

HEART YEARNINGS AFTER HOME

by A.L. Ashley

A collection of articles and writings by A.L. Ashley from Heart Yearnings After Home, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

46 Chapters

Table of Contents

0. Heart Yearnings After Home
1. All Things for Good
2. "I Will Instruct Thee and Teach Thee in the Way Which Thou Shalt Go."
3. "Whom the Lord Loveth He Chasteneth."
4. "I Know in Whom I Have Believed."
5. "Unto Us Which Believe He Is Precious."
6. "Here We Have No Continuing City."
7. "Lovest Thou Me?"
8. "Every Idol He Will Utterly Abolish."
9. "Why Are Ye Fearful."
10. "All Is Well."
11. "Not As I Will, but As Thou Wilt."
12. "And Ye Are Complete in Him."
13. "All Things Are Yours."
14. "Having a Desire to Depart and Be With Christ, Which Is Far Better."
15. "As Many As I Love I Rebuke and Chasten."
16. "Lord, What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?"
17. "Come, Lord Jesus."
18. "Unto Thee Will I Pray."
19. "That Where I Am, There Ye May Be Also."
20. "I Will Meditate on Thee in the Night Watches."
21. "Lo, I Am With You Always."
22. What I Love
23. Nearer to Thee
24. Longing for Home
25. Alone With Jesus
26. My Jesus
27. On Prayer
28. None but Jesus
29. Jesus My All in All
30. Communion
31. In Memory of M. T—
32. In Memory of G. G—
33. In Memory of G. H. K—
34. To M. T—
35. In Memory of E. and C. M—
36. On the Return of Spring
37. On the First Appearance of a Snowdrop
38. To S. A. W—

- 39.** To J. B—
- 40.** To Mrs. P—, on the Death of Her Husband
- 41.** To Mrs. G—
- 42.** To My Nephew, on His Birth
- 43.** To a Sister
- 44.** To a Brother
- 45.** To M. A. B—, on Her Marriage

Heart Yearnings After Home

All Things for Good

Or if, while in this vale of tears,
My path should be beset with fears,
Still help me, Lord, to trust in Thee,
All things must work for good to me.
All things, my Father! then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
When troubles shall forever cease,
And all my trials end in peace,
When I shall bid this world farewell,
And upward mount with Thee to dwell,
There to behold Thee face to face,
And know the riches of Thy grace;
I'll sing throughout eternity,
"All things have worked for good to me."

“I Will Instruct Thee and Teach Thee in the Way Which Thou Shalt Go.”

FORBID it, Lord, that I should be
A disobedient child to Thee,
But when Thy finger points the way,
Help me with confidence to say,
“Saviour, though earth and hell oppose,
I’ll follow where Thy finger goes;
And though I cannot now foresee
What Thou hast portioned out for me,
Yet resting simply on Thy grace,
I’ll trust the love I cannot trace;
Willing, if Thou my leader be,
Through floods and flames to follow Thee.”

“Whom the Lord Loveth He Chasteneth.”

AND can'st thou, oh my soul, repine,
Or murmur at thy Father's will?
Oh, listen to His gracious voice,
And hear Him say, “I love thee still.”
'Tis His own, hand that holds the cup,
Then take and drink it joyfully,
Has He not promised in His Word,
That as thy day thy strength shall be.
What though He use the chastening rod,
'Tis thus He shows a Father's love;
And shall I shrink beneath the stroke,
While thus His faithfulness I prove?
No! rather would I lift my voice,
And sing His praise while in the fire,
Since all I need He'll freely give,
What more on earth can I desire.
Oh that I had but simple faith,
To take my Father at His word,
To leave the cares of life behind,
And follow patiently my Lord.
'Tis only for a little while,
And then, oh precious, precious thought,
I shall be with Him where He is,
To love and praise Him as I ought.
Till then I would to all His will
Obedient and submissive be,

And only wish to love Him more,
For all His boundless love to me.

“I Know in Whom I Have Believed.”

I KNOW that Christ is mine,
Unworthy though I be,
I know that my Redeemer lives
To intercede for me.
Jesus, my sacrifice,
Has washed me in His blood,
And thus I stand complete in Him,
A child, an heir of God.
I know that Christ is mine,
His gentle voice I hear,
He tells me in His precious word
I need no longer fear.
My sins of crimson guilt
Are now no longer mine,
Fair in His spotless righteousness,
I shall forever shine.
I know that Christ is mine,
I know that I am His,
Nor all the powers of hell combined
Can rob me of my bliss.
Redeemed by sovereign grace,
From condemnation free,
I know that where my Saviour is,
There I shall surely be.
Oh yes, there yet remains
Reserved for me above,

A glorious home, an endless rest,
Purchased by Him I love;
No sin, no pain, no death,
That land can ever know,
'Tis there my soul's Beloved dwells,
And there I long to go.
I know that Christ is mine,
What can I want beside I
He'll bear me safe through every storm,
Whatever may betide.
Oh how my spirit longs
To greet her absent Lord,
To bid a last adieu to earth,
And hasten Zionward.
Weary of all below,
Let but the word be given,
My panting soul would burst from earth,
And wing her flight to heaven.
There shall I see His face,
And in His glory shine,
There shall it be my greatest joy
To prove that Christ is mine.

“Unto Us Which Believe He Is Precious.”

PRECIOUS, oh more than precious He,
Who gave His life to ransom me
From death and endless woe;
That I, a wanderer far from God,
Might, through the virtue of His blood,
Perfect redemption know.
How great His love, how full, how free,
No wonder then His name should be
Sweeter than all beside;
Should not my soul delight to dwell
Upon the love unsearchable
Of Christ once crucified?
Yes, He is precious: storms may rise,
And gloomy clouds o'erspread the skies,
But what have we to fear,
Whose joy it is to hear Him say,
“Strength shall be equal to thy day,
Fear not for I am near?”
Dear Saviour, fill me with Thy love,
O draw my wand'ring thoughts above,
Wean me from all below;
Soon may I see Thee face to face,
Drink of the fountain of Thy grace,
And all Thy sweetness know.

“Here We Have No Continuing City.”

OH, what a wilderness is this,
Through which we're called to roam,
Well may we groan, well may we sigh,
And long to reach our home.
As strangers in this faithless world
That yields us no delight,
We thirst, we faint, to view that land,
That city out of sight.
Our weary hearts are often tried,
Oft troubled and distress'd,
And, like the dove, our way worn feet
Can find no place of rest.
Temptations sore obstruct our path
And press on every side,
But oh, what cause have we to fear,
With such a faithful guide.
He knows too well the path we tread
To let us miss our way;
He will support and comfort us
While in the world we stay.
Truly it is by far the best
To be with Him we love,
For though we still are pilgrims here,
Our treasure is above.
Oh, had we wings like yonder dove,
How gladly would we soar

To yonder fair and happy land,
Where sin shall be no more.
There shall we stand before the throne,
In garments white and clean,
There view our Saviour's lovely face
Without a cloud between.
Hail glorious hope, come Saviour come,
According to Thy word,
We faint, we thirst, we long to dwell
Forever with our Lord.

“Lovest Thou Me?”

LOVE Thee, my Saviour? yes I do,
Though cold and weak my love may be;
Yet, Lord, Thou knowest all things well,
Thou knowest the love I bear to Thee.
Jesus, what wondrous grace was Thine,
My sins upon Thyself to take;
To bow Thy guiltless, willing head,
And bleed and suffer for my sake.
Why did'st Thou die, my dearest Lord?
Why leave Thy glorious home above,
To visit such a world as this?
The cause was love — pure, boundless love.
And can I see Thee on the Cross,
Groaning and bleeding there for me?
And can I hear Thy dying cry,
And not be moved with love to Thee?
Impossible, my precious Lord,
Though hard Thou knowest this heart appears,
Yet give me but one glimpse of Thee,
My wond'ring eyes o'erflow with tears.
Love Thee, my Savior yes I do,
I must, I will Thy name adore,
And only seek for grace each day,
Nay, every hour, to love Thee more.
Why is it Should any ask
The reason of my love to Thee,

This only shall be my reply,
"Twas Jesus first who loved me."
Yes, it was Jesus: unto Him
Be all the praise and glory given;
He bled for me, He died for me,
And now He pleads for me in heaven.
Dear Saviour, I am sick of love,
'Tis almost more than I can bear;
Oh! come and take me to Thyself,
Thy glory and Thy joy to share.
There to behold Thee as Thou art—
The fulness of Thy sweetness prove,
Join with the ransomed host on high,
To praise the wonders of Thy love.

“Every Idol He Will Utterly Abolish.”

YES, take them all, my dearest Lord,
However precious they may be,
Tear every idol from my heart,
And let me worship none but Thee.
Thou, Thou alone shalt be my boast,
No other object claims my love,
Wean me from earth, and teach me, Lord,
To set my heart on things above.
Ah, Thou hast set Thy heart on me,
Dear Saviour, what a love is Thine,
Love without end, but oh! alas!
What base ingratitude is mine.
Humbled before Thy feet I fall,
Saviour, uphold and strengthen me,
My Lord, my Life, my all in all,
Thou shalt my only idol be.

“Why Are Ye Fearful.”

On thou poor, weary, burdened soul,
Though waves of trouble o'er thee roll,
There's One who doth each storm control,
That blessed One is Jesus.
What though each earthly spring be dried,
Though by temptation sorely tried,
Come cast these earthly cares aside
And go apart with Jesus.
He will supply thy every need,
He loves His people's cause to plead,
Oh, thou art privileged indeed
To be beloved of Jesus.
And can'st thou doubt His faithfulness,
Or think His love is growing less Ah! no,
His heart is full of grace,
The tender heart of Jesus.
He only chastens thee in love,
To draw thy wand'ring thoughts above,
And teach thee evermore to prove
How dear a friend is Jesus.
But ah, methinks I hear thee say,
“My faith seems weaker every day,
And Satan oftentimes will say,
You don't belong to Jesus.”
And then I try to stop my ears,
And hush such foolish doubts and fears,

Until I find relief in tears,
Low at the feet of Jesus.
Were I a child by grace renewed,
Washed and made clean in Jesus' blood,
How could I thus requite my God,
And grieve the heart of Jesus
Would not my greatest pleasure be
To tell what He has done for me,
And should I not rejoice to see
That I am one with Jesus
Poor pilgrim, tried and tempest toss'd,
Satan would claim thee his at last,
But that dear hand shall hold thee fast
That gave thee first to Jesus.
'Tis He permits the enemy
To hurl his fiery darts at thee,
But thou shalt more than conqueror be,
Strong in the strength of Jesus.
Cheer up faint heart, and weep no more,
Thy doubts and fears will soon be o'er,
Thou yet shalt reach thy native shore,
Safe in the arms of Jesus.
There shall no cruel foes assail
The ransomed soul He loves so well,
Nor any earthly power avail,
To break thy rest in Jesus.

“All Is Well.”

On, tempest-toss'd mariner, trust in the Lord,
Rely on His faithful, unchangeable word;
Though dark be the waters that bear thee along,
Yet the light of His love shall conduct thee safe home.
Though loud roaring billows above thee shall rise,
And clouds dark and gloomy o'ershadow the skies,
Thy Father permits it, 'tis all for the best,
And the rougher the journey the sweeter the rest.
Not long shalt thou sail on life's troublesome sea,
Bright mansions above are preparing for thee:
In the bosom of Jesus are long thou shalt rest,
Thrice happy believer, 'tis all for the best.
Though toilsome and dreary thy journey may be,
There's land in the distance, though thou can'st not see,
Soon, soon thou shalt land on the heavenly shore,
Where toiling and rowing forever are o'er.
Though waves of affliction roll high o'er thy head,
And hope's brightest visions long cherished are fled,
Still cling to the promise, and be not distress'd,
Thy Father permits it, 'tis all for the best.
Then trust in thy Pilot to steer thee aright,
The long-looked-for harbor is almost in sight:
The billows may roar and the ocean may foam,
But all will be peace when thou'rt landed at home.
What joy shall be thine when with angels above
Thy voice shall unite in the song of His love;

When troubles and trials forever are past,
And thy vessel has anchored in safety at last.
With joy thou shalt tell to the listening throng
The way that thy Father hath led thee along,
Through floods and through flames, o'er the fierce
rolling tide,
And landed thee safe on the opposite side.
Oh, heaven-bound mariner, steer on thy way,
The shadows of night are passing away;
Soon, soon thou shalt land in the heaven of rest,
With rapture exclaiming, "Twas all for the best."

“Not As I Will, but As Thou Wilt.”

DEAR Father, I submit,
Trusting in Thee alone,
I bow in faith beneath Thy feet,
And say, “Thy will be done.”
I’ll take the bitter cup
Thy love prepares for me,
I’ll take it, Lord, and drink it up,
However hard it be.
Ah, ’tis not bitter now,
When sweetened with Thy love:
That love that can allay my fears,
And all my doubts remove.
That ever-living love
That bids my sorrow cease,
That calms the tumult of my breast,
And sweetly whispers— “Peace.”
Oh matchless, boundless love,
That flows direct from Thee,
In all my sorrow, grief, and pain,
Love, only love, I see.
’Tis love inflicts the blow,
Though it may cause me pain,
’Tis love permits my tears to flow,
Nor lets them flow in vain.
’Tis love that lays me low,
Beneath the chastening rod,

And love supports my drooping soul,

The matchless love of God.

Dear Father, I submit,

Constrained by love alone,

I bow in faith beneath Thy feet,

And say, "Thy will be done."

“And Ye Are Complete in Him.”

COMPLETE in Jesus—precious, precious word—
Transformed into the image of my Lord,
Once a poor rebel, lost in guilt and sin,
But now through sovereign grace complete in Him;
Oh thou Destroyer, I can smile at thee,
No power of thine can ever conquer me;
Complete in Jesus, I shall firmly stand,
Nor death, nor hell can pluck me from His hand!
Complete in Jesus, oh how sweet the thought,
Surely I do not prize it as I ought,
'Tis matchless grace, 'tis love unsearchable,
Its worth and preciousness no tongue can tell.
Dear Saviour, what am I? Thou could'st not see
One spark of love or gratitude in me;
Why was I chosen, called, and justified,
And made a member of the church, Thy bride,
Ah! my heart melts, my eyes with tears o'erilow,
Grace is the answer, nothing else will do;
Grace, matchless grace, unmerited and free,
Dear, precious Lord, I am complete in Thee.
Yes, when the angry billows o'er me roll,
And waves beat high against my troubled soul,
When trials and temptations round me rise
And seem to bide my Saviour from my eyes,
Still I can rest on that unchanging word
Complete in Christ, my ever living Lord.

A little while and this poor soul of mine
Shall on Thy bosom, dearest Lord, recline;
No longer by my sins to cause Thee pain,
Nor ever wander from Thy side again.
But in those mansions kept for me above,
Those mansions of eternal joy and love;
Far from temptation, from all sorrow free,
I shall forever rest complete in Thee.

“All Things Are Yours.”

TREMBLING BOW, dry up thy tears,

All things are thine;

Bid farewell to doubts and fears,

All things are thine;

What though earthly hopes remove,

Earthly friends unfaithful prove,

Tried believer, look above,

All things are thine.

Hid in Christ, thy risen Lord,

All things are thine;

Nought can change the written word,

All things are thine;

Earthly hopes may disappear,

Leaving thee no prospect here,

But with Jesus ever near,

All things are thine.

Though of dearest friends bereft,

All things are thine;

Thou art rich since Christ is left,

All things are thine;

Journey on, nor fear the road,

Leading to thy blest abode,

Murmur not, but trust in God,

All things are thine.

Trembling one, rejoice and sing,

All things are thine;

Even death has lost its sting,
All things are thine;
Soon where endless pleasures dwell,
Jesus' praise thy lips shall swell,
Happy Christian, all is well,
All things are thine.

“Having a Desire to Depart and Be With Christ, Which Is Far Better.”

OH Father, give me patience; this poor heart
Is ever sighing, longing to depart:
My weary spirit fain would find repose
In that fair land where, free from mortal woes,
My aching head shall lean on Jesus' breast,
And find in Him my everlasting rest.
But give me patience, ah, full well I know
Thy time is best, and though I long to go,
Yet keep me, gracious Father, keep me still
In meek submission to Thy holy will;
Let not one murmuring word escape my tongue,
But let Thy will and Thine alone be done.
I love to gaze on yonder cloudless sky,
And think of my inheritance on high,
And oft I wonder when these eyes shall see
The many mansions Jesus keeps for me,
Those mansions of eternal joy and love,
Secure within my Father's house above:
Ah, precious home, Father I long to go,
This world is all a wilderness below;
Many I love have journeyed on before,
And ready stand to welcome me on shore;
When shall I hear the long expected word,
“Arise, my chosen one, to meet your Lord!”
But hush, my soul, my Father's time is best,
And only He shall fix my hour of rest;

I'll hush the sigh, I'll check the starting tear,
Since 'tis His will that I should linger here;
This precious truth shall every fear dispel,
My God, my Father doeth all things well.
Lord, give me patience for a little while,
A few more days of weariness and toil;
Then, when I hear my blessed Saviour say,
"Arise, my love, my fair one, come away,"
Oh, with what rapture shall I soar above,
Lost in the boundless ocean of Thy love!

“As Many As I Love I Rebuke and Chasten.”

Ah, yes, 'tis all in love
My Father strikes the blow,
And though my faint and bleeding heart
Had well-nigh sunk beneath the smart,
The Lord has brought me through.
“Fear not,” He sweetly cries,
“Nor murmur at my will,
Those whom I love while here below,
I must rebuke and chasten too,
But oh, I love thee still.”
Lord, I believe Thy word,
The promise is for me,
'Tis sovereign love prepares the cup,
Then joyfully I'll drink it up,
Because it comes from Thee.
What joy the assurance gives,
To know that all is love,
It penetrates the dreary gloom,
And bids me look beyond the tomb
To yonder world above.
There my poor heart can rest,
For earth is not my home,
There pain and sickness all are o'er,
There parting words are heard no more,
For death can never come.
Then give or take away,

I know Thy will is best,
All things must work for good to me,
And as my day my strength shall be,
Lord, I am truly blest.
Oh precious, precious thought,
Its sweetness who can tell,
I'll gird my loins and journey on,
I'll sing, and this shall be my song,
"He doeth all things well."

“Lord, What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do?”

As I wander all lonely and drear,
Through this valley of sorrow below,
How sweet to remember my Saviour is near,
To guide me wherever I go.
When my path seems encompassed with fears,
And I know not which way to pursue,
I can lift up my voice, though it may be with tears,
And say, “What wilt Thou have me to do.”
How often in sorrow I mourn,
O’er the want of more love in my heart,
And grieve that my faltering steps are so prone
From the heavenward way to depart.
But Jesus has promised to keep,
And what He has promised He’ll do;
I know He will grant me the guidance I seek,
If I have but His glory in view.
Ah, where would my wanderings end,
Without His omnipotent eye,
If He, whom I trust as my Guardian and Friend,
Should once His protection deny?
But I am a lamb of the flock,
And He is my Shepherd, I know,
Securely I’ll hide in the cleft of the Rock,
Saying, “What wilt Thou have me to do?”
Affliction and sorrow may come,
Temptations around me may press,

But Christ is my portion, and heaven is my home,
What more can a monarch possess?
With Jesus I cannot go wrong,
He marks out the way I pursue,
I'll lean on His arm, as I travel along,
And say, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"
Oh may I with meekness receive,
Each stroke of His chastening rod,
Each painful affliction He pleases to give,
And bow to the will of my God.
I know that His will is the best,
And keeping His glory in view,
I'll sing, as I march to my heavenly rest,
"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"
Oh may I in Jesus be found,
Though sickness and death should appear,
Though the waters of Jordan encompass me round,
I am safe if my Saviour is near.
And when in His presence I stand,
Released from all sorrow and care,
What joy shall be mine, in that heavenly land,
To own that He guided me there.

“Come, Lord Jesus.”

MY Saviour, oh! my Saviour,
I long to dwell with Thee,
To leave this vale of sorrow,
Where all is vanity;
I long to be transported,
To the mansions of Thy love,
For ever and for ever
To dwell with Thee above.
My Saviour, oh! my Saviour,
I long to see Thy face,
My weary soul is panting
To reach her resting place;
A sick and lonely mourner,
I struggle to be free,
Earth had no rest for Jesus,
Earth has no rest for me.
My Saviour, oh! my Saviour,
Burst through the clouds of night,
Dispel the gloomy darkness,
That now obscures my sight;
Draw back the vail, my Saviour,
That hides Thy lovely face,
For oh! I long to see Thee,
And rest in Thine embrace.
Surely the morning breaketh,
The daylight draweth near,

A very little longer,
And Jesus will appear;
But oh! methinks I hear Him,
Methinks I see Him come,
Adieu, vain world, for ever,
Adieu! I'm going home.

“Unto Thee Will I Pray.”

THOU God of wisdom, God of love,
Whose glory fills the heavens above,
Oh listen to the plea I make,
And answer me, for Jesus' sake.
Look down in mercy, look on me
And make me all I ought to be,
Forgiving, patient, gentle, mild,
A loving and obedient child.
Make me like Him whose name I bear,
Whose glory I shall shortly share;
And may my walk and conduct prove,
That all my treasure is above.
If aught should tempt my soul to stray,
From Thee, the true and living way,
Then, Lord, thy wandering one restore,
And bid me go and sin no more.
Should sore temptations round me press,
While traveling through this wilderness,
Still may Thy voice each fear dispel,
And sweetly whisper, “All is well.”
Should waves of trouble round me rise,
And gloomy clouds o’erspread the skies,
Then, then, my Father, be Thou near,
To wipe away the falling tear.
And when with anxious care oppress’d,
My spirit sighs to reach her rest,

Lord, give me patience, let me see
That all things work for good to me.
Thus would I climb life's rugged hill,
In meek submission, thy will;
My only aim, to do or be
Just as it seemeth good to Thee.
And when at length my race is run,
My battle fought, my warfare done,
Then take me Lord, to dwell with Thee,
Throughout a long eternity.

“That Where I Am, There Ye May Be Also.”

OH to be over yonder,
Within the pearly gates,
Where my beloved Redeemer
For my arrival waits
Oh, to behold His beauty,
To see Him face to face,
To lean upon His bosom
And feel His fond embrace.
Oh, to be over yonder.
Sate in the realms of bliss,
Were not a care shall enter,
To mar my happiness
No sin shall there annoy me,
No foes my peace molest,
Nor shall a wave of trouble
Disturb my tranquil breast.
The Lamb Himself shall lead me,
Where quiet waters flow,
And mine shall be a portion
That angels cannot know.
I oftentimes get weary,
And my eyes with tears grow dim,
When I think about the distance
Between myself and Him.
But each moment brings me nearer
To the dawning of that day,

That shall hush my fears forever,
And wipe my tears away.
Yes! nearer to the glory,
Reserved for me above,
And nearer to the mansions
Prepared by Him I love.
Nearer to home! how precious
Each day, each hour, to be
Farther from sin and sorrow,
“Nearer my God to Thee.”
It seems a long, long journey
Across life’s stormy sea,
Ere I can reach the haven
Where I so long to be.
But I will not dread the darkness,
Or the fiercely rolling tide,
For I hear a gentle whisper,
“There’s light the other side.”
Oh yes, there’s light and glory,
And joy, and peace, and love,
There’s rest for weary pilgrims
In that landing-place above.
And soon my shattered vessel,
Safe in her Pilot’s care,
Shall furl her sails in triumph,
And anchor safely there.
Oh, to be over yonder!
Dear Saviour, quickly come,
And take me in Thy bosom,

To my eternal home.
There to behold Thy glory,
And evermore to be,
Throughout eternal ages,
So very near to Thee.

“I Will Meditate on Thee in the Night Watches.”

“My meditation of Him shall be sweet.”

YES! 'tis sweet to think of Thee,

Blessed Lord,

Thou art everything to me,

Blessed Lord;

Thou dost fill me with delight,

Through the dark and lonesome night,

As I wait the morning light,

Blessed Lord.

What are sleepless nights to me,

Blessed Lord,

When I have Thy company,

Blessed Lord;

Nothing seems too much to bear,

Pain, or sickness, grief, or care,

When I know Thy presence near,

Blessed Lord.

Ah, how lonely should I be,

Blessed Lord,

If Thou did'st not talk with me,

Blessed Lord,

When I tell Thee of my pain,

If my words were all in vain,

And Thou did'st not speak again.

Blessed Lord.

Well may I adore Thy grace,

Blessed Lord,
Long to see Thee face to face,
Blessed Lord;
There, arrayed in spotless white,
I shall walk the plains of light,
And there shall be no more night,
Blessed Lord.

“Lo, I Am With You Alway.”

I KNOW Thou art with me,
My Saviour, my God,
I know Thou art with me,
I fear not the road;
But, trusting in Thee,
As I journey along,
I'll make Thy rich mercy
The theme of my song.
I know Thou art with me,
And though for a while
In this valley of tears
Thou hast left me to toil,
Forsaken—forgotten.
I never can be,
With the blessed assurance
That Thou art with me.
The way may be dreary,
The road may be rough,
I know Thou art with me,
And that is enough;
I can smile at the tempest
Can laugh at the storm,
For the arms that are round me,
Shall shield me from harm.
I know Thou art with me,
I've proved it before,

The roaring of billows
Can fight me no more;
My Saviour, my Friend,
Thou hast kept me till now,
Thou wilt keep to end.
Some call it presumption
To say, I am Thine;
Lord, grant such presumption
May ever be mine.
In this will I glory,
In this will I boast
Thou—Thou has redeemed me,
I cannot be lost.
A little while longer
To sojourn below,
Then, Lord, to Thy presence
I'll happily go;
And oh, how delightful,
My Saviour, to be
For ever, and ever,
And ever, with Thee.

What I Love

I Love to see the pretty flowers
All covered with the dew,
And many, many happy hours
I've spent among them too.
I love to hear the little birds,
That warble in the sky,
To see the many flocks and herds,
And sheep-boys sleeping by.
I love, when summer evenings gleam,
To watch the setting sun,
Sinking behind the western hills,
When his day's work is done.
I love the tiny snowdrop white,
That blossoms here and there,
Peeping above the frozen ground,
And saying "Spring is near."
How sweet to view these wondrous works,
Then turn my thoughts above;
And think of Him who made them all,
Ah, this is what I love.
To lift my eyes and view that land,
Where flowers forever bloom,
Where all is sunshine, all is joy,
And winter ne'er can come.
Hail, happy land! I long to tread
Thy golden streets above;

To feast forever in the sight
Of Him whose Name is Love.

Nearer to Thee

JESUS, I fain would be
Nearer to Thee,
O keep thy wandering one,
Nearer to Thee;
Thou, who for me hast died,
For me wast crucified,
Whom shall I love beside,
Jesus, but Thee.
Oh, let me all forsake,
Whate'er it be,
And only wish to walk
Nearer to Thee;
Naught can this world afford,
Though with earth's treasures stored,
Worthy to be compared,
Jesus, to Thee.
But once I loved its joys,
Nor could I see
The value of that blood
Poured out for me;
Till He, my glorious Head,
Showed me my debt was paid,
While, with a smile, He said,
"Thou, thou art free."
Dear Saviour, let Thy power
Be felt by me;

O draw me every hour
Nearer to Thee;
Surely I must be blest
While leaning on Thy breast,
There only would I rest,
Embraced by Thee.
Lord, this is my desire,
Ever to be,
Throughout my path on earth,
Kept near to Thee;
Then what have I to fear,
Though dark my prospect here,
Still would I breathe the prayer,
Nearer to Thee.
Soon in that happy land
Prepared for me,
My joyful feet shall stand,
Brought there by Thee;
Then will I sing Thy love
In nobler strains above,
O then I ne'er shall rove,
Saviour, from Thee.

Longing for Home

I SHALL soon be at home,
Where no sorrow can come,
No sin, no temptation, no care;
But all will be peace
In those mansions of bliss,
For my soul's best Beloved is there.
I shall soon be at home,
No longer to roam
As a stranger and pilgrim below;
But from earth I shall rise
To my home in the skies,
My Saviour's full sweetness to know.
I shall soon be at home,
For my loved One is gone
To make ready those mansions for me;
And soon, in His love,
He'll bear me above,
In His presence forever to be.
I shall soon be at home,
When my warfare is done,
And my pilgrimage journey is past,
My soul, free from care
And everything here,
Shall anchor in safety at last.
And though for a while
I may wander and toil

In a wilderness lonely and drear,
Yet my heart is above,
With Him whom I love,
And my warmest affections are there.
Oh, glorious abode
Of my Saviour and God,
Ah, when will my loved One appear?
I long to be gone
To my heavenly home,
For there's nothing worth having down here.
Yet I will not complain,
For ere long I shall reign
Where no suffering, no sorrow can come;
So I'll force my way through,
And sing as I go—
"Home! home! I shall soon be at home!"

Alone With Jesus

SAVIOUR, I'm happy here,
With naught to break my rest,
With none to interfere,
Or force me from Thy breast;
Here would I stay, alone with Thee,
I want no other company.
The busy, bustling world
I gladly leave behind,
For in its trifling joys
No happiness I find;
I leave them all, dear Lord, to be,
A little while alone with Thee.
Faint from my daily toil,
Hither I come for rest,
To lay my weary head
Upon Thy tender breast;
Ne'er would I quit Thy fond embrace,
Ne'er seek another resting place.
'Tis here, from day to day,
My spirit gets new life,
And thus I start afresh
To meet the coming strife;
No ills I dread, no danger fear,
Calm and secure if Thou art near.
Here all my doubts and fears
Like shadows flee away;

Dried are my bitterest tears,
My night is turned to day;
Oh, this is heaven on earth to me.
Thus to be left alone with Thee.
But I must leave Thee, Lord,
Fain would I longer stay,
But duty calls me hence,
And, oh, I must obey;
And yet Thy presence is so sweet,
I scarce can quit Thy mercy-seat.
Dear Saviour, how I long
To dwell with Thee above;
To join the countless throng,
And sing redeeming love—
From every pain and sorrow free,
To find myself at home with Thee.
There shall I calmly rest,
Where no infernal foes
Shall drive me from Thy breast,
Or break my sweet repose.
Oh! happiness beyond compare,
Come, Saviour, come, and take me there.

My Jesus

Composed for a peculiar tune, "JUANITA."

WHEN, dearest Saviour,

When shall I Thy glory see?

Fain would my spirit

Find her home with Thee;

In this vale of sorrow,

Oft I sigh for liberty,

But a bright tomorrow

Soon shall set me free.

Jesus—dear Jesus,

Let me lean upon Thy breast,

Jesus—dear Jesus,

Be my only rest.

Way-worn and weary,

This is not my dwelling-place,

All, all is dreary

Till I see Thy face;

For Thy love is greater

Than all other love can be,

And Thy name is sweeter

Than all else to me.

Jesus—dear Jesus,

Let me lean upon Thy breast,

Jesus—dear Jesus,

Be my only rest.

Come, dearest Saviour,

Chase the gloomy shades away,
Long have I waited
For the break of day;
Soon in brightest glory
I shall tread the courts above,
While I tell the story
Of Thy matchless love.
Jesus—dear Jesus,
How I sigh to be at rest,
Jesus—dear Jesus,
Take me to Thy breast.

On Prayer

NIGHT is, the time for prayer:
No human form is near,
To mark the uplifted eye,
To catch the burdened sigh
Ascending to the throne—
To that Eternal One
Who ever looks in mercy down
On those He deigns to call His own.
Night is the time for prayer,
When, free from toil and care,
Earth's busy crowds repose,
Forgetful of their woes;
When stillness reigns profound,
And all is dark around,
Save in the heart renewed by grace,
Where Jesus finds a dwelling-place.
Night is the time for prayer,
When none but God is near;
He hears each heartfelt groan
Ascending to the throne,
Each earnest, pleading cry
Is quickly caught on high,
And, for the sake of Christ His Son,
The Father says, "It shall be done."
Oh, precious hour of prayer!
Precious beyond compare;

Precious when sorrows flow,
And strong temptations grow!
My raptured soul would stay
E'en till the break of day
In converse with my precious Lord,
Whose name shall ever be adored.

None but Jesus

JESUS, dearest One I love,
Draw my wand'ring thoughts above;
Wean my heart from all below,
Let me naught but Jesus know,
Naught desire on earth beside,
But my Saviour crucified.
When I feel the tempter near,
Filling me with doubt and fear,
As I tread the darksome road
Leading to Thy blest abode;
Help me, Lord, with joy to see,
None but Christ will do for me.
When for distant friends I sigh,
Friends beloved no longer nigh,
Saviour, may Thy company
Still my constant portion be,
Thus shall I rejoice to prove
Thine is an unchanging love.
Then when earthly friends are gone,
Earthly comforts all withdrawn,
May my fainting heart rejoice,
As I hear Thy well-known voice
Saying even unto me
"I am more than all to thee."
Should affliction lay me low,
Or should death appear in view,

Even then my lips shall tell
How Thou doest all things well;
This alone my song shall be,
“Thou art more than all to me.”
Then when earthly songs are o’er,
When I stand on Canaan’s shore,
Sweetly shall the courts above
Echo with my Saviour’s love;
Yes, throughout eternity,
Jesus still my song shall be.

Jesus My All in All

I LOVE when I am weary,
And faint, and worn, and sad,
To spend an hour with Jesus,
Whose presence makes me glad.

I love when tried and tempted,
Beset with doubts and fears,
To cast my care on Jesus,
He wipes away my tears.

And when, oppress'd with sorrow,
My heart within me dies,
When tempests round me gather,
And waves of trouble rise,
When all things seem against me

In this dark vale of tears,
Oh, how one glimpse of Jesus
Will dissipate my fears.

I love to walk with Jesus,
To lean upon His breast,
And hear Him sweetly whisper,
“I—I will give you rest.”

Oh, precious, precious Jesus,
No mortal tongue can tell
The rich surpassing beauties
That in my Saviour dwell.

His heart so full of pity,
His kind and fond embrace,

His voice so soft and gentle,
And oh, His lovely face.
Sometimes I hear Him whisper,
“Fear not for I am thine,”
And then I quickly answer,
“Dear Saviour, Thou art mine.”
Oh, what to me are trials,
With Jesus for my friend,
Though all things else are fleeting,
His love can never end.
Should earthly friends prove faithless,
And leave me one by one,
I know my precious Jesus
Will ne’er forsake His own;
But gently bear me onward
Through trials yet to come,
Until He lands me safely
In heaven, my promised home.
There, far from grief and sorrow,
I shall forever dwell,
And nestle in the bosom
Of Him I love so well.
Jesus, my sweetest portion,
My hope, my joy, my peace,
My rock, and my salvation,
My “Sun of Righteousness.”
Jesus, my only glory,
Low at Thy feet I fall,
My Saviour, Friend, and Brother,

Nay, more— my all in all.

Communion

A LITTLE talk with Jesus,
How it smooths the rugged road,
How it seems to help me onward,
When I faint beneath my load.
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
And my eyes with tears are dim,
There's naught can yield me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.
I tell Him I am weary,
And I fain would be at rest,
That I'm daily, hourly longing
For a home upon His breast;
And He answers me so sweetly,
In tones of tenderest love
"I am coming soon to take thee
To my happy home above."
Ah, this is what I'm wanting,
His lovely face to see;
And I'm not afraid to say it,
I know He's wanting me!
He gave His life a ransom,
To make me all His own,
And He can't forget His promise
To me, His purchased one.
I know the way is dreary
To yonder far off clime,

But a little talk with Jesus
Will wile away the time.
And yet the more I know Him,
And all His grace explore,
It only sets me longing
To know Him more and more.
I cannot live without Him,
Nor would I if I could,
He is my daily portion,
My medicine and my food,
He's altogether lovely,
None can with Him compare,
The chief among ten thousand,
The fairest of the fair.
I often feel impatient
And mourn His long delay,
I never can be settled
While He remains away.
But we shall not long be parted,
For I know He'll quickly come,
And we shall dwell together
In that happy, happy home.
So I'll wait a little longer,
Till His appointed time,
And glory in the knowledge
That such a hope is mine.
Then in my Father's dwelling,
Where "many mansions" be,
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus,

And He shall talk with me.

In Memory of M. T—

FAREWELL, farewell, thou lovely babe,
Thy sufferings all are o'er,
Thy spirit now has winged its flight
To Canaan's peaceful shore.
Why should thy friends deplore their loss,
Why mourn that thou art gone
To brighter worlds beyond the sky,
Where sickness is unknown.
Thou wert indeed a tender plant,
Too fair to linger here,
In such a barren wilderness,
Where all is lone and drear.
That blessed One who gave thee life,
Has called thee hence away,
To bloom more sweet in Paradise,
Where flowers can ne'er decay.
Thy parents loved and prized thee well,
Esteemed thee as a boon,
They little thought their precious flower,
Would be recalled so soon.
But He who gave has seen it fit
To take that gift away,
"Yet blessed be His holy name,"
Still would we wish to say.
We sat and watched thy feeble frame
Grow weaker every hour,

We saw thee hang thy little head,
Like some fair drooping flower;
And when the last sad moment came,
How did'st thou gasp for breath,
Then closed thy little eyes in sleep—
The peaceful sleep of death.
Peaceful, indeed, it is to thee,
Forever free from harm,
Lodged in a loving Saviour's breast,
And folded in His arm.
Sing, sing His praises, little one,
Nor cease thy sweet employ,
We would not wish to call thee back,
And rob thee of thy joy.
Oh, happy babe, adieu! adieu!
Fain now we'd follow thee,
To that bright world where thou art gone,
But no, that may not be.
A little longer we may tread
These thorny paths below,
Until our Saviour calls us home,
Then joyfully we'll go.
Yes, gladly will we all forsake
To be with Him we love,
To chant our dear Redeemer's praise
In nobler strains above.
There, clothed in robes of spotless white,
For evermore to dwell:
Oh! happy day, 'twill soon appear,

Till then, sweet babe, farewell.

In Memory of G. G—

ADIEU, sweet little one,
From all thy sufferings free,
How could we wish to keep thee here,
The Lord has gathered thee.
Like some fair tender plant,
Plucked from its parent stem,
Transplanted to a richer soil,
To bloom in heaven again.
It seems but yesterday
We listened with delight,
To hear thy little prattling tongue
Some childish tale recite.
Ah, little did we think
How soon that voice would cease,
Sickness came in and laid thee low,
A victim to disease.
And then with grief we saw
Thou wert not long for earth,
And knew thou shortly must return
To Him who gave thee birth.
And so indeed it was,
Thy sufferings here were brief,
For He who doeth all things well
Soon brought thee sweet relief.
We saw thy wasted frame
Grow weaker every day,

And soon the joyful summons came
To call thy soul away.
And now thy little bark
Is moored on yonder shore,
And that sweet voice we loved so well
Is heard on earth no more.
But hark! 'tis heard on high,
Amid the white-robed throng;
That silvery voice shall ever sing
The "new eternal song."
A loving Saviour's breast
Henceforth thy home shall be,
Adieu, sweet child, it is enough,
The Lord has gathered thee.
Rejoice ye mourning ones,
Your child is happy now,
No gloomy cloud shall ever pass
Across that fair young brow.
Soon shall you meet again,
Where parting is no more,
And she among the first shall stand
To welcome you on shore.

In Memory of G. H. K—

FAREWELL, dear youth, thy short-lived race is run,
With thee eternal glory is begun;
No longer shall thy head be racked with pain,
Nor shall a teardrop dim thine eyes again.
For thou art sweetly sleeping, gone to rest
Forever on a loving Saviour's breast;
And though 'tis hard to part with one so dear,
We would not for a moment wish thee here.
Ah no, dear Herbert, thou art happy now,
No gloomy cloud shall ever cross thy brow;
Methinks I hear thee say, "Weep not for me,
My sufferings all are over — I am free."
We wept to watch thee yield thy parting breath,
And sink exhausted in the arms of death;
'Twas very hard, but oh, what joy it gives,
To look beyond the grave and say, "He lives."
Yes, Herbert lives beyond the reach of pain,
And we shall shortly see his face again,
Not as we saw it last, but beaming bright,
Radiant with glory and effulgent light.
Dear youth, what joyful hopes our bosoms swell,
E'en as we falter forth the last farewell,
To know that we shall meet thee in that home
Where painful parting words are never known.
There, in our Saviour's presence, we shall meet,
To praise the grace that brought us to His feet;

And thou, perhaps, among the first shall stand,
To bid us welcome to our Fatherland.

To M. T—

DEAR sister, trust in Jesus, and never, never fear,
Cast every burden on thy Lord, there's always comfort
there;

Though dark the clouds above thee, and rough the
path below,

There's not a pang that wounds thy breast but Jesus
feels it too.

Dear sister, trust in Jesus; leave all thy future lot
With Him who doeth all things well, whose mercy
changes not.

Remember He is with thee, thou art not left alone,
And naught but good shall e'er befall His dear adopted
one.

Dear sister, trust in Jesus whatever may betide;
Seek His divine direction thy faltering steps to guide;
His own eternal purpose thou canst not now foresee,
But, trusting to His faithfulness, all shall be well with
thee.

Then cling in faith to Jesus; cleave closely to His side;
Fixed on the "Rock of Ages," thy steps shall never
slide;

No troubles shall affright thee, no foes thy peace molest,
Not death itself shall daunt thee, while leaning on His
breast.

Oh, may He gently lead thee where quiet waters are,
And cause thee sweetly to repose in pastures green and

fair;

May Christ, the "Sun of Righteousness," forever on
thee shine,

May all thy life be spent for Him, and may His will be
thine.

Adieu, my much loved sister; yes, thou art dear to me,

But dearer far to Jesus, who gave His life for thee!

Then shout thy Saviour's praises, sing of His dying
love,

And when thy voice is hushed below, break forth in
strains above.

In Memory of E. and C. M—

REST, little slumberers, rest, far from the reach of pain,
Lodged in a loving Saviour's breast, oh, what eternal
gain;

And yet we called it loss, and wept with grief to see
Those gentle forms we loved so well in silence borne
away.

'Tis hard indeed to part, to part with those we love,
But hark, I hear a voice that says, "They're safely
moored above."

Ah, yes, dear little ones, we'll hush the rising sigh,
Sing on, sing on your heavenly songs, we'll join you
by and bye;

A few more toilsome days of weariness and pain,
A few more sighs, a few more tears, and we our rest
shall gain.

Oh, sweet inspiring thought, how can our hearts be
sad,

With such a glorious hope in view we cannot but be
glad;

Adieu, sweet babes, adieu, we'll check the starting
tear,

'Tis better far to be with Christ — no separation there.

Then tune your infant songs, the heavenly chorus
swell,

And we on earth will bless His name who doeth all
things well.

Oh, ye bereaved ones, your Father strikes the blow,
And though the trial seem severe, He'll gently bear
you through:

The taking of your babes to dwell with Him above,
Is but another blessed proof of His unchanging love.

Happy, indeed, are they, according to His word,
Who suffer tribulation here as followers of their Lord;

Oh, may He give you grace to take the offered cup,
And drink with joy the bitter draft, because He mixed it up.

Rejoice, again rejoice, ye chastened of the Lord,
He will not leave you comfortless, He will fulfill His
word:

Your babes are gone before, but oh, the day draws
near,

When you shall meet them both above—no separation there.

On the Return of Spring

HAIL, beauteous Spring! Once more rude Winter's hand
Yields forth the treasures which throughout the land,
Low buried in the garden or the field,
For many weary months have lain concealed.
Now bursting from his icy grasp once more,
As if rejoiced that wintry storms are o'er,
They gently rise from out their frozen beds,
And lift to view their various colored heads.
With joy we see bleak Winter disappear,
And welcome thee, blest season of the year;
Thy gentle presence makes our hearts rejoice,
And nature smiles to hear thy well-known voice.
Oh, lovely Spring, where'er our footsteps stray,
Fresh tokens of thy coming cross our way—
The tiny snowdrop, with its modest head
Just peeping from beneath its snowy bed,
Seems to proclaim to every passerby
The joyful news that Spring is drawing nigh;
While buttercups and daisies catch the sound,
And quickly echo forth the news around,
Till nature summons all her powers to sing,
"Welcome, right welcome to the coming Spring."
Roused by the distant song, the primrose fair,
No longer shrinking from the frosty air,
Anxious to gaze upon the scene around,
Bursts through the surface of the frozen ground,

Opens her petals to the morning sun,
And seems to say, "My prison days are done."
The circling fields no longer clothed in white,
Present a beautiful and cheering sight;
For even they have heard thy welcome voice,
And seem as though they could not but rejoice.
While e'en the feathered songsters seem to say,
"Spring has returned and Winter passed away!"
But ah, thy gentle reign will soon be o'er:
The golden Summer, laden with her store,
Is on the wing, to grace our garden bowers
With rich profusions of her choicest flowers;
To clothe the leafless trees with velvet green,
And scatter fragrance o'er the blooming scene.
I love through sunny vales to wend my way,
Or 'neath the shade of forest trees to stray,
To catch at intervals the glorious sun
Sinking to rest when his day's work is done.
Then, filled with meditation passing sweet,
The glittering streamlet murmuring at my feet,
I love to spend an hour in solitude,
Alone with nature, and with nature's God.
There on the wings of faith my spirit soars
Far, far away, to those eternal shores
Whose banks are graced with never-fading flowers,
Such as ne'er blossomed in earth's fairest bowers.
No chilling winds can ever enter there,
But sweetest music fills the balmy air,
While evergreens by crystal fountains grow,

And brooks and vales with milk and honey flow.
There verdant fields are clothed in living green,
Such as no mortal eye hath ever seen,
While gentle zephyrs rustle through the trees,
And sweetest perfumes float along the breeze.
Oh happy land, though earth at times seems fair,
I could not make my habitation here—
Thy gates are pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold,
Thy beauties never, never can be told:
Soon shall I tread those blissful courts above,
In converse with the Saviour whom I love;
His never-ending praises I shall sing
Throughout a long eternity of spring.

On the First Appearance of a Snowdrop

WELCOME once more, sweet messenger of spring,
Long have we waited for thy blossoming;
Oft have we watched to see thy slender stem
Burst the hard ground and rise to life again.
In Winter's arms long cradled hast thou lain,
But now, sweet flower, he finds his efforts vain
To hold thee longer from our waiting eyes,
For nature's gentle voice hath bid thee rise.
Oh beauteous flower, with what untold delight
I watch thy glories open to my sight;
Thy fragile form just bursting into bloom,
As if to tell of sunny days to come.
I love to see thee hang thy modest head,
As if ashamed to have thy beauties spread;
Fain would I more and more resemble thee,
Thou fairest emblem of humility.
But as I gaze and wonder at the power
That gave such beauties to a simple flower,
On wings of faith my spirit soars above,
And contemplates the vastness of that love
That graced this sin-polluted world of ours
With such a rich variety of flowers.
Ye atheists, who doubt, or rather try
To doubt, the being of that God on high,
Whose majesty is everywhere displayed,
E'en in the smallest things his hands have made,

Behold this flower, adorned with beauties rare!
Could human hands have spread such beauties there?
Could earthly power have caused that slender stem,
Long buried in the ground, to rise again?
Ah, no! there is, there is a higher power
That formed e'en this and every other flower.
Oh if such beauteous works on earth abound,
How passing fair will Paradise be found;
Earth's fairest flowers soon fade and fall away,
But those above shall never know decay.
Great God! we praise Thee for these blessings, given
To cheer our weary pilgrimage to heaven;
But more we praise Thee for that wondrous love,
That gave one gift all other gifts above—
Jesus, Thy well-beloved, Thy only Son,
To bleed and die for sins that we had done.
Yes! He on whom Thy whole delight was placed,
Who dwelt from everlasting on Thy breast;
Yet He could leave His home of happiness,
And yield Himself a willing sacrifice.
But wherefore did the blessed Saviour die?
What made Him leave His glorious home on high?
Oh ye, whose stony hearts have never felt
The value of that blood on Calvary spilled;
Oh listen to His last expiring cry,
"Father forgive them, 'tis for them I die!"
Dear precious Lord, revive my drooping frame,
To spread abroad the sweetness of Thy name;
That others may Thy great salvation see,

By hearing what the Lord hath done for me.

To S. A. W—

ADIEU, sweet little one, adieu,
Thy sufferings now are o'er,
The burning glow of feverish heat
Shall flush thy cheek no more.
No longer shall thy aching head
Be racked with wearying pain,
Nor shall a teardrop ever dim
Those little eyes again.
For thou hast reached that far off land,
Where sickness is unknown,
Where parting sounds are heard no more,
Where death can never come.
Thou wert indeed a tender plant,
Too fair for earthly bowers,
More fit to dwell in Paradise,
With everlasting flowers.
Thy parents loved their little one,
They watched thee day by day,
And wept to see thy wasted frame
Fast sinking to decay.
But Jesus looked with pitying eye
Till thy last sigh was given,
Then gently took thee in His arms,
And bore thee safe to heaven.
Thrice happy child; thy silvery voice
Forever hushed on earth,

Shall sing throughout eternity
His praise who gave thee birth.
A gentle loving Saviour's breast
Henceforth thy home shall be,
Adieu, sweet child, it is enough,
All, all is well with thee.
Rejoice, ye mourning ones, rejoice,
And check the starting tear,
Look not within that narrow grave,
And think your child is there.
But raise your thoughts above the skies,
And oh, what joy it gives,
To know that, while her body dies,
Your little Adah lives.

To J. B—

ONWARD, Christian, be not weary,
Onward in thy work of love,
Though the task be long and dreary
There remains a rest above.

Onward, Christian, though temptations
Threaten hard to press thee down;
Bear the cross, and soon in glory
Thou shalt wear the conqueror's crown.

Spread the everlasting Gospel,
Tell the glorious news around,
Till the earth's remotest regions
Echo with the joyful sound.

Sow the seed beside all waters:
Though at times no fruit appears,
Sow in faith, and thou shalt see it
Springing up in after years.

Onward, Christian, fight for Jesus,
Satan shall not make thee yield,
He is strong, but Christ is stronger,
Thou shalt surely win the field.

Grasp the loving hand of Jesus,
While the arrows round thee fly,
Resting on the "Rock of Ages,"
Every one shall pass thee by.

Onward, Christian, trust the promise,
As thy day thy strength shall be,

Run the race by God appointed,
Thou shalt more than conqueror be.
He who bids thee work for Jesus
Will each feeble effort bless,
And, in spite of opposition,
Crown thy labors with success.
Onward then a little longer,
Till the summons shall be given,
“Welcome, good and faithful servant,
Welcome to my home in heaven.
“Welcome to the many mansions,
I have kept in store for thee,
Welcome to a crown of glory
And a palm of victory!
“I was hungry, Thou did'st feed me;
Thirsty, Thou did'st give me drink;
Naked, but Thou did'st not leave me
In my poverty to sink.
“Come thou blessed of my Father,
Take the kingdom promised thee,
Since thou did'st it to my brethren,
Thou hast done it unto me.”

To Mrs. P—, on the Death of Her Husband

MOURNER, why weepest thou?
Why falls the briny tear
So often on that new made grave,
Thy loved one is not there:
For hark what words thy Saviour speaks,
“He is not dead, he only sleeps.”
Oh, sweet inspiring thought,
What joy the assurance gives,
To lift the eye of faith above,
And say, “Behold, he lives”
Far, far away beyond the tomb,
Where pain and death can never come.
Rejoice, bereaved one,
Though hard thy lot appears,
For oh, thou art not left alone,
To shed those bitter tears:
There was a time when Jesus wept
O’er the cold grave where Lazarus slept!
Mourner, He cares for thee,
He knows thy smallest woe,
And every pang that wounds thy breast,
Thy Saviour feels it too;
For thou with Him art truly one,
Flesh of His flesh, bone of His bone.
Then raise thy drooping head,
And brush away the tear,

Look, look within those pearly gates,
And see thy loved one there:
He sings the "new eternal song,"
In which thou shalt unite ere long.
Yes! when thy Lord appears
To bid the dead arise,
Though shalt be called from earth away,
To meet him in the skies;
To dwell for ever in that home
Where sad farewells are never known.

To Mrs. G—

DEAR Christian friend, whene'er I think of thee,
And all the kindness thou hast shown to me—
To me so undeserving of that love,
Which still it is my happiness to prove—
I feel my very heart within me burn,
And fain would yield thee something in return.
But ah, I cannot, and full well I know
Thou dost not seek a recompense below;
'Twas love to Jesus set thy heart on flame
To teach my youthful lips to praise His name,
And guide my footsteps in the narrow way
That leads to regions of eternal day.
Oft have I listened with untold delight,
While thou hast pictured to my fancied sight
How Jesus left His glorious home on high,
Where He had dwelt from all eternity,
To bleed and die that I might be forgiven,
And one day go to dwell with Him in heaven.
Long did'st thou labor, until One above
Looked down in mercy on thy work of love,
Opened my heart, like Lydia's, to receive
Those truths that bid the dying sinner live;
And oh, the riches of His grace divine,
He told me I was His, and He was mine.
Ah, how I loved thee then! Thy company
Was sweeter far than aught beside to me.

I scarce could live without thee; and my heart
Ne'er entertained a thought that we must part.
But He whose judgments are unsearchable
Soon robbed me of the friend I loved so well;
'Twas very hard, and yet He made me prove
That all was mercy, all was done in love,
To show how wondrous is His power to keep
Even the least of His defenseless sheep.
Yes, He has kept me, and full well I know
His mighty hand will never let me go.
To Him be all the glory, all the praise;
Awake, my soul, and sing redeeming grace.
Oh may my future walk and conduct prove
How much to Him I owe, how much I love.
He, He redeemed me, and to Him be given
All praise and glory both in earth and heaven.
Farewell, dear friend, and may a Father's hand
Conduct thee safely to that far off land,
Where thou shalt dwell forever with thy Lord,
To share with Him a glorious rich reward;
And I, when all my days on earth are past,
Shall shine a jewel in thy crown at last.

To My Nephew, on His Birth

PRECIOUS little creature,
Thou art come at last,
All our anxious watching
For thy birth is past;
Thou art come to cheer us
With thy tiny voice,
Precious little creature,
How our hearts rejoice.
Yes, we bid thee welcome
To thy home on earth,
Praying that a blessing
May attend thy birth.
Though a helpless infant
On thy mother's knee,
Precious little creature,
Jesus died for thee.
He became a baby,
Such an one as thou,
Took the very nature
Thou art wearing now:
Hung a spotless victim
On the shameful tree,
Gave His life a ransom,
Little one, for thee.
Would'st thou like to know Him,
Like to taste His love?

Would'st thou like to meet Him
In His home above?
Oh, that He may guide thee,
In thy youthful days,
To the living fountains
Of His matchless grace.
May He be thy Shepherd,
Precious little one,
Fold thee in His bosom,
Make thee His alone.
When thy days are ended,
And thy race is run,
When the Saviour calls thee
To His heavenly home,
Then a hearty welcome
Unto thee be given,
And a joyful greeting
At the gate of heaven.

To a Sister

DEAR Sister, when at yonder throne
I daily bow the knee
In prayer for those my heart holds dear,
What shall I ask for thee?
Fain would I wish thee many years
Of happiness below,
Without a pang to wound thy breast,
Without a tear to flow.
Yes, I would wish thee length of days—
Health, wealth, and pleasure too—
Had'st thou no brighter home above,
No better rest in view.
But well I know thy longing heart
Can never find a home
In this deceitful, treacherous world,
Where He, thy Lord, had none!
But, Sister, there remains for thee
A glorious heavenly home,
Where storms and tempests cannot reach,
And sorrow is unknown:
A home eternal in the heavens,
Built by immortal hands,
Where He, thy soul's beloved One,
Waiting to greet thee stands.
And there thy happy ransomed soul
Shall calmly, sweetly rest,

Folded within thy Saviour's arms
And sheltered on His breast.
Thy longing eyes, so often wet
With tears of sorrow now,
Shall gaze on Him who wore for thee
The thorns upon His brow;
Thy weary feet, that long have trod
This wilderness below,
In yonder Paradise of God
Eternal rest shall know.
Dear Sister, may this blessed hope
Sustain thee day by day,
And bear thy fainting spirit up
Along life's thorny way.
And when o'erwhelmed with bitter grief,
Still be it thine to hear
The music of the Shepherd's voice,
Dispelling every fear.
And should it be thy lot to tread
The gloomy vale of death,
Oh be it thine to sing of Him,
E'en with thy latest breath;
And as thy spirit upward soars
To yonder mansions fair,
May shouts of joy and victory
Proclaim thy welcome there!

To a Brother

ONWARD, pilgrim, onward
To thy rest above,
Gently carried in the arms
Of Him whose name is love;
Fearing not the darkness,
Dreading not the gloom,
Knowing He will bear thee on
Safely to thy home.
Onward, pilgrim, onward,
Though the road be rough,
Jesus treads the path with thee,
Is not that enough?
Wheresoe'er thou goest,
Whatsoe'er thy lot,
Never for a single hour
Can'st thou be forgot.
Onward, though life's burden
Seek to press thee down,
Lift thine eyes above to where
Jesus holds thy crown:
"Murmur not," He whispers,
"Only trust My love;
They who suffer with Me here
Shall reign with Me above."
Yes! a few more tossings
On life's stormy sea,

And thy shattered bark shall reach
The rest prepared for thee;
In that quiet harbor,
Where no tempests come,
Where no angry billows roar,
There shall be thy home.
Onward, then, my Brother,
Through the desert drear,
'Tis but for a "little while"
Thou must sojourn here;
Soon the One who loves thee
With a changeless love,
Shall return to take thee hence
To His home above.
There in bliss reposing
On His loving breast,
Far beyond the reach of care,
Thou shalt sweetly rest.

To M. A. B—, on Her Marriage

MY dear young friend, I wish thee well,
With all my heart: yet who can tell
What hopes and fears, what care and strife,
May yet attend thy married life I
What ups-and-downs thou yet may'st meet,
Before thy weary wayworn feet
Shall climb the everlasting hills
With Him whose praise Creation fills I
Ah, who can tell: but may that God,
Who marks thy way on life's rough road,
Who holds the waters in His hand,
And rules the waves at His command,
May He thy constant comfort be
In seasons of necessity.
Oh, may'st thou ever feel Him near,
To wipe away the falling tear;
To bid each rising fear dispel,
And sweetly whisper "All is well."
May the dear partner of thy days
Walk, too, in wisdom's pleasant ways,
Seek to adorn the Saviour's name,
And spread abroad His matchless fame;
All earthly gain esteem but loss,
And glory only in the Cross.
If children God should give to thee,
Oh, train them for eternity:

Seek wisdom from on high to rear
Your offspring for a nobler sphere,
Lead them to know a Saviour's love,
That they may see His face above.
God bless you both, and lead you on,
Through paths to each alike unknown;
Fill you with heavenly joy and peace,
That as your days and years increase,
Each moment as it swiftly flies
May bear you nearer to the skies;
Until at length your journey done,
The battle fought, the victory won,
A joyful greeting shall be given
To you at yonder gate of heaven.

Grow in Your Walk with Christ

Listen and read messages that will stir your heart for Christ and point you to deeper repentance and devotion.

- 50,000+ Sermons from speakers past and present
- 3,900+ Classic Christian Books freely readable online
 - 1,200+ Bible Translations and Commentaries
- Over 450k forum posts — Join our vibrant online Christian forum

www.sermonindex.net