

HEART TO HEART

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649410248

Heart to heart by Kate Hankey

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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KATE HANKEY

HEART TO HEART

Let the words of my mouth,
and
the meditation of my heart,
be acceptable
in Thy sight,
O Lord,
my Strength, and my Redeemer!

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HIDDEN GLORIES	7
WEARY, YET WAITING	10
ELISHA	14
*ADVENT SUNDAY	16
WE, AND THEY	18
"THOU ART NEAR, O LORD!"	19
I SHALL BE HOLY	21
"BE THOU THEIR ARM EVERY MORNING"	22
NOT ALONE	23
"GOD IS SO GOOD!"	25
JOURNETING	27
FRESH SPRINGS	29
"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING"	34
THE BRIDE'S SEARCH	37
THE GOLDEN SCEPTRE	41
THE THING THAT I LONG FOR	43
WHITE AS SNOW	45
I AM A LITTLE CHILD	48
HE KNOWETH OUR FRAME	50

	PAGE
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY	52
THE SECRET SPRING	54
APART.	57
THE SICK MAN'S PRAYER	61
JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN	63
THE GUIDING PILLAR	67
"DRAW ME"	69
THE EVE OF DEPARTURE	71
"LOVEST THOU ME?"	74
SOLITUDE	76
"COME UNTO ME"	77
THE PRAYER OF THE DESTITUTE	79
A WAY TO ESCAPE	81
THE MAN OF MACEDONIA	86
*CARE AND PRAYER	88
*THE SCARLET POPPY	89
*THE PULSE OF LIFE	92
**"HE SHALL GO NO MORE OUT"	94
*IN DANGER	95
*THE DESIRED HAVEN	97
**"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?"	98
*AFTER HOLY COMMUNION	100

[Arranged according to date of writing,—1859-1876.]

Those marked * are newly added in this Edition.
November 1876.

H Y M N S.



Hidden Glories.

PART I.

THOUGHTS ON EXODUS XXV.

WITHIN the Tabernacle door,
My soul, what dost thou see ?
'Tis JESUS, JESUS, everywhere,
That shows Himself to me.

The "Holy Place" is full of Light,
A Light that goes out never !
'Tis JESUS, who has changed my night
To day that lasts for ever.

The "Holy Place" has holy Food,
Each Sabbath newly spread :
'Tis JESUS that I here behold,
The true and living Bread.

And now I press beyond the Veil,
And venture still more near.
Within the "Holiest of all,"
What glories now appear !

Upon the Ark, a Mercy-Seat ;
A perfect Law, within :
'Tis JESUS, "full of Grace and Truth,"
Atoning for my sin.

The given Law was broken, once,
But now, in Christ, is whole :
And Mercy reigns once more supreme
O'er my enraptured soul.

O JESUS ! Thou art all in all !
I care for none like Thee !
All else be hidden from my sight,
But show THYSELF to me !

I cannot leave this Holy Place !
O suffer me to stay !
I long to see Thy beauty, Lord,
All day and every day !

PART II.

THOUGHTS ON EXODUS XXVI.

BUT all the glories of this place
Are veiled from common eyes ;
The " badgers' skin " alone appears,
Which o'er those glories lies.

Three other curtains, underneath,
Their darkening powers unite,
To keep the Secret of the LORD,
And veil the holy Light.

And truly, all that is in CHRIST,
I never should have known,
Had He not led me in Himself,
And all His beauty shewn.

Dear Saviour ! People wrong Thee so !
Reject Thee, and despise !
Thy glory, and Thy beauty too,
Seem hidden from their eyes.

Give me a message to them, Lord !
Transparent let me be,
That I may give a true report
Of what I find in Thee !

Wearry, yet Waiting.

"If we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." (Rom. viii. 25.)

I AM weary, yet I would not
Flee away and be at rest :
JESUS loves me, and He could not
Fail to give me what is best.

I am weary, night and morning,
Of the world's incessant strife,
But I know the day is dawning
Of a bright eternal Life.

I can wait a little longer,
For His Will is very dear :
And in waiting I grow stronger,
For I feel the Day is near.

Not a moment will He keep me
When the Harvest-time is come ;
Angel-messengers shall reap me,
And shall take the Harvest home.