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MUSIC

from the

WORD of GOD



By

MARY R. KNAGGS

Xmas 1948.

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An Understanding Heart

"Give therefore Thy servant an understanding heart to judge Thy people, that I may discern between good and bad." (1 Kings, 3, 9).

Despite the gifts that Thou hast lent,
Lord, one more gift impart;
Give me each day, and every hour,
An understanding heart.

The things my earth-bound eyes behold,
Make plain, as Thou dost see;
Let me, dear Lord, discriminate,
And not judge hastily.

Things others say, my earth-bound ears
Make prone to hear aright;
Let not my mind depreciate
That which Thine ears delight.

In actions, too, discernment give:
Not evil, but the good
Intention still in others see—
Some are misunderstood.

Let me remember all cannot
Their thoughts express with ease;
That some are shy; and some have fear,
Yet these may wish to please.

Thou knowest all: from inside out,
And all from outside in;
And will not quench the smoking flax
Nor reckon all things sin.

"For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Hebrews 4, 12.)

God's Purpose

"He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of His saints." (Proverbs 2, 8.)

GOD has a purpose for each life,
A task for every day,
But we are prone to please ourselves
And miss His perfect way.

The little things of every day
Seem dull, uninteresting,
Yet these are sent that we may learn
Some higher, better thing.

Not every one achieves for Him
The work God has in Mind,
For some will choose the easy way,
And some, alas! are blind.

Our Saviour said: Lose thou thy life
And I shall give thee mine,
Resist and strive and work with me:
My purpose shall be thine.

"Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is." (Ephesians 5, 17.)

THIRD DAY

Keep In Touch

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and He shall hear my voice." (Psalm 55, 17.)

WE must keep in touch with Jesus
Through the golden link of prayer:
Raise our hearts in supplication
Till His answer we can hear.

Like a diver 'neath the ocean
As he walks, with leaden feet,
In a world that's full of danger
Where he has no safe retreat.

But he has a cord beside him:
Should emergency arise,
He can call to one above him
Who immediately replies;

For that one above is waiting
For the signals from below;
He can realize the trials
That his mate may undergo.

So it is that Christ Our Saviour,
From His place by God on high,
When we pray, can hear and save us
From the dangers that are nigh.

*"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."
(Mark 14, 38.)*

FOURTH DAY

The Voice of Jesus

"If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him." (Revelation 3, 20.)

WHEN you're reading in the gospel
Of our Saviour's spoken word,
Do you realize the music
That the people must have heard.

Ah! those tones of sweet perfection
Never failed to speak of truth;
They brought comfort to the aged ones
And encouragement to youth.

That Voice, in void and darkness,
Ere this earth He formed by might,
Spoke in clear, decisive accents
When He said: "Let there be light."

'Twas the same Voice hush'd the waters
When they flung their stinging spray
All about the boat that held Him—
To His followers' dismay.

E'en the devils knew His accents
In the heart of Magdelene;
The dead obeyed His mighty Voice;
To the lepers: "Be thou clean!"

Those loving tones blessed children,
And accused proud men of sin,
'Tis His Voice, still clear as crystal,
Prompts the conscience from within.

This my joy: some day I'll hear it!
Kindest, most beloved Voice!
Gentle tones of God My Saviour;
I have made His way my choice!

When I hear It, I shall know It,
I shall listen and adore,
He will say: "Come My beloved,
Dwell with Me for ever more."

"The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live." (John 5, 25.)

The Challenge

*"When the enemy shall come in like a flood the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."
(Isaiah 59, 19.)*

THE enemy is lurking,
Is lurking everywhere;
His whispered word is luring
To sin, to death, despair;
The enemy is working!
Oh, Christ-won soul, beware!

Why are you idly dreaming
At ease, contented, still,
While he is fast amassing
Recruits from whence he will?
The enemy is scheming,
Have you no place to fill?

The enemy is striving,
Yes, striving forcefully!
To mad destruction driving
Souls meant for liberty;
The enemy is gaining
Oh, Christ-won soul—through thee!

The enemy is gloating
In hate, and boastfully!
Will you betray your Captain
Who gave His life for thee?
The enemy is gloating,
YOU fight but fitfully!

Come! Don Christ's armour shining,
His bright sword take with thee;
Join His brave troops now lining
In ranks for victory.
Saved soul, the bugle soundeth,
Arise! He fights with thee!

"If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" (1 Corinthians 14, 8.)

For You and Me

"Heaven is My throne, and earth My foot stool: What house will ye build Me? said the Lord: or what is the place of My rest? Hath not My hand made all these things?" (Acts 7, 49-50.)

GOLDEN light of day is shining,
Rise and praise the Lord for day,
Put aside all sad repining,
Let us thank Him while we may.
In the dawn of His creation
Oh, how gladly God plan'd then!
Worked His holy inclination
For the thankless sons of men.
All His works are full of beauty:
Fragrant flowers, oceans wide,
Stars above fulfil their duty;
Nought to man has been denied.
Every gift by God appointed
Man's ungrateful heart to win,
Only man has disappointed
And repaid these gifts—by sin.
Every work of man's construction,
Every effort he has made,
Seems to turn to his destruction,
Yet he spurns God's higher aid.
God alone can cure this failing,
Jesus' hands alone can guide;
Man's blind efforts unavailing—
Yet God's plans shall still abide.
None but Christ can cure all error;
When He comes as King to reign
He will purge the world of terror
And restore to peace again.
Light is fading, sun is setting,
Lord be with us through the night!
Put aside all sad regretting,
Praise the Lord Whose name is Light.

"And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day." (Genesis 1, 31.)

SEVENTH DAY

Kept by the Power of God

"Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of Thy wings." (Psalm 17, 8.)

THE watchfulness of Jesus!
Do you realize He kept
Your soul in His safe keeping
As so quietly you slept?

The restfulness of Jesus!
Do you feel this soothing pow'r
As you think upon His goodness
In the early morning hour?

And His quiet: "I am with you,"
Has it helped you thro' the day?
Was it that which kept you steady
As you went upon your way?

The peacefulness of Jesus
In the quiet eventide!
As you warmed yourself and rested
By your homely fireside!

Have you ever tried to thank Him
For His gracious tenderness?
For His hope and love and kindness
In your hours of distress?

He's a guard for every moment
And an answer to each prayer;
You can never be without Him,
When you need Him He is there.

*"Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time."
(1 Peter 1, 5.)*

EIGHTH DAY

Sunshine Reflections

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely . . . think on these things." (Philippians 4, 8.)

THE morning's full of sunlight fair,
The golden tints are in the grass,
And countless dewdrops, rainbow-hued,
Reflect its glories as we pass.

Some silken threads a spider wove,
The fragrant grasses all among,
From leaf to leaf, from blade to blade,
Are silver ropes with jewels hung.

The sun will soon reclaim those gems,
With jealous hand he'll draw them high,
And change them in a magic way
'Till pearly clouds adorn the sky.

So may our minds be lifted till
The beauty of the glowing day
Change noble thoughts to splendid deeds,
Shed sunshine all along the way!

So may the gladness of our hearts
Reflect God's peace and glory here,
With gentle hands weave kindly acts
From day to day, from year to year.

"By His knowledge the depths are broken up, and the clouds drop down dew." (Proverbs 3, 20.)

Our Testimony

"In that day the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve." (Isaiah 14, 3.)

THOUGH Thou unseen with us hast dwelt
Dear Lord, we own with shame,
The dread our sinful hearts have felt
To mention Thy dear name.

Oh, give us grace to testify
That Thou alone can save,
Give words that we may verify
Thy conquest of the grave.

Grant us a spirit free from fear;
A heart content to live
In consciousness that Thou art near,
And power to forgive.

Help us confess that Thou art Lord,
Then shall our hearts be free;
And peace and joy shall bless the word
Our lips shall speak for Thee.

"For whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels." (Luke 9, 26.)

To a Young Girl

"They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels." (Malachi 3, 17.)

IF God has clothed His lily fair
In robes of pearly hue,
Do not forget, dear child of God,
That He hath clothed you too;

A heart that feels for other's woes,
A gentle, courteous mien,
A hand to soothe, a smile to cheer,
A mind both pure and clean.

All these He gave with gracious love,
And should your form be fair:
Remember it is but the case
To hold these jewels rare.

"Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man." (Colossians 4, 6.)

ELEVENTH DAY

Poppy Seeds

*"He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man; . . .
the good seed are the children of the kingdom."
(Matthew 13, 37-38.)*

THESE little seeds, a miracle
From God's Almighty Hand,
A very gracious gift to us
Though small as grains of sand.

Look well at them; for each wee seed
A future one discerns;
The mystery of growing life,
The lesson which one learns.

Such little seeds! From whence will come
That perfect leaf of green,
Those gay and charming petals
With their coloured silken sheen?

The tiny germ of life within
Can with amazing speed
Become a plant and bear in time
Its own increase of seed.

So, too, it is with that Good Seed
Our God's eternal Word.
Received by warm and eager hearts
Its growth has never erred.

His likeness shall His children bear,
Re-made to God's own plan;
In grace increasing day by day
To His all perfect man.

He calls them His who hear His Word,
And He matures them still
When they have made His way their choice
And seek His perfect Will.

*"The Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will
He withhold from them that walk uprightly."
(Psalm 84, 11.)*

TWELFTH DAY

Polished Brass

"Cleanse thou me from secret faults." (Psalm 19, 12.)

I LOVE to see the brasses bright,
It gives a cheery glow
As if someone within the house
Just loves to have them so.

And when a sunbeam finds them out
They gleam and shine and burn,
As if gay laughter tickles them
And they joke in return!

A polished tap, or burnished knob,
Is like a gleaming light
That cheers some weary soul along
Who travels through the night.

Lord, polish up these hearts of ours,
Please make them bright and clean,
That in their clear responsive rays
Thy presence may be seen.

*"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see
your good works, and glorify your Father which is in
heaven." (Matthew 5, 16.)*

Jesus is the Friend of Sinners

*"I say unto thee, her sins which are many, are forgiven;
for she loved much." (Luke 7, 47.)*

JESUS is the Friend of sinners,
Jesus is a Friend to me:
He is close to me and whispers:
"I will ever be with thee."
Till I heard Him I was lifeless,
But He died to set me free,
He will take me into Glory
And His lovely face I'll see.

Jesus lifts the heavy-hearted:
Jesus has uplifted me;
He has made my spirit joyful,
Now I am from sadness free.
Till He came my lips were silent,
Now I live His praise to sing;
Soon I'll chant with Heaven's choir:
"Allelulia to Our King!"

Jesus is the Guide for trav'll'rs,
Jesus is the Guide for me;
He will take my hand and lead me
Where the paths of virtue be,
Without Him my feet had falter'd,
Now I need no lamp to see;
I may walk beside My Saviour
Where His pierced feet lead me.

Jesus' Home is for the homeless,
Jesus has a home for me;
Just a stranger and a pilgrim
In this world of misery.
Till He comes He'll be my shelter,
At the gate He waits for me;
In His House of many mansions
Jesus has a place for me!

*"Who is like thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield
of thy help, and the sword of thy excellency!"
(Deuteronomy 33, 29.)*

The Heavenly Gardener

*"Being born again, not of corruptible seed but of incorruptible,
by the word of God, which liveth and abideth
for ever." (1 Peter 1, 23.)*

HAVE you a garden in your heart?
Does Jesus garden there?
'Tis He alone can kill the weeds
And plant His flowers fair.

Those weeds of temper and deceit,
Of vanity and pride;
Of wilfulness and unkind thought,
That in our hearts abide.

At early morn He waits for us,
Outside our garden gate;
He knocks, and says: "May I come in?"
We must not let Him wait!

His grace alone can sow the seed
In each small garden plot;
From early morn until the eve
Our Gard'ner resteth not.

Through ev'ry hour, day by day,
His tools of love and grace
Are digging out the weeds to put
Sweet flowers in their place.

The buds of love and joy and peace,
Of kindness and good will,
He fosters with a tenderness
And trains with gentle skill.

Through noonday heat He still abides
To shelter from the sun,
Or freshen up, with welcome rain
The work He has begun.

At eventide, His work complete,
Though we unworthy be,
The beauty that His hand has wrought
Shall bloom eternally.

*"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not
of yourselves it is the gift of God." (Ephesians 2, 8.)*

A Poet's Prayer

"Because I will publish the name of the Lord: ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the Rock, His work is perfect." (Deuteronomy 32:3-4.)

LORD, give me winning words to tell
 The wonders of Thy might;
 The beauty of the morning rays,
 The mystery of the night;
 The freshness of the early dew,
 Of peace beneath Thy stars;
 Sweet music of renewing rain;
 The rainbow's shining bars.
 Rich perfume shed by op'ning buds
 On soft refreshing breeze;
 The wisdom of the tiny ant;
 Thy fruit, Thy streams, Thy trees!
 Keen eyes to see, ears tun'd to hear;
 A heart of radiant joy.
 Lord, guide my thoughts, give ample words
 That others may enjoy:
 Eyes blind to beauty opened be,
 And earth-dull'd ears may hear
 The beauty and the music which
 Surround us everywhere.

"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" (Psalm 8, 3-4.)

Life's Day

"Thou wilt show me the path of life: in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." (Psalm 16, 11.)

HE came to me with hope and grace
 When morning light was dim,
 I caught a glimpse of His dear face
 And gladly followed Him.

The words He spoke were life and truth,
 The morning sun rose high,
 I said, "Lord, take my strength and youth!"
 "I will," was His reply.

He came again in mid-day's hour,
 He knew my heart would stray,
 He drew me back with love and pow'r
 Into His narrow way.

I saw those hands so scarred for me,
 With tears my eyes grew dim,
 I listened to His loving plea,
 Dare I say "No" to Him?

The sun now sinks towards the West,
 But light shines bright within,
 This heart and mind find peace and rest
 My journey's end to win.

Though rough the path and steep the way,
 Though thorny, bare and grim,
 I kiss the feet so sorely scarred
 And still press on with Him.

"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." (Romans 14, 7 and 8.)

Take All

*"For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."
(1 Cor. 6, 20.)*

DEAR LORD, when I, in foolish pride,
Forget Thou madst, that Thou canst take
This frame, the dwelling of my soul,
Oh, keep me safe for Thy dear sake.

Take Thou mine eyes and make them clear
With thoughts of Thee, and bright with love,
Oh, make me blind to worldly things,
But quick to see beyond, above.

Oh, take my lips, I cannot guide
My erring speech without Thy aid,
Command my tongue, for Thou alone
Can keep it true, I am afraid.

Lord, take my ears and make them deaf
To all the tempter's whispered guile;
And train them well to hear Thy Voice
Which comforts me through ev'ry trial.

Please take my face and make it shine
With loving kindness, take my feet,
My trembling hands, my voice, take all!
Soul, mind and body, all complete.

Write Thou Thy name upon my brow
That all may read that I am Thine.
Let me remember, dearest Lord:
All Thou hast lent can ne'er be mine.

"What? Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" (1 Corinthians 6, 19.)

What Makes Beauty?

*"As for me I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."
(Psalm 17, 15.)*

THE actions of some people seem to say:
"God should have framed my face another way.
My eyebrows, which are straight, should arch just so;
My lashes in an upward curve should grow;
My hair, alas, should more fantastic be!
I think majenta lips are best for me.
Please change my nose, it points up to the skies!
Dear me! How I should like to change my eyes!
My finger nails are dull this shade of pink,
I'll paint them red, or chocolate, I think."

One wonders what God thinks about it all!
His grace He can bestow on great or small.
His love, hard eyes can soften and endear;
With calm, He crowns the brows He frees from fear;
A sweet contentment on true lips He lays;
And sweetens voices to exhalt and praise
His Name; His peace can smooth all wrinkles out;
(No beauty parlours bring such change about!)
This promise, too, He gave in ages dim,
'Tis: When we see Him, we shall be like Him!

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him." (1 John 3, 2.)

God Called Me

"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." (2 Timothy 1, 9.)

GOD called me!
And the medium of His choice
Was through my own beloved Mother's voice
Reading His Word,
Reciting hymns to me;
God called me as I leant against her knee.

God called me!
Ere my girlhood passed away,
I heard His voice, and after some delay
Said: "Lord, I come,"
Yet lingered many a day;
I answered Him but only went half-way.

God called me!
In young womanhood this time;
His voice was sweet,
The prospect seemed sublime;
Yet every day
Found loss instead of gain;
The way was long with wariness and pain.

God called me!
And He said: "Come, work with Me."
I heard His voice,
Nor strove against His plea:
"As I have comforted
And succoured thee,
Do this for others, 'tis thy work for Me."

God calls me,
And He does not call in vain.
He calls me!
Now I understand the pain!
Experience brings
Comfort to bestow;
If one can say: "I understand! I know!"

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." (Isaiah 66, 13.)

Violets

"Every word of God is pure: He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him." (Proverbs 30, 5.)

I'VE violets in my garden
And they are my chief delight,
How I love their fragrant blossoms;
They are purple and pure white.

No, they are not common flowers,
But were made to please a King;
See! They wear His royal colour
And His messages they bring.

Yes, they tell of love and kindness,
Though so silent, still they speak
Of One Who made their beauty,
Who was gentle, kind and meek.

There they stand in royal purple,
'Mid their leaves so deeply green;
And the pure, white petals tell us
He can make us pure and clean;

'Tis of purity they whisper,
For the Lord would have us pure,
With a character of sweetness
In a life that's safe and sure.

Each soul filled with dewy freshness,
Like His violets at dawn,
Shedding forth a life of fragrance
Until night, from early morn.

"Let no man despise thy youth; but be an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." (1 Timothy, 4, 12.)

The Old Man Speaks

"The Lord will give strength unto His people; the Lord will bless His people with peace." (Psalm 29, 11.)

SAY, what has come to this old world
In which we live to-day?
Has no one here a kindly word
To help us on our way?

The crowds who pass are rough and rude,
They push and force their way;
Tell me where are the gentle folk
Who lived here yesterday?

We are at war! Ah, yes one knows;
But has the soul no place?
Has that commandment of Our Lord
No say with this new race?

"Do unto others as you would
That they should do to thee,"
Where is the gracious part of Life?
Departed, can that be?

From whence has come this influence,
Contention, roughness, strife?
Just live to-day! Get all you can!
There is no other life!

No other life! That is not true!
Read thou His Book and see:
"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life";
That message is for me!

"My Spirit shall not always strive
With man upon this earth."
Has that time come to us to-day?
Are we no longer worth.

The love and striving of Our God?
Nay! God forbid that He
Should cease to strive for us poor men;
Who else could set us free?

*"Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart,
all ye that hope in the Lord." (Psalm 31, 24.)*

Look Up!

*"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the
earth: for I am God, and there is none else."
(Isaiah 45, 22.)*

EVER seek the silver lining,
Clouds must come, but why repining?
Life is mingled joy and pain,
Without clouds it could not rain:
Without rain, no fruit, no flowers;
Without pain, no strengthening powers.
Clouds and mist must disappear—
But the sun is always there!

An Appeal

BE kind, it is the little deeds that stay
Long in the hearts of those we meet to-day.
When we are gone, our kindly deeds shall burn
Like tiny lamps in some sad heart and turn
A glowing light on each recess and fill
The darkest part with soothing warmth, until,
As kindly tones and actions come to mind,
That glad heart whispers softly: "You were kind!"

*"And ye shall be the children of the Highest: for He is
kind unto the unthankful and to the evil." (Luke 6, 35.)*

On Easter Morning

"Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid." (John 19, 41.)

AROUND the tomb where Jesus lay
A lovely garden grew,
Fair flowers bloomed on ev'ry side,
Of ev'ry shape and hue.

By eager, waiting, angel hands
The stone was rolled away;
The dew-cup'ed lilies wept for joy
To greet their Lord that day.

The grass, beneath His pierced feet,
His footprints light caressed;
The birds with peals of melody
His sacred ears impressed.

The good earth trembled with delight:
The rustling trees were bowed;
The wind sang rhapsodies of love;
The streamlet praised aloud.

The morning star shone dazzlingly
To send the news afar:
And round the world, in ecstasy,
It flashed from star to star!

All nature chanted joyfully,
"Our dear Creator lives!
Rejoice, for all may live in Him,
Who loves and Who forgives."

*"And behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it."
(Matthew 28, 2.)*

Saved to the Uttermost

"Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Hebrews 7, 25.)

SAVED to the uttermost, Lord can it be
That Thou hast granted this blessing to me?
Sins that have wearied me, fear, dread and doubt,
All of these things hast Thou now blotted out?

Saved to the uttermost, praised be Thy name,
Now I believe and Thy promise I claim!
Fear has now left me, no longer I doubt,
"Whosoe'er cometh" Thou wilt not cast out.

Saved to the uttermost, Thou art my will,
Speak to Thy servant that she may fulfil
All Thy desire, whatever it be;
Make plain the road to be travelled with Thee.

Saved to the uttermost! Now I can rest
Close to Thy pierced side, Thou knowest best;
Held by Thy wounded hands, here would I stay,
Close to Thy feet, Lord, for Thou art the Way.

*"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."
(1 Timothy 1, 15.)*

The Stone Is Rolled Away

"And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away." (Mark 16, 4.)

GETHSEMANE'S dark hour is past;
 The cross the agony;
 The sun's warm rays are lighting fast
 A new, more perfect day,
 And love and peace are known at last:
 The stone is rolled away.

Thus we, who strive in this dark hour,
 Let nought our hearts dismay;
 The Son of God in risen Pow'r
 Stands at our side to-day,
 His grace and love on us to show'r:
 The stone is rolled away.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." (Colossians 3, 1-2.)

True Gain

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding." (Proverbs 3, 13.)

MEN seek for Thee and know not Whom they seek,
 In eager haste for gain they pass Thee by
 With greedy hands outstretched to grasp and hold;
 They know Thee not, though Thou art ever nigh.

Fair Youth, with restless heart and conscious strength,
 Looks far ahead with clear, unheeding eyes,
 "To-morrow, will to-morrow ever come?"
 Asks Youth in eagerness for fresh surprise.

Old Age looks back, and glories in the past,
 Or thinks, with vain regret: "It might have been!"
 With eyes grown dim he tries to pierce the veil,
 Which hangs between Thee, and himself, unseen.

One man desires gold, another fame,
 And each attains his heart's desire at length;
 The first to find he somehow missed his aim,
 The last bewails lost youth and wasted strength.

But he who seeks the glory of Thy face,
 And finds one ray of beauty from above,
 Could gold or fame e'er tempt him from the thought
 And consciousness of Thy unchanging love?

Ah! Those who would succeed need nought but Thee:
 "Who seek me early," Thou hast said, "will find.
 All things are Mine, come, share them all with Me;
 Life, joy, love, freedom and sweet peace of mind."

"For what is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, or be cast away?" (Luke 9, 25.)

His Wonderous Works

*"Sing unto Him, sing psalms unto Him, talk ye of all His
wond'rous works." (1 Chronicles 16, 9.)*

GOD manifests His patience:
E'en the ant obeys His will!
And the bee that carries honey
Drop by drop, his cells to fill!

God manifests His mercy
And His faithfulness I see
In every dog companion
That watches faithfully.

God manifests His Kingdom
By a method all His own:
Reflected in each dewdrop
Is the rainbow round His throne.

God manifests His power
And He graciously displays
His harmony of purpose
In ten thousand thousand ways.

God manifests His glory
In a beauty all-divine:
He paints it in the sunrise,
In a million stars that shine.

His works are but reflections
Of the workings of His Mind;
His love and His provision
For the children of mankind.

*"Then they said unto Him, What shall we do that we
might work the works of God? Jesus answered and said
unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on
Him Whom He hath sent." (John 6, 28-29.)*

The Eyes of Jesus

*"Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His
sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes
of Him with Whom we have to do." (Hebrews 4, 13.)*

OH, the wond'rous eyes of Jesus,
Beaming with compassion sweet,
As they gaze upon the people
Thronging in the narrow street.
Oh, the tender eyes of Jesus
When they gaze upon a child,
Whom a mother brings for blessing
To His presence calm and mild.
Then His eyes of righteous anger!
Burning, flashing, scorching eyes!
As He overturned the tables,
Driving forth His enemies.
See the tear-wet eyes of Jesus,
Sad beyond the eyes of man
While He murmurs: "And ye would not!"
Gazing on Jerusalem.
Note the searching eyes of Jesus:
Searching thee for sin, for shame,
Ever seeking for His lost ones,
To redeem, restore, reclaim.
Oh, the anguished eyes of Jesus,
In that garden dim and still,
Where He pleaded with His Father:
"Not Mine, Father, but Thy will."
See the joyous eyes of Jesus!
When the sinner seeks His Lord!
Harkens to His voice of mercy,
And receives His sacred Word.
Dare you meet the eyes of Jesus
As you must at Judgment Day?
Will He say: "Come, My beloved,"
Or: "I know you not—away?"
Eyes of Jesus which behold me,
Just a sinner saved by grace,
Keep my eyes of faith upon Thee
Till I shall behold Thy Face.

*"The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the
whole earth to show Himself strong in the behalf of them
whose heart is perfect toward him." (2 Chronicles 16, 9.)*

Some Questions

"And what will ye do in the day of visitation, and in the desolation which shall come from far? To whom will ye flee for help? And where will ye leave your glory?"

(Isaiah 10, 3.)

DOES God's beauty shine within you
Making all your darkness bright?
Have you dropped your sinful burden,
Are you walking in the light?

Have you learned to trust the Saviour?
Does He hold you by the hand?
Are your feet set on the highway
To that sweet and better land?

Can you answer all these questions
With a sure and smiling "Yes?"
If you cannot, look to Jesus
And your helplessness confess.

"I am the Vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing." (John 15, 5.)

Lift, Don't Drag Your Feet

"For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." (Isaiah 41, 13.)

SHE ran beside her father's side,
He firmly held her hand,
A little girl whose baby feet
Pattered lightly down the street,
Her joy and trust in him complete,
As one may understand.

His stride was long, and, though so small,
Her willing feet aspired
To keep the pace her father set,
Until he notices with regret,
Unheeded, how could he forget!
Her little feet had tired.

"Baby, lift, don't drag your feet,"
He paused, "See, lift them so."
One little foot was lifted high,
A tear stood in the soft, blue eye,
The child responded with a sigh:
"I'm tired, must we go?"

My heav'nly Father walks with me,
He holds me at His side,
Sometimes I walk in rapture sweet,
With trust and confidence complete,
At times, alas! I drag my feet,
And miss My Father's stride.

Yet, patiently He waits for me,
Or finds a safe retreat
Where we may stay and rest awhile
Before we go another mile;
Or simply whispers with a smile:
"Child, lift, don't drag your feet."

"My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand," (John 10, 29.)

The Best Is Yet To Be

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off." (Isaiah 33, 17.)

LIFT up your heart, lift up your eyes!
If Christ has made you free:
In all the way that lies ahead,
The best is yet to be!

His promises are ever sure,
His love in them we see;
His mercy is infallible,
The best is yet to be.

When changes come, as come they must,
Be sure 'tis His decree;
He is the same and changes not:
The best is yet to be.

Though dark the way, the future dim,
Loss, war and misery:
A glorious day shall dawn at last,
The best is yet to be.

Lift up your heart, lift up your eyes!
He reigns eternally;
King over all, He still abides,
The best that is—for thee.

"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." (Matthew 13, 43.)

