

## Matthew - Commentaries by Frances A. Bevan

Hymns of Ter Steegen and Others, Outcast, The

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Matt. 8:20.

FOR Him the wilderness did not sing,  
Nor the desolate place rejoice—Nor as the rose did the desert bloom,  
Nor the wastes lift up their voice.  
The glory of Lebanon was not there,  
Nor the shittah nor myrtle sweet; Nor was the place of His sojourning fair,  
Nor glorious the place of His feet.  
Through the great and terrible waste He trod,  
Where water springs were none—In the weary desert alone with God,  
And His heritage God alone.  
No way in the desert prepared for Him,  
Nor the mountains and hills made low—Nor the crooked straight, nor the rough ways plain,  
Where His pilgrim feet must go.  
O Father, Thy care is not to make  
The desert a waste no more, But to keep our feet lest we lose the track  
Where His feet went before.  
Thou carest not that the rose should bloom,  
Nor the myrtle where we must tread; Nor to make the fir and the cedar tree  
A shadow above our head.  
But Thou carest that through the golden street  
We walk in the light above, That we sit in His shadow with great delight,  
And feed on the fruit of His love.  
Thou carest that in the pastures green,  
Where the life eternal flows, In the midst of the paradise of our God,  
We should find our deep repose.  
Thou carest not to give desert songs,  
Where through the wilds we roam, But a golden Psalm halt  
Thou put in our mouths  
To sing in our Father's Home.  
Whilst yet we walk through the weary land,  
Where we bear the outcast name,  
Where the foxes have holes, and the birds have nests,  
And our Lord the cross of shame,  
Apart from all in the joy we dwell  
Which the eye hath never seen—'Tis a dry and a thirsty land below,  
But there the fields are green.  
Where He is no more the outcast Man,  
But the Lamb whom all adore,  
There is now the place of our joy and song,  
And shall be for evermore. F. M.

Hymns of Ter Steegen and Others, School, The

Matt. 18:3.

WHERE is the school for each and all,  
Where men become as children small,  
And little ones are great? Where love is all the task and rule,  
The fee our all, and all at school,  
Small, poor, of low estate? Where to unlearn all things I learn,  
From self and from all others turn,  
One Master hear and see? I learn and do one thing alone,  
And wholly give myself to One  
Who gives Himself to me.  
My task, possessing naught, to give;  
No life to have, yet ever live—  
And ever losing, gain; To follow, knowing not the way;  
If He shall call, to answer, "Yea—  
All hail all shame and pain!"  
Where silent in His Holy Place  
I look enraptured on His Face  
In glory undefiled; And know the heaven of His kiss,  
The doing naught, the simple bliss  
Of being but a child.  
Where find the school, to men unknown,  
Where time and place are past and gone,  
The hour is ever NOW? O soul! thou  
needest ask no more; God tells thee of His open door:  
Still, hearken thou! G. T. S.

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