Anna Lois Dawson
Sept. 1873.

Mc Gill College.

The Sacrifice of the Will.

("Thy will be done")

Laid on Thine Altar, oh my Lord divine,
Accept my gift this day, for Jesus' sake;
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-fashioned sacrifice to make;
But here I bring, within my trembling hand,
This will of mine - a thing that seemeth small -
And Thou alone, oh Lord, canst understand,
How when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.
Hidden therein, Thy searching gaze can see,
Struggles of passion - Visions of delight -
All that I have, or am, or fain wd be, -
Deep loves, fond hopes, & longings infinite;
It hath been wet with tears & dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp till beauty hath it none;
Now from Thy footstool where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth "May Thy well be done."
Take it oh Father, ere my courage fail,
& merge it so in Thine own well, that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
& Thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,

I may not know or feel it as mine own –
But – gaining back my will, may find it Thine
M. B.

1873 –

Anywhere with Jesus

(Mat. 8.19. Luke 9.57.)

Anywhere with Jesus says the Christian heart,
Let Him take me where He will so we do not part;
Always sitting at His feet there's no cause for fears;
Anywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears.

Anywhere with Jesus, though He leadeth me
Where the path be rough & long, where the dangers be
Though He taketh from me all I love below
Anywhere with Jesus, will I gladly go –

Anywhere with Jesus in the summer heat,
Anywhere with Jesus through the winter sleet
Anywhere with Jesus where the bright sun shines
Anywhere with Jesus, when the day declines

Anywhere with Jesus, though He please to bring
Into fire the fairest, into suffering;

Though he bid me work or wait, or only bear for Him
Anywhere with Jesus still shall be my hymn.

Anywhere with Jesus, though it be the tomb
With its frightening terror, with its dreaded gloom
Though it be the weariness of a long-drawn life
Fainting with the constant toil, drooping in the strife

Anywhere with Jesus, for it cannot be
Dreary, dark, or desolate, where He is with me;
He will love me always, every need supply
Anywhere with Jesus, should I live, or die.

More & More – Less & Less –

Less, less of self each day.
& more my God of Thee!
Oh keep me in Thy way
However rough it be.
Less of the flesh each day
Less of the world & sin;
More of Thy Son I pray –
More of Thyself within.

Riper & riper now,
Each hour let me become;
Less fond of things below
More fit for such a home!
More moulded to Thy will
Lord let Thy servant be –
Higher & higher still –
And more like Thee –

——— from J. W. Sept. 1873.

Have you not a Word for Jesus?"
a question for all who love Him.

Have you not a word to say for Jesus? not a word to say for Him?
He is listening thro' the chorus of the burning seraphim
He is listening: does He hear you speaking of the things of earth
Only of its passing pleasures, selfish sorrow empty mirth?
He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace, & love to you –
Glorious hopes, & gracious comfort, strong & tender, sweet & true;

Does He hear you telling others something of
His love untold.
Overflowings of thanksgiving for his mercies
manifold

II

Have you not a word for Jesus? will the
world his praise proclaim?
Who shall speak if ye are silent? ye who
know & love His name.
You, whom He hath called & chosen His own
witnesses to be
Will you tell yr gracious Master, "Lord we
cannot speak for Thee!"
"Cannot!" tho' He suffered for You, died
because He loved you so!
"Cannot" tho' He has forgiven making scarlet
white as snow!
"Cannot" tho' His grace abounding is your
freely promised aid!
"Cannot" tho' He stands beside you, though
He says "Be not afraid.

III

Have you not a word for Jesus? some perchance
while ye are dumb.

Wait & weary for yr message hoping you
will bid them "come"—
Never telling hidden sorrows, lingering
just outside the door.
Longing for yr hand to lead them into
rest forevermore.
Yours may be the joy, & honour His redeem-
ed ones to bring—
Jewels for the coronation of yr coming Lord
& King
Will you cast away the gladness thus yr
Master's joy to share
All because a word for Jesus seems too
much for you to dare?

IV.

What shall be our word for Jesus? Master
give it day by day:
Ever as the need arises, teach thy children
what to say.
Give us holy love, & patience; grant us
deep humility.
That of self we may be emptied, & our
hearts be full of Thee:
Give us zeal, & faith, & fervour, make us

winning make us wise
Single-hearted, strong & fearless - Thou hast
called us, we will rise!
Let the might of Thy good Spirit go with every
loving word;
And by hearts prepared, & opened, be our
message always heard.

V.

Yes we have a word for Jesus! Living echoes
we will be
Of Thine own sweet words of blessing of Thy
gracious "home to me"
Jesus Master! yes we love Thee, & to prove our
love wd lay
Fruit of lips, which Thou wilt open, at thy
blessed feet to-day
Many an effort it may cost us, many a
heart-beat, many a fear
But Thou knowest & will strengthen &
Thy help is always near.
Give us grace to follow fully, vanquishing
our faithless shame.
Feebly it may be, but truly witnessing for
Thy dear name.

VI.

Yes we have a word for Jesus. We will
bravely speak for Thee
And Thy bold & faithful soldiers. Saviour we
wd. henceforth be;
In Thy name set up our banners, while
Thine own shall wave above,
With Thy crimson name of Mercy, & Thy
golden name of Love.
Help us lovingly to labour, looking for Thy
present smile.
Looking for Thy promised blessing thro' the
brightening "little while"
Words for Thee in weakness spoken, Thou
will here accept & own
And confess them in Thy glory, when we
see Thee on Thy throne.

F. R. Havergal.

Pr. J. W. Sept. 1873. J. McP. O.S.B. N.C.

Ye may count the cost, ye may count the cost,
of all Egyptia's treasure!
But the riches of Christ ye cannot count
His Love ye cannot measure.

Last Words of Samuel Rutherford -

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of Heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for
The fair sweet morn awakes;
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory - glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land -

Oh! well it is for ever,
Oh! well for evermore -
My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death-doomed shore;
Yea, let the vain world vanish,
As from the ship the strand,
While glory - glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

+

The King there in His beauty,
Without a veil is seen:
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between;

The Lamb, with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, etc.

Oh Christ He is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams of earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory - etc

E'en Amworth was not Heaven,
E'en preaching was not Christ; -
Oft in my sea-beat prison
My Lord I held trust:
And aye, my murkiest storm-cloud.
Was by a rainbow span'd,
Caught from the glory dwelling - Is. M. ch.

But that He built a Heaven
Of His surpassing love,
A little new Jerusalem,
Like to the one above, -

"Lord take me o'er the water,"
Had been my loud demand,
"Take me to love's own country, Unto Sm - etc
,

But flow'rs need night's cool darkness,
The moonlight & the dew:
So Christ from me who loved it,
His shining oft withdrew -
And then for cause of absence
My troubled soul I scann'd
But glory, shadeless, cheerless - Sa. Sm. etc

×

Fair Anwarth, by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear,
E'en from the verge of Heaven,
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh! if <u>one</u> soul from Anwarth
Meet me at God's right hand
My heaven will be two Heavens, Sa Sm. etc

I've wrestled on towards Heaven,
'Gainst storm, & wind, & tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,

Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning - From Sm - etc.

+

With mercy & with judgment.
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered with His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided.
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth - In Sm etc.

Soon shall the cup of glory
Wash down earth's bitterest woes,
Soon shall the desert breeze
Break into Eden's rose.
The curse shall change to blessing -
The name on earth that's banned
Be graven on the white stone - In Sm - etc.

Oh! I am my Beloved's
And my Beloved is mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine."

I stand upon His merit,
I know no safer stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth - In Sn - etc.

The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But at His pierced hand -
The Lamb is all the glory, of Sn - etc.

I have borne scorn & hatred,
I have borne wrong & shame,
Earth's proud ones have reproach'd me,
For Christ's blessed name!
Where God's seals sets the fairest
They've stamped their foulest brand,
But judgment shines like noonday - In. etc

They've summoned me before them,
But there I may not come, -
My Lord says, "Come up hither;"
My Lord says, "Welcome Home!"

My Kingly King at His white throne,
My presence doth command,
Where - glory - glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land -

(Published at Rip. M. home)

YOUR MISSION.

"Faithful is he that calleth you."

Hark, the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth;
"Here am I, Oh Lord, send me."

What Then?

WHAT then? Why then another pilgrim song;
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted;
And then a thirsty stage (ah me, so long!)
And then the brook, just where it most is wanted.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent;
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny;
And then some sweet and tender message, sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind,
A feverish sleep, a heart oppressed and aching;
And then a little water-cruse to find
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire;
I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorsow;
And then, a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
And saying, "I will answer for the morrow."

What then? For all my sins, his pardoning grace
For all my wants and woes, his loving kindness
For darkest shades, the shining of God's face;
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim;
And then, a-deep and darkly rolling river;
And then a flood of light, a seraph's hymn,
And God's own smile for ever and for ever!

Fear not, trembling believer. The bark which bears thy spiritual destinies is in better hands than thine; a golden chain of covenant binds thee to the throne. He who holds it in His hands gives the pledge of safety: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

"ONLY AN INSECT."

BY PROFESSOR GRANT ALLEN.

On the crimson cloth
  Of my study desk
A lustrous moth
  Poised, statuesque
Of a waxen mould
  Were its light limbs shaped,
And in scales of gold
  Its body was draped;
While its delicate wings
  Were netted and veined
With silvery strings
  Or golden-grained,
Through whose filmy maze
  In tremulous flight
Danced quivering rays
  Of the gladsome light.

On the desk close by
  A taper burned,
Towards which the eye
  Of the insect turned.
In its vague little mind
  A faint desire
Rose undefied
  For the beautiful fire.
Lightly it spread
  Each silken van,
Then away it sped
  For a moment's span;
And a strange delight
  Lured on its course
With resistless might
  Toward the central source
And it followed the spell
  Through an eddying maze
Till it staggered and fell
  In the deadly blaze,

Dazzled and stunned
  By the scalding pain,
One moment it swooned,
  Then rose again:
And again the fire
  Drew it on with its charms
To a living pyre
  In its awful arms:
And now it lies
  On the table here
Before my eyes
  All shrivelled and sere.

As I sit and muse
  On its fiery fate,
What themes abstruse
Might I meditate.
For the pangs that thrilled
  Through its delicate frame,
As its senses were filled
  With the scorching flame.
A riddle enclose
  That, living or dead,
In rhyme or in prose,
  No seer has read,
"But a moth," you cry,
  "Is a thing so small:"
Ah yes, but why
  Should it suffer at all?
Why should a sob
  For the vaguest smart,
One moment throb
  Through the tiniest heart?
Why, in the whole
  Wide universe
Should a single soul
  Feel that primal curse?
Not all the throes
  Of mightiest mind,
Nor the heaviest woes
  Of humankind
Are of deeper weight
  In the riddle of things
Than this insect's fate
  With the mangled wings.

But if only I,
  In my simple song,
Could tell you the *why*
  Of that one little wrong,
I could tell you more
  Than the deepest page
Of sainthiest lore,
  Or of wisest sage:
For never as yet
  In its wordy strife,
Could philosophy get
  At the import of life;
And theology's laws
  Have still to explain
The inscrutable cause
  For the being of pain:
So I somehow fear
  That, in spite of both,
We are baffled here
  By this one singed moth.

Sacred Greetings. *No.* 35.

SUBMISSION.

I BOW me to thy will, O God!
  And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I'd seek
  To please thee more and more.

Thy will the end, the blessed rule,
  Of Jesu's toils and tears;
Thy will the passion of His heart,
  Those three-and-thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul
  A special love to thee—
A love to lose my will in thine,
  And by that loss be free.

I love to see thee bring to nought
  The plans of wily man;
When simple hearts outwit the wise,
  O thou art loveliest then!

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

I love to kiss each print where Christ
  Did set His pilgrim feet;
Nor can I fear that blessed path,
  Whose traces are so sweet.

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

Nor can I sanction e'en *one* doubt:
With thee for strength and stay
There is no risk; for, come what will,
Thou always hast thy way.

I have no care, O blessed Lord!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, too, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance nor change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And patient waits on thee.

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

Lead on, lead on, triumphantly,
O blessed Lord! lead on:
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee seek
The road that thou hast gone.

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

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

The London Gospel Tract Depôt, Warwick Lane,
Paternoster Row.

In assorted packets, 1d. and 8d.

"How far back it seems to the time of your health & strength", said the wife of Bishop Black to him, when he lay dying.

"Yes" he answered, "the way back seems very long. But the other way is short & bright."

Do you realize that death is but "the other way" to all we have ever longed for, to all we have ever lost? A step to immortal strength, a short cut across the fields to eternal youth, a quick passage from the earth of faded leaves to the heaven of changeless gold. "A point of time" — no more — is in our way.

(fr. "The Other Shore" by A. Warner)

All I am thy grace has made me,
All I am I owe to Thee,
I can only thank & praise Thee
For a love so pure & free.
Self-denying persevering
Where Thy blessed feet have led,
May I follow, daily growing
Up to Thee, my living Head.

Mine the cross & Thine the glory.

Thou hast suffered once for me;
Help me bear with Christian meekness
Every trial sent by Thee -
On Thy strength alone relying,
With Thy lamp to cheer my way,
Leaning on the staff of mercy,
I will labour, trust & pray.

Oct. 1878.

None but Jesus.

Thy works, not mine, oh Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart,
They tell me all is done -
They bid my fear depart.

Thy tears not mine, oh Christ,
Have wept my guilt away;
& turn'd this night of mine
Into Thy blessed day.

Thy cross not mine, oh Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth cd bear, but God.

Thy death not mine, oh Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine -
Wd have been all too few -

Thy righteousness alone,
Can clothe & beautify;
I wrap it round my soul -
In this I'll live & die.

(Ps. 32.)

God is deaf to the howlings of the impenitent, but the least whisper & even the unexpressed aspiration of the contrite heart, are a roaring to him - God covereth the sin of him who doth not cover his own sin. - The effect of God's eye on the tender heart is expressed in the touching words of the Evangelist "& the Lord turned & looked on Peter" - ... & - Peter's eyes streamed with tears responsive to the glance of the Divine eye of Christ -

(Wordsworth)

Let your heart and soul have within it, a continual, Yes. When the heart is in union with God, there is no, Nay, — It is Yes, be it so, which reverberates through the soul.

(Mad. Guyon.)

I love my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give.
I love thee Lord, but all the love is thine,
For by thy life I live.
I am as nothing; I rejoice to be
Emptied, & lost, & swallowed up in Thee.

Thou Lord, alone, art all thy children need.
& there is none beside.
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed,
In Thee the bless'd abide, —
Fountain of life & all-abounding grace,
Our source, our centre, & our dwelling-place

(Mad. Guyon)

Nov. 1873.

Some people say that we ought to have more moderation. The Apostle says moderation is good

In your preference of harm. Yes. In your love of

manner of speaking, relates to matters of importance, & not to the minute concerns of every-day life. The divine Word, in all exigencies, is found in the soul, that is wholly consecrated to Christ. "When they bring you before magistrates & kings, etc, it shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak." This method of divine leading — by the hour & by the moment — makes the soul always free & unencumbered, & ready for the slightest breath of the Lord. This breath, in the pure soul, is as the gentle zephyr, and as the whirlwind, which shakes the earth. Do not then expect to have anticipated encouragements, or movements beforehand from God. I have an experience of many years that God often makes known his will only in the time of action.

If a pure soul, wholly sacrificed to God, should undertake something contrary to the will of God, it wd feel a slight repugnance, & desist at once. If she does not feel this repugnance, let the act be performed in simplicity. A mother who holds her child by a leading-string, lookeths it that it may walk; but if about to make a mis-step she draws the string. The repugnance which a holy soul feels to do a thing, is just when the mother draws the leading-string. (Mad. Guyon)

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Christianity. Did
derate in honesty
ift. Did you ever
te truth wd be a
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to it at all. The
t in his attach-
h of the living
much
e that religion

recommended
all love the Lord
y soul & all thy
that."
(From "Venni")
C. Wells sermon.

ce of the world
s the world
ace cannot be
l-time when
therefore has plenty

of money, the best of health, & something to intoxicate. But the first adverse circumstance breaks up that peace. Such is the peace of the world. When we have it, it turns us crazy; & when we have it not, it makes us mad. It is quite different with the peace that Christ gives. It is continuous & abundant. We have as much of heaven, or may have, as much as we can bear.

(Nov. 1873.) (From "Pearl")

Sermon by J. Coleman

"To have to fight for faith as each particular sin comes up, is after all but a partial rest." The lesson is learned that, "when we trust, Christ delivers; but the secret of being kept continually trusting is not yet found out. The soul in this condition is like a general guarding his outposts, & always able to defend them against the assaults of the enemy, when he reaches the spot in time; but who is continually harassed in all his movements by a traitor in his castle at home, whose constant aim it is to betray him into the hands of his enemies. This traitor is inbred sin. & in order to know a complete & continuous victory, this inward enemy must be cast out, & the heart must be cleansed from all

unrighteousness. Then the very centre of the being having been taken possession of by Xt, & all his enemies destroyed by his presence, He reigns there supreme & the soul finds itself "kept by the power of God" through an unwavering faith, which nothing jostles or disturbs".

From Frank the word of a Happy Life.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain;
It gets thee nothing, & hath no excuse.
Lust & wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain;
But the cheap swearer, through his open sluice,
Lets his soul run for naught.

Herbert

"Tribulation cannot separate you from the Love of ~~christ~~ God wh. is in Xt Jesus our Lord. but the love of God will, in the end, separate you from tribulation, bring you out of it, & give you fulness of Joy." (Huntington) Oct/74

The Crown of Thorns

Take it meekly wear it gladly.
Holy insign of our faith.
Oth the wile wander sadly,
Freed from danger & from death

As his glance he homeward turns
Little weeps he o'er the thorns

Sing then loudly ransomed spirit
Let the captives hear thee sing.
Thou the promise shalt inherit,
Wand'ring child of Canaan's King.
Think of Him, then bending down,
Take thy cross & wear thy crown.

Thou are lonely - He was lonely
Dost thou at thy lot repine?
Thou thy burden bearest only
But He bore His grief & thine.
Yea, for thee that crown was worn
Twas thy sin that wore the thorn

Track his footsteps thou shalt borrow
Light - that loniest - life endears.
Glory gilds the crown of sorrow,
Wash'd with blood & bright with tears.
Not unseen his loved ones mourn,
Known to Him is every thorn

Christ has taken our nature into heaven to represent us. He has left us on earth with His nature to represent Him.

sioners of National Education in Ireland has just been published. From this it appears that on the 31st December, 1870, there were 6806 schools in

Take it meekly, He hath blessed it
If thy weary heart sh^d fail,
On the Rock of Ages rest it
Gates of Hell shall not prevail.
Shrink not though the world may scorn
Christ hath numbered every thorn.

Oct. / 1874

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
I tremble at the fiery glow;
I yet - I whisper, "As God wills"
I in the hottest fire hold still."

Oct. 1873.

Dr. Miller's Hymn.

I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know He is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but He will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand - it lies so near:

It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.
"Dear Lord," I pray, "O let me know
If it is wrong to want it so?"
He only smiles. He does not speak:
My heart grows weaker & more weak,
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far, & yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long —
I almost fear I have been wrong.
I'll go & work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud clear word
Thou callest me to thy loved feet,
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

Pavo Falma — Oct. 1875

The Love of God

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to & fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning

fearless, careless, safe & slow.
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down & watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss & cry, & will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,
So when we are weak & wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's <u>great patience</u>
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O <u>great</u> <u>Heart</u> of <u>God</u>! whose loving
Cannot hindered be or crossed;
<u>Will</u> <u>not</u> <u>weary</u>, will not even
In our death itself be lost –
<u>Love</u> <u>divine</u>! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost –
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a son to save the lost

Oct. 1875.

Drawn Miller's Crossing –
Stoke Holm.

Disappointments

Our yet-unfinished story
Is tending all to this: –
To God the greatest glory,
To us the greatest bless.

If all things work together
For ends so grand & blest
What need to wonder whether
Each in itself is best!

If some things were omitted
Or altered as we would,
The whole might be unfitted
To work for perfect good.

Our plans may be disjointed,
But we may calmly rest;
What God has once appointed
Is <u>better</u> than our <u>best</u>.

We cannot see before us,
But our all-seeing Friend

Is always watching o'er us
And knows the very end.

What though we seem to stumble
He will not let us fall;
And learning to be humble
Is not lost time at all.

What tho' we fondly reckoned
A smoother way to go
Than where his hand has beckoned,
It will be better so.

What only seemed a barrier
A stepping stone shall be,
Our God is no long tarrier
A <u>present</u> help is He.

And when amid our blindness
His disappointments fall,
We trust his loving kindness
Whose wisdom sends them all.

They are the purple fringes
Which hide his glorious feet

They are the fire-wrought hinges
Where truth & mercy meet.

By them the golden portal
Of Providence shall ope,
And lift to praise immortal
The songs of faith & hope.

From broken alabaster
Was deathless fragrance shed;
The spikenard flamed the faster
Upon the Saviour's head.

No shattered box of ointment
We ever need regret,
For out of dis-appointment
Flow sweetest odours yet.

The dis-cord that involuntary
Some startling change of key,
The Master's hand resolvetth
In richest harmony.

× × ×

Nina for England.

F. R. Havergal.

The Cruse that faileth not.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting, rise & share
it with another.
And through all the years of famine, it
shall serve thee & thy brother,
Love divine shall fill thy storehouse, or thy
handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal
feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its
wealth is living grain,
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scat-
tered, fill with gold, the plain.
Is thy burden hard & heavy? do thy steps
drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God
will bear both it & thee.

Numb & weary on the mountains, wouldst
thou sleep amid the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, & to-
gether both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle, many
wounded round thee made

Lavish on their wounds thy balsam & its
balm shall heal thine own

Is the heart - a well left empty? none but
God its void can fill;
Nothing but - a ceaseless fountain can its
ceaseless longing still.
Is the heart - a living power? Self entwin-
'd its strength sinks low -
It can only live by loving, & by serving
love will grow

Ex. 2.7. Oct./75

I am sure that what thou knowest - to be right - that thou will do, & it seemeth as if God himself were content with that for the time What the very right - thing is, concerning which we may now differ, we must come to see together one day, the same, & not another, to both, & this doing of what we see, is to each of us the path thither.

Nov. 7th 1876.

fr. "St Michael & St George" by Geo. McDonald

"A witness of, & therefore a partaker in your happiness." Julius Hare, to Maria Hare.

St Andrews Jan. /76

Anna L. Dawson

DISAPPOINTMENT.

I.

Our yet unfinished story
  Is tending all to this:—
To God the greatest glory,
  To us the greatest bliss.

II.

If all things work together
  For ends so grand and blest,
What need to wonder whether
  Each in itself is best!

III.

If some things were omitted,
  Or altered as we would,
The whole might be unfitted
  To work for perfect good.

IV.

Our plans may be disjointed,
  But we may calmly rest;
What God has once appointed
  Is better than our best.

PAISLEY: J. AND R. PARLANE. 1s. per 100

V.

We cannot see before us,
  But our all-seeing Friend
Is always watching o'er us,
  And knows the very end.

VI.

What though we seem to stumble,
  He will not let us fall;
And learning to be humble
  Is not lost time at all.

VII.

What though we fondly reckoned
  A smoother way to go
Than where His hand has beckoned,
  It will be better so.

VIII.

What only seemed a barrier,
  A stepping stone shall be;
Our God is no long tarryer,
  A present help is He.

IX.

And when, amid our blindness,
  His disappointments fall,
We trust His loving-kindness,
  Whose wisdom sends them all.

X.

They are the purple fringes,
  That hide His glorious feet;
They are the fire-wrought hinges,
  Where truth and mercy meet.

XI.

By them the golden portal
  Of Providence shall ope,
And lift to praise immortal
  The songs of faith and hope.

XII.

From broken alabaster
  Was deathless fragrance shed;
The spikenard flowed the faster
  Upon the Saviour's head.

XIII.

No shattered box of ointment
  We ever need regret,
For out of disappointment
  Flow sweetest odours yet.

XIV.

The discord that involveth
  Some startling change of key,
The Master's hand resolveth
  In richest harmony.

XV.

We hush our children's laughter,
When sunset hues grow pale;
Then, in the silence after,
They hear the nightingale.

XVI.

We mourned the lamp declining,
That glimmered at our side;
The glorious starlight shining
Has proved a surer guide.

XVII.

Then tremble not and shrink not
When Disappointment nears;
Be trustful still, and think not
To realize all fears.

XVIII.

While we are meekly kneeling,
We shall behold her rise,
Our Father's love revealing,
An angel in disguise.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

T.S.W.
G.M.
N.E.
D.B.
M.E.E.

From "The Ministry of Song."

He comes to me in the morning
When I wake to His love anew,
And His words are sweet as the honey
And pure as the early dew:
He lays His hand upon me,
And I kneel at His feet, and pray
That in His holy keeping
I may pass the coming day.

He comes to me at noonday,
When the morning's peace has flown,
When the voices of earth discordant
Seem to rule my heart alone;
He lays His hand upon me,
And bids me be still awhile,
Till the peace has all come back again
In the sunshine of His smile.

He comes to me in the evening,
The peaceful twilight hour,
And His words have a thrilling sweetness,
A strange and tender power;
He lays His hand upon me,
And whispers of sin forgiven,

And the light - that comes at evening
Shines on me then from Heaven.

He comes to me through the darkness,
In the solemn hours of night;
And the room is filled with His presence
A soft - and radiant - light -:
He lays His hand upon me
And I rest - in His embrace,
Till the light - of dawn awakes me
Again to seek His face

× × ×

He came to me in life's morning
When my heart - was fresh + young,
When I burned to enter the battle
With weapons I deemed so strong;
He laid His hand upon me,
And I knelt at His feet - in prayer,
And yielded my heart - for ever
To His strong + tender care.

He will come to me in life's eventide
When the burdens seem hard to bear

When the home seems dim & distant
And my heart is bowed with care:
He will lay His hand upon me,
And lead me along the way,
Till the burden of care is lighten'd
And the sorrow is passed away.

He will come to me in life's evening
When my journey is almost o'er;
When I stand by the river waiting
To pass to the further shore:
He will lay His hand upon me
And point o'er the hurrying tide,
Then His arms of love will bear me
Across to the other side

He will come to me through the darkness,
In the chamber of the tomb,
And the light of His Holy presence
Shall chase away its gloom:
He will lay His hand upon me,
In a clasp which none can sever
Till Heaven's own dawn shall wake me
To see His face for ever.

from the Master's Home-called

"That we being ready in body & soul, may cheerfully accomplish all that Thou wouldst have done". (Collect - 20th after Trinity)

Jan. 1870.

Notes of a sermon by Mr Stevenson.

(Acts 16. 30. 31.) Sunday Jan/76

... Is it selfish to wish to be saved? Selfishness may be defined as desiring good for oneself at the expense of another's injury.

Is any man less sound because I enjoy perfect health? Is any less safe, because I am wise? Is any worse, because I add to faith, virtue, to virtue, knowledge, temperance & patience.

Is the desire of Heaven selfish? - Heaven is the life of perfect love. Strange, if selfishness shd thus earnestly desire the life of perfect unselfishness

Some complain that salvation is such an indefinite term. It is, it must be. It is so vast, so immense. Like the ocean, all but infinite. Difficult to describe - Covering all human life & thought. Not something in a man or a part of him, but a condition of the whole man, bounded by neither time or space. A most momentous question, What

shall I do to be saved? What is to be unsaved? It is to labour under a sense of sin, a burden of outward failure, of inward impurity. God, is to the unsaved a horror, death, a dreadful ending, a grinning skeleton waiting to grasp his naked soul. Eternity, - a certain, fearful looking for of judgment.

What is it to be saved? To be right in relation to God, from this as a living root spring flowers & fruitage. To the intellect, - it is truth & growth in truth, nearer & nearer to perfect knowledge. To the heart, - love - To the will, - power. In its relations to the unseen, who can measure or weigh it? - Into this the angels desire to look.

In the? what shall I do to be saved, lie there the? what shall I do to be wise? - good? - strong? - All need to ask this? - evil & respectable, heathen & professing Christian - Society's laws are but a variable quantity, one thing in old Sparta, another in Canada of the 19th cent. Man's opinions, is of interest, but for how short a time! but what does God think of me & you - In Him is no variableness or shadow of turning, to all eternity what He thinks will endure, What shall we then do to be saved?

What is the answer – Weep – Reform – do good works – No! no! no! Believe on the Lord Jesus Xt – Belief is not all that is necessary to the full stature of a good man, a perfected Xtian but it is the 1st step – the wicket gate of entrance. The living seed requires much more than earth, but it must 1st be placed in the soil – So must we come 1st to Xt a living person, not to creeds, confessions, churches – but to Him, who is in his essence life, & love. & He will see about the next steps.

And thy house. This carries all the? of social influence, We do not fully believe in this. & yet nothing is more solemnly true. A man cannot be lost alone, but hand in hand with those nearest & dearest must walk that downward road which ends in death – neither can he be saved alone the close & tender twinings that bind heart to heart, still hold – & these if endued with divine power will avail to draw our loved ones, even to the highest heavens, to our Master's feet.

God's power alone can cast out "the individual demon, cognate with our own idiosyncrasies."

M. de St-Cyran to a timid disciple, who was advised to abandon a known duty on account of his health.

"Sir, it is necessary we sh^d do the will of God; but it is not necessary that we sh^d live"

(Port-Royal. Mad Schimmelpennick)

(Letter of abbé Boileau to a Port-Royal nun on the death of M. Angelique de St. Jean. & M. de Saci -)

"When Adam was in a state of innocence, God said to him, 'Sin not, lest ye die' but now he says to fallen man, 'die, that ye sin not'."

(the same) Feb. 1876

"I am not eager, bold, or strong -
All that is past;
I'm ready, not to do,
At-last - at-last.
My half-day's work is done,
And that is all my part,
I bring my patient God
A patient heart."

Feb. 1876 (Fr. Sunday at Home -)

Oh son of Adam how heedless art thou of the cost of him who hath been before thee

John 15. 4. "Abide in me & I in you"

Abide in me! – Most loving counsel this,
Nearest approach on earth to heavenly bliss
With the command oh Saviour give the power
To live by faith in thee from hour to hour.'

"Abide in me". – For I have strength to give
The grace to make thy heart forever humble live
Eternal things my Spirit can reveal
& thy heart's earthly dark disease heal

"Abide in me." All else must pass away
This earth so fair, these idols formed of clay
Its riches pleasures, friendships, power & fame
all evanescent are – All but a name

"Abide in me." For changeless is my love
Its depths unsearched as its length above
Not all thy feelings, can its power repel
Will thou not trust the love that loves so well

Abide in me!" – no ill can hurt thee there.
In me thou'rt safe e'en from the tempter's snare
Before his fiery darts o'er thee prevail
Thy life must end, my faithfulness must fail.

Abide in me." If thou wouldst fruitful be,
The branch bears not when severed from the tree
Without – my Spirit's power, poor sapless bough
No fruit – can bear, for thou canst nothing do –

"Abide in me!" Live only in my love;
& thou shalt taste the bliss of saints above
In me thou shalt have peace, in me find rest
Though storms should rage around and cares molest

Sung the first Sunday that Nina went to church after her illness.

Thy years & age have diverted thee from considering him. Knowest thou not that the cup of death will be filled for thee, & that in a short time thou wilt drink it? Look then to thyself before entering thy grave where are those who possessed the countries & abased the servants of God, & led armies? Death hath come upon them &, God is the terminator of delights, & the separator of companions, & the devastator of flourishing dwellings, so He hath transported them from the amplitude of palaces to the straitness of the graves. (Arabian nights)

How much in advance of this is the popular idea of God, in the 19th century?!

March/76

"The perseverance of saints is neither more nor less than God's grace, perpetually imparted, & not given once for all in a chass that is to last forever, for if He shd withhold the aid of his grace for a moment, we must of necessity wither away... We can only retain the grace we possess by acquiring new grace, otherwise we shd lose that wh. we hoped was our own, just as those who wd shut in light find themselves shut up in darkness. (Jacqueline Pascal's Life)

"I was before you in the discovery that health depends more on our Saviour than on maxims of Hippocrates. Spiritual regression soon cures bodily ailments unless God sees fit to try, & to strengthen us by means of sickness".

Jacqueline Pascal's letters.

Told of the Nere Ligne - "Eternity was already mirrored in her soul; for she looked only at the present moment; & neither troubled herself in the prospect of the future, nor in retrospect of the past. The impress of eternal realities seemed to efface all past events from her recollection. She was never heard to speak of things that had happened to her, or that she had performed. Forgetting everything that was behind, she aimed only to perfect that wh. was yet lacking in her piety".

(the same)

Antoine Arnauld being urged to rest from his public labours at the age of 80 - answered - "Rest? will not eternity be long enough to rest in".

(same)

March /76

SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
SINGLE NUMBERS 3 CENTS.

Sports and Pastimes

HOCKEY.

QUEBEC, February 4.—The following hockey team will leave to-night for Montreal to play the Victoria Rink team of that city on Saturday night:—Messrs. C. Miller (captain), Percy Miles, Harcourt Smith, W. B. Scott, A. Colley, H. Ashe, A. Swift.

CURLING.

SEAFORTH, Ont., February 4.—A curling match played here yesterday between Goderich and Seaforth resulted in favor of the latter, in the following score: Goderich, 49; Seaforth, 50. A matched played here to-day between Lucknow and Seaforth Curling Clubs resulted in favor of the latter. Lucknow 63; Seaforth 79.

GALT, Ont., February 4.—A curling match was played here to day between the Dundas and Galt clubs, and resulted in favor of Galt by 38 shots. Score:—Galt 57, Dundas 19.

THE RIFLE.

NEW YORK, February 4.—Ira Paine, the champion rifle shot, will sail for Liverpool to-morrow in the White Star Line Britannic.

AQUATIC.

LONDON, February 4.—Hanlan is taking vigorous exercise, preparing himself for his match with Laycock on the 14th instant.

THE TURF.

NEW YORK, February 4.—The proposition of H. V. Bemis, of Chicago, to match Sorel Dan against Maude S and St. Julien, best 3 in 5 to harness, for $2,500 a side with $7,500 added by the Chicago Driving Park Association and $2,500 more if the fastest record is beaten, has been accepted by Wm. H. Van-

A STRIP OF BLUE.

I do not own an inch of land,
  But all I see is mine,—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
  The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
  They bring me tithes divine,—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
  A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
  My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,—
  A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
  Great fleets and argosies:
I have a share in every ship
  Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on yon airy road
  Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams,
  Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
  Than ever India knew,—
My ships that sail into the East
  Across that outlet blue,

Sometimes they seem like living shapes,—
  The people of the sky,—
Guests in white raiment coming down
  From heaven, which is close by:
I call them by familiar names,
  As one by one draws nigh,
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
  From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
  Are half-reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
  All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness
  With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north apd south,
  Spread out from morn to night;
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
  Its brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole;
  By hints are mysteries told.
The fringes of eternity,
  God's sweeping garment-fold,
In that bright shred of glimmering sea,
  I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
  Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious stones,—
  Sapphire amethyst
Washed from celestial basement walls,
  By suns unsetting kissed,
Out through the utmost gates of space,
  Past where the gray stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
  Glides on a vessel swift,
Yet loses not her anchorage
  In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child:
  The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
  Now, the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome,
  I bow my head before
The universe, O God, is home,
  In height or depth to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
  Content am I to be,
Glad when is opened to my need
  Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Hymn

I know not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot,
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.
It may be mine to drag for years
Tails heavy chain,
Or day & night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.
Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles & glee;
Or I may dwell alone & mirth
Be strange to me.
My bark is wafted from the strand
By breath divine,
& on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.
One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I have my Lord.
He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall.
If sharp 'tis short; if long 'tis light;
He tempers all

Safe to the land! Safe to the land!
The end is this,
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss -

March 1873. (Dean Alford.)

William Wilberforce

The secret of his beautiful life. "He observed a sabbatical day in every week, & a sabbatical hour in every day."

St Francis de Sales.

"I answered that a large congregation did not excite, or a scanty one depress me. & that if any one person was edified, that was enough" - once when only 7 persons were present St. F. was advised not to preach, but he spoke & one soul seemed touched, even to tears (of the same) Oct. 176

He took up matters of business wh. came before him, one by one, as though there had been nothing before it, & nothing more were to be done after it; accepting all contradictions with perfect serenity. He found fault with all confusion & hurry, wh. he said were the

capital enemies of all true devotion - "make haste slowly" "Seen enough if well enough," he often quoted & wrote - I have been beset with troubles & contrarieties, but they have brought nothing so much quiet & peace, & lead me to hope that my soul is becoming more stayed upon God, & that is the one desire of my heart."

A penitent who had been a great sinner lamented the bad opinion that St Francis must have had of him. "As to that" he replied, "I have forgotten it all; why sh^d I remember what God has blotted out? W^d you have me like the Pharisee who beheld Magdalene at Jesus' feet & yet, only remembered what her past life had been"

"To speak of oneself is as difficult as walking the tight-rope - one requires such wonderful balance & so much circumspection not to fall in so doing"

Oct - 1876

God's truths must agree, whether, whether discovered by looking within upon the soul, or without upon the world. A truth written upon the human heart today in its full play of emotions or passions, cannot be at any real variance even with a truth written upon a fossil whose poor life ebbed forth millions of years ago. (Warfare of Science - White) Jan/77

And some, provoked, accused the righteous God.
... Abundant sin! Because a mortal man,
A worm at best of small capacity,
With scarce an atom of Jehovah's works
Before him, & with scarce an hour to look
Upon them, should presume to censure God
The infinite & uncreated God!
To sit in judgment - on Himself, his works
His providence! & try, accuse, condemn!
If there is aught, thought or to think, absurd
Irrational, & wicked, this is more —
This must. — —

One cause of folly, one especial cause,
Was this - few knew what wisdom was, though
Defined in God's own words, & printed large,
On heaven & earth in characters of light,
& sounded in the ear by every wind
Wisdom is humble, said the voice of God.
'Tis proud, the world replied. Wisdom said God
Forgives, forbears, & suffers, not for fear
of man, but God. - Wisdom revenge, said
The world, is quick & deadly of resentment,
Thrusts at the very shadow of affront,
& hastes, by death, to wipe its honour clean.

(*Canada Leaflets.*) (*No.* 5.)

"A LITTLE WHILE."

1 Cor. vii. 29–31.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon:
Love, rest and home,
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the soothing and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon:
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strawing,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon:
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Hearts fainting now, and now high beating,
I shall be soon:
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet hope!
Lord tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon:
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

.....

LOVEDAY, PRINTER, OTTAWA.

Wisdom, said God, loves enemies, entreats
Solicits, begs for peace. Wisdom, replied
The world hates enemies; will not ask peace,
Conditions spurns, & triumphs in their fall.
Wisdom mistrusts itself, & leans on heaven,
Said God. - It trusts & leans upon itself,
The world replied. - Wisdom retires, said God,
& counts it bravery to bear reproach,
& shame, & lowly poverty upright;
& weeps with all who have just cause to weep
Wisdom, replied the world, struts forth to gaze;
treads the broad stage of life with pompous port
attracts all praises; counts it bravery
Alone to wield the sword, & rush on death;
& never weeps but for its own disgrace.
Wisdom, said God is highest, when it stoops
Lowest before the Holy Throne, throws down
Its crown abased, forgets itself, adores,
& breathes adoring praise. There wisdom stoops
Indeed, the world replied — there stoops, because
It must. but stoops with dignity; & think
& meditates the while on inward worth.
Thus did Almighty God, & thus the world,
Wisdom defines — And most the world believed,
& wrongly called the truth of God, — a lie —

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, & our heart is restless, till it rests in Thee." (Confess. of St. Augustine)

Jan. 1877

"Happy is he who loves Thee, & his friend in Thee, & his enemy for thy sake. For he alone loses no friend, to whom all in Him are dear who ~~is~~ never lost; & who is He but our God who made & fills heaven & earth" (Confess. St. Aug.)

It is often carelessly said that if we do the best - we know how to do, - acting up to the light we have - we are guiltless. ... But ... Sincerity may never dare to claim the same high reward that is given to truth, nor are the innocencies of the one like the innocencies of the other. For every portion of the full & rounded Truth of God that is missed even by mistaken judgment, some loss is inevitable

T. Smiley

There lies a world-wide space between the old Delphian oracle - "Know thy self." - & that wisdom that coming from above teaches us to cry "Search me, O God & know my heart."

T. Smiley

We are without excuse as the flock of God if we

do not clearly know our Shepherd's voice, & therefore know the wiles of Satan. His devices are so many, & even when old putting on such new disguises that had we to learn them one by one, we shd never feel secure. But to know one voice with certainty solves in the simplest possible manner the entire difficulty; if it be the voice of any stranger, we know that we must not listen

("Fulness of Blessing") J. Smith — Feb. 1877

By Zachary Macaulay, Sir J. Stephen writes —

"His earthward affections, active & all-enduring as they were, cd yet thrive without the support of human sympathy, because they were sustained by so abiding a sense of the divine presence, & so absolute a submission to the divine will, as raised him habitually to that higher region where the reproach of man cd not reach & the praise of man might not presume to follow him"

p. Life & Letters of Lord Macaulay — March 1877

It is assumed in the epistles that believers are no longer leading a life that is only external & as it were parallel to Christ's life; they are in Xt. Jesus, & he is also in them.

At the close of his manifestation he forewarned

a state of consciousness, wh. his disciples had not attained while he was with them in the flesh, but wh. wd. be enjoyed by them under the succeeding dispensation. "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, & ye in me & I in you" The language of the epistles is the echo of this promise. It is the voice of those who have entered on the predicted knowledge, & who view all subjects in the light of it ... Yes, as we pass through the epistles we see that that day is come & that the consciousness thus predicted has been attained. It is no flight of mysterious rhetoric, but the brief expression of the settled habitual, fundamental view of the state of those who are here addressed "If him are ye in Xt Jesus" –

Fr. Progress of Doctrine by J. D. Bernard.

Oct. /77

In the Catacombs

"There are no pictures of Xts agony & bloody sweat, of his cross & passion, his death & burial, nor of flagellations, tortures & fiery pangs of martyrdom, such as those that harrow the soul in many of the churches & galleries of Rome. Only images of joy & peace abound on every side. These gloomy crypts are a school of Christian love & gentle charity, of ennobling thoughts & elevating influences,

The primitive believers, ~~rejoiced~~ even in the midst of their manifold persecutions, rejoiced in tribulation. "There is no sign of mourning" no token of resentment or expression of vengeance. all breathe of gentleness benevolence & love; "To look at the catacombs alone" says Rochette "it might be supposed that persecution had no victims, since Christianity has made no allusion to suffering. There are no symbols of sorrow, no appeals to the morbid sympathies of the soul, nothing that ~~c~~ causes vindictive feeling; only sweet pastoral scenes fruits, flowers, palm branches, & laurel crowns lambs & doves nothing but what suggests a feeling of joyous innocence as of the world's golden age

H. Vitterani "Catacombs of Rome"

"Wouldst thou know what Satan can do, & God can bear, what the basest of mankind can do, & the best of manhood can bear? Behold the lips of Judas who kisses, & the cheek of Jesus wh. receives the kiss" —

Effenniger.

God's Grace not the rest of a stagnant pool, but the highest & purest activity, the life that like the movement of the stars is "without haste without rest —

The truly meek — Those who have learned

to live without advertising themselves
from sermon. F. Stanson

MY WAY.

They told me of a way
That I must go,—
Whether 'twas long or short
They did not know.

I did not listen then,
Nor understand,
Until my Father came
And took my hand.

"I am thy guide," He said;
"Leave all with me."
And so I went with Him
All trustingly.

And now we journey on,
Day after day;
I have no need of care,
He knows the way.

My sandals are His strength;
And His great love
The staff that helps me toward
The home above.

From a little book of poems by Millie Colcord. It is called "For his name's sake"
M. C. died at 18½ yrs. of age

Children's Hymns

My Father hear my prayer
Before I go to rest
It is Thy little child
Who comette to be blest
Forgive me all my sin
That I may sleep this night
In safety & in peace
Until the morning light
Lord help me every day
To love Thee more & more,
To strive to do Thy will,
To worship & adore
Then look upon me Lord,
Ere I lie down to rest
It is Thy little child
Who comette to be blest

June 1882 (Children's book of Hymns)

35

Mizpah.
Genesis 31. 49.

The Lord between us ever watch,
That both be near His side,
That one calm haven, safe of two,
In this world's troubled tide.

Between me and the world, Lord, watch,
That each gay glittering scene,
May show its hollow vanity,
When I see Thee between.

Between me and my failures, Lord,
May Thy completeness be,
Thus hiding self, and teaching me
To watch and follow Thee.

Between me and the Devil, Lord,
Be Thou my constant shield,
Teach me to wear Thine armour proof,
To drive him from the field.

And oh! dear Lord, watch Thou between
Me and my loved ones here;
Oh, do not let them fill My place,
And be to me <u>too</u> dear.

When Thou art fast and but beloved,
The dearest one to me
Cannot be pressed too close or near,
For Thou between wouldst be.

The Lord between us one watch,
That both be near His side,
That one calm haven, safe of rest,
In this world's troubled tide.

Keighey Jan. 14th
1872.

Cowper -
translation from Mad. Guyon -

Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast, & all thou art;
Renounce all strength but strength divine
And peace shall be forever thine:
Behold the path which I have trod,
My path, till I go home to God.

Joy in Sorrow

Long plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear:
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear.

My sole possession is thy love;
On earth beneath in heaven above,
I have no other store:
& though with fervent zeal I pray,
& importune thee night & day,
I ask thee nothing more.

My rapid hours pursue their course
Prescribed them by Love's sweetest force,
And I thy servant will -
Without a wish to escape my doom,
Though still a sufferer from the cause
& doomed to suffer still -

By thy command where'er I draw
Sorrow attends me all the way,
A never failing friend.
& if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content -
Let sorrow still attend!

It costs me no regret that she
Who follow'd Christ sh^d follow me;
& though, where'er she goes
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her & extract a sweet
From all my bitter woes

Sorrow & love go side by side,
Our height - our depth can i'er divide
Their heaven appointed bands:
Those dear associates still are one -
Nor till the race of life is run
Disjoin their wedded hands.

Thy choice & mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame
Which must forever blaze!
To take the cross & follow Thee,
Where love & duty lead, shall be
My portion & my praise.

Compton
June 1874 —

"Discouraged because of the way"
(Num. 21. 4.)

Pilgrim of earth who art journeying to Heaven!
Heir of eternal life: child of the day:
Cared for, watch'd over, beloved & forgiven
Art thou discouraged because of the way?

Cared for, watch'd over, tho' often thou seemest
Justly forsaken, nor counted a child;
Loved & forgiven — tho' rightly thou deemest
Thyself all unlovely, impure & defiled.

Weary & thirsty — no water brook near thee,
Press on, nor faint at the length of the way:
The God of thy life will assuredly hear thee,
He will provide thee with strength for the day.

Break through the brambles &
briars that obstruct thee
Dread not the gloom & the
blackness of night.
Lean on the hand that will
safely conduct thee
Trust to His eye to whom
darkness is light!

Be trustful, be steadfast, what-
ever betide thee,
Only one thing do those ask of
the Lord,-
Grace to go forward wherever
He guide thee,
Simply believing the truth of
His word.

Still on thy spirit deep anguish
is pressing-
Not for the yoke that His wis-
dom bestows,
A heavier burden thy soul is
distressing-
A heart-that is slow in His
love to repose;

Earthliness, coldness, unthankful
behaviour –
Ah! thou mayest sorrow, but
do not despair;
Even this grief thou mayst
bring to thy Saviour;
Cast upon Him e'en this burden & care!

Bring all thy hardness: His
power can subdue it:
How full is the promise! the
blessing how free!
"Whatsoever ye ask in my name,
I will do it;"
"Abide in my love," & be joyful
in me!

Tiny thorns are in my pillow
Little boughs of weeping willow
When I sleep too much they press me
Then I wake & so they bless me
Little thorns I would be grateful
all the sins ye pierce are hateful
Grieve I not but think I rather
Planted by my watchful father

Rising Early.

Josh. 6. 12. 15. 7. 16 –

Joshua the son of Nun, the servant – of the Lord, was one of the two, who were faithful in their generation, and who learned God's will so well, & followed it so closely, that he left it as his testimony that "not one word of any good thing which the Lord had spoken had failed" Josh. 21. 45.

This man's life is well worth heeding, & pondering. & when we find 3 times mentioned & "he rose up early" it is one little hint of the way to his success –

But if we look the voices of many saints will join, to tell of "early rising" of rising early to learn of God or to do his will & rose early to obey the voice of God wh – determined

life of his only son - Gen ~~28.19~~ 22.3
Jacob, after his dream of angels rises early to erect a pillar as a memorial Gen. 28.18
Twice we find God tell Moses to rise early & go to Pharaoh - Ex 8.20 + 9.18 - Ex 24.4. Moses rises early to build an altar & in Ex. 34.4 - to go up to meet God in the mount
When Elisha & his servant rose early they saw the host of angels encamped about - the city 2 Kings. 6.15-18.
Gideon having asked a sign rises betimes to see the Lord's gracious answer Judg 6.38
Elkanah & her husband before journeying rise at daawn to worship first. 1 Sam. 1.19
Job - might daily have been seen, early offering a sacrifice for his children thoughtlessness or inadvertent sins Job. 1.5
David prevents the dawning of the morning to seek (disclose in the Law

of the Lord - Ps 119. 147
& to praise ~~the Lord~~ God for
his goodness Ps. 5. 7. 8 -

Isaiah knowing that the
judgments of the Lord will
make the world righteous
seeks the Lord early that his
own heart - may then be sanctified
Ps. 26. 9.

Mary going to the sepul-
chre very early - first seeks her
risen Lord & Mark. 16. 1

The Apostles released fr.
prison at once begin teaching
early in the temple - Acts. 5. 21

And our Lord, after one of
his most - toilsome days -
rises a great while before it
was day to pray Mark. 1. 35 -

And to seek God early
indeed must - all - before the
cares of the day begin - in
order to praise for sacrifice
a prophet - declares ought - to
be offered every morning
Amos. 4. 4 - & also to seek
strength & help - for the Lord's
mercies are new every
morning Lam. 3. 23 -

as the manna fell with
the dew - & had to be gathered

before the corn arose as every man had to gather it — for his own eating — so is the spiritual daily bread — without — which — man cannot live — Eph 6. 4-5 —

Feb. 1876 —

Fr. Jacqueline Pascal's -

Regulations for the
Port Royal Children

Must rise promptly, not allowing themselves time to get thoroughly awake, for fear of yielding to sluggishness.

To leave off work directly they are recalled, ought always to be ready to obey. Also to leave work & to carry its materials with them so as to lose no time.

In order really to do children good we ought never to speak or act for their benefit without first looking to God & asking his help and that we may thus obtain from him the power of guiding them in his fear.

When requisite to reprove their follies & awkwardnesses, never mimic them or push them roughly no matter how naughty they are, speak gently & use good arguments to convince them they are in the wrong.

Best - seldom to notice trivial defects otherwise get accustomed to be found fault with, & if same fault several times repeated may be suddenly corrected for all at once, effect better than scolding.

With obstinate & rebellious children it is best to repeat the same slight

penance 3 or 4 times, become thoroughly demented on finding one chings not weary of punishing them. To correct a fault one day & pass over it the next makes no impression, & ultimately obliges stronger remedies to be used.

Even little children of 4 or 5 shd not be allowed to be idle all day long little duties of a kind nature so assigned to them

Make them understand that perfection does not lie in doing many extraordinary things, but in performing daily duties well that is willingly, & from a love to God, with a great desire of pleasing him & of always doing his will with delight

Impress on their minds, that a mere wish to do right is nothing in the sight of God, unless it be carried into practice at every opportunity

Easier to guide children if we talk often to them alone

If very disobedient children in their better moments begin to be willing we shd try to correct their faults, shewing them as gently & kindly as we can that they have learned to love as N. loves. If they will not mend, we must

make them understand that we will not put up with their misdeeds & that though our efforts seem fruitless, we shall none the less aware & punish to clear our own conscience & prevent their being confirmed in their evil ways, & to warn with the effects of their bad example.

We explain to these that all their errors arise from not having prayed to God aright — they cannot do while their hearts cling to self, their own pleasures, or to any creature no matter how lovely or holy.

As to public prayer, we cannot give them fervent emotions but we can & will force them to behave reputably & reverently in God's presence.

In illness, discretion is needed to watch their behaviour & see that they do not throw away the good habits so painfully acquired in health.

Must make no fuss about distasteful remedies, can comfort them with & encourage, teach & lead them to offer up their suffering as a sacrifice to God

We exhort them to find no fault with the Dr — or advice in illness he stands to them in the place of God, must obey him

Metis July 1879

My Cross.

It is not heavy agonizing woe,
Bearing me down with hopeless crushing weight
No ray of comfort in the gathering gloom
A heart bereaved, a household desolate.
It is not sickness with her withering hand,
Keeping me low upon a couch of pain
Longing each morning for the weary night,
At night for weary day to come again.
It is not poverty, with chilling blast,
The sunken eye, the hunger wasted form.
The dear ones perishing for lack of bread
With no safe shelter from the winter's storm.
It is not slander with her evil tongue.
'Tis no presumptuous sin against my God
Not reputation lost or friends betrayed,
That such is not my cross I thank my God.
Mine is a daily cross of petty cares
Of little duties pressing on my heart,
Of little troubles hard to reconcile
Of inward struggles overcome in part
My feet are weary of its daily round,
My heart is weary of its daily care
My sinful nature often doth rebel
I pray for grace my daily cross to bear.
It is not heavy Lord yet oft I pine,
It is not heavy yet 'tis everywhere.
By day & night each hour my cross I bear;
I dare not lay it down – there keep it it there.
I dare not lay it down. I only ask
That, taking up my daily cross, I may
Follow my Master humbly, step by step,
Through clouds & darkness, unto perfect day

R. de Lange

Aug. 1873.

(Thy [illegible] redeem")

Laid on Thine altar, oh my Lord divine
Accept my gift this day, for Jesus' sake;
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
nor any sweet perfumed sacrifice to make
But here I bring within my trembling hands
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth small
And those alone, the Lord cannot understand
How when I yield this to Thee, I yield Thee mine, all
Hidden therein, Thy searching gaze to see,
Struggles of passion, visions of delight —
All that I have or am — or fain would be
Deep loves, fond hopes, & longings infinite
It hath been wet with tears & drenched with sighs
Blenched in my grasp, till beauty hath it crowned
Now from thy footstool where it vanquished lies
The prayer ascendeth "Thy will be done"
Take it oh Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will, that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries avail
& Thou give back my gift it may have been
So changed so purified so fair have grown
So one with Thee so filled with peace divine
I may not know or feel it as mine own
But gaining back my will may find it Thine

Aug. 1873

I. Cor. 3. 23.

"And ye are Christ".

Addressed to believers – We are indeed his, & not only are we his, but our cares, our anxieties our troubles, are his also, "In all our afflictions He is afflicted" we fill up what remains of the sufferings of Christ, his sorrows will not be ended till the last tear of his suffering people has been shed, & their last sigh uttered ... If this be so we must not avoid the other conclusion to which we must come – that our property, our money, our talents, our affections are Christ's also. his by right of possession & purchase, for he bought us with his own precious blood. — There are many different aspects in which we are Christ. He is our Teacher, let us be faithful scholars, our, our Friend, who has shown us the greatest proof of his friendship, let our affection for him be as ardent. Our Brother, let us not disgrace the relationship he has bestowed – Our Lord & lordship implies service. Our King, & royalty on his part implies loyalty on ours. He is our Advocate, & oh let us be trusting clients – Let us be sorry, ashamed, grieved for our sins, let us daily confess them, but let us never doubt the final issue, let us never waver in our firm belief in our Advocate, for He has never lost a case yet & ~~he~~ He has had some very bad ones indeed to plead – "He is able to save unto the uttermost" ... And those who are not believers, they too in a sense are Christ's his by purchase, not by possession – Oh haste to possess & know the joy above all other joys of knowing that in the fullest – best sense we are Christ's, & He is ours, Ours through life, & death, ours through all eternity.

Sept. 1st 1872.