon so deep;
To create a new world were less hard than to free
The slave from his bondage, the soul from its sleep.

But the word had gone forth, and said, Let there be light,
And it flashed through my soul like a sharp passing
smart;
One look to my Saviour, and all the dark night,
Like a dream scarce remembered, was gone from my
heart.

I cried out for mercy, and fell on my knees,
And confessed, while my heart with keen sorrow was
wrung;
'Twas the labor of minutes, and years of disease
Fell as fast from my soul as the words from my tongue.

And now, blest be God and the sweet Lord who died!
No deer on the mountain, no bird in the sky,
No bright wave that leaps on the dark bounding tide,
Is a creature so free or so happy as I.

All hail, then, all hail, to the dear precious blood,
That hath worked these sweet wonders of mercy in
me;
May each day countless numbers throng down to its
flood,
And God have His glory, and sinners go free.

CONVERSION

O faith! thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts
We know not how nor when.

To one thy grave unearthly truths
A heavenly vision seem;
While to another's eye they are
A superstitious dream.

To one the deepest doctrines look
So naturally true,
That when he learns the lesson first,
He hardly thinks it new.

To other hearts the selfsame truths
No light or heat can bring;
They are but puzzling phrases strung
Like beads upon a string.

O gift of gifts! O grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
The Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon His way.

How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine,
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine!

Ah grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

How can they live, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief?

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.

Oh happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

Thy choice, O God of goodness! then
I lovingly adore;
Oh give me grace to keep Thy grace,
And grace to merit more.

THE WORK OF GRACE

How the light of Heaven is stealing,
Gently o'er the trembling soul;
And the shades of bitter feeling
From the lightened spirit roll.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

Fairer than the pearly morning
Comes the softly struggling ray:
Ah, it is the very dawning
That precedes eternal day.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

See the tears, the blessed trouble,
Doubts and fears, and hopes and smiles!
How the guilt of sin seems double,
And how plain are Satan's wiles!
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling.

How the light of Heaven is stealing,
Gently o'er the trembling soul;
And the shades of bitter feeling
From the lightened spirit roll.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

Now the light is growing brighter,
Fear of hell, and hate of sin:
Another flash! the heart is lighter;
Love of God hath entered in.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling:

Now upon the favorite passion
Falls a steady ray of grace;
And the lights of world and fashion
In the new light fade apace.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling:

What was sweet hath now grown bitter,
What was bitter passing sweet;
Even penance now seems fitter
Than the poor world's idle treat.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

See! more light! the spirit tingles
With contrition's piercing dart;—
More,—and love divinely mingles
Ease and gladness with the smart.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

Free! free! the joyous light of Heaven
Comes with full and fair release;—
O God, what light! all sin forgiven,
Jesus' kingdom, love, and peace.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES

Oh do you hear that voice from Heaven,—
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven?
Softly on every wind that blows
Through the wide earth the promise goes.
Absolving sin and opening Heaven,
For we forgive and are forgiven.

Yes, we, dear Lord! Thy voice can tell;
That gentle voice, we know it well;
Yet never was it sweet and clear
As now when we this promise hear,—
Poor souls! who sadly doubt of Heaven,
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.

Sweet Faith! and can this pledge be true
And is the duty hard to do?
No one, dear Lord! hath done to me
Such wrong as I have done to Thee.
Why should not all men go to Heaven?
They who forgive will be forgiven.

Thine offers, earth! to this are dull,
Full mercy to the merciful:—
Oh joy to every soul that lives!
Such beautiful bright words He gives,
Whose royal promise cheapens Heaven,—
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.

Then listen to us, Jesus, Lord!
See how we take Thee at Thy word:
Oh as we hope with Thee to live,
So from our hearts do we forgive ;
And from this hour we do not know
The thought, the thing men mean by foe.

Yes! saved and saints your Church will be—
All of us, Lord! will come to Thee;
Dear Heaven! the work for thee is done,
How easily, how sweetly won!
Yes! thou art ours, eternal Heaven!
For we forgave, and are forgiven.

THE WORLD

O Jesus! if in days gone by
My heart hath loved the world too well,
It needs more love for love of Thee
To bid this cherished world farewell.

And yet I can rejoice there are
So many things on earth to love,
So many idols for the fire,
My love and loyal change to prove.

He that loves most hath most to lose,
And willing loss is love's best prize;
The more that Yesterday hath loved
The more Today can sacrifice.

O Earth! thou art too beautiful,
And thou, dear Home! thou art too sweet,
The winning ways of flesh and blood
Too smooth for sinners' pilgrim feet.

The woods and flowers, and running streams,
The sunshine of the common skies,
The round of household peace—what heart
But owns the might of these dear ties?

The sweetness of known faces is
A couch where weary souls repose;
Known voices are as David's harp
Bewitching Saul's oppressive woes.

And yet, bright World! thou art not wise:
Oh no! enchantress though thou art,
Thou art not skilful in thy way
Of dealing with a wearied heart.

If thou hadst kept thy faith with me,
I might have been thy servant still;
But slighted love and broken faith,
Poor world! these are beyond thy skill.

Oh bless thee, bless thee, treacherous World!
That thou dost play so false a part,
And drive, like sheep into the fold,
Our loves into our Saviour's heart.

This have I leaned upon, sweet Lord!
This world hath had Thy rightful place;
But come, dear jealous King of love!
Come, and begin Thy reign of grace.

Banish far from me all I love,
The smiles of friends, the old fireside,
And drive me to that home of homes,
The heart of Jesus crucified.

Take all the light away from earth,
Take all that men can love from me;
Let all I lean upon give way,
That I may lean on naught but Thee.

THE END OF MAN

I come to Thee once more, my God!
No longer will I roam;
For I have sought the wide world through,
And never found a home.

Though bright and many are the spots
Where I have built a nest,
Yet in the brightest still I pined
For more abiding rest.

Riches could bring me joy and power,
And they were fair to see;
Yet gold was but a sorry god
To serve instead of Thee.

Then honor and the world's good word
Appeared a nobler faith;
Yet could I rest on bliss that hung
And trembled on a breath?

The pleasure of the passing hour
My spirit next could wile;
But soon, full soon, my heart fell sick
Of pleasure's weary smile.

More selfish grown, I worshipped health,
The flush of manhood's power;
But then it came and went so quick,
It was but for an hour.

And thus a not unkindly world
Hath done its best for me;
Yet I have found, O God! no rest,
No harbor short of Thee.

For Thou hast made this wondrous soul
All for Thyself alone;
Ah! send Thy sweet transforming grace
To make it more Thine own.

THE REMEMBRANCE OF MERCY

Why art thou sorrowful, servant of God?
And what is this dulness that hangs o'er thee now?
Sing the praises of Jesus, and sing them aloud,
And the song shall dispel the dark cloud from thy brow.

For is there a thought in the wide world so sweet,
As that God has so cared for us, bad as we are,
That He thinks for us, plans for us, stoops to entreat,
And follows us, wander we ever so far?

Then how can the heart e'er be drooping or sad,
Which God hath once touched with the light of His
 grace?
Can the child have a doubt who but lately hath laid
Himself to repose in his father's embrace?

And is it not wonderful, servant of God?
That He should have honored us so with His love,
That the sorrows of life should but shorten the road
Which leads to Himself and the mansion above?

Oh then when the spirit of darkness comes down
With clouds and uncertainties into thy heart,
One look to thy Saviour, one thought of thy crown,
And the tempest is over, the shadows depart.

That God hath once whispered a word in thine ear,
Or sent thee from Heaven one sorrow for sin,

Is enough for a life both to banish all fear,
And to turn into peace all the troubles within.

The schoolmen can teach thee far less about Heaven,
Of the height of God's power, or the depth of His
love,
Than the fire in thy heart when thy sin was forgiven,
Or the light that one mercy brings down from above.

Then why dost thou weep so? For see how time flies,
The time that for loving and praising was given!
Away with thee, child, then, and hide thy red eyes
In the lap, the kind lap, of thy Father in Heaven.

THE GIFTS OF GOD

My soul! what hast thou done for God?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Sum up what thou hast done for God,
And then what God hath done for thee.

He made thee when He might have made
A soul that would have loved Him more;
He rescued thee from nothingness,
And set thee on life's happy shore.

He placed an angel at thy side,
And strewed joys round thee on thy way;
He gave thee rights thou couldst not claim,
And life, free life, before thee lay.

Had God in Heaven no work to do
But miracles of love for thee?
No world to rule, no joy in Self,
And in His own infinity?

So must it seem to our blind eyes:
He gave His love no sabbath rest.
Still plotting happiness for men,
And new designs to make them blest.

From out His glorious bosom came
His only, His eternal Son;
He freed the race of Satan's slaves,
And with His blood sin's captives won.

The world rose up against His love:
New love the vile rebellion met,
As though God only looked at sin
Its guilt to pardon and forget.

For His eternal Spirit came
To raise the thankless slaves to sons,
And with the ninefold gifts of love
To crown His own elected ones.

Men spurned His grace; their lips blasphemed
The Love who made Himself their slave;
They grieved that blessed Comforter,
And turned against Him what He gave.

Yet still the sun is fair by day,
The moon still beautiful by night;
The world goes round, and joy with it,
And life, free life, is men's delight.

No voice God's wondrous silence breaks,
No hand put forth His anger tells;
But He, the Omnipotent and Dread,
On high in humblest patience dwells.

The Son hath come; and maddened sin
The world's Creator crucified;
The Spirit comes, and stays, while men
His presence doubt, His gifts deride.

And now the Father keeps Himself,
In patient and forbearing love,
To be His creature's heritage
In that undying life above.

Oh wonderful, oh passing thought,
The love that God hath had for thee,
Spending on thee no less a sum
Than the Undivided Trinity!

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost,
Exhausted for a thing like this,—
The world's whole government disposed
For one ungrateful creature's bliss!

What hast thou done for God, my soul?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Cry for thy blindness healed at last,
Cry for His mercy upon thee.

TRUE LOVE

Think well how Jesus trusts Himself
Unto our childish love,
As tough by His free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.

God gives Himself as Mary's Babe
To sinners' trembling arms,

And veils His everlasting light
In childhood's feeble charms.

His sacred name a common word
On earth He loves to hear;
There is no majesty in Him
Which love may not come near.

Let us be simple with Him then,
Not backward, stiff, or cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sina was of old.

His love of us may teach us how
To love Him in return;
Love cannot help but grow more free
The more its transports burn.

The humbling of the Incarnate Word
Some have not faith to face;
And how shall they who have not faith
Attain love's better grace?

The solemn face, the downcast eye,
The words constrained and cold,—
These are the homage, poor at best,
Of those outside the fold.

They know not how our God can play
The Babe's, the Brother's part;
They dream not of the ways He has
Of getting at the heart.

Most winningly He lowers Himself,
Yet they dare not come near:

They cannot know in their blind place
The love that casts our fear.

In lowest depths of littleness
God sinks to gain our love;
They put away the sign in fear,
And our free ways reprove.

The awe that lies too deep for words,
Too deep for solemn looks,—
It finds no way into the face,
No written vent in books.

The majesty of God ne'er broke
On them like fire at night,
Flooding their stricken souls, while they
Lay trembling in the light.

They love not; for they have not kissed
The Saviour's outer hem;
They fear not; for the living God
Is yet unknown to them.

SELF-LOVE

“Christ did not please Himself.”—Romans xv. 3

Oh I could go through all life's troubles singing,
Turning earth's night to day,
If self were not so fast around me, clinging
To all I do or say.

My very thoughts are selfish, always building
Mean castles in the air;

I use my love of others for a gilding
To make myself look fair.

I fancy all the world engrossed with judging
My merit or my blame;
Its warmest praise seems an ungracious grudging
Of praise which I might claim.

Alas! no speed in life can snatch us wholly
Out of self's hateful sight;
And it keeps step, whene'er we travel slowly,
And sleeps with us at night.

Inevitable self! vile imitation
Of universal light,—
Within our hearts a dreadful usurpation
Of God's exclusive right!

The opiate balms of grace may haply still thee,
Deep in my nature lying;
For I may hardly hope, alas! to kill thee,
Save by the act of dying.

O Lord! that I could waste my life for others,
With no ends of my own,
That I could pour myself into my brothers,
And live for them alone!

Such was the life Thou livedst, self abjuring,
Thine own pains never easing,
Our burdens bearing, our just doom enduring,
A life without self-pleasing!

HARSH JUDGMENTS

O God! whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love always runs clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear!

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

Hardheartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

I often see in my own thoughts,
When they lie nearest Thee,
That the worst men I ever knew
Were better men than me.

Time was, when I believed that wrong
In others to detect,
Was part of genius, and a gift
To cherish, not reject.

Now better taught by Thee, O Lord!
This truth dawns on my mind,—
The best effect of heavenly light
Is earth's false eyes to blind.

Thou art the Unapproached, whose height
Enables Thee to stoop,
Whose holiness bends undefied
To handle hearts that droop.

I need Thy mercy for my sin;
But more than this I need,—
Thy mercy's likeness in my soul
For others' sin to bleed.

How Thou canst think so well of us,
Yet be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from Thee;
Sweet God! for evermore be Thou
Fountain and fire in me!

DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER

Ah dearest Lord! I cannot pray,
My fancy is not free;
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from Thee.

The world that looks so dull all day
Glow bright on me at prayer,
And plans that ask no thought but then
Wake up and meet me there.

All nature one full fountain seems
Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps.
And makes a deluge round

Old voices murmur in my ear,
New hopes start into life,

And past and future gayly blend
In one bewitching strife.

My very flesh has restless fits;
My changeful limbs conspire
With all these phantoms of the mind
My inner self to tire.

I cannot pray; yet, Lord! Thou knowest
The pain it is to me
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from Thee.

Sweet Jesus! teach me how to prize
These tedious hours when I,
Foolish and mute before Thy face,
In helpless worship lie.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,
Or selfish pastime sweet;
It is the prostrate creature's place
At his Creator's feet.

Had I kept stricter watch each hour
O'er tongue and eye and ear;
Had I but mortified all day
Each joy as it came near;

Had I, dear Lord! no pleasure found
But in the thought of Thee,
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
A truer liberty.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord!
In weak distracted prayer:

A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds Thee there.

For prayer that humble sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord! it hangs on Thee.

My Saviour! why should I complain,
And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things;
Thy peace dwells far within.

These surface-troubles come and go,
Like rufflings of the sea;
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but Thee.

DRYNESS IN PRAYER

Oh for the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
More than earth's liberty!

Oh for the times when on my heart
Long prayer had never palled,
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come when it was called!

Then when I knelt to meditate
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless and bright and beautiful,
Beyond my own control.

What can have locked those fountains up?
Those visions what hath stayed?
What sudden act hath thus transformed
My sunshine into shade?

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will
Dry as the desert sand,
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
That come without command,—

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
That cares not for its aim,
A love that none the hotter grows
At Thy most blessed name,—

The weariness of prayer, the mist
O'er conscience overspread,
The chill repugnance to frequent
The feast of angels' bread:—

If this dear change be Thine, O Lord!
If it be Thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
The bitter chalice fill.

But if it hath been sin of mine,
Then show that sin to me,
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with Thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord! I dread;—
To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
And yet to know it not.

For when the tide of graces set
So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord! how faithlessly
I did my little part.

I know how well my heart hath earned
A chastisement like this,
In trifling many a grace away
In self-complacent bliss.

But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie.

So in this darkness I may learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love Thee more,—

To love Thee, and yet not to think
That I can love so much,—
To have Thee with me, Lord! all day,
Yet not to feel Thy touch.

If I have served Thee, Lord! for hire,
Hire which Thy beauty showed,
Can I not serve Thee now for naught,
And only as my God?

Thrice blessed be this darkness then,
This deep in which I lie,
And blessed be all things that teach
God's dear supremacy!

THE PAIN OF LOVE

Jesus! why dost Thou love me so?
What hast Thou seen in me
To make my happiness so great,
So dear a joy to Thee?

Wert Thou not God, I then might think
Thou hadst no eye to read
The badness of that selfish heart,
For which Thine own did bleed.

But Thou art God, and knowest all;
Dear Lord! Thou knowest me;
And yet Thy knowledge hinderds not
Thy love's sweet liberty.

Ah, how Thy grace hath wooed my soul
With persevering wiles!
Now give me tears to weep; for tears
Are deeper joy than smiles.

The more I love Thee, Lord! the more
I hate my own cold heart;
The more Thou woundest me with love,
The more I feel the smart.

What shall I do, then, dearest Lord!
Say, shall I fly from Thee,
And hide my poor unloving self
Where Thou canst never see?

Or shall I pray that Thy dear love
To me might not be given?
Ah no! love must be pain on earth,
If it be bliss in Heaven.

LOW SPIRITS

Fever, and fret, and aimless stir,
And disappointed strife,
All chafing unsuccessful things,
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,
And sameness doubles cares,
While one unbroken chain of work
The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with smoke;
The streets resound with noise;
And the soul sinks to see its peers
Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me; smiles are near;
Kind welcomes to be had;
And yet my spirit is alone,
Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain
Be quit of my long part;
The burden of unquiet life
Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God! now do thy work,
As thou hast done before;
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,
And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought,
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

Oh there is music in that thought
Unto a heart unstrung,
Like sweet bells at the evening-time
Most musically rung.

'Tis not His justice or His power,
Beauty or blest abode,
But the mere unexpanded thought
Of the eternal God.

It is not of His wondrous works,
Nor even that He is;
Words fail it, but it is a thought
Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought! lie closer to my heart,
That I may feel thee near,
As one who for his weapon feels
In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom thou com'st,
When sadness makes us lowly,
As though thou wert the echo sweet
Of humble melancholy.

I bless Thee, Lord! for this kind check
To spirits over free,
And for all things that make me feel
More helpless need of Thee.

THE ETERNAL YEARS

How shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the Eternal Years.

Austerity is little help,
Although it somewhat cheers;
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Set hours and written rule are good,
Long prayer can lay our fears:
But it is better calm to for thee
To count the Eternal Years.

Rites are as balm unto the eyes,
God's Word unto the ears:
But He will have thee rather brood
Upon the Eternal Years.

Full many things are good for souls
In proper times and spheres;
Thy present good is in the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
Though meekness it appears;
More humbling is it far for thee
To face the Eternal Years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears;
Learn to be real, from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the Eternal Years.

Thy cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears;
For there is hid in it the weight
Of the Eternal Years.

And knowst thou not how bitterness
An ailing spirit cheers?
Thy medicine is the strengthening thought
Of the Eternal Years.

One cross can sanctify a soul;
Late saints and ancient seers
Were what they were, because they mused
Upon the Eternal Years.

Pass not from flower to pretty flower;
Time flies, and judgment nears;
Go! make thy honey from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Death will have rainbows round it, seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil hope but trims her lamp
At the Eternal Years.

Keep unconstrain'dly in this thought,
Thy loves, hopes, smiles, and tears;
Such prison-house thine heart will make
Free of the Eternal Years.

A single practice long sustained
A soul to God endears:
This must be thine—to weigh the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

He practises all virtue well,
Who his own cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
Of the Eternal Years.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT

Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark;
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

THE SHORE OF ETERNITY

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen before,—
Things of a different hue,
And the sounds all new,
And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint.
Alone! Oh that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,
Perhaps no shape of ground,
Perhaps no sight or sound,
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,—
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
Knowing so well we can return no more:
 No voice or face of friend,
 None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,
But to arrive alone in such a land!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore:
To begin alone to live for evermore,
 To have no one to teach
 The manners or the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease:—
Oh that we might die in pairs or companies!

Alone? No! God hath been there long before,
Eternally hath waited on that shore
 For us who were to come
 To our eternal home;
And He hath taught His angels to prepare
In what way we are to be welcomed there.

Like one that waits and watches He hath sate
As if there were none else for whom to wait,
 Waiting for us, for us
 Who keep Him waiting thus,
And who bring less to satisfy His love
Than any other of the souls above.

Alone? The God we know is on that shore,
The God of whose attractions we know more
 Than of those who may appear
 Nearest and dearest here:
Oh is He not the life-long friend we know
More privately than any friend below?

Alone? The God we trust is on that shore,
The faithful one whom we have trusted more
 In trials and in woes
 Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife,—
Oh we shall trust Him more in that new life!

Alone? The God we love is on that shore,
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,
 And whom we've loved all through,
 And with a love more true
Than other loves, yet now shall love Him more:—
True love of Him begins upon that shore!

So not alone we land upon that shore:
'Twill be as though we had been there before;
 We shall meet more we know
 Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our eternal Love!

HEAVEN

Oh what is this splendor that beams on me now,
 This beautiful sunrise that dawns on my soul,
While faint and far off land and sea lie below,
 And under my feet the huge golden clouds roll?

To what mighty king doth this city belong,
 With its rich jewelled shrines, and its gardens of
 flowers,
With its breaths of sweet incense, its measures of song,
 And the light that is gilding its numberless towers?

See! forth from the gates, like a bridal array,
Come the princes of heaven, how bravely they shine!
'Tis to welcome the stranger, to show me the way,
And to tell me that all I see round me is mine.

There are millions of saints, in their ranks and degrees,
And each with a beauty and crown of his own;
And there, far outnumbering the sands of the seas,
The nine rings of angels encircle the throne.

And oh if the exiles of earth could but win
One sight of the beauty of Jesus above,
From that hour they would cease to be able to sin,
And earth would be Heaven; for Heaven is love.

But words may not tell of the vision of peace,
With its worshipful seeming, its marvellous fires;
Where the soul is at large, where its sorrows all cease,
And the gift has outbidden its boldest desires.

No sickness is here, no bleak bitter cold,
No hunger, debt, prison, or weariful toil;
No robbers to rifle our treasures of gold,
No rust to corrupt, and no canker to spoil.

My God! and it was but a short hour ago
That I lay on a bed of unbearable pains;
All was cheerless around me, all weeping and woe;
Now the wailing is changed to angelical strains.

Because I served Thee, were life's pleasures all lost?
Was it gloom, pain, or blood, that won Heaven for me?
Oh no! one enjoyment alone could life boast,
And that, dearest Lord! was my service of Thee.

I had hardly to give; 'twas enough to receive,
 Only not to impede the sweet grace from above;
And, this first hour in Heaven, I can hardly believe
 In so great a reward for so little a love.

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