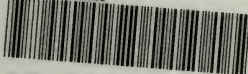


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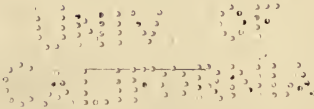


HEART

WHISPERINGS

...BY...

CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY



OFFICE OF

TRIUMPHS OF FAITH

BEULAH, Mills College P. O., CAL.

1897

Class of 1900

TO THE
ADMINISTRATOR
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
MICHIGAN

TO
MY LITTLE DAUGHTER,
FAITH,

who, in her sweet child life, has unconsciously taught me many of my deepest and sweetest lessons of God's love, I dedicate this little volume.

CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY.

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THE HEAVENLY BABE.

THE night was chill, the hour was dark,
My taper burning low;
I knew no joy without, within,
No light above, below;
In deep despair my heart was wrung
With pain that would not cease;
Alone I wept my sorrows out,
With none to give me peace.

Above the echo of my sobs,
A strange cry reached my ear;
It seemed so sad, it seemed so sweet,
I could not help but hear.
I knew the night wind, with its wail,
Could ne'er so mournful be;
And yet, no choir of heavenly birth
Could wake such melody.

The night air bore again the cry,
So sweet, and yet so sad;

It thrilled my being to its depths
With grief which yet was glad.
'T was like a voice, 't was like a song,
And yet 't was like a sob;
'T was like a faint æolian harp,
Or like a glad heart's throb.

The tend'rest chord within my heart
Was touched by its appeal,
Though what it meant, I could not know,
If sign of woe or weal.
I opened wide the door, and looked;
The black night frowned at me;
I looked above, I looked beyond,
But nothing could I see.

At last, I bent, with lingering gaze,
My humble threshold o'er,
And there beheld a sadder sight
Than e'er I'd seen before:
A tiny babe in swaddling clothes,
With face divinely fair,
Reached forth its hands from out the night,
And sought my love and care.

“ I have no room for two,” I said;
“ My home is small and poor;
And yet, I cannot say thee nay,
Nor turn thee from my door.
I’ll hold thee to my aching breast;
With love thou shalt be fed;
I’ll make a pillow of my heart,
And rest thy tender head.”

O Babe so fair! O Babe so sweet!
What means this wondrous change?
What are these glory gleams of light,
That make Thee sweetly strange?
What scepter this within Thy hand?
What scars upon Thy brow?
A babe no longer, but a Prince!
Lord Jesus, it is Thou!

And thus He came in meek disguise,
My first glad Christmas-tide;
His peace and love, His light and joy,
Forevermore abide.
He holds the right to rule and reign,
He wears His Kingly crown;

He is my everlasting light,
My sun no more goes down.

And still He comes to seek His own,
The while the angels sing,
"There's peace on earth, good-will to men;
Messiah is your King."

Oh, let the lowly Christ-child in,
Your burdens all to lift,
Himself the first, Himself the last,
Your royal Christmas gift.

BEHOLD, I MAKE ALL THINGS
NEW.

POOR, weary heart, with all your depth of sin,
Dyed deeper than the crimson in its stain,
Your Saviour waits to fashion it anew,
In His own lovely image once again.
A new Creation, whiter than the snow,
Shall rise upon the ashes of the old,
And blest indeed shall all thy New Year be
With Christ's own peace, and love and joy un-
told.

Thy murmuring tongue no more shall speak
complaint,
A Master hand shall all its powers set free,
Until a silvery lute it shall become,
To praise the One who lived and died for thee,
To send a *new song* swelling to the skies,

Till angels round the Throne shall catch the
 strain
And spread the joyful tidings all through Heaven,
 That one of earth's lost souls is born again.

A new commandment from your Lord and King,
 With glad response your willing heart revives,
Since God is love, His love He bids us bring
 And pour its soothing balm o'er troubled lives;
And sweeter than the bounding beat of hope,
 And greater than our faith, doth love appear,
Till all the law of God is thus fulfilled,
 And Christ, in wondrous loveliness, draws near.

The Place most holy, now is manifest,
 The veil of Christ's humanity is riven,
The *new and living way* of dying Love,
 Reveals to thee the glory light of Heaven;
And here the pot of manna never fails,
 And Aaron's rod doth bud and bloom with grace,
The smoke of incense mingles with thy prayers,
 The great High Priest reveals His blessed face.

And lo, by faith, the Day of days appears
When this sad world no more shall groan with
 pain,
When *heaven and earth shall be created new*
And Christ as King of kings shall come to reign.
Then every tear God's hand shall wipe away,
And every grief shall be forever healed,
And on each loyal servant of the Lamb,
Shall Christ's *new name* indelibly be sealed.

EVERLASTING LOVE.

O UR dear ones sleep awhile, and so
Their love is hushed to dreams,
But He who slumb'reth not pours forth
His love in ceaseless streams.

The tender arms that hold us fast
Are human in their strength;
Though power of earthly love be great,
It ebbs away at length.

The babe is pressed in mother arms
The while the mother sleeps,
And quickly her repose is stirred
Whene'er her sweet one weeps.

But Love Divine can never sleep,
Nor turn His care away;
The "everlasting arms" of God
Are round us night and day.

O weary one, why shouldst thou grieve
Or doubt the care He takes?
Come, lay thy head upon His breast,
And sleep because He wakes.

The Lord thy Keeper e'er shall be,
Thy foot shall not be moved;
O taste the joy, the perfect peace,
Of one by God beloved.

THE WAY OF CALVARY.

SEE the meek and suff'ring Saviour
Fainting 'neath the heavy tree,
Let him take his cross and follow
Who would His disciple be.

Yielding up all Heaven's riches,
Our deep misery to share,
He was cradled in earth's manger,
Born to poverty and care.

He gave all, no part withholding,
We must follow in His steps,
Laying down the life He gives us
For the lost in sorrow's depths.

Only one path leads to glory,
Narrow, steep and filled with pain;
'Tis the *Via Dolorosa*
We must tread with Christ again.

But the blessed Man of Sorrows,
Who once drank the bitter cup,
Cheers and comforts with His presence;
When we falter, bears us up.

Would you know the Heavenly sweetness
Of a life for Christ laid down?
Would you know the blessed burden
Of the cross that brings the crown?

Yield in lowly consecration,
Lovingly His cross embrace,
All the blood-marked way of Calvary
You can follow by His grace.

From the depths of woe unuttered,
From the heights of grace thus known,
You shall see the golden glory
Of the overcomer's crown.

Even now we catch the gleaming
Of the sweet celestial shore—
And we learn the strains of triumph
We shall sing forevermore.

TAKE ME, BREAK ME, MAKE ME.

TAKE ME, O Lord, for I am but the clay
That lies unused upon a dusty shelf;
I cannot move to meet Thy blessed hand,
So weak am I, and powerless in myself;
I can but cry for Thee with helpless moan,
And ask Thee so to work upon my soul
That I shall let my painful struggles cease
And yield my hapless life to Thy control.

BREAK ME, O Lord, for hard hath grown the
clay,
Until no pliability remains;
Let thine own fingers crumble me to dust,
Till naught of former shape the clay retains.
The vessel on the wheel was sadly marred,
Some trace of self-life spoiled the Potter's art;
Then sift the scattered dust with searching eye,
And satisfy my broken, contrite heart.

MAKE ME, O Lord, with Thine own bleeding
hands,

And streams of grace will moisten and unite
The broken dust again to yielding clay,

No more to struggle, and resist Thy might.

Then *take*, and *break*, and *make*, until, so formed,

The Heavenly Potter calls His work complete,
And in His image fair hath fashioned me,

A vessel for the Master's use made meet.

COMFORTED.

“As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.” Isa. 66: 13.

SOFTEST songs of lullaby ;
Solace sweet of mother love ;
Kisses pressed by tender lips,
Like the soft wing of a dove ;

Mother arms that never tire,
Mother arms that hold so close ;
Every charming, dear caress
That a gentle mother knows ;

Words of sweetness whispered low,
Dry the tears that try to start :
What a wealth of magic lies
In a tender mother's art !

Love untiring, faithful, true,
Love that bleeds to take my part,—

I shall find them all in Thee,
Saviour with the mother heart!

Wounds too deep for human touch
Rankle sore within my breast;
Only hands once crucified
Can avail to give me rest.

Broken hearts doth Jesus heal
With a balm of love divine;
All their wounds He bindeth up,
Pouring in the oil and wine.

Comfort me, O loving Christ,
Clasp me close within Thine arms,
Every sense of danger gone
As I revel in Thy charms.

Comforted,—I shall not know
Aught of sin or grief or care;
Comforted,—for Christ my Lord
Doth my every burden bear.

Comfort, perfect and complete,
Which the world can never know!

Comfort flowing from Thy wounds,
Gilead's balm for every woe!

Thou wilt sing Thy songs of love,
Soothing all my fears to rest,
While I lay my weary head
In repose upon Thy breast.

THE ANGELS' MESSAGE.

“**P**EACE on earth”—how strange the
message!

Listen to the sound of war,
To the noise of strife and conflict,
To the struggle evermore.

Do you wonder, weeping Christian,
Why the message seems in vain?
Why the gladsome Christmas chorus
Leaves on earth so much of pain?

“Peace on earth”—O doubting spirit,
Let your sad forebodings cease;
Jesus is the Overcomer,
Jesus is the Prince of Peace.

Though we see not all things conquered,
Yet our faith crowns Jesus now,
And His reign shall ne'er be over
Till each enemy shall bow.

Then the tide of Christmas blessing
Shall prevail the world around,
And the glory of Christ's kingdom
Shall forevermore be found.

“Peace on earth”—how sweet the message
To the saddened, sorrowing earth!
Strife and tumult soon must vanish,
Joy and victory have their birth.

Sweet and sweeter grows the chorus!
Listen, then, O weary soul,
Till it penetrates thy darkness,
Fills with light, and makes thee whole.

To each heart that takes the message,
Even now its strife is o'er,
And it hears the angels' music
Swelling clearer evermore.

EVERLASTING ARMS.

I SAW a tender mother fond
Embrace her child of love,
Her shelt'ring arms were softly laid
That tiny form above:
He slept and dreamed—no shade of care
Could touch that nestling dove.

Methought if always those sweet arms
Could close about that child,
He could not lose his innocence,
Nor wayward grow nor wild;
E'en that frail touch of human love
Would keep him undefiled.

But though the same dear love abides,
Her arms must lose their hold,
No longer to have power to clasp
The babe her love controlled;

Alas! alas! beyond her care
He grows when years have rolled.

On every side the tempter stands,
The pitfalls thickly lie,
The mother waits for lingering feet,
And prays 'twixt every sigh;
She stretches out her empty arms
To One who rules on high.

And to her faith a vision sweet
Doth in her heart arise,
She sees a love that watches near,
That wavers not nor dies;
She sees the *Everlasting Arms*
Reach downward from the skies.

The Arms that never faint nor fail,
The Arms that never tire,
The Arms that lift the soul from earth,
And bear it high and higher,
That lift it o'er the swelling floods,
And shield it from the fire.

And thus she drops her fears and cares
And learns to trust and rest,
The while she lays her child of love
Upon a Saviour's breast,
Enfolded by the tender care
Of Him who loveth best.

MY OLIVE BRANCH.

MY heart's an ark,
That rides life's stormy sea;
One little lonely bark,
Sailing the waters dark,
Wond'ringly.

Hungry for rest,
It longs at peace to be;
Weary of fruitless quest,
Crying in fear suppressed,
Yearningly.

O'er the waves cold
Ambition flieth free;
Flies as the raven bold
Flew from the ark of old,
Daringly.

Flying above,
 He never returns to me;
Then soareth faithful love,
Hast'neth my snow-winged dove,
 Trustfully.

No rest in sight,
 So homeward turneth she;
Staying her hopeless flight,
Biding the dawn of light,
 Patiently.

The wild winds cease,
 Again she skims the sea;
Bringeth the branch of peace,
Telling of sweet release,
 Cheeringly.

And now she's flown
 For aye away from me;
My love has found its own,
Resting at Jesus' throne,
 Blessedly.

The ark will stop,
The wearied heart be free;
Seeing the last storm-drop,
'Twill touch the mountain top,
Joyfully.

“HO, EVERY ONE THAT
THIRSTETH!”

Isa. 55 : 1.

HEARKEN, O my weary spirit,
To the sweet words ringing clear;
There are waters in the desert
And thou needst not faint and fear;
“Every one that thirsteth, come ye!”
Hear that message as it falls,
O my soul, if thou art thirsting,
Thou art then the one it calls.

Hearken still, my soul, and wonder:
“He that hath no money buy;”
Hast thou not a price to offer?
Then abundant thy supply!
He that goes most empty drinketh
Deepest draughts of God’s free grace,
For the “poor in spirit” only
Is prepared the richest place.

HOLD THOU MY HAND!

At a meeting held by Consul Booth-Tucker, in Oakland, Cal., she related the following incident. Her baby girl awoke in the night with violent sobs and screams, seemingly in great fright. Her mother was alarmed, and tried to comfort the little one. In answer to her words the child reached out her little hand through the bars of the crib, saying: "Han', mamma! han', mamma!" and when the mother's hand was enclosed in the little one's, she immediately forgot her distress and fell asleep. The application was then given by the Consul, that in times of our distress and loneliness we may look up and reach for the loving hand of our Saviour.

The incident suggested the following poem:—

DEAR Saviour, Christ, no gleam of light
appears,

Hold 'Thou my hand!

My heart is faint, my eyes are dim with tears,

Hold 'Thou my hand!

My 'frighted soul calls out with piteous moan,

Hold 'Thou my hand!

My faith is weak, I cannot stand alone,

Hold 'Thou my hand!

I feel the clasp of Hand so soft yet strong,
 And I can rest;
That Hand is scarred, and doth to Him belong
 Who loves me best.

For Thou art near, and e'en before my wail
 Had pierced the night,
The Love that slumbers not, and cannot fail,
 Had planned aright.

And I'm content; though other hands should smite,
 Yet this dear Hand
Will hold me fast throughout the darkest night
 His love hath planned.

And all the gloom that hung like sable pall
 About my way
Was but to teach me on Thy love to call—
 In faith to pray!

UNTO YOU IS BORN A SAVIOUR.

“Unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.”
Luke 2:11.

“UNTO you is born a Saviour,”—
Hear the midnight song of old,
Listen to the angels' chorus,
As they strike their harps of gold;
How the blessed Christmas anthem
Swells and spreads the wide world o'er,
Till it reaches every mansion,
And each lowly cottage door.

“Ye shall find Him in a manger,”—
See the Christ-child lying low,
See Him stoop to meet the humblest,
In this world of sin and woe;
Not for Him a gilded palace,
Not for Him a bed of ease,
While His people languish, dying
Of their fatal sin disease.

“Unto you is born a Saviour,”—

Lo, the message comes to all;

Not from pinnacle of glory,

But a lowly stable stall.

What a pulpit for His priesthood!

What a throne for Heaven’s King!

Sky-born hosts look on adoring,

And the high archangels sing.

“Unto you is born a Saviour,”—

Oh, receive Him to thy breast,

This the temple of His glory,

Habitation of His rest;

This the home He came and sought for

When He left His throne above,—

All the recompense He asks thee

Is thy humble, contrite love.

“Unto you is born a Saviour,”—

Unto you, O weary heart,

With your avalanche of sorrow,

And the sting of Satan’s dart.

36 UNTO YOU IS BORN A SAVIOUR. .

“Unto you is born a Saviour,”—

Blessed words of heavenly cheer;
Saved from self and shame and sorrow,
Saved from sin and strife and fear.

BABY'S HANDS.

TINY hands, so full of grace,
Stealing, stealing o'er my face—
Restless, loving little things,
Soft and sweet as angels' wings.

Wee, coquettish, velvet hands,
With each touch my love expands;
By their winning baby art
They have captured all my heart.

Dear caresses, ever true,
May I gladly keep in view
That an angel from above
Holds me with her sweetest love.

Hands so dimpled, sweet and dear,
That I fain would shed a tear
Lest in days now distant far,
Sin their innocence should mar.

Soft they come and soft they go,
Chasing every thought of woe,
And I quite forget to weep
While those hands so gently creep.

So I kiss the finger tips,
Passing softly o'er my lips,
Praying God to keep these hands
Ever true to His commands.

By Thy power, O Love Divine,
Hold my darling's hands in Thine;
Ever guard and ever guide
By Thy hands once crucified.

OUR LORD'S PRAYER IN RHYME
FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

FATHER dear, who lives in Heaven,
May Thy name most holy be,
May Thy Kingdom come most quickly,
Come to all, and come to me.
May Thy will be done, dear Father,
Just as it is done in Heaven;
Give us each our needful manna,
Every day of all the seven.
All our crimson sins forgive us,
Just as we forgive each other,
Let us not go near temptation,
But from evil save us, rather.
All the power to Thee belongeth,
And the Kingdom is Thine own,
All the glory's Thine forever,
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

Amen.

THE COVERT OF HIS WINGS.

“The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long.” Deut. 33: 12. “He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust.” Ps. 91 : 4.

HE will keep me as the apple of His eye,
He will hide me 'neath the shadow of
His wings,
And My spirit can not dream of smallest harm
As it rests within His love, and softly sings.

He will spread His wings above me all the day,
He will shield me from the weary noontide heat,
He will tabernacle o'er me strongly still
When the angry storm-cloud lowers, and tem-
pests beat.

When calamities shall thickly, darkly fall,
A softer shade shall veil them from my eyes,

And 'neath the refuge of those sheltering wings,
Naught of danger can my trusting heart sur-
prise.

Softly covered with the feathers of His love,
In this calm retreat my spirit e'er shall hide;
In the safety of His secret place of power,
In the Christ-life hid with God, I now abide.

THE SPRING-TIDE OF THE SOUL.

“ Rise up, My love, My fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Arise, My love, My fair one, and come away.” Song of Sol. 2:10-13.

“**R**ISE up, My love, My fair one,”
And haste with Me away;
For lo, the earth is smiling,
And flow'rets blossom gay.

The winter now is over,
The clouds and rain are past;
The spring-tide we have waited,
Is hailed with joy at last.

The birds are sweetly singing,
The fair dove woos its mate,
And all the pulse of nature
With new life I create.

“ Rise up, My love, My fair one,”
 In resurrection might;
Forget the night of sorrow,
 And plume thy wings for flight.

“ Rise up, My love, My fair one ”—
 What words of Heavenly cheer!
O weary-hearted toiler,
 Thy Saviour draweth near.

“ My love ”—O blessed Saviour!
 What means this message sweet?
My soul is mean and lowly;
 For me this is not meet.

And yet 'tis whispered softly,
 In tones so sweet and clear,
I know it is my Saviour,
 And so I need not fear.

“ Rise up, My love, My fair one; ”
 I make the old things new;
The past of sin and failure
 I'll banish from thy view.

So, gladly now I hearken,
And yield to Love's sweet call;
I rise to do His bidding,
And leave for Him my all.

WINDOWS OF HEAVEN.

WOULD you see the golden windows
Open wide in beauty bright?
Would you see them pour in blessing
Dazzling floods of Heaven's light?
Would you feel that tide of glory
In its warmth of life and love,
Quicken all your weary being
With the fullness from above?

Precious heart, your Saviour waiteth
With the love-light in His face,
Waits to "pour you out a blessing,"
Waits to have you prove His grace;
Waits and pleads with tender mercy
That His gifts you may not miss,
Waits with all a Father's longing
To bestow His sweetest bliss.

Will you bring the "tithes" He longs for,
 "All the tithes" of hallowed love —
Will you bring them to His storehouse
 In the love-lit land above?
He will empty out His fullness,
 All the wealth of Heaven's King,
And will fill to overflowing
 Every vessel you may bring.

Jesus is the Father's Storehouse,
 Long you've robbed Him of your love,
Long delayed the promised blessing
 At the Mercy Seat above.
But the sweet entreaty ever
 Soundeth forth on angel tongue;
Jesus waits your full surrender
 Ere the golden gates are swung.

And an added blessing rises
 On the promise-laden air,
Nevermore shall buds of Springtime
 Fade and wither in despair.

Christ will stay the fell Destroyer
In thy body, soul and mind,
All the hope of vine and harvest
Shall its full fruition find.

Hasten, then, thy consecration;
Bring thine offering complete,
Lay thyself in loving meekness
At thy Saviour's pierced feet.
Let Him make and let Him mould thee,
Let Him keep thee near His side,
While His heart of love rejoiceth
And His soul is satisfied.

LED BY THE SPIRIT.

“As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.” Rom. 8:14.

O H, what blessed freedom,
Led by Christ alone!
Through His precious leading
Cares and griefs have flown.

Led by Love unerring,
Led by Grace Divine,
Brightly in my spirit
Doth His beauty shine.

Led, but never driven,
By His Spirit dear,
All my path is restful,
Every step made clear.

Never need of planning,
For He has the care;
His the goal I'm reaching,
His to lead me there.

Led by God's own Spirit,
Can I ask for more?
And when life is ended,
On the other shore—

There the Lamb shall lead me,
By the fountains sweet;
Led by Him forever,
Bliss shall be complete.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

“ And laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn ” Luke 2:7.

NO room for the Christ-child who visits this earth;

No place for His holy and heavenly birth!
Oh, strange that a door could be closed in His face!
O blindness most sad that could shut out such
grace!

I'll bid Him come in to my own lowly home,
And fill with His presence my poor little room;
The star then will rest in its splendor divine,
And tell all the world that this honor is mine.
Oh, come, gentle Baby; so lowly Thou art
I dare to come near and press Thee to my heart.
If Thou hadst appeared as a King on Thy throne,
I ne'er could have courage to call Thee my own.
I'll cradle Thee softly within my sad heart,
Until all my fears and my sorrows depart.

Thy head on my breast I will tenderly lay,
And each heavy care Thou wilt banish away.
Sweet Babe, here abide; my will is Thy throne;
Thy scepter of love Thou shalt wield here alone.
Forever Thy subject, I'll meekly sit down;
My daily rejoicings shall weave Thee a crown.

MOTHER'S WATCH-CARE.

MOTHER comes to watch thee sleeping,
Darling baby girl;
Comes with airy, noiseless footstep,
Lest thy lids unfurl.

Draws the downy covers closer,
Lest a zephyr stray,
Stealing in thy little cradle,
Dares to stop and play.

Waits to see if thou art weeping
O'er a dream of night,
Soft to speak the word of comfort,
And to quell thy fright.

Kneels beside thee, little treasure,
Breathing prayer and praise,
Asking God to guide and guard thee
All thy earthly days.

Prints a kiss so very lightly
On thy dewy brow;
All is well—the angels guard thee,
Mother leaves thee now.

Leaves until new fears awaken,
And her ceaseless love
Soft the same sweet path retraces
To her sleeping dove.

Mother-heart, so dear and tender,
Mother-love, so true,
Thou dost bring my Saviour's pity
Strangely to my view.

For His watch-care never slumbers,
So I sink to rest
In the Mother-love eternal
Of a Saviour's breast.

THE WING LIFE.

“O that I had wings!” Psalm 55 : 6, 7, 8.

SO weary of my strife, I long to be at rest.
What healing balm can soothe this aching,
troubled breast?

I long to fly afar from busy haunts of men,
To bear myself away, beyond their thought or
ken.

If only I had wings, like yonder soaring dove,
How quick those pinions fair should carry me
above!

I'd hasten my escape from rain and stormy wind
And in the desert lone a resting-place I'd find.

O soul! thou shalt escape, but by no wings of
earth;

The pinions thou dost crave, must be of heavenly
birth.

'Tis God who plumes thy soul for onward, upward flight.

Thy sighs to be at rest are longings infinite.

The Dove of God hath wings to bear thee to thy rest

If thou wilt trust His love and take Him to thy breast.

AMONG THE LILIES.

“My Beloved is gone down into His garden . . . to gather lilies. He feedeth among the lilies.” Song of Sol. 6:2, 3.

BLOW, ye winds of pain and sorrow;
Blow, ye zephyrs soft with peace;
Blow upon my lily garden,
That its perfume may not cease.

Breathe of fragrance sweet as Heaven,
Float it to my soul's Adored,
Till His fair hands haste to gather
All the sweetness for Him stored.

Reck I not if rain or sunshine,
Storm or calm my garden knows,
If the sweetness of its spices
Only forth for Jesus flows.

Once within this lily garden
Only thorns would make their bed,
Thorns as cruel as once woven
For the Saviour's meek-bowed head.

Mystery divine and lovely!
He hath changed both soil and seed,
And among His own fair lilies
My Beloved comes to feed.

I "consider" these fair lilies,
How they grow, how sweet they bloom,
Fresh from Jesus' spotless spirit—
Blest my heart to give them room.

These are lilies of the valley,
Grown within the shade of death,
Raised to resurrection beauty
By the Spirit's vital breath.

All "inclosed" my lily garden,
But to One its bloom revealed,
And within its deepest recess
Springs a living fountain "sealed."

Flows this Spring of Life from Jesus,
Back to Him its streams must go,
And the lilies owe their freshness
To the Fountain's constant flow.

Jesus, "altogether lovely,"
Spotless Lily of my heart,
Grow within my life forever,
I am Thine, and mine Thou art.

FETTERED.

I CLIP thy wings, my bird,
In kindly love;
Like as our God above
Restraineth us
When we would soar too high,
And, sinking downward, die.

Thou art too weak, my bird,
Thy strength to try;
Wounded thou canst not fly;
So rest content;
God holds us down to earth,
To give new pinions birth.

Thou must not flutter so,
But wait in peace;
When all thy struggles cease
Thy wounds will heal;
I'll care for thee, my bird,
Undoubting trust my word.

So when our God above,
In mercy sweet,
Restrains our erring feet,
We murmur sore;
Nor see His wisdom great,
While mourning o'er our fate.

If thou wilt still rebel,
O panting heart!
And seeketh still to part
From this kind love,
I'll give thee up to go
To death and keenest woe.

But if content, my bird,
Awhile to rest
On this true, loving breast,
Till thou art healed;
Then shalt thou soar to heaven.
Thy freedom gladly given.

HUSHED TO REST.

“Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Matt. 11 : 28.

O SOFTEST sound of seraph song,
That stirs the heavenly breeze,
Thou canst not wake among thy notes
Such blessed strains as these!
They hush me like a lullaby,
When filled with earth's unrest,
They lift to "everlasting arms"
Upon a Saviour's breast.

I feel myself once more a babe,
By mother-love sustained,
Her tender breast my hiding-place,
When my wee heart was pained.
"As one his mother comforteth,"
I hear my Saviour say,
"So will I comfort thee, My child,
If thou wilt rest and stay."

I need not move my weary hands,
For those that close me in
Will strongly press away each foe
That seeks my soul to win.
My aching eyes need not unveil
To view a single need,
Because of eyes that slumber not,
And never fail to heed.

I need not even wake my voice
To cry aloud in fear,
For, closer than my darkest dread,
My Saviour waiteth near.
My ears, so tired of earth's dull roar,
May close to all below,
And hear the still, small voice of Him
Who deigns to love me so.

And so, with full and glad content,
A little child I'll stay,
And learn the Gospel of Christ's rest,
Until Millennial Day

Shall dawn without a wreath of cloud,
Without a shadowing night,
And Heaven's sunlit, glowing joy
Shall wake me to its light.

“THE APPLE OF HIS EYE.”

“Keep me as the apple of the eye.” Ps. 17:8.

“He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye.”
Zech. 2:8.

“He kept him as the apple of His eye.” Deut. 32:10.

AM I, Lord, so dear to Thee?
He harms Thee who toucheth me;
Every grief that hurts my heart
Reaches Thee with stinging dart.

Sensitive my eye to pain,
Quiv'ring sore through nerve and brain;
But more keen the pain to Thee
When a sorrow toucheth me.

Like the apple of Thine eye!
In Thy love thus let me lie;
What can harm Thy little child,
Though oppressed, abused, reviled?

Let me leap for joy of heart
Over every sting and smart;
Not an ill can come to me,
Which has not come first to Thee.

Fill me with this thought of grace,
As I gaze on Thy dear face—
This my comfort and my plea,
He harms Thee that harmeth me.

CHRISTMAS JOY.

I N sweetest chimes of golden bells
My heart keeps Christmas-tide.
I've seen the star of Heaven's King,
Which brought me to His side.

I've laid before Him all my gifts,
Allegiance to prove,
The gold of faith, the myrrh of toil,
And frankincense of love.

Oh, come with me to Bethlehem,
To see this wondrous thing,—
Within a narrow manger bed,
Lies Heaven's mighty King!

O tender grace that stoops so low,
O love that condescends
To take our poor humanity—
Thou matchless Friend of friends!

Oh, let us catch the angels' song,
And publish it abroad,
That all who will may hasten here,
To see the Christ of God.

Behold, I bring you tidings blest:
" Good tidings of great joy,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men,"
That Hell cannot destroy.

The Christmas glory sheds afar
Its holy, tender light,
And hearts that ached with sin and care,
Forget their weary night.

Come, saddened souls, and own your King,
Give up your grief and pain;
He waits to comfort and forgive,—
Emanuel doth reign!

And He shall reign till every foe
Shall own His mighty sway,
And universal peace and joy
Bring in the crowning day.

MAKING MELODY IN YOUR
HEART UNTO THE LORD.

HE sweetly breathes upon my soul;
Soft strains of joy arise,
Float out o'er earth's ungladdened fields,
And hasten to the skies.

He sees the travail of His soul
O'er one for whom He died,
He sees it born again in grace,
His love is satisfied.

My Saviour bends to hear the song
His love has waked within,
The melody of my saved heart
Triumphant over sin.

O sweetest melody divine,
He sings o'er me with joy,
Rests in His never-ceasing love
Gives bliss without alloy.

“MY CUP RUNNETH OVER.”

MY cup of God's blessing is filled to the brim,
Each fresh-added drop makes it o'erflow
for Him;

At morning, at noonday, and midnight as well,
This outflow of blessing for Jesus shall tell.

I'll station my cup neath the fount of His love,
And watch for the drops to descend from above;
And though my capacity never is great,
My cup shall run over both early and late.

A wee cup that's ever dispersing abroad,
Is better than large cups that spare naught for
God;

This brim-over fulness ne'er taketh account
Of the size of the vessel under the Fount.

And one blessed fact I can never mistake,
All those who are near me must surely partake

70 “MY CUP RUNNETH OVER.”

Of Christ's blessed fulness, which fills all my
heart,

And which He enables me thus to impart.

Dear souls who are needy, don't wait and repine,
Bring each empty vessel and set them in line;
By faith keep them standing 'neath God's great
supply,

And though you give freely, you'll never run dry.

THE SMITTEN ROCK.

Ex. 17 : 6; Num. 20 : 8.

SEE the riven side of Jesus,
Watch the stream of molten love!
See the crimson tide of mercy
Flow from Calvary's Mount above;
How it pours itself most gladly
At the cruel sabre's blow,
As it speaks, in thrilling accents:
"This shall cleanse thee white as snow."

Once the Living Rock was smitten,
Never need to pierce it more;
Speak in faith's most gentle whisper,
And the streams of life will pour.
Unbelief afresh would wound Thee,
O Thou gracious Son of God!
But the trust which gains the blessing,
Never more may lift the rod.

HOW LONG?

These lines were suggested upon reading a letter from a friend, in which he refers to his little four-year-old daughter, who asks the question of her mamma, "*How soon is Jesus coming to get us?*"

E'EN the wee *child* heart, sorrow oppressed,
Looks to Thy coming for blessing and rest;
But what of the souls with agony crushed?
And what of the lives by fever-heat rushed?
Oh, what of the souls slain all the day long,
That lie 'neath Thine altar, and utter this song:
How long, Lord Jesus, how long?

Jesus, Thy heart bends to earth, in its love,
Though Thou still waitest in glory above;
Salvation to many Thy tarrying speaks;
Souls for the marriage feast yet Thy love seeks.
The Spirit and Bride sound the final call, *Come!*
Delays still the banquet till all are at home:
How long, Lord Jesus, how long?



HOW LONG?

73

Go ye to meet Him! the glad cry will sound,
Music to waiting souls all the world round,
Ready and robed in Christ's bridal attire,
Hearts all in tune with the angelic choir,
Hushed in His love, and upheld by His power,
Caught close to His bosom! O rapturous hour!

Lord Jesus, Thou quickly wilt come!







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