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“Christian Imperialism.”<sup>1</sup>

IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS.

“I will run the way of Thy commandments when Thou hast set my heart at liberty.”  
—PSALM CXIX. 32.

I  
THE Lord triumphant reigns!  
Glad voice from yonder shore!  
The Mighty God, who all sustains,  
Now all adore!  
His will resistless founds  
The noblest Liberty;  
And lo! to all creation's bounds  
The bond are free.

2  
Thrones and dominions fall  
Before the Eternal's seat;  
Rule ends, for Thou, Lord, rulest all;  
Thy piercèd feet  
Kiss'd by the kings that go  
With songs in Thy blest ways,  
Have humbled each rebellious foe,  
To God's great praise!

3  
I hear death's dying wail!  
Sorrow and sighing cease;  
Hush'd by the kingdom's freshening  
gale  
Of Life and Peace:  
On sin has fallen defeat  
From God's all holy hand;  
And righteousness and mercy meet  
Through all His land.

4  
Wake song of birds, and sing  
Unsilenced evermore!  
No danger lurks for living thing  
On hill or shore:

Unfading, undefiled,  
The Kingdom blest has come;  
Ancient of days and little child  
Are safe at home.

5  
Now calm, aloof from change,  
Now stirr'd by eager life,  
Free but controlled all creatures  
range;  
No jarring strife!  
The distant stellar rays,  
The full-disk'd planets' beam,  
In free harmonious, choral maze,  
For ever gleam.

6  
Ah! vision of the King,  
Ah! Freedom's glorious reign,  
Art thou a day-dream vanishing  
In night again?  
See Christendom in arms!  
Mark Islam's faithless scorn!  
By doubts' and heresies' alarms,  
The Church is torn.

7  
Faint not, sad Church, but know  
Through all thy earth and skies,  
The throne and kingdom here below  
Shall surely rise:  
Yield all thine offerings,  
Free, but compell'd by love,  
Silver and gold, and nobler things  
To God above.

<sup>1</sup> This Missionary Poem was written sixteen years ago, when the menace of “Christendom in arms,” and of Islam, and of home strife in Church and State, formed an aliens' menace; a kind of forecast of the present cataclysm of almost universal war. The Hymn has been sung in the Albert Hall, and Queen's Hall, and at district and village meetings occasionally. But it has never been printed in Missionary Hymn Collections, or on hymn sheets, and it is probably unknown to most of our readers. It is therefore reprinted here, with the hope that it may be helpful, in part or in whole, in these days when from the thick of the conflict with the powers of darkness, material and spiritual, the Church, ever praying “Thy Kingdom come,” looks back to the ancient and sure prophecies and promises of the Kingdom, and onwards to the fast approaching fulfilment, and desires in the power of the Holy Ghost to do her part in hastening through all nations the splendour of the great hope of the coming of the Lord.

8

Smite with the iron rod,  
 The hammer of the word,  
 The mighty instrument of God—  
 The Spirit's sword :  
 Smite with the wound that heals  
 Man's proud and sinful race,  
 For lo! the Holy Ghost reveals  
 Redeeming grace.

9

Comes now the conflict's end,  
 The powers of darkness fall!  
 Now Life and Death no more con-  
 tend ;  
 Life lights us all :  
 " We do now what we would "  
 The Law of Liberty,  
 The glad necessity of good,  
 Binds fast the free.

10

Awhile! and then with joy  
 The Son, by love constrained  
 Yields for His Father's high employ,  
 The kingdom gained ;  
 And every bended knee,  
 And tongue confessing praise ;  
 Up to the Father's throne will He  
 In freedom raise.

11

Then flashes forth again  
 As of the central sun,  
 The glory of the Lamb once slain ;  
 Then Three in One :—  
 One rule, the heavenly host,  
 One, the new earth shall own ;  
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
 Fill the High Throne.

A. E. MOULE.

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## A Late Spring.

HOW long for softer winds we vainly sighed,  
 And wonder'd when rough winter's tedious reign  
 Would end, and eager life spring forth again  
 From earth unfetter'd. So our Easter-tide  
 Broke on a sleeping world, and April died  
 In winter-garb ;—when lo! there burst amain  
 The flush of quick'ning warmth o'er hill and plain,  
 And deck'd our waiting mother like a bride.  
 So have we yearn'd o'er souls that slumber late,  
 Heedless of Time's unhalting, hurrying tread :  
 While faith, far-seeing, boldly bade us wait  
 Till the warm breath of God should gently move  
 Upon the wintry waste,—till Voice of love,  
 Stronger than death, should wake and raise the dead.

G. S. S.

