



Hymns of Ter Steegen, Suso, and Others

by

Frances Bevan

About *Hymns of Ter Steegen, Suso, and Others*

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Hymns of

Ter Steegen

Suso and Others

by Frances Bevan

Author of “Three Friends of God,

Matelda and The Cloister of Hellfde,

etc. etc.

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Preface

The following Hymns, reprinted from the Sketches of the “Friends of God,” of “The Quiet in the Land,” and from the collection, now out of print, called “Service of Song,” are sent forth in a separate form, in answer to the requests of many who are unacquainted with the language of the German authors, Gerhardt Ter Steegen and Heinrich Suso. For German readers, the hymns of Ter Steegen can be found in full (the translations being occasionally curtailed) in the “Blumen-Gartlein” of Gerhardt Ter Steegen. May they serve to lead some souls into the Land of Rest.

Frances Bevan
1894

The Royal Priesthood

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Jer. xxxiii. 18; Rev. i. 6

The race of God's anointed priests shall never pass away;
Before His glorious Face they stand, and serve Him night and day.
Though reason raves, and unbelief flows on, a mighty flood,
There are, and shall be, till the end, the hidden priests of God.
His chosen souls, their earthly dross consumed in sacred fire,
To God's own heart their hearts ascend in flame of deep desire;
The incense of their worship fills His Temple's holiest place;
Their song with wonder fills the Heavens, the glad new song of grace.

The Task**Gerhard Ter Steegen**

Phil. iii. 7

To learn, and yet to learn, whilst life goes by,
So pass the student's days;
And thus be great, and do great things, and die,
And lie embalmed with praise.

My work is but to lose and to forget,
Thus small, despised to be;
All to unlearn—this task before me set;
Unlearn all else but Thee.

Oil and Wine

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Is. xxxv. 10

There is a balm for every pain,
A medicine for all sorrow;
The eye turned backward to the Cross,
And forward to the morrow.
The morrow of the glory and the psalm,
When He shall come;
The morrow of the harping and the palm,
The welcome home.
Meantime in His beloved hands our ways,
And on His Heart the wandering heart at rest;
And comfort for the weary one who lays
His head upon His Breast.

Pilgrim Song

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Deut. xxxi. 8

On, O beloved children,
The evening is at hand,
And desolate and fearful
The solitary land.
Take heart! the rest eternal
Awaits our weary feet;
From strength to strength press onwards,
The end, how passing sweet!

Lo, we can tread rejoicing
The narrow pilgrim road;
We know the voice that calls us,
We know our faithful God.
Come, children, on to glory!
With every face set fast
Towards the golden towers
Where we shall rest at last.

It was with voice of singing
We left the land of night,
To pass in glorious music
Far onward out of sight.
O children, was it sorrow?
Though thousand worlds be lost,
Our eyes have looked on Jesus,
And thus we count the cost.

The praising and the blaming,
The storehouse and the mart,
The mourning and the feasting,
The glory and the art,
The wisdom and the cunning,
Left far amid the gloom;
We may not look behind us,
For we are going home.

Across the will of nature

Leads on the path of God;
Not where the flesh delighteth
The feet of Jesus trod.
O bliss to leave behind us
The fetters of the slave,
To leave *ourselves* behind us,
The grave-clothes and the grave!

To speed, unburdened pilgrims,
Glad, empty-handed, free;
To cross the trackless deserts,
And walk upon the sea;
As strangers among strangers,
No home beneath the sun;
How soon the wanderings ended,
The endless rest begun!

We pass the children playing,
For evening shades fall fast;
We pass the wayside flowers—
God's Paradise at last!
If now the path be narrow
And steep and rough and lone,
If crags and tangles cross it,
Praise God! we will go on.

We follow in His footsteps;
What if our feet be torn?
Where He has marked the pathway
All hail the briar and thorn!
Scarce seen, scarce heard, unreckoned,
Despised, defamed, unknown,
Or heard but by our singing,
On, children! ever on!

The Blessed Journey

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Is. xlii. 16

Let Him lead thee blindfold onwards,
Love needs not to know;
Children whom the Father leadeth
Ask not where they go.
Though the path be all unknown,
Over moors and mountains lone.

Give no ear to reason's questions:
Let the blind man hold
That the sun is but a fable
Men believed of old.
At the breast the babe will grow;
Whence the milk he need not know.

The Home

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Luke xv. 23, 24

Thou who givest of Thy gladness
Till the cup runs o'er—
Cup whereof the pilgrim weary
Drinks to thirst no more—
Not a-nigh me, but within me
Is Thy joy divine;
Thou, O Lord, hast made Thy dwelling
In this heart of mine.

Need I that a law should bind me
Captive unto Thee?
Captive is my heart, rejoicing
Never to be free.
Ever with me, glorious, awful,
Tender, passing sweet,
One upon whose heart I rest me,
Worship at His Feet.

With me, wheresoe'er I wander,
That great Presence goes,
That unutterable gladness,
Undisturbed repose.
Everywhere the blessed stillness
Of His Holy Place—
Stillness of the love that worships
Dumb before His Face.

To Thy house, O God my Father,
Thy lost child is come:
Led by wandering lights no longer,
I have found my home.
Over moor and fen I tracked them
Through the midnight blast,
But to find the Light eternal
In my heart at last.

The Hermit's Cell

Gerhard Ter Steegen

I John iv. 16

“In the world ye shall have tribulation:”
Lord Jesus, Thou saidst it of old.
There dark are the desolate mountains,
The night winds are cold.

But safe from the storm and the tempest
My soul hath a cell;
There ever, beside the still waters,
With Jesus I dwell.

There, hushed from the strife and the sorrow,
Alone and apart,
In chambers of peace and of stillness—
That Home is His Heart.

The High Calling

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Ps. xlv. 9

Child of the Eternal Father,
Bride of the Eternal Son,
Dwelling-place of God the Spirit,
Thus with Christ made ever one;
Dowered with joy beyond the Angels
Nearest to His throne,
They, the ministers attending
His beloved one:
Granted all my heart's desire,
All things made my own;
Feared by all the powers of evil,
Fearing God alone;
Walking with the Lord in glory
Through the courts divine,
Queen within the royal palace,
Christ for ever mine;
Say, poor worldling, can it be,
That my heart should envy thee?

At Rest**Gerhard Ter Steegen**

Is. xl. 11

O God, a world of empty show,
Dark wilds of restless, fruitless quest
Lie round me wheresoe'er I go:
Within, with Thee, is rest.

And sated with the weary sum
Of all men think, and hear, and see,
O more than mother's heart, I come,
A tired child to Thee.

Sweet childhood of eternal life!
Whilst troubled days and years go by,
In stillness hushed from stir and strife,
Within Thine Arms I lie.

Thine Arms, to whom I turn and cling
With thirsting soul that longs for Thee;
As rain that makes the pastures sing,
Art Thou, my God, to me.

The Quiet Land

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Deut. xxvi. 9

Stillness midst the ever-changing,
Lord, my rest art Thou;
So for me has dawned the morning,
God's eternal NOW.
Now for me the day unsetting,
Now the song begun;
Now, the deep surpassing glory,
Brighter than the sun.
Hail! all hail! thou peaceful country
Of eternal calm;
Summer land of milk and honey,
Where the streams are balm.
There the Lord my Shepherd leads me,
Wheresoe'er He will;
In the fresh green pastures feeds me,
By the waters still.
Well I know them, those still waters!
Peace and rest at last;
In their depths the quiet heavens
Tell the storms are past,
Nought to mar the picture fair,
Of the glory resting there.

The Inheritance

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Deut. xviii. 1, 2

Am I not enough, Mine own? enough,
Mine own, for thee?
Hath the world its palace towers,
Garden glades of magic flowers,
Where thou fain wouldst be?
Fair things and false are there,
False things but fair.
All shalt thou find at last,
Only in Me.
Am I not enough, Mine own? I, for ever
and alone, I, needing thee?

The Far and Near

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Ps. lxi. 4

In Him we live, in Him we move; seek not thy God afar;
He is not prisoned in a height above sun, moon, and star.
But thou through strange dark lands hast strayed, and wandered far from Him;
And therefore He, O Soul, to thee, is distant and is dim.
Lord, I was in the far-off land, I loved from Thee to stray,
And when unto myself I came, a swine-herd far away,
One moment—then the welcome sweet, the kiss, the Father's Home;
Far distant was the distance; to Thy bosom I am come.

The Shadow of His Wings

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Ps. iv. 8

The evening comes, the sun is sunk and gone,
And all things lie in stillness and in rest;
And thou, my soul, for thee one rest alone
Remaineth ever, on the Father's breast.

The wanderer rests at last each weary limb;
Birds to their nests return from heath and hill;
The sheep are gathered from the pastures dim—
In Thee, my God, my restless heart is still.

Lord, gather from the regions dim and far
Desires and thoughts that wandered far from Thee;
To home and rest lead on, O guiding Star,
No other home or nest but God for me.

The daily toil of this worn body done,
The spirit for untiring work is strong;
Still hours of worksip and of love begun,
Of blessed vision and eternal song.

In darkness and in silence still and sweet,
With blessed awe my spirit feels Thee near;
Within the Holiest, worships at Thy feet:
Speak Thou, and silence all my soul to hear.

To Thee my heart as incense shall arise;
Consumed upon Thine altar all my will;
Love, praise, and peace, an evening sacrifice,
And in the Lord I rest, and I am still.

At Last!**Gerhard Ter Steegen**

Ps. lxxxiv. 4

Draw me to Thee, till far within Thy rest,
In stillness of Thy peace, Thy voice I hear—
For ever quieted upon Thy breast,
So loved, so near.
By mystery of Thy touch my spirit thrilled,
O Magnet all Divine;
The hunger of my soul for ever stilled,
For Thou art mine.
For me, O Lord, the world is all too small,
For I have seen Thy face,
Where Thine eternal love irradiates all
Within Thy secret place.
And therefore from all others, from all else,
Draw Thou my soul to Thee ...
... Yea—Thou hast broken the enchanter's spells,
And I am free.
Now in the haven of untroubled rest
I land at last,
The hunger, and the thirst, and weary quest
For ever past.
There, Lord, to lose, in bliss of Thine embrace
The recreant will;
There, in the radiance of Thy blessed Face,
Be hushed and still;
There, speechless at Thy pierced Feet
See none and nought beside,
And know but this—that Thou art sweet,
That I am satisfied.

The Name Above Every Name

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Luke i. 31

Name of Jesus! highest Name!
Name that earth and Heaven adore!
From the heart of God it came,
Leads me to God's heart once more.

Name of Jesus! living tide!
Days of drought for me are past;
How much more than satisfied,
Are the thirsty lips at last!

Name of Jesus! dearest Name!
Bread of Heaven, and balm of love,
Oil of gladness, surest claim
To the treasures stored above.

Jesus gives forgiveness free,
Jesus cleanses all my stains,
Jesus gives His life to me,
Jesus always He remains.

Only Jesus! fairest Name!
Life, and rest, and peace and bliss;
Jesus, evermore the same,
He is mine, and I am His.

With Him, All Things**Gerhard Ter Steegen**

Is. xii. 2

Hath not each heart a passion and a dream?
Each some companionship for ever sweet?
And each in saddest skies some silver gleam,
And each some passing joy, too fair and fleet?
And each a staff and stay, though frail it prove,
And each a face he fain would ever see?
And what have I? An endless Heaven of love,
A rapture, and a glory, and a calm;
A life that is an everlasting Psalm,
All, O Beloved, in Thee.

The Ark of God

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Ps. xliii. 3

Peace! O restless heart of mine;
Thou, the Still, the Blest,
Lead me to Thy courts divine,
Thine untroubled rest.
Tossed upon the raving sea,
Still, fair land, I long for thee.

Lord, from Thee I went astray,
Lured by magic song;
Through dim places far away
I have wandered long—
Now, when lost are moon and star,
Shines the light of Home afar.

O'er the waves that cannot rest,
O'er the drifting foam,
Wandering dove without a nest;
Weary-winged, I come.
From the lonely wastes of sin,
Blessed Noah, take me in.

Take me in, my heart implores,
Leaving far behind
All the thunder of the shores,
All the wailing wind;
In the chambers of Thy rest,
Fold me, hush me, on Thy breast.

.....

Still and sweet the silence deep,
Where no foot hath trod;
Softer than an infant's sleep,
Rest alone with God;
Closed on me Thy palace door,
Perfect peace for evermore.

Whiter Than Snow**Gerhard Ter Steegen**

Heb. iv. 14

To heart and soul how sweet Thou art,
O great High Priest of God!
My heart brought nigh to God's own heart
By Thy most precious blood.

No more my countless sins shall rise
To fill me with dismay—
That precious blood before His eyes
Hath put them all away.

My soul draws near with trust secure,
With boldness glad and free;
What matters it that I am poor,
For I am rich in Thee.

Forgotten every stain and spot,
Their memory past and gone,
For me, O God, Thou seest not,
Thou lookest on Thy Son.

Is all a dream? Thou canst not lie,
Thy Spirit and Thy Blood
Proclaim to sinners such as I
The boundless love of God.

They tell Thy love, so deep, so free,
They tell the Father's heart—
Not what I am, or I must be,
They tell me what Thou art.

Come, weary sinners, great and small,
The open door stands wide,
Thy blessed heart that welcomes all,
O Lamb of God, who died.

Within the Holiest**Gerhard Ter Steegen**

Rev. i. 5, 6

His priest am I, before Him day and night,
Within His Holy Place;
And death, and life, and all things dark and bright,
I spread before His Face.
Rejoicing with His joy, yet ever still,
For silence is my song
My work to bend beneath His blessed will,
All day, and all night long—
For ever holding with Him converse sweet,
Yet speechless, for my gladness is complete.

The Habitation of God

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Ps. xxvii. 4

Here on earth a temple stands,
Temple never built with hands;
There the Lord doth fill the place
With the glory of His grace.
Cleansed by Christ's atoning Blood,
Thou art this fair House of God.
Thoughts, desires, that enter there,
Should they not be pure and fair?
Meet for holy courts and blest,
Courts of stillness and of rest,
Where the soul, a priest in white,
Singeth praises day and night;
Glory of the love divine
Filling all this heart of thine.

The Sun to Rule by Day

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Phil. ii. 13

Thou sayest, "Fit me, fashion me for Thee."
Stretch forth thine empty hands, and be thou still;
O restless soul, thou dost but hinder Me
By valiant purpose and by steadfast will.
Behold the summer flowers beneath the sun,
In stillness his great glory they behold;
And sweetly thus his mighty work is done,
And resting in his gladness they unfold.
So are the sweetness and the joy divine
Thine, O beloved, and the work is Mine.

Bread that Strengtheneth Man's Hearts**Gerhard Ter Steegen**

John vi. 35

Man, earthy of the earth, an-hungered feeds
On earth's dark poison tree—
Wild gourds, and deadly roots, and bitter weeds;
And as his food is he.
And hungry souls there are, that find and eat
God's manna day by day—
And glad they are, their life is fresh and sweet,
For as their food are they.

The Sin-Offering

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Matt. xxvii. 46

Still, O soul! the sign and wonder
Of all ages see—
Christ, thy God, the King of glory,
On the Cross for thee;
From the Father's bosom come,
Wandering soul, to bring thee home.

Wouldst thou know if Jesus loves thee?
If He loves thee well?
See Him suffer, broken-hearted,
All the pains of hell—
Smitten, bearing in thy room
All thy guilt, and all thy doom.

See Him of His God forsaken,
Hear His bitter cries
Rise unanswered through the darkness
Of the silent skies—
See the fountain of the blood
Shed to bring thee back to God.

Mine the sin, O mighty Saviour,
Laid by God on Thee—
Mine eternal condemnation
In Thy Cross I see—
In Thine agony divine
See the curse that else were mine.

See the conquest and the triumph
Thou for me hast won;
Justice satisfied for ever,
All God's pleasure done.
Thus, O smitten Rock! from Thee,
Life eternal flows to me.

Unto me, the base, the guilty,
Flows that living flood;
I, Thine enemy, am ransomed

By Thy precious Blood.
Silent at Thy feet I lie,
Lost in love's immensity.

Pilgrim Song

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Ps. cxxxvi. 16

Come, children, on and forward!
With us the Father goes;
He leads us, and He guards us
Through thousands of our foes:
The sweetness and the glory,
The sunlight of His eyes,
Make all the desert places
To glow as paradise.

Lo! through the pathless midnight
The fiery pillar leads,
And onward goes the Shepherd
Before the flock He feeds;
Unquestioning, unfearing,
The lambs may follow on,
In quietness and confidence,
Their eyes on Him alone.

Come, children, on and forward!
We journey hand in hand,
And each shall cheer his brother
All through the stranger land;
And hosts of God's high angels
Beside us walk in white;
What wonder if our singing
Make music through the night?

Come, children, on and forward!
Each hour nearer home!
The pilgrim days speed onward,
And soon the last will come.
All hail! O golden city!
How near the shining towers!
Fair gleams our Father's palace:
That radiant home is ours.

On! dare and suffer all things!

Yet but a stretch of road,
Then wondrous words of welcome,
And then the Face of God.
The world, how small and empty!
Our eyes have looked on Him;
The mighty Sun has risen,
The taper burneth dim.

Far through the depths of Heaven
Our Jesus leads His own,
The Mightiest, the Fairest,
Christ ever, Christ alone.
Led captive by His sweetness,
And dowered with His bliss,
For ever He is ours,
For ever we are His.

All Manner of Precious Stones

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Mal. iii. 17

There it is fair,
Where thousand, thousand flames for evermore
In God's high palace glow,
No more they light the dark and misty shore,
As long ago:
They burn, a crown of every radiant stone,
For ever and for ever round the throne,
Christ's diadem.
Eternal lamps that never can be dim,
Fed by the golden oil that flows to them
For ever from the Heart whence flowed the Blood,
They shine with light of every precious gem,
Light of the joy of God.
Past, pain and sorrow, and all sighs and tears,
All shadows and all stains,
The former things of all the ancient years,
And Christ remains.
All swallowed up in fulness of the joy
Where Jesus is—
For spirit, soul, and body, one employ,
To share His bliss.
There do the lips of babes tell forth His ways,
His wonders deep;
And sweet their song, and innocent their praise,
For they have known but Heaven's unsullied days
And earth's short sleep,
To wake in everlasting gladness there,
Where all is fair.

The School

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Matt. xviii. 3

Where is the school for each and all,
Where men become as children small,
And little ones are great?
Where love is all the task and rule,
The fee our all, and all at school,
Small, poor, of low estate?

Where to unlearn all things I learn,
From self and from all others turn,
One Master hear and see?
I learn and do one thing alone,
And wholly give myself to One
Who gives Himself to me.

My task, possessing nought, to give;
No life to have, yet ever live—
And ever losing, gain;
To follow, knowing not the way;
If He shall call, to answer, “Yea—
All hail all shame and pain!”

Where silent in His Holy Place
I look enraptured on His Face
In glory undefiled;
And know the heaven of His kiss,
The doing nought, the simple bliss
Of being but a child.

Where find the school, to men unknown,
Where time and place are past and gone,
The hour is ever NOW?
O soul! thou needest ask no more;
God tells thee of His open door:
Still, hearken thou!

The Sabbath Year

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Heb. iv. 10

Oft comes to me a blessed hour,
A wondrous hour and still—
With empty hands I lay me down,
No more to work or will.

An hour when weary thought has ceased,
The eyes are closed in rest;
And, hushed in Heaven's untroubled peace,
I lie upon Thy breast.

Erewile I reasoned of Thy truth,
I searched with toil and care;
From morn to night I tilled my field,
And yet my field was bare.

Now, fed with corn from fields of Heaven
The fruit of Hands Divine,
I pray no prayer, for all is given,
The Bread of God is mine.

There lie my books—for all I sought
My heart possesses now.
The words are sweet that tell They love,
The love itself art Thou.

One line I read—and then no more—
I close the book to see
No more the symbol and the sign,
But Christ revealed to me.

And thus my worship is, delight—
My work, to see His Face,
With folded hands and silent lips
Within His Holy place.

Thus oft to busy men I seem
A cumberer of the soil;
The dreamer of an empty dream,
Whilst others delve and toil.

O brothers! in these silent hours
God's miracles are wrought;
He giveth His beloved in sleep
A treasure all unsought.

I sit an infant at His feet
Where moments teach me more
Than all the toil, and all the books
Of all the ages hoar.

I sought the truth, and found but doubt—
I wandered far abroad;
I hail the truth already found
Within the heart of God.

No More**Gerhard Ter Steegen**

Is. lx. 20

O past and gone!
How great is God! how small am I!
A mote in the illimitable sky,
Amidst the glory deep, and wide, and high
Of Heaven's unclouded sun.
There to forget myself for evermore;
Lost, swallowed up in Love's immensity,
The sea that knows no sounding and no shore,
God only there, not I.

More near than I unto myself can be,
Art Thou to me;
So have I lost myself in finding Thee,
Have lost myself for ever, O my Sun!
The boundless Heaven of Thine eternal love
Around me, and beneath me, and above;
In glory of that golden day
The former things are passed away—
I, past and gone.

The Opened Eyes

Gerhard Ter Steegen

John ix. 37

“Where is a God?” doth weary Reason say—

“I see but starlit skies.”

“Where is the sun?” So calleth at noonday

The man with sightless eyes.

Thou, little child, from thee God is not far;

Look inwards, not above:

Thou needest not to roam from star to star,

For God is Love.

The Cloister Garden

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Ps. xci. 1

How good it is, when weaned from all beside,
With God alone the soul is satisfied,
Deep hidden in His heart!
How good it is, redeemed, and washed, and shriven,
To dwell, a cloistered soul, with Christ in heaven,
Joined, never more to part!
How good the heart's still chamber thus to close
On all but God alone—
There in the sweetness of His love repose,
His love unknown!
All else for ever lost—forgotten all
That else can be;
In rapture undisturbed, O Lord, to fall
And worship Thee.
No place, no time, 'neath those eternal skies—
How still, how sweet, and how surpassing fair
That solitude in glades of Paradise,
And, as in olden days, God walking there.
I hear His voice amidst the stillness blest,
And care and fear are past—
I lay me down within His arms to rest
From all my works at last.
How good it is when from the distant land,
From lonely wanderings, and from weary ways,
The soul hath reached at last the golden strand,
The Gates of Praise!
There, where the tide of endless love flows free,
There, in the sweet and glad eternity,
The still, unfading Now.
Ere yet the days and nights of earth are o'er,
Begun the day that is for evermore—
Such rest are Thou!

The Summer Day

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Cant. i. 7

Sweet shades and fields that glow with summer flowers,
 How dear are ye to me!
 Alone with Jesus, doth my heart adore Him,
 That ye are fair to see.
 Sweet shades and fields that glow with summer flowers,
 How dear are ye to me!
 Nought seen in you but tender grace revealing,
 How fair His thoughts must be.
 Sweet shades and fields that glow with summer flowers,
 How dear are ye to me!
 How soft the breathings of Thy love, Lord Jesus,
 I rest my heart on Thee.

All, all that buds, and blossoms, and rejoices,
 Hath my Beloved made;
 His wisdom and His tenderness and gladness
 Told forth in leaf and blade.
 All, all that buds, and blossoms, and rejoices,
 Hath my Beloved made;
 All moves unto the music of His power
 That fills the woodland glade.
 All, all that buds, and blossoms, and rejoices,
 Hath my Beloved made;
 But heaven and earth, in all their radiant glory
 To Him are midnight shade.

Lord Jesus, Thee to meet and to adore Thee,
 I sit here all alone—
 All else may vanish as the mists of morning,
 Thou art mine all, mine own.
 Lord Jesus, Thee to meet and to adore Thee,
 I sit here all alone;
 To drink afresh the river of Thy pleasures,
 Know more of the unknown.
 Lord Jesus, Thee to meet and to adore Thee,
 I sit here all alone;

And lose myself, and find that Thou art only,
Beside Thee nought and none.

Alone with Thee to dwell, O my Beloved,
Is heaven on earth begun;
Whilst vanity of vanities outwearies
All hearts beneath the Sun.

Alone with Thee to dwell, O my Beloved,
Is heaven on earth begun;
Above the midnight and the noonday glory,
Our resting-place is won.

Alone with Thee to dwell, O my Beloved,
Is heaven on earth begun;
And Thou my joy, mine everlasting Heaven,
My pilgrim journey done.

The Land of Rest

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Rev. xxi. 5

Wanderer, rest thy weary feet;
 Shapes and sounds forgotten now—
 Close thine eyes in stillness sweet,
 With thy God alone art thou.
 In the deeps of silence rest,
 Let Him work His high behest.

Silence! reasonings hard and keen,
 Still—O longings sad and deep—
 Waken to the morn serene,
 Tangled dreams depart with sleep;
 In the calm eternal day
 Night's wild visions past away.

In the silence of that dawn
 God shall speak His words of grace,
 Light that round thy waking shone
 Is the radiance of His Face;
 Yearning of His heart to thee,
 Fills the deep immensity.

Gently loosens He thy hold
 Of the treasured former things—
 Loves and joys that were of old,
 Shapes to which the spirit clings—
 And alone, alone He stands,
 Stretching forth beseeching hands.

Lo, the soul Thy love has bought,
 Through the ages, Lord, am I,
 Knowing nought, and willing nought,
 Thine alone eternally—
 Thine, the Bride Thy love has won,
 Gift of God to Christ His Son.

In Thy strength my soul is still
 Clay within the potter's hands,
 Moulded by Thy tender will

Mightier than all commands;
Shaped and moved by Thee alone,
Now, and evermore Thine own.

Found

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Matt. xviii. 12

O God, through Christ the living way,
My Father and my God,
So near, and I so far astray,
Brought nigh Thee by His Blood.

Myself, and this, and that, I sought
Behind, around, before—
And yet the nearest found I not,
Until I sought no more.

O Love, Thou deep eternal tide,
How dear are men to Thee!
The Father's heart is opened wide
By Jesus' Blood to me.

It was Thyself, O God, who sought,
With tender yearnings deep,
The loveless sould who sought Thee not,
The worthless, wandering sheep.

I come, yet leave myself behind,
And thus unfearing come,
For nought besides Thyself I find
In mine eternal Home.

I come—Thine open arms enfold
And welcome me within—
Let others work to bring their gold,
I only bring my sin.

Thou bringest love and gladness forth
From Thine exhaustless store,
To me, deserving but Thy wrath,
The life for evermore.

And now by magnet force led on,
I reach the inmost rest—
The nameless rapture of the son
Upon the Father's breast.

The River of God

C. P. C.

Ps. xlvii. 4

From the Rock that God has riven
Flows the sacred river,
Through the wastes of barren ages,
Ever and for ever.

Still on this side and on that side,
Grow the healing trees—
Bearing fruit for all who hunger,
Leaves for all disease.

From the everlasting fountains
Still it flows along,
Making glad the holy city
Of eternal song.

From the throne of Christ in glory,
Rock that God has riven,
Onward still the crystal river
Bears the life of Heaven.

Sheep lie yet in quiet pastures
By the waters still,
Lilies grow in God's green meadows,
Cedars on His hill.

Still to drink the living waters
Come the souls athirst,
Eyes behold the Face of Jesus
Even as at first.

Clad in white there walk beside Him
Still the blessed throng—
Through the ages sound unsilenced
Psaltery and song.

Onwards weary generations
Pass through deserts dread,
Void and silent skies above them,
Under them the dead.

Whilst unseen the Lord's fair garden
Round about them glows,
And the barren wildernesses
Blossom as the rose.

Whilst beside them unimagined
Glide the waters fair—
Whilst around, the psalms ascending
Tell that Christ is there.

Within the Veil

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Ps. c. 4

God is present with us—let us fall and worship,
Holy is the place;
God is in the midst, our souls are silent,
Bowed before His Face.
Lord, we kneel before Thee,
Awed by love Divine,
We of Thee unworthy
Own that we are Thine.

Gladly cast before Thee all delights and pleasures,
All our hoarded store—
Lord, behold our hearts, our souls, and bodies,
Thine, and ours no more.
We, O God, Thine only,
Nevermore our own—
Thine the praise and honour,
Thine, and Thine alone.

Thou Who fillest all things, in Thee, living, moving,
Evermore are we;
Shoreless sea unsounded, mystery and wonder,
Sinks my soul in Thee—
I in Thee—no longer
Bound in self's dark prison,
And the life that moves me,
Fills me, Christ arisen.

Thou the Light that fillest all the endless heavens,
Shinest on my face,
As the tender flowers joyfully unfolding
In their silent grace,
Whilst the Sun beholds them—
Thus my soul is still,
Thine the glorious power,
Thine the mighty will.

Mine but to be simple; in the fields of heaven

All my sweet employ,
Loving and delighting, as a child that singeth
With unbidden joy—
As an eagle soaring
Up the radiant skies,
Even now to find Thee
In Thy Paradise.

Evensong**Gerhard Ter Steegen**

Ps. xci. 4

Take me, Jesus, to Thy breast;
Folded close in warmth and rest,
Keep me near to Thee;
Silenced in the bliss profound
Of the love that wraps me round,
Every care shall be.
Every breath for Thee alone,
O my heart's beloved One;
Comfort me in sleep.
Still deep rest art Thou to Thine,
Safely in Thine arms divine
Thy beloved keep.

The Joyful Sound

C. P. C.

I Cor. i. 23, 24

O that Thy Name may be sounded
Afar over earth and sea,
Till the dead awaken and praise Thee,
And the dumb lips sing to Thee!
Sound forth as a song of triumph
Wherever man's foot has trod,
The despised, the derided message,
The foolishness of God.
Jesus, dishonoured and dying,
A felon on either side—
Jesus, the song of the drunkards,
Jesus the Crucified!
Name of God's tender comfort,
Name of His glorious power,
Name that is song and sweetness,
The strong everlasting tower.
Jesus the Lamb accepted,
Jesus the Priest on His throne—
Jesus the King who is coming—
Jesus, Thy Name alone!

The Great High Priest

T. P.

Heb. vii. 24, 25

Sweet to trace His toiling footsteps
Here amidst the desert sands;
Bear in memory all His sorrow,
Thorn-clad head and pierced hands!
Learn His love beside the manger,
Learn it on the stormy wave,
By the well, and in the garden—
Learn it by the Cross and grave.

Yet not only in remembrance
Do we watch that stream of love—
Still a mighty torrent flowing
From the throne of God above.
Still a treasure all uncounted—
Still a story half untold—
Unexhausted and unfathomed,
Fresh as in the days of old.

Christ at God's right hand unwearied
By our tale of shame and sin,
Day by day, and hour by hour,
Welcoming each wanderer in;
On His heart amidst the glory,
Bearing all our grief and care;
Every burden, ere we feel it,
Weighed and measured in His prayer.

Fragrant thus with priestly incense
Each distress, each sorrow tells
Thoughts that fill the heart of Jesus
In the glory where He dwells.
All His love, His joy, His glory,
By His Spirit here made known,
Whilst that Spirit speaks the sorrows
Of His saints before the throne.

He, of old the Man of Sorrows,

Pleads before the Father's face,
Knowing all the needed solace,
Claiming all the needed grace.
We, so faithless and so weary,
Serving with impatient will—
He unwearied in our service,
Gladly ministering still.

Girded with the golden girdle,
Shining as the mighty sun,
Still His pierced hands will finish
All His work of love begun.
On the night of His betrayal,
In the glory of the throne,
Still with faithful patience washing
All defilement from His own.

When the Father's house resoundeth
With the music and the song;
When the bride in glorious raiment
Sees the One who loved so long;
Then for new and blessed service
Girt afresh will He appear,
Stand and serve before His angels
Those who waited for Him here.

He who led them through the desert,
Watched and guided day by day,
Turned the flinty rocks to water,
Made them brooks beside the way—
He will bring them where the fountains
Fresh and full spring forth above,
Still throughout the endless ages
Serving in the joy of love.

My God

J. Tauler

Ps. lxxiii. 25

As the bridegroom to his chosen,
As the king unto his realm,
As the keep unto the castle,
As the pilot to the helm,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

As the fountain in the garden,
As the candle in the dark,
As the treasure in the coffer,
As the manna in the ark,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

As the music at the banquet,
As the stamp unto the seal,
As the medicine to the fainting,
As the wine-cup at the meal,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

As the ruby in the setting,
As the honey in the comb,
As the light within the lantern,
As the father in the home,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

As the sunshine to the heavens,
As the image to the glass,
As the fruit unto the fig-tree,
As the dew unto the grass,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

In the Garden of God

J. Tauler

Cant. ii. 2

As the lily of the valley,
White and pure and sweet,
As the lowly violet trodden
Under wandering feet;
As the rose amidst the briars
Fresh and fair is found,
Heedless of the tangled thicket,
And the thorns around—
As the sun-flower ever turning
To the mighty sun,
With the faithfulness of fealty
Following only one—
So make me, Lord, to Thee.

The Chase

Heinrich Suso

Is. xli. 17

O Lord, the most fair, the most tender,
My heart is adrift and alone;
My heart is aweary and thirsty—
Athirst for a joy unknown.
From a child I have followed it—chased it,
By wilderness, wold, and hill—
I never have reached it or seen it,
yet must I follow it still.

In those olden years did I seek it
In the sweet fair things around,
But the more I sought and I thirsted,
The less, O my Lord, I found.
When nearest it seemed to my grasping,
It fled like a wandering thought;
I never have known what it is, Lord—
Too well know I what it is not.

“It is I, it is I, the Eternal,
Who chose thee Mine own to be—
Who chose thee before the ages—
Who chose thee eternally.
I stood in the way before thee,
In the ways thou wouldest have gone;
For this is the mark of My chosen,
That they shall be Mine alone.”

The Finding

Heinrich Suso

Deut. xxxii. 10

Now have I seen Thee and found Thee,
 For Thou hast found Thy sheep;
 I fled, but Thy love would follow—
 I strayed, but Thy grace would keep.
 Thou hast granted my heart's desire—
 Most blest of the blessed is he
 Who findeth no rest and no sweetness
 Till he rests, O Lord, in Thee.

O Lord, Thou seest, Thou knowest,
 That to none my heart can tell
 The joy and the love and the sorrow,
 The tale that my heart knows well.
 But to Thee, O my God, I can tell it—
 To Thee, and to Thee, Lord, alone;
 For Thy heart my heart hath a language,
 For other hearts it hath none.

In the wide world, speechless and lonely,
 For me is no heart but Thine;
 Lord, since I must love Thee only,
 Oh reveal Thy heart to mine.
 “Wouldst thou know My glory, beloved?
 Know Me, the great I AM?
 First must thine eyes behold Me,
 The slain and the stricken Lamb.

“My visage so marred more than any,
 My form than the sons of men;
 Yet to the heart I have won Me,
 I am the fairest then.
 Thou knowest the sun by his glory—
 Thou knowest the rose by her breath,
 Thou knowest the fire by its glowing—
 Thou knowest My love by death.
 “Wouldst thou know in My great creation

Where the rays of My glory meet?
Where to My awful righteousness
The kiss of My peace is sweet?
Where shine forth the wisdom and wonder
Of God's everlasting plan?
Behold on the cross of dishonour
A cursed and a dying Man."

The Knight of God

Heinrich Suso

Acts ix. 16

As the song of him who singeth,
Playing on a harp of gold,
So to me was Christ's evangel
In the days of old.

Thus across the lake of Constance
Went I forth to preach His Word,
And beside me sat the squire
Of a noble Lord.

None in all the ship so knightly,
None so bravely dight as he—
“Tell me,” I besought, “thine errand
Yonder o'er the sea.”

“I go forth,” he said, “to gather
Many a knight and noble bold;
They shall tilt at joust and tourney,
Whilst fair eyes behold.

“And the bravest and the noblest
He shall win a glorious prize,
Smiles to boot, and courtly favour
In the ladies' eyes.”

“Tell me what shall be the guerdon?”
“Lo, the fairest in the land
Sets a gold ring on his finger
With her lily hand.”

“Tell me how the knight may win it?”
“Scars and bruises must he boast,
For the knight shall be the winner
Who endures the most.”

“Tell me, if when first assaulted,
He in knightly guise shall stand,
Shall he win the golden guerdon
From his lady's hand?”

“Nay, right on, till all is over,
Must a worthy knight hold on;
Bear the brunt, and stand a conqueror
When the fight is done.”

“And if he be wounded sorely,
Will he weep and will he mourn?”
“Nay, in place of winning honour,
He would win but scorn.”

Then my spirit sank within me,
And within my heart I spake—
“O my Lord, thus fight the knightly
For their honour’s sake.

“Small the prize, and stern the battle,
Worthless gain, and weary fight—
Lord, a ring of stones most precious
Hast thou for Thy knight!

“Oh, to be the knight of Jesus!
Scorning pain, and shame, and loss;
There the crown, the joy, the glory,
Here, O Lord, Thy Cross.”

Then I wept, with bitter longing
Thus the knight of God to be;
And the Lord, who saw me weeping,
Gave the cross to me.

Bitter pain, and shame, and sorrow
Came upon me as a flood—
I forgot it was the tourney
Of the knights of God.

And again I wept, beseeching,
“Take the Cross, O Lord, from me!”
Till a light broke like the morning
Over the wild sea.

Then there spake the Voice beloved,
Still and sweet my heart within—
“is it thus, O knight of Jesus,
Thou the prize wilt win?”

“O my Lord, the fight is weary—
Weary, and my heart is sore!”
“And,” he answered, “fair the guerdon,
And for evermore.”

“I have shamed Thee, craven-hearted,
I have been Thy recreant knight—
Own me yet, O Lord, albeit
Weeping whilst I fight.”

“Nay,” He said; “yet wilt thou shame Me?
Wilt thou shame thy knightly guise?
I would have My angels wonder
At thy gladsome eyes.

“Need’st thou *pity*, knight of Jesus?—
Pity for thy glorious hest?
On! let God and men and angels
See that thou art blest!

The Mat

Heinrich Suso

Is. 1. 6

It was on a winter's morning
In the days of old,
In his cell sat Father Henry,
Sorrowful and cold.

“O my Lord, I am aweary,”
In his heart he spake,
“For my brethren scorn and hate me
For Thy blessed sake.

“If I had but one to love me
That were joyful cheer—
One small word to make me sunshine
Through the darksome year!

“But they mock me and despise me
Till my heart is stung—
Then my words are wild and bitter,
Tameless is my tongue.”

Then the Lord said, “I am with thee;
Trust thyself to Me;
Open thou thy little casement,
Mark what thou shalt see.”

Then a piteous look and wistful
Father Henry cast
Out into the dim old cloister
And the wintry blast.

Was it that a friend was coming
By some Angel led?
No! a great hound wild and savage
Round the cloister sped.

Some old mat that lay forgotten
Seized he on his way—
Tore it, tossed it, dragged it wildly
Round the cloister gray.

“Lo, the hound is like thy brethren,”
Spake the Voice he knew;
“If thou are the mat, beloved,
What hast thou to do?”

Meekly then went Father Henry,
And the mat he bare
To his little cell to store it
As a jewel rare.

Many a winter and a summer
Through those cloisters dim,
Did he thenceforth walk rejoicing,
And the Lord with him.

And when bitter words would sting him,
Turned he to his cell,
Took his mat, and looked upon it,
Saying, “All is well.

“He who is the least and lowest
Needs but low to lie;
Lord, I thank Thee and I praise Thee
That the *mat* am I.”

“On the cold and footworn pavement
Lies it still and flat,
Raves not if men trample on it,
For it is a mat.”

Then he wept, for in the stillness
His Beloved spake,
“Thus was *I* the least and lowest,
Gladly, for thy sake.

“Lo, My face to shame and spitting
Did I turn for thee;
If thou art the least and lowest,
Then remember Me.”

The Night Watch

Heinrich Suso

Ps. cxxx. 6

Oh when shall the fair day break, and the hour of gladness come,
When I to my heart's Beloved, to Thee, O my Lord, go home?
O Lord, the ages are long, and weary my heart for Thee,
For Thee, O my one Beloved, whose Voice shall call for me.
I would see Thee face to face, Thou Light of my weary eyes,
I wait and I watch till morning shall open the gate of the skies;
The morn when I rise aloft, to my one, my only bliss,
To know the smile of Thy welcome, the mystery of Thy kiss.
For here hath my foot no rest, and mine eye sees all things fair
As a dream of a land enchanted, for my heart's love is not there;
And amidst the thronging of men I am lonelier than alone,
For my eye seeketh One I find not, my heart craveth only One.

The Meeting

Heinrich Suso

Rom. viii. 35

To Thee, Lord, my heart unfoldeth,
As the rose to the golden sun—
To Thee, Lord, mine arms are clinging,
The eternal joy begun.
For ever, through endless ages,
Thy cross and Thy sorrow shall be
The glory, the song, and the sweetness
That make heaven heaven to me.
Let one in his innocence glory,
Another in works he has done—
Thy Blood is my claim and my title,
Beside it, O Lord, I have none.
The Scorned, the Despised, the Rejected,
Thou hast won Thee this heart of mine;
In Thy robes of eternal glory
Thou welcomest me to Thine.

The Thirst of God

Heinrich Suso

John iv. 7

The hart panteth after the waters,
The dying for life that departs;
The Lord in His glory for sinners,
For the love of rebellious hearts.
Call back all the days of the ages,
All snow-flakes come down from above;
All flowers of summers departed,
But think not to measure His love.

Behold Him, O soul, where He told it,
Pale, bleeding, and bearing thy sin;
He knocketh, saith, "Open, beloved,
I pray thee to let Me come in.
Behold, I have borne all the judgment,
Thy sins, O beloved, are gone;
Forgotten, forgotten for ever,
God seeketh, but findeth not one.

"Behold, with what labour I won thee,
Behold in My hands and My feet,
The tale of my measureless sorrow—
Of love that made sorrow so sweet.
A flax-thread in oceans of fire
How soon swallowed up would it be!
Yet sooner in oceans of mercy
The sinner that cometh to Me."

The Marks of the Lord Jesus

Heinrich Suso

Phil. iii. 10

I would bear in my body the dying
Of Him who has died for me—
Here share, O my Lord, Thy rejection
Ere I sit on Thy throne with Thee.
I see Thee alone, broken-hearted,
Of comforters findest Thou none;
Yet Thine was the gladness of Heaven,
The love and the glory Thine own.

The gall and the vinegar only,
The thirst of Thine agony stills;
Yet Thine were the streams and the fountains
Of Thine everlasting hills.
In sorrow, in want, in dishonour,
How dear are Thy footsteps to me;
The fountain is sweet to the thirsty,
But sweeter is thirsting with Thee.

Thus to show to the world that rejects Thee,
To show to the Angels above,
How blessed Thy yoke and Thy burden,
To him who has tasted Thy love.
The maiden who gathereth roses,
Another, another would find;
So sweet are the tracks of Thy sorrow
To him who would follow behind.

Thus would I press on to the glory,
A knight in the army of God,
Whose march will be onward and forward
Because of the foes on the road.
Above me the stars in the heavens,
Stars countless, so many they be;
So glorious, albeit so countless
The sorrows I suffer for Thee.

The New Song

Heinrich Suso

Job xxxv. 10

O Lord, in my songs I have praised Thee
For all that was sweet and was fair;
And now a new song would I sing Thee,
A song that is wondrous and rare.

A song of the heart that is broken,
A song of the sighs and the tears,
The sickness, the want, and the sadness
Of the days of our pilgrimage years.

A song of the widows and orphans,
Of the weary and hungry and sad—
Loud praise of the will Thou has broken,
The will of the young and the glad.

A song of the outcasts and martyrs,
A song of the scorned and despised—
The lonely, dishonoured, forsaken,
Who knew the rejection of Christ.

Sweet sings the great choir of sorrow
The song of the gladness untold,
To Him on the Throne of His glory,
Who wept in the days of old.

The Dance

Heinrich Suso

Ps. cxlix. 3

To praise Him in the dance! O glorious day!
The pilgrim journey done—
No more press forward on the weary way,
For all is reached and won!

His Hand at last, the Hand once pierced for me,
For ever holdeth mine;
O Lord, no songs, no harps of heaven will be
Sweet as one word of Thine.

Lord, altogether lovely! then at last
High shall the guerdon be,
Thy kiss outweigh the weary ages past
Of hearts that brake for Thee.

.....

Yet now I know Thee as the hidden Bread,
The living One, who died—
Who sitteth at my table—by my bed—
Who walketh at my side.

I know Thee as the fountain of deep bliss,
Whereof one drop shall make
The joys of all the world as bitterness,
My Lord, for Thy sweet sake.

Lord, Thou hast loved me—and henceforth to me
Earth's noonday is but gloom;
My soul sails forth on the eternal sea,
And leaves the shore of doom.

I pass within the glory even now,
Where shapes and words are not,
For joy that passeth words, O Lord, art Thou,
A bliss that passeth thought.

I enter there, for Thou hast borne away
The burden of my sin;

With conscience clear as heaven's unclouded day
Thy courts I enter in.

Heaven now for me—for ever Christ and heaven—
The endless NOW begun—
No *promise*—but a gift eternal *given*,
Because the work is done.

Out of the Depths

Heinrich Suso

2 Cor. iv. 17

“O Father! not my will, but Thine be done!”
Thus with my lips I say;
Yet lags the heart, the while the lips would run—
My heart, it sayeth “Nay.”

“Be comforted, O child of My delight,
Though yet thy heart complain;
For I would have thee suffer when I smite,
Or pain would not be [g]ain.

“Were it a chastening if it were not grief?
Yet for a moment tears—
Then glows the spring where fell the yellow leaf,
Of Heaven’s eternal years.

“For sorrow is the sorrow of an hour,
And is eternal love;
The dusky bud enfolds the glorious flower
For God’s delight above.”

O Lord, whose lips are lilies, sweet to me
As psaltery and as psalm,
Thy blessed words of glory that shall be,
Of song, and crown, and palm.

Yet sweeter even now to see Thy Face,
To find Thee now my rest—
My sorrow comforted in Thine embrace,
And soothed upon Thy breast.

Lord, there to weep is better than the joy
Of all the sons of men;
For there I know the love without alloy,
I cannot lose again.

“O child, My heart’s beloved, sweet to me,
As psaltery and as psalm,
The voice of him who on the midnight sea
Can praise through storm and calm.

“And who is he who seeks the haven fair,
The everlasting Home?
The lonely and the outcast enter there—
The glad heart will not come.

“To Me the weary cometh when the way
Is steep and long and lone—
To Me the friendless, when the golden day
Behind the hills is gone.”

.....

Then spake my heart, “For him who comes are pain
And bitter tears and scars;
The briars of the wilderness remain
Griefs countless as the stars.

“As he who from the poor his garment takes
When drives the storm and sleet,
Is he who singeth to the heart that breaks
How then may grief be sweet?”

And lo! in vision fair did I behold
One who a psaltery strung—
Two threads he stretched above the strings of gold,
Across, and all along.

Then with the threads thus crosswise o’er the strings,
Gave he the harp to me—
Thus know I how the broken-hearted sings,
O Lamb of God, to Thee.

I Am Not

Heinrich Suso

John i. 21

“I am not;” O words unwelcome
To the lips of men—
“I am not;” O words that lead us
Back to God again!

Speech of him who knows the pathway
To that refuge sweet,
Where is covert from the tempest,
Shadow from the heat.

Speech of Heaven, from wise men hidden,
Unto children taught;
Few the words of that great lesson,
Only “I am not.”

Heart of man, another language
Is thy native speech,
Spoken by a thousand races,
All alike in each.

“I am,—”rich, or wise, or holy—
“Thus, and thus am I;”
For “I am,” men live and labour,
For “I am,” they die.

For “I am,” men dare and suffer,
Count all loss as gain,
Toil and weariness and bondage,
Sin and grief and pain.

In the blessed Gospel read we
How a rich man bade
Christ the Lord and His disciples
To a feast he made.

Well it was to feed the prophet;
Thus the rich man thought,
But amidst his wealth and bounty
Lacked he “I am not.”

Then there came a sinful woman,
Eyes with weeping dim—
“I am not,” her heart was saying—
She had looked on Him.

He beheld her broken-hearted,
Ruined and undone,
Yet enthroned above the angels
Brighter than the Sun.

All the while in dust before Him
Did her heart adore,
“I am not,” that song of gladness—
“*Thou art*, evermore.”

For His heart to hers had spoken,
To His wandering lamb;
In the speech of Love Eternal,
He had said “I AM.”

Now she thirsts no more for ever,
All she would is given;
None on earth hath she beside Him,
None beside in Heaven.

Oh how fair that heavenly portion,
That eternal lot;
Christ, and Christ alone, for ever—
Ever “I am not.”

The Master's Hand

Heinrich Suso

Phil. i. 21

“To me to live is Christ,” and yet the days
Are days of toiling men;
We rise at morn, and tread the beaten ways,
And lay us down again.

How is it that this base, unsightly life
Can yet be Christ alone?
Our common need, and weariness, and strife,
While common days wear on?

Then saw I how before a Master wise
A shapeless stone was set;
He said, “Therein a form of beauty lies
Though none behold it yet.”

“When all beside it shall be hewn away,
That glorious shape shall stand,
In beauty of the everlasting day,
Of the unsullied land.”

Thus is it with the homely life around,
There hidden, Christ abides;
Still by the single eye for ever found
That seeketh none besides.

When hewn and shaped till self no more is found,
Self, ended at Thy Cross;
The precious freed from all the vile around,
No gain, but blessed loss,

Then Christ alone remains—the former things
For ever passed away;
And unto Him the heart in gladness sings
All through the weary day.

The Vessel of Wrought Gold

F. M.

Heb. vi. 19, 20

I go on my way rejoicing,
Though weary the wilderness road—
I go on my way rejoicing
In hope of the glory of God.

Oh well do I know that glory,
That Home and that welcome sweet,
Where above the mists and the shadows
With the heart of my God I meet.

There the ship of my soul is harboured
In the calm of the crystal sea,
For within the veil is the anchor,
Where Jesus has entered for me.

Awhile in the earthen vessel
The treasures of glory gleam;
In Heaven the fount eternal,
In the desert the living stream.

And looking on Christ in glory,
That glory so still, so fair,
There passes a change upon me,
Till I am as He who is there.

Then no more in the earthen vessel
The treasure of God shall be,
But in full and unclouded beauty,
O Lord, wilt Thou shine through me.

Afar through the golden vessel
Will the glory of God shine bright;
There shall be no need for the sunshine,
For the Lamb shall be the light.

With the light of the Stone most precious
Shall the City of God be fair;
He shall shine who is like to the jasper
In His cloudless glory there.

Undimmed in that wondrous vessel,
That light of surpassing love
Shall illumine the earth in its gladness,
And shall fill the heavens above.

All, all in His new creation,
The glory of God shall see;
And the lamp for that light eternal
The Bride of the Lamb shall be.

A golden lamp in the heavens,
That all may see and adore
The lamb who was slain and who liveth,
Who liveth for evermore.

So I go on my way rejoicing
That the heavens and earth shall see
His grace, and His glory and beauty,
In the depth of His love to me.

Companionship

P. B.

John xi. 35

We thank Thee, Lord, for weary days
When desert springs were dry,
And first we knew what depth of need
Thy love could satisfy.

Days when beneath the desert sun,
Along the toilsome road,
O'er roughest ways we walked with One,
That One the Son of God.

We thank Thee for that rest in Him
The weary only know—
The perfect, wondrous sympathy
We needs must learn below:

The sweet companionship of One
Who once the desert trod;
The glorious fellowship with One
Upon the throne of God;

The joy no desolations here
Can reach, or cloud, or dim—
The present Lord, the living God,
And we *alone* with Him.

We know Him as we could not know
Through Heaven's golden years;
We there shall see His glorious Face,
But Mary saw His tears.

The touch that heals the broken heart
Is never felt above;
His Angels know His blessedness,
His way-worn saints His love.

When in the glory and the rest
We joyfully adore,
Remembering the desert way
We yet shall praise Him more.

Remembering how, amidst our toil,
Our conflict, and our sin,
He brought the water for our thirst
It cost His blood to win.

And now in perfect peace we go
Along the way He trod,
Still learning from all need below
Depths of the heart of God.

My Welcome

T. P.

Luke xv. 20

In the distant land of famine,
Craving with the swine to feed;
Oh, how bitter that awakening
To my sin, and shame, and need!
Dark and dreary all around me,
Now no more by sin beguiled;
I would go and seek my Father,
Be a bondsman, not a child.

Yet a great way off He saw me,
Ran to kiss me as I came;
As I was my Father loved me,
Loved me in my sin and shame.
Then in bitter grief I told Him
Of the evil I had done—
Sinned in scorn of Him, my Father,
Was not meet to be His son.

But I know not if He listened,
For He spake not of my sin—
He within His house would have me,
Make me meet to enter in;
From the riches of His glory
Brought His costliest raiment forth,
Brought the ring that sealed His purpose,
Shoes to tread His golden courts.

Put them on me—robes of glory,
Spotless as the heavens above;
Not to meet *my* thoughts of fitness,
But *His* wondrous thoughts of love.
Then within His home He led me,
Brought me where the feast was spread,
Made me eat with Him, my Father,
I, who begged for bondsman's bread!
Not a suppliant at His gateway,

But a son within His home;
To the love, the joy, the singing,
To the glory I am come.
Gathered round that wondrous temple,
Filled with awe His Angels see
Glory lighting up the Holiest,
In that glory Him and me.

There He dwells, in me rejoicing
Love resplendent in His Face—
There I dwell, in Him rejoicing,
None but I can know His grace.
To His blessed inner chamber,
Ground no other foot can tread,
He has brought the lost and found one,
Him who liveth, and was dead.

This the ransomed sinner's story,
All the Father's heart made known—
All His grace to me the sinner,
Told by judgment on His Son—
Told by Him from depths of anguish,
All the Father's love for me,
By the curse, the cross, the darkness,
Measuring what that love must be.

It is Finished

V. M. C.

I Cor. vi. 11

He found me the lost and the wandering,
The sinful, the sad, and the lone;
He said, "I have bought thee, beloved,
For ever thou art Mine own.

"O soul, I will show thee the wonder,
The worth of My priceless Blood;
Thou art whiter than snow on the mountains,
Thou art fair in the eyes of God.

"O vessel of living water,
From the depths of the love divine,
The glorious life within thee
Flows from My heart to thine.

"O soul altogether lovely,
O pearl for which Christ was given,
Wouldst thou know the joy and the glory
That welcome thee into Heaven?

"Wouldst thou know how near to the Father
The place that is granted thee?
Behold Me, O soul, in His bosom,
And measure His love to Me.

"Are the love, and the joy, and the glory
More than My Blood could win?
In the Name of the Son Beloved,
Beloved one, enter in."

Beyond the Brightness of the Sun

T. P.

Acts xxii. 11

I was journeying in the noontide,
When His light shone o'er my road;
And I saw Him in that glory—
Saw Him—Jesus, Son of God.
All around, in noonday splendour,
Earthly scenes lay fair and bright;
But my eyes no more behold them
For the glory of that light.

Others in the summer sunshine
Wearily may journey on,
I have seen a light from heaven,
Past the brightness of the sun—
Light that knows no cloud, no waning,
Light wherein I see His Face,
All His love's uncounted treasures,
All the riches of His grace:

All the wonders of His glory,
Deeper wonders of His love—
How for me He won, He keepeth
That high place in Heaven above;
Not a glimpse—the veil uplifted—
But within the veil to dwell,
Gazing on His Face for ever,
Hearing words unspeakable.

Marvel not that Christ in glory
All my inmost heart hath won;
Not a start to cheer my darkness,
But a light beyond the sun.
All below lies dark and shadowed,
Nothing there to claim my heart,
Save the lonely track of sorrow
Where of old He walked apart.

I have seen the Face of Jesus—

Tell me not of aught beside;
I have heard the Voice of Jesus—
All my soul is satisfied.
In the radiance of the glory
First I saw His blessed Face,
And for ever shall that glory
Be my home, my dwelling-place.

Sinners, it was not to Angels
All this wondrous love was given,
But to one who scorned, despised Him,
Scorned and hated Christ in heaven.
From the lowest depths of darkness
To His city's radiant height,
Thus in me He told the measure
Of His love and His delight.

Emmanuel's Land

P. G.

Deut. viii. 7–10

The land! the glory of all lands,
Beyond the Jordan's wave;
Beyond the weary desert sands—
The land beyond the grave!
Now safe witin that glorious land,
We prove His faithful Word;
'Midst Canaan's golden fields we stand,
The ransomed of the Lord.

Amidst the burning desert drought
We learnt His watchful love;
Streams from the flinty rocks He brought,
Sent bread from Heaven above.
Our God in weariness and need,
His love was measured there
By hunger which His hand would feed,
Wants answered by His care.

Now know we in Emmanuel's land
Immeasurable grace;
No longer looking to His Hand,
But gazing on His Face.
Our need, ourselves, forgotten there,
Himself our hearts adore;
The fulness of His joy we share,
His pleasures evermore:

His joy fulfilled in us who tread
That land His love has given;
We followed where His footsteps led,
And found ourselves in Heaven.
No lower resting-place beseemed
The well-beloved Son,
And on our wondering eyes has beamed
The glory that He won.

No lower resting-place; and we—

Are we content to stand
And look afar from Pisgah's heights
Upon that goodly land?
There, where the Shepherd goes before,
The sheep must follow on:
How green, how fresh the pastures fair
Where Christ the Lord is gone!

One spirit with our glorious Lord,
Our joy to Him is sweet,
As to His heart the love that poured
The ointment on His feet.
How dear to Him the fellowship
That owned Him in the tomb—
How dear to Him the fellowship
That shares His blessed Home!

That shares in glory, far above
The waste so dark and dim,
The sweetness of the Father's love
In unison with Him.
In Him we tread those radiant heights,
His endless joy our own;
The full deep tide of God's delights
He would not drink alone.

The Bride

P. G.

John xiv. 3

'Midst the darkness, storm, and sorrow,
One bright gleam I see;
Well I know the blessed morrow
Christ will come for me.

'Midst the light, and peace, and glory
Of the Father's home,
Christ for me is watching, waiting,
Waiting till I come.

Long the blessed Guide has led me
By the desert road;
Now I see the golden towers,
City of my God.

There, amidst the love and glory,
He is waiting yet;
On His hands a name is graven
He can ne'er forget.

There, amidst the songs of heaven,
Sweeter to His ear
Is the footfall through the desert,
Ever drawing near.

There, made ready are the mansions,
Radiant, still, and fair;
But the Bride the Father gave Him
Yet is wanting there.

Who is this who comes to meet me
On the desert way,
As the Morning Star foretelling
God's unclouded day?

He it is who came to win me
On the Cross of shame;
In His glory well I know Him
Evermore the same.

Oh the blessed joy of meeting,
All the desert past!
Oh the wondrous words of greeting
He shall speak at last!

He and I together entering
Those fair courts above—
He and I together sharing
All the Father's love.

Where no shade nor stain can enter,
Nor the gold be dim,
In that holiness unsullied,
I shall walk with Him.

Meet companion then for Jesus,
From Him, for Him, made—
Glory of God's grace for ever
There in me displayed.

He who in His hour of sorrow
Bore the curse alone;
I who through the lonely desert
Trod where He had gone;

He and I, in that bright glory,
One deep joy shall share—
Mine, to be for ever with Him;
His, that I am there.

Ambassadors for Christ

T. P.

John xx. 21

“Who are these who come amongst us,
Strangers to our speech and ways?
Passing by our joys and treasures,
Singing in the darkest days?
Are they pilgrims journeying on
From a land we have not known?”

We are come from a far country,
From a land beyond the sun;
We are come from that great glory
Round our God’s eternal throne:
Thence we come, and thither go;
Here no resting-place we know.

Far within the depth of glory,
In the Father’s house above,
We have learnt His wondrous secret,
We have learnt His heart of love:
We have seen and we have shared
That bright joy He hath prepared.

We have seen the golden city
Shining as the jasper stone;
Heard the song that fills the heavens
Of the Man upon the throne;
Well that glorious One we know—
He hath sent us here below.

We have drunk the living waters,
On the Tree of Life have fed;
Therefore deathless do we journey
’Midst the dying and the dead;
And unthirsting do we stand
Here amidst the barren sand.

Round us, as a cloud of glory
Lighting up the midnight road,
Falls the light from that bright city,

Showing us where He has trod;
All that here might please the sight
Lost in that eternal light.

“Wherefore are ye come amongst us
From the glory to the gloom?”
Christ in glory breathed within us
Life, *His* life, and bid us come.
Here as living springs to be—
Fountains of that life are we.

Fountains of the life that floweth
Ever downwards from the throne,
Witnesses of that bright glory
Where, rejected, He is gone,
Sent to give the blind their sight,
Turn the darkness into light.

There, amidst the joy eternal,
Is the Man who went above,
Bearing marks of all the hatred
Of the world He sought in love.
He has sent us here to tell
Of His love unchangeable.

He hath sent us, that in sorrow,
In rejection, toil, and loss,
We may learn the wondrous sweetness,
Learn the mystery of His cross—
Learn the depth of love that traced
That blest path across the waste.

He hath sent us highest honours
Of His cross and shame to win,
Bear His light through deepest darkness,
Walk in white ‘midst foulest sin;
Sing amidst the wintry gloom,
Sing the blessed songs of home.

From the dark and troubled waters
Many a pearl to Him we bear;
Golden sheaves we bring with singing,
Fulness of His joy we share;
And our pilgrim journey o’er,
Praise with Him for evermore.

The Paradise of God

T. P.

Gen. ii. 18; Eph. v. 32

In the Paradise of glory
Is the Man Divine;
There my heart, O God, is tasting
Fellowship with Thine.
Called to share Thy joy unmeasured,
Now is heaven begun;
I rejoice with Thee, O Father,
In Thy glorious Son.

Where the heart of God is resting,
I have found my rest;
Christ who found me in the desert,
Laid me on His breast.
There in deep unhindered fulness
Doth my joy flow free—
On through everlasting ages,
Lord, beholding Thee.

Round me is creation groaning,
Death, and sin, and care;
But there is a rest remaning,
And my Lord is there.
There I find a blessed stillness
In His courts of love;
All below but strife and darkness,
Cloudless peace above.

'Tis a solitary pathway
To that fair retreat—
Where in deep and sweet communion
Sit I at His feet.
In that glorious isolation,
Loneliness how blest,
From the windy storm and tempest
Have I found my rest.
Learning from Thy lips for ever

All the Father's heart,
Thou hast, in that joy eternal,
Chosen me my part.
There, where Jesus, Jesus only,
Fills each heart and tongue,
Where Himself is all the radiance
And Himself the song.

Here, who follows Him the nearest,
Needs must walk alone;
There like many seas the chorus,
Praise surrounds the throne.
Here a dark and silent pathway;
In those courts so fair
Countless hosts, yet each beholding
Jesus only, there.

The Outcast

F. M.

Matt. viii. 20

For Him the wilderness did not sing,
Nor the desolate place rejoice—
Nor as the rose did the desert bloom,
Nor the wastes lift up their voice.

The glory of Lebanon was not there,
Nor the shittah nor myrtle sweet;
Nor was the place of His sojourning fair,
Nor glorious the place of His feet.

Through the great and terrible waste He trod,
Where water springs were none—
In the weary desert alone with God,
And His heritage God alone.

No way in the desert prepared for Him,
Nor the mountains and hill made low—
Nor the crooked straight, nor the rough ways plain,
Where His pilgrim feet must go.

O Father, Thy care is not to make
The desert a waste no more,
But to keep our feet lest we lose the track
Where *His* feet went before.

Thou carest not that the rose should bloom,
Nor the myrtle where we must tread;
Nor to make the fir and the cedar tree
A shadow above our head.

But Thou carest that through the golden street
We walk in the light above,
That we sit in His shadow with great delight,
And feed on the fruit of His love.

Thou carest that in the pastures green,
Where the life eternal flows,
In the midst of the paradise of our God,
We should find our deep repose.

Thou carest not to give desert songs
Where through the wilds we roam,
But a golden Psalm hast Thou put in our mouths
To sing in our Father's Home.

Whilst yet we walk through the weary land,
Where we bear the outcast name,
Where the foxes have holes, and the birds have nests,
And our Lord the cross of shame,

Apart from all in the joy we dwell
Which the eye hath never seen—
'Tis a dry and a thirsty land below,
But there the fields are green.

Where He is no more the outcast Man,
But the Lamb whom all adore,
There is now the place of our joy and song,
And shall be for evermore.

Bands of Love

P. G.

Ruth i. 16, 17

A homeless Stranger amongst us came
To this land of death and mourning;
He walked in a path of sorrow and shame,
Through insult, and hate, and scorning.

A Man of sorrows, of toil and tears,
An outcast Man and a lonely;
But He looked on me, and through endless years
Him must I love—Him only.

Then from this sad and sorrowful land,
From this land of tears He departed;
But the light of His eyes and the touch of His hand
Had left me broken-hearted.

And I clave to Him as He turned His face
From the land that was mine no longer—
The land I had loved in the ancient days,
Ere I knew the love that was stronger.

And I would abide where He abode,
And follow His steps for ever;
His people my people, His God my God,
In the land beyond the river.

And where He died would I also die,
Far dearer a grave beside Him
Than a kingly place amongst living men,
The place which they denied Him.

Then afar and afar did I follow Him on,
To the land where He was going—
To the depths of glory beyond the sun,
Where the golden fields were glowing—

The golden harvest of endless joy,
The joy He had sown in weeping;
How can I tell the blest employ,
The songs of that glorious reaping!

The recompense sweet, the full reward,
Which the lord His God has given;
At rest beneath the wings of the Lord,
At home in the courts of heaven.

The Secret of the Lord

T. P.

I Cor. xi. 9; Eph. v. 23

In the depths of His bright glory,
Where the heavens rejoice,
I have seen Him, I have known Him,
I have heard His voice.

He has told me how He sought me
In the cloudy day,
On the waste and lonely mountains
Very far away.

Words unutterable He speaketh,
Words that none can tell;
Yet, O Lord, Thy wondrous secret
Knows my heart full well.

I, in wonder and in silence,
Listen and adore,
Whilst the heart of God He tells me—
Whilst my cup runs o'er.

Blessed light, within my dwelling,
In the darkest day;
Blessed speech, as music sounding
All along the way.

Is it sweet to know He careth
For my smallest need—
Know that He will ever tend me,
Watch, and guard, and feed?

Yet unutterably sweeter,
Wondrous though it be,
His desire is toward me;
He had need of me!

Not for me is He in glory,
I for Him am there,
In the garden of His pleasures
His delight to share.

Not to shield my path from sorrows
Is His care and thought;
Not to make the dark world brighter
Where Himself is not.

But to have me there beside Him
In the love and light,
There to tell my heart how precious
Am I in His sight.

There His heart's deep love disclosing,
Told in words divine;
I have known *His* joy in saying,
"Thou art ever Mine."

Lost in silent love and wonder,
There my soul abides;
Portion blest beyond all telling—
Christ, and nought besides.

Rivers in the Desert

T. P.

Rev. xxii. I

Glorious River of God's pleasures,
Well of God's eternal bliss,
Thirsting now no more for ever,
Tread we this waste wilderness.

O for words divine to tell it,
How along that River's brink,
Come the weak, the worn, the weary,
There the tides of joy to drink!

"Drink abundantly, beloved,"
Speaks the Voice so sweet and still;
"Of the life, and love, and glory,
Freely come and drink your fill."

Every longing stilled for ever,
As the face of God we see—
Whom besides have we in heaven,
Or desire on earth but Thee?

All the weariness, the sorrow
Of the way that we have gone,
Passed away in His bright presence,
As the night before the sun.

Nor alone the gloom and darkness—
Earlier joys have passed away,
As the stars in glowing sunrise
Lose themselves in golden day.

And alone—alone before us,
Christ in cloudless radiance stands,
On His head the crowns of glory,
And the nail-prints in His hands.

There the mystery of Thy passion,
There Thy Cross, O Lord, we see,
Whence the River of God's pleasures
Flows, a fountain fresh and free.

Waters of eternal gladness
Won for us at countless price;
Lo! the desert is God's garden,
And the wastes are Paradise

From that Cross and glory turning,
Can our eyes see aught beside?
Strangers here—the desert round us,
There, for ever satisfied.

To-Morrow

T. P.

Matt. xiii. 45, 46

The little while! how nearly gone,
And then my eyes shall see
How God delighted in His Son,
By all He gives to me.
Yet grace, all other grace above,
Beyond our hearts to dream—
By giving *me* He tells that love
By giving me to Him.

The Son, who in His bosom dwells
In God's eternal rest—
The Son to whom His Heart He tells,
With Him for ever blest—
For that beloved Son He still
A joy can keep in store;
His cup of love, so sweet, so full
Shall yet be filled the more.

There is a pearl that shines not yet
In radiance on His brow;
There is a morn for which He waits
Amidst His glory now—
The recompense for weary years,
For shame and toil and scorn;
For depths of sorrow, bitterest tears,
That fair and cloudless morn.

The gladness of His heart to be,
In that bright morning's gleam,
For this Thy hand has fashioned me,
Has made me meet for Him.
The spikenard and the cinnamon,
Trees pleasant in Thy sight,
Thy hand has planted for the Son,
In whom is Thy delight.
And oh the grace divine that we,

The trees of God, should stand
All fair in Christ's own eyes to be,
In that eternal land!
For Him those courts of crystal gold,
For Him that garden fair—
The Father's love in fulness told
By us presented there.

All faultless in the light that shines
Full from the face of God;
The witness, perfect and divine,
To Christ's most precious Blood.
His own exceeding joy to be,
His heart's delight and bliss—
Oh, well to cross the midnight sea
To such a shore as this!

Brought Nigh

W. R.

Heb. x. 19

No more veil! God bids me enter
By the new and living way—
Not in trembling hope I venture,
Boldly I His call obey;
There, with Him, my God, I meet
God upon the mercy-seat!

In the robes of spotless whiteness,
With the Blood of priceless worth,
He has gone into that brightness,
Christ rejected from the earth—
Christ accepted there on high,
And in Him do I draw nigh.

Oh the welcome I have found there,
God in all His love made known!
Oh the glory that surrounds there
Those accepted in His Son!
Who can tell the depths of bliss
Spoken by the Father's kiss?

All His joy told out unhindered,
Nought but Christ His eye can see;
Christ into His joy has entered,
And in Christ He welcomes me.
Would I know how dear to God?
Priceless, as Christ's precious blood.

"There," He saith, "and thus I meet thee,
On the mercy-seat above;
There I commune with thee, greet thee,
Tell thee all thy Father's love—
There thy blest reward shall be
All that Jesus is to Me."

One with Him, O Lord, before Thee,
There I live, and yet not I;
Christ it is who there adores Thee;

Who more dear, or who more nigh?
All the Father's heart mine own—
Mine—and yet His Son's alone.

Place of glory, place of blessing,
Place where God His heart displays,
All in Thee, O Christ, possessing,
Thine the voice that leads our praise;
Thine the new eternal song,
Through the ages borne along.

As within His Temple olden,
Was there seen no costly stone,¹
Nought but cedar, carved and golden,
Nought but Christ, and Christ alone—
So the stones so dearly bought,
God in heaven beholds them not.

All the worth I have before Him
Is the value of the Blood;
I present when I adore Him,
Christ, the First-fruits, unto God.
Him with joy doth God behold,
Thus is my acceptance told.

¹ I Kings vi. 18

The Inner Chamber

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Ps. xc. I

My Beloved, from earth's many voices
 Welcome me to Thy seclusion sweet—
 Let me still, and restful, and adoring,
 Sit with Mary at Thy blessed Feet—
 In Thy secret place, alone with Thee,
 None beside to hear, and none to see.

Led by wndering gleams o'er fen and moorland,
 What are we, outwearied at our best?
 For the heart amidst the world's allurings
 Craveth evermore for God and rest—
 God and rest—all else the weary load
 Of a toiler on an endless road.

Blessed he, who from the strife has entered
 God's fair Home of peace for evermore—
 Sounds of the great world's confusion murmuring
 As the sea upon a distant shore;
 Here, ere yet his earthly day is done,
 His eternal task of love begun.

In the desert still, yet by the river
 Bearing heavenly fruit, a healing tree;
 In the Spirit and in truth adoring
 Him whom none but eyes anointed see—
 Marvels of God's secret place made known
 Unto him who dwells with God alone,—

There the lonely heart His sweetness learneth,
 Sheltered there beneath the shadowing wings—
 In the depths of hidden rest encompassed
 By the tender gleams of heavenly things;
 Who amidst the world's sad mirth can tell,
 What it is apart in God to dwell?

Light of a Stone Most Precious

P. G.

2 Cor. iv. 6, 7

God in heaven hath a treasure,
Riches none may count or tell;
Hath a deep eternal pleasure,
Christ, the Son He loveth well.
God hath here on earth a treasure,
None but He its price may know—
Deep unfathomable pleasure,
Christ revealed in saints below.

Christ, the light that fills the heavens
Shining forth on earth beneath,
Through His Spirit freely given
Light of life 'midst shades of death;
Down from heaven's unclouded glory
God Himself the treasure brought,
Closing thus His love's sweet story
With His sweetest, deepest thought.

God, in tongues of fire descending,
Chosen vessels thus to fill
With the treasure never ending,
Ever spent—unfailing still.
Still unwasted, undiminished
Though the days of dearth wear on,
Store eternally unfinished—
Fresh, as if but now begun.

Earthen vessels, marred, unsightly,
But the treasure as of old,
Fresh from glory, gleaming brightly,
Heaven's undimmed, unchanging gold.
God's own hand the vessel filling
From the glory far above,
Longing hearts for ever stilling
With those riches of His love.

Thus, through earthen vessels only,

Shining forth in ceaseless grace,
Reaching weary hearts and lonely,
Beams the light in Jesu's face.
Vessels worthless, broken, bearing
Through the hungry ages on,
Riches given with hand unsparing,
God's great gift, His precious Son.

Thus, though worn, and tried, and tempted,
Glorious calling, saint, is thine;
Can the Lord but find thee emptied,
That is all He seeks to find.
Vessels of the world's despising,
Vessels weak, and poor, and base,
Bearing wealth God's heart is prizing,
Glory from Christ's blessed Face.

Oh to be but emptier, lowlier,
Mean, unnoticed, and unknown,
And to God a vessel holier,
Filled with Christ, and Christ alone!
Nought of earth to cloud the glory,
Nought of self the light to dim,
Telling forth His wondrous story,
Emptied—to be filled with Him!

The Border of His Sanctuary

G. W.

Is. xxxiii. 17

Glorious and solemn hour,
Thus at last to stand,
All behind us the great desert,
All before, the land!
Past the shadow of the valley,
Past the weary plain;
Past the rugged mountain pathway,
Ne'er to be again.

And before us, ever stretching
In its golden sheen,
Lies the fair, the blessed country
Where our hearts have been—
Where our hearts have been whilst wandering
Through the desert bare;
For the soul's adored, beloved One,
He abideth there.

Clad in love and glory stands He
On that glowing shore,
There to speak the blessed welcome,
All our journeyings o'er.
Now at last our eyes behold Him,
At His feet we fall;
Two and three have we adored Him,
Now are gathered all.

All His saints from all the ages,
Every clime and tongue,
All together now we worship
In a faultless song.
In the song no discord troubles
And no weakness mars,
Sound we loud His Name beloved
Far beyond the stars.

That blest song, first sung in glory

By His lips divine,
Now, in chorus deep and endless
All his ransomed join.
Glorious and solemn hour,
On the verge to stand
Of that endless day of worship,
Of that blessed land!

Not our sorrow we remember,
All is lost in bliss—
But our shame gives deeper sweetness
To the Father's kiss.
Shame—that all that desert journey
Nothing more could prove
Than the marvels of His patience,
How divine His love.

Tale of weakness, sin, and folly,
Tale of wandering feet—
Tale of strength, and grace, and wisdom,
Victory complete.
Sin and death and Satan trodden
'Neath those feet at length,
In the glory of *His* triumph,
Greatness of His strength.

Solemn hour—thus on the margin
Of that wondrous day,
When the former things have vanished,
Old things passed away.
Nothing but Himself before us,
Every shadow past—
Sound we loud our word of witness,
For it is the last.

One last word of solemn warning
To the world below—
One loud shout, that all may hear us
Hail Him ere we go!
Once more let that Name be sounded
With a trumpet tone—
Here, amidst the thickening darkness,
Then, before the throne.

The Divine Love

T. P.

John xvii. 26

At the Lord's right hand there are pleasures,
There are treasures for evermore—
In the depths fo Thy glory are treasures,
A measureless, priceless store.
O God, we have shared Thy pleasures,
Thy treasures of countless price,
Those joys that no thought can measure,
For all are Christ.

That cup of Thy love and gladness
Has cheered us along the road,
Through ages of sin and of sadness
Partaking the joys of God—
Through Thy Spirit sent down from heaven
Thy Christ to our hearts is dear;
The Spirit who tells of His sweetness
Is with us here.

Thus false though our hearts and faithless,
We love Him with love divine—
With a love that is true and scatheless,
For it is not ours, but Thine.
Thy love from our hearts outflowing,
Its source in the Heavens above,
That love of Thine own bestowing
Eternal love.

O God, with Thy love we love Him,
And thus are our praises sweet,
A fragrance that fills the heavens,
As we fall before His feet.
Our God, of Thine own we give Thee,
And Thine is the golden store—
What are we that we thus can offer,
Can thus adore!

Our heart and our flesh may fail us,

And the mists of sin may rise;
They may hide the land of the glory
From our faithless wandering eyes;
But the Spirit within us fails not
For ever to tell of Him;
And His Face is seen in its beauty
When all is dim.

In the dungeons and in the deserts
Have Thy saints by the world despised,
With joy untold and unmeasured,
Looked on the Face of Christ.
In the torture or in the fire,
'Midst the scorn and the hate of men,
They have seen but the light of His presence
Around them then.

O Lord, we adore and we bless Thee,
That we in Thy hands of might
Are the chords whereupon Thou makest
The music of Thy delight;
Whereon Thou wilt sound for ever
In wondrous and glorious tone,
The name of Thy Son beloved
His name alone.

What reck's it that cold and worthless
And wayworn my heart may be,
If the love that came down from heaven
Flows back to the Lord from me?
A glorious tide of worship,
Unsilenced by sin and by death,
Sweet melody made in the cornet,
By God's own breath.

The Evangelist

T. P.

John xvii. 18

From the brightness of the glory,
“Go ye forth,” He said;
“Heal the sick and cleanse the lepers,
Raise the dead.
Freely give I thee the treasure,
Freely give the same;
Take no store of gold or silver—
Take My Name.

“Carry neither scrip nor raiment,
Neither shoes nor staves;
Walk unburdened through the deserts,
O’er the waves.
Thou art fitted for the journey,
Howso long it be;
Thou shalt come, unworn, unwearied,
Back to Me.

“Thou shalt tell Me in the glory
All that thou hast done,
Setting forth alone; returning
Not alone.
Thou shalt bring the ransomed with thee,
They with songs shall come
As the golden sheaves of harvest,
Gathered home.”

Then I went as He had told me—
He, the Lord in heaven;
Went in power of the Spirit
He had given.
And the sick arose rejoicing,
Bore away their bed;
And in might of life eternal
Rose the dead.

And a light beyond the sunlight

Did the blind man see;
 Loud and sweet the dumb sang praises,
 Lord, to Thee.
 And the leper from his exile
 Came Thy grace to own,
 Falling low in rapturous worship
 At the throne—

Where He sitteth, working wonders,
 High at God's right hand,
 More than when an outcast stranger
 In the land.
 From the throne in heaven speaks He—
 Speaks, and it is done;
 Thus does God delight to honour
 Christ, His Son.

Thus with instruments of music
 Do His servants stand,
 Harp and lute the King has fashioned
 With His hand.
 And "the music of Jehovah"²
 Sound from every chord;
 He who makes that glorious music
 Is the Lord.

He by them tells forth God's praises
 To the ears of men,
 And to God His praise ascendeth
 Yet again.
 He alone, the Mighty Preacher,
 Gathering in His own.
 And the praise to God returning,
 His alone.

² 2 Chron. vii. 6

A Light to Lighten the Gentiles

P. G.

2 Sam. xv. 19–22; John xii. 26

“Wherefore goest thou with me?”
Said the king disowned—
Said the king despised, rejected,
Disenthroned.

“Go, return unto thy place,
To thy king of yore—
Here a pilgrim and a stranger,
Nothing more.

“Not for thee the cities fair,
Hills of corn and wine—
All was portioned ere thou camest,
Nought is thine.

“Wandering forth where’er I may,
Exiled from mine own,
Shame, rejection I can grant thee;
That alone.

“Turn and take thy brethren back,
With thy people dwell;
I have loved thee, I, the outcast;
Fare thee well.”

Then unto the crownless king
On the Kedron’s shore,
All the wilderness before him,
Ittai swore,

“As the Lord lives and the king,
Ever lord to me,
Where in death or life he dwelleth
I will be.”

“Go—pass over;” spake the king;
Then passed Ittai o’er;
Passed into the place of exile
From the shore.

He and all his little ones,
Granted by that word,
Shame, rejection, homeless wandering
With their lord.

“Go—pass over;” words of grace,
Spoken, Lord, to me,
That, in death or life, where Thou art
I might be.

Dead and crucified with Thee,
Passed beyond my doom;
Sin and law for ever silenced
In Thy tomb.

Passed beyond the mighty curse,
Dead, from sin set free;
Not for Thee earth’s joy and music,
Not for me.

Dead; the sinner past and gone,
Not the sin alone;
Living, where Thou art in glory,
On the throne.

Hidden there with Christ in God,
That blest life I share;
Christ it is who liveth in me—
Liveth there.

“He who serves Me,” spake His lips,
“Let him follow Me,
And where I am shall My servant
Ever be.”

Follow, where His steps lead on,
Through the golden street;
Far into the depths of glory
Track His feet.

Till unto the throne of God,
Of the Lamb, I come;
There to share the blessed welcome,
Welcome home!

There with Him whom man rejected
In the light above,
Those whom God His Father honours
Such His love.

The Last Knock

V. M.

Matt. xi. 28

Art thou weary, sad, and lonely
All thy summer past?
One remaineth, and One only—
Hear His Voice at last.

Voice that called thee all unheeded,
Love that knocked in vain;
Now, forsaken, dost thou need it?
Hear that Voice again.

“Open to Me, my beloved,
I have waited long,
Till the night fell on the glory,
Silence on the song;

“Till the brightness and the sweetness,
And the smiles were fled,
Till thy heart was worn and broken—
Till thy love was dead.

“Thou wouldst none of Me, beloved,
Yet beloved wert thou;
Thou didst scorn Me in the sunshine,
Wilt thou have Me now?

“Soul, for thee I left My glory,
Bore the curse of God—
Wept for thee with bitterest weeping,
Agony and blood.

“Soul, for thee I died dishonoured,
As a felon dies;
For thou wert the pearl all priceless
In thy Saviour’s eyes.

“Soul, for thee I rose victorious,
Glad that thou wert free;
Entered Heaven in triumph glorious—
Heaven I won for thee.

“Soul, from Heaven I speak to woo thee—
Thee, the lost, the lone;
Earth may fail thee, sin undo thee,
All the more Mine own.

“Sorrow, sin, and desolation,
These thy claim to Me;
Love that won thee full salvation,
This My claim to thee.

“Soul, I knock, I stand beseeching,
Turn me not away;
Heart that craves thee, love that needs thee—
Wilt thou say Me nay?”

Thy Footsteps are Not Known

**(From a MS. of the earlier part
of the 14th Century)**

Job xxviii

O path which no eagle knoweth,
No vulture's eye hath seen,
Where never the lion goeth,
Nor the fierce lion's track hath been;

Not in the land of the living
That wondrous path is known,
But Death and Destruction know it,
Path trodden by One alone.

Path of the lonely sorrow,
Path of the Lamb who died,
Path from the grave to the glory—
No other path beside.

Into the golden Chamber,
Into the secret place,
Paul by that pathway entered,
Saw the beloved Face—

Heard from His lips the wonders
Not to be told again—
The mystery and the glory,
That are wordless unto men.

But of the cross and the sorrow,
The curse and the shame he told,
The path to the secret chamber
Of the cedar and the gold.

Were I with the trespass laden,
Of a thousand worlds beside,
Yet by that path I enter,
The Blood of the Lamb who died.

From the depths of the doom and darkness

Ascends that wondrous road,
Which leads the heart of the sinner
Up to the heart of God.

For from heights of the golden city
He made the glorious road,
Which leads to the heart of the sinner
Down from the heart of God;

Down from the heights of the glory,
Down from the love and the kiss,
The joy of the music and singing,
The endless, unspeakable bliss.

The Joy that Was Set Before Him

T. P.

I Tim. i. 15

From the palace of His glory,
From the radiance and the rest,
Came the Son of God to seek me,
Bear me home upon His breast.

There from that eternal brightness
Did His thoughts flow forth to me—
He in His great love would have me
Ever there with Him to be.

Far away, undone, forsaken,
Not for Him my heart was sore;
But for need and bitter hunger—
Christ desired I nevermore.

Could it be that in the glory,
Ere of Him I had a thought,
He was yearning o'er the lost one,
Whom His precious Blood had bought?

That it was *His* need that brought Him
Down to the accursed tree,
Deeper than His deep compassion,
Wondrous thought! His need of me.

Trembling, I had hoped for mercy,
Some low place within his door—
But the crown, the throne, the mansion,
He made ready long before.

And in dim and distant ages,
In those courts so bright and fair,
Ere I was, was He rejoicing,
All He won, with me to share.

Childhood

G. T. B.

Mark x. 13, 16

Soul, journeying through the desert wild,
Couldst thou become a little child,
Thou wouldst behold with joyful eyes
God walking in His Paradise.

A little child, submissive, still,
That knoweth not it hath a will—
What mother gives, it simply takes,
And sweetly sleeps, and laughing wakes.

If taken up, or laid to rest,
All comes to it as it were best;
If all forget it for a while,
It has no language but a smile.

To it alike are praise or blame,
Alike a king's or peasant's name—
A thing so weak, so poor, so small,
Yet fearing nought that may befall.

How true and innocent its eyes!
And simply trusting, it is wise.
It reasons not, nor looks before,
The present moment all its store.

It cannot walk, nor stand alone,
And nothing doth it call its own—
It knows no dangers, no alarms,
Safe sheltered in its mother's arms.

Of learned lore, and tangled thought,
And questions deep, it knoweth nought,
And void of wonder or surprise,
It watches all with sunny eyes.

It has its little joy and bliss,
Its mother's arms, its mother's kiss—
Her face is ever its delight,
Its comfort sweet by day and night.

Blest innocence of childish days!
So unto me are Wisdom's ways;
A love divinely deep and high—
Oh would that such a child were I!

The life of God in me begun,
Filled with the Spirit of His Son,
In childhood of the life divine,
Untroubled trust and gladness mine.

Whilst yet through desert wilds I roam,
A child in the eternal Home;
Beholding *now*, with joyful eyes,
God walking in His Paradise.

The Cloven Rock

C. P. C.

Is. xxxii. 2

In the great and terrible wilderness
I wandered in thirst and dread;
The burning sands were beneath my feet,
And the firece glow overhead.
The fiery serpents and scorpions dire
Dwelt in that lonely land,
And around and afar, as a glimmering sea,
The shadowless, trackless sand.

Then came a day in my journey drear
When I sank on the weary road,
And there fell a shadow across the waste—
The shade of the wings of God.
The shadow solemn, and dark, and still,
Lay cool on the purple sand;
The shadow deep of a mighty Rock
In a weary, thirsty land.

Of old from Heaven the thunder fell,
And that mighty Rock was riven,
And a river of water flowed down to me—
A stream of the rain of Heaven.
And the Hand that reft with the thunder dread
The Rock of the Ages hoar,
Down to my lips the waters led,
And I thirsted nevermore.

For out of the great eternal deep
Those glorious waters flowed;
They flowed from the fathomless depths of joy,
They flowed from the Heart of God.
From the depths of the tenderness all unknown,
That passeth knowledge, they flow;
I know it as ages of bliss roll on,
Yet I never shall say, "I know."
And there, before the Rock that was riven,

At the feet of the Lord who died,
I drink of the depths of the love of Heaven,
The mighty, exhaustless tide.
“Drink, drink abundantly, O beloved!
I was smitten, accursed for thee.”
O lips as lilies, O mouth most sweet,
That tell Thy heart to me!

Sleeping and Waking

C. P. C.

Is. xxvi. 19

We slept—a sleep of death, and yet of dreams,
Fair dreams that pass, and sad dreams that abide,
Where yearneth to the sound of distant streams
The soul unsatisfied.

We woke—but oh for speech of that fair land
Wherein the soul awaketh, to declare
The wonders that no heart can understand,
That hath not entered there.

For there the light that is not sun nor moon,
That glows as morning, and as eve is sweet,
And hath the glory of eternal noon,
Doth guide the joyful feet.

And there the streams are no more far away,
And there the thirsty lips drink deep at last,
Remembering no more the sultry day,
The desert that is passed.

And there the silence is the tenderness
Of love that rests rejoicing in His own;
And there the lips are hallowed with His kiss
To speak of Him alone.

Of none but Him—for there is Christ alone,
The radiance, and the river, and the psalm—
The music and the gladness of His own;
The everlasting calm.

The secret place, the Refuge from the blast,
The glorious Temple, Lamb of God art Thou;
Our feet shall tread the golden courts at last,
Our souls have entered now.

Awakened! to behold Thee face to face,
Henceforward and for ever drawn apart
To learn of Thee within Thy holy place
The secret of Thine Heart.

The Secret of His Pavilion

Gerhard Ter Steegen

Hos. ii. 14

Allured into the desert, with God alone, apart,
There spirit meeteth spirit, there speaketh heart to heart.
Far, far on that untrodden shore, God's secret place I find,
Alone I pass the golden door, the dearest left behind.

There God and I—none other; oh far from men to be!
Nay, midst the crowd and tumult, still, Lord, alone with Thee.
Still folded close upon Thy breast, in field, and mart, and street,
Untroubled in that perfect rest, that isolation sweet.

O God, Thou art far other than men have dreamed and taught,
Unspoken in all language, unpictured in all thought.
Thou God art God—he only learns what that great Name must be,
Whose raptured heart within him burns, because he walks with Thee.

Stilled by that wondrous Presence, that tenderest embrace,
The years of longing over, do we behold Thy Face;
We seek no more than Thou hast given, we ask no vision fair,
Thy precious Blood has opened Heaven, and we have found Thee there.

O weary souls, draw near Him; to you I can but bring
One drop of that great ocean, one blossom of that spring;
Sealed with His kiss, my lips are dumb, my soul with awe is still;
Let him that is athirst but come, and freely drink his fill.

The Gospel According to Paul

C. P. C.

Acts xxvi. 16

From the glory and the gladness,
From His secret place;
From the rapture of His Presence
From the radiance of His Face—

Christ, the Son of God, hath sent me
Through the midnight lands;
Mine the mighty ordination
Of the pierced Hands.

Mine the message grand and glorious
Strange unsealed surprise—
That the goal is God's Beloved,
Christ in Paradise.

Hear me, weary men and women,
Sinners dead in sin;
I am come from heaven to tell you
Of the love within;

Not alone of God's great pathway
Leading up to heaven;
Not alone how you may enter
Stainless and forgiven—

Not alone of rest and gladness
Tears and sighing fled—
Not alone of life eternal
Breathed into the dead—

But I tell you I have seen Him,
God's beloved Son,
From His lips have learnt the mystery
He and His are one.

There, as knit into the body
Every joint and limb,
We, His ransomed, His beloved,
We are one with Him.

All in marvellous completeness
Added to the Lord,
There to be His crown of glory,
His supreme reward.

Wondrous prize of our high calling!
Speed we on to this,
Past the cities of the angels
Farther into bliss;

On into the depths eternal
Of the love and song,
Where in God the Father's glory
Christ has waited long;

There to find that none beside Him
God's delight can be—
NOT BESIDE HIM, NAY, BUT IN HIM,
O BELOVED ARE WE.

The Song of Christ

T. S. M.

Heb. ii. 12

There sounds a glorious music
As though all the Heavens rejoice;
There is One who singeth, and wondrous
Is the gladness of His voice.

A joy of surpassing sweetness,
Of love no speech can tell;
I hear, and my heart is broken,
For the Voice I know full well.

That Voice that has called me ever,
Called through the years of sin;
At my door beseeching and knocking
“Let Me, even Me, come in.”

And now in His joy He singeth,
In His joy He singeth of me,
And all the Heavens make music
That the gladness of God they see—

“He was dead—he was dead, and he liveth,
He was lost, was lost, and is found!”
This is the song He singeth,
The marvellous joyful sound.

Through the open doors of Heaven
Afar through the starless night,
Is borne that hymn of rejoicing,
The music of God’s delight.

The Shepherd's Voice

T. S. M.

John x. 27

No other voice than Thine has ever spoken,
O Lord, to me—
No other words but Thine the stillness broken
Of life's lone sea.
There openeth the spirit's silent chamber
No other hand—
No other lips can speak the language tender,
Speech of the Fatherland.
For others speak to one the eye beholdeth,
Who veils the soul within—
Some know not all the joy, and all the sorrow,
And none know all the sin.
They speak to one they love, it may be blindly,
Or hate, as it may be.
They speak but to the shadow, the illusion;
Thou speakest, Lord, to *me*.
It is unto the sheep the Shepherd calleth,
His voice they know,
No voice beside can lead them to the pastures
Where fountains flow.
None other tells unto my soul the secret,
The mystery divine—
The love that maketh glad the inner chambers,
His home and mine.
And therefore, O my God, with full assurance
I hear, and I rejoice;
The heart of Christ, beyond men's thoughts and dreamings,
Told in His voice.

The Wayside Feast

S. B.

Ps. xxiii. 5

Bread that camest down from Heaven,
Fruit of the eternal tree;
Banquet which my God has given
Even unto me;
Lo, before the world that scorneth,
I give thanks and eat,
At the table in the desert,
Spread with heavenly meat;
Wine of the divinest gladness,
Milk and honey sweet.
In the wilderness unwatered,
In the lonely land,
This the feast of God made ready
By His mighty Hand;
Thither came I, spent and weary,
Hungry and athirst,
From the wastes of thorn and thistle
Of the land accursed,
There to find the feast where angels
Serve, but may not share—
None but Christ and His redeemed ones
Gathered round Him there.
There the desert blossometh,
There the waters spring;
There the psalteries make music,
There the blessed sing.
By the heavenly banquet strengthened,
Short the way to me,
Over moor and fen and mountain,
O'er the pathless sea;
For the glory of His City
Shines along the road
Where the feet unwearied journey
To the Home of God.

His Dwelling-Place

T. S. M.

Eph. iii. 17

Thou knewest not where to lay Thy head;
When over the twilight sea
The birds of the mountains homeward sped,
There was no home for Thee.

But God had prepared for the weary feet
A home when the toil was past,
And there, in His chamber still and sweet,
O Lord, Thou shouldst rest at last.

A Home to be won by deadly fight,
The price to be paid in blood—
Oh where is that palace of fair delight,
That glorious Home of God?

The City that hath foundations shone
To Abram's eyes of old,
And we in our pilgrimage days look on
To the towers of crystal gold.

And Thou, an outcast in Abram's land,
On the midnight mountains lone,
Didst look to the Home where Thy feet should stand
When the long day's work was done.

O mystery of God's wondrous grace
That at last that rest should be
That secret chamber, that holy place,
The soul Thou hast won for Thee.

A Song

G. P. G.

John xiii. 1

Jesus, the One unchanging,
Thy love I know;
I remember the Cross and the passion
Of long ago.

Jesus, Thy love unchanging,
How passing sweet,
When I shall arise with singing
Thyself to meet!

Jesus! the One unchanging,
That love of yore,
That love that shall be my gladness
For evermore—

That love is the love that bears me
O'er starless deeps;
That never through long night watches
Slumbers nor sleeps—

That filleth the lonely chambers
With psalm and song,
And along my journey guards me,
All, all along.

Of old on the Cross not deeper
Than now it is deep—
Not sweeter in innermost Heaven
Than whilst I weep.

Nor less whilst I traverse the desert
In pilgrim guise,
Than when white and radiant before Thee
In Paradise.

The End of the Journey

C. P. C.

I Cor. vi. 17

One with Christ—within the golden City
Welcomed long ago,
When for me He passed within the glory
From the depths below.

Still the gladness of that blessed welcome,
Mystery of that kiss,
Meeting of the Son and of the Father,
Floods my soul with bliss.

That sweet welcome mine—and mine for ever
That eternal Home,
Whereunto when all these wanderings over,
I shall surely come—

There my heart is resting, and is joyful,
With a joy untold—
Earth's dark ways lit up with that fair glory,
Gleam as streets of gold.

Words of blessed greeting as I wander
Fall upon my ear;
As a song aloft in palace towers,
Deep, and sweet, and clear,

In the midnight steals o'er him who saileth
On a lonely sea,
Then I know I near the blessed country
Where He waits for me.

God, my Father, waiteth there to greet me,
Child of His delight;
In the well-beloved Son presented
Faultless in His sight.

Loved with all the love that fills the heavens
With eternal song—
Weep not, weary heart—how short the sorrow,
And the love how long!

Jesus**C. P. C.**

Rev. ii. 28

O Name, the psalm and the music
That fills the heavenly place—
O Name by which there I enter
And see Thee face to face—

O Name, Thou art here the music,
And here the sweetness and song,
Though the sea and the waves are roaring,
And though the night is long.

The night—but a night of glory,
For there in the heavens I see
The Morning Star in its brightness,
Thy gift of love to me.

I have the pledge of the dawning,
The glow of the golden Day,
For Thou, O my Lord, hast arisen,
The guide Star of my way.

The light of the Star outshining
The myriad suns is mine—
Oh sure is the glorious morning,
The morn of joy divine;

Of joy and of gladness and singing,
When deep unto deep shall call;
The sweetness shall answer the sorrow,
The vinegar and the gall;

The depth of the glorious music
The depth of the bitter cry
Of him in the darkness abandoned,
Unsolaced, alone, to die.

To the blackness of darkness shall answer
The light as a jasper stone,
The rainbow of glory encircling
Christ on His radiant throne.

The Last Watch of the Night

C. P. C.

Rev. xix. 7

It ends—the vigil of high festival,
The solemn night of song;
For lo! the crimson day has lit the hills,
The day desired so long.

From peak to peak there spreads the jasper glow,
The morning star grows dim;
How passing strange the joy that now we know—
So soon to look on Him!

Oh, deeper than our longing and our love,
More wondrous than our bliss,
His love that waited while the ages rolled
To welcome us as *His*!

And now, the watching and the waiting o'er,
The sin and sadness passed,
Behold, within the palaces of gold,
The harps are strung at last!

“The Bridegroom from His chamber goeth forth,
Resplendent as the sun;
O Bride, arise, and put thy jewels on,
The desert journey done.”

Thus do the morning stars together sing,
Our shout of joy replies;
For lo! He cometh as the solemn dawn
Awakes the silent skies.

The joy of God's high city peals afar,
Through portals open wide;
All Heaven awaits the shining marriage train,
The Bridegroom and the Bride.

Citizens of Heaven

C. P. C.

I Cor. xv. 47, 48

Who are these whose faces are irradiate
With eternal joy?
With the calm the tempest may not trouble
Nor the grave destroy?

Glad as those who hear a glorious singing
From the golden street,
Moving to the measure of the music
That is passing sweet.

They have been within the inner chamber
None can tread beside,
Where the Bridegroom radiant in His glory
Waiteth for the Bride.

He has shown them in those many mansions
How to Him is given
That high palace of surpassing beauty,
Holiest in Heaven.

There it is that they behold His radiance,
There His love they know,
Therefore theirs is God's eternal gladness
Whilst they walk below.

Therefore tread they in Earth's darkest places,
Through all grief and sin,
For they know the home that waits the weary,
Know the love within.

Therefore sad and strange to them the splendours
Of the world must be,
"O forgotten and rejected Jesus,
We have looked on Thee!

"We have seen Thee in the Father's glory,
Shared the Father's kiss;
Strange henceforward to the world our sadness,
Stranger yet our bliss.

“Sadness for the eyes that cannot see Thee,
Whom to see is Heaven;
Bliss that flows mysterious as the River
When the Rock was riven.

“Oh might some sweet song Thy lips have taught us,
Some glad song and sweet,
Guide amidst the mists and through the darkness
Lost ones to Thy feet.

“Not our joy, but Thy Divine rejoicing
Fills that palace fair,
For the wonder past our heart’s conceiving
Is the welcome there.”

Is it strange that from the golden chamber,
From the secret place,
Come they forth with everlasting radiance
Of His glorious Face?

Telling mysteries that to babes are simple,
Hidden from the wise,
Fragrant with the odours of the lilies
Of God’s Paradise?

Changed—transformed; for ever and for ever;
Thine alone to be;
Knowing none on earth, O Lord, beside Thee,
None in Heaven but Thee.

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