

diction." Hardly less appealing is the account of the Cambridge training. One of its most important incidents was the undertaking with the late Samuel Johnson (Mr. Longfellow's close friend for forty years) to prepare a new hymnal for the Unitarian Church. Not only did they print fresh, if not wholly new, spiritual songs from Theodore Parker, Henry Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Trench, Clarke, Furness, and others, but they really introduced Whittier to the world as a hymnist. The publication also included Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," which they had found as an anonymous poem in a newspaper; and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," appeared for the first time in an American hymnal.

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1849, 74, 123, 145,

St. L. ...
521 ...

O. C. Coleseathy.



A BOOK

OF

H Y M N S

FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.

Samuel Longfellow & Samuel Johnson

CAMBRIDGE:
METCALF AND COMPANY,

PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

1846.

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PREFACE.



THE Sentences and Selections from the Scriptures prefixed to the following collection of Hymns are intended for the introduction of public worship. The Selections are arranged to be read alternately by the minister and the people ; or they can be sung by the choir.

Among the Hymns will be found many which are not of the commonly recognized metres. Some of these are already set to music of their own. Others can readily be adapted by the choir-leader to the simple chants which are now generally found in our collections of sacred music.

An asterisk prefixed to the author's name indicates that some change has been made in the hymn by the present compilers.

CAMBRIDGE, July 1, 1846.

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INTRODUCTORY SENTENCES AND SELECTIONS.

I. INTRODUCTORY SENTENCES.

THE Lord is in his holy temple ; let all that is of earth keep silence before him.

Surely this is no other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.

Commune with your own hearts and be still ; wait upon the Lord ; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your souls.

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the Lord.

Bring no vain oblations, but present yourselves a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto the Lord.

Wash you ; make you clean ; cease to do evil, learn to do good.

Seek justice ; relieve the oppressed ; aid the fatherless ; plead for the widow ; seek peace.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself.

Therefore if thou bringest thy gift unto the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

For if thou lovest not thy brother whom thou hast seen, how canst thou love God whom thou hast not seen ?

Love is the fulfilling of the law.

COME unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest :

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts :

Let him return unto the Lord, and he will have compassion upon him ; and to our God, who will abundantly pardon.

Ask and it shall be given you ; seek and ye shall find ; knock and it shall be opened unto you :

For if ye give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give his holy spirit unto them who ask of him !

And whatsoever things ye shall ask in prayer, having faith, ye shall receive :

For your Heavenly Father knoweth what ye have need of, before ye ask him.

And the Spirit saith, Come ! and let him that heareth say, Come !

Let him that is athirst come ; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.

And whosoever shall drink of the water which Christ shall give him shall never thirst more :

For it shall be unto him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life.

II. WORSHIP.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in his holy place ?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart ; for the pure in heart shall see God.

I will wash mine hands in innocency ; so will I come unto thine altar, O God !

When thou saidst, " Seek ye my face," my heart made answer, " Thy face, O Lord, will I seek."

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord :

For thou, O God, art full of compassion and love ; long-suffering and plenteous in mercy.

All the nations which thou hast made shall worship before thee, O Lord :

All the earth shall worship thee, and sing unto thy name.

God is a spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth :

It is the spirit that quickeneth ; the form profiteth nothing.

The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth :

For the Father seeketh such to worship him.

III. WORSHIP.

O COME, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation :

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God ; and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are all the corners of the earth ; and the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it ; and his hands prepared the dry land.

O, come, let us worship, and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For he is the Lord our God ; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

O, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness ; let the whole earth stand in reverence before him.

For he cometh, for he cometh to give justice to the earth ; and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth.

IV. PRAISE.

PRAISE ye the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God :

Yea, it is a joyful and a pleasant thing to give thanks unto our God.

For he made the heaven and the earth, the sea and all that is therein ; he keepeth truth for ever :

He giveth to all their food ; he heareth the young ravens when they cry.

He helpeth them to right which have suffered wrong ; he feedeth the hungry :

He maketh peace in our borders ; he satisfieth us with the finest of wheat.

He healeth them that are of a broken heart ; he bindeth up their wounds :

He lifteth up the lowly ; he raiseth them that are fallen.

He careth for the stranger ; he defendeth the fatherless and the widow :

He freeth them who are enslaved ; he openeth the eyes of the blind.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving ; sing praises unto our God :

From the rising of the sun even unto the going down thereof, let the name of the Lord be praised.

Glory be to God on high :

And on earth peace, good-will to men.

V. PRAISE.

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion, and unto thee shall the vow be performed :

The Lord is great and greatly to be praised ; in the city of our God, in all his holy mountain.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; yea, let all the people praise thee !

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, who crowneth us with mercy and loving-kindness.

O, make a joyful music unto the Lord, all ye people ; come before his presence with singing :

Let us enter his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name :

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits !

Who forgiveth all our sins, and healeth all our infirmities :

Who saveth our lives from destruction, and crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

O, praise the Lord, ye his angels, ye that fulfil his commands, that obey his voice !

O, praise the Lord, all ye his people, ye servants of his that do his pleasure !

Glory to God in the highest ; glory to God in the highest :

And on earth peace, good-will to men.

VI. THANKSGIVING.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord :
And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High !

All the earth shall worship thee, and sing unto thy name :

For thou art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of the seas afar off.

Thou, by thy might, settest fast the mountains, being girded with power :

Thou stillest the roar of the seas, the roar of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

The eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season :

Thou openest thy hand and satisfiest the desires of every living thing.

Thou makest the regions of the morning and of the evening to rejoice :

Thou visitest the earth and waterest it ; thou greatly enrichest it ; the river of God is full of water.

Thou makest it soft with showers ; thou blessest the springing thereof :

Thou crownest the year with goodness ; and in thy footsteps droppeth fruitfulness.

The pastures are covered with flocks ; the valleys are garmented with corn :

They shout for joy ; they do also sing.

Let the people praise thee, O God ! let all the people praise thee :

For the earth hath yielded her increase, and God, our God, hath blessed us.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving ; sing praises unto our God :

It is he who preserveth our lives ; who guardeth our feet that they may not falter.

He hath strengthened thy gates, O Jerusalem ! he hath blessed thy children within thee :

He maketh peace in thy borders ; he filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

Praise ye the Lord, O ye people ! princes and all judges of the earth ; both young men and maidens, old men and children :

Let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent.

VII. YEARNING.

As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so yearneth my soul for thee, O God :

My soul thirsteth for thee, the living God ; my heart longeth for thee in a dry land where is no water.

Why art thou cast down, my soul ; and why art thou disquieted within me ?

Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, — him, my deliverer and my God.

Father, send forth thy light and thy truth, let them guide me :

Let them lead me to thy holy mountain and to thy dwelling-place.

Then will I go to the altar of my God ; to the God of my joy and my exultation :

For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with good.



VIII. THE ALL-PRESENT GOD.

O LORD, thou hast searched me and known me ; thou knowest my thoughts from afar :

Thou seest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

Thou besettest me behind and before, and layest thy hand upon me :

Whither shall I go from thy spirit, and whither shall I flee from thy presence ?

Should I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea :

Even there thy hand shall lead me and thy right hand uphold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall hide me,
even the night shall be light about me :

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but
the night shineth as the day.

The darkness and the light are both alike to
thee, O God !

And whether I wake or sleep, I am still with
thee.

IX. TRUST.

THEY who trust in the Lord shall be as Mount
Zion, which cannot be moved :

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,
so the Lord is round about his people, now and
for ever.

God is our refuge and defence, an ever present
help in trouble :

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth
be removed and the mountains be carried into the
midst of the sea.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want ;
he maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he
leadeth me beside the still waters :

He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow as of death, I will fear no evil :

For Thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff
they comfort me.

They who sow in tears shall reap in joy :

He who goeth forth with his seed weeping, shall return rejoicing with his sheaves.

Into thy hands I commit my spirit :

In thee have I put my trust, therefore I will not fear.

X. PEACE.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty :

For He giveth his beloved sleep.

He hath given his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways ; if he sendeth quiet, who can make trouble ?

For He giveth his beloved sleep.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day ; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth by noonday :

For He giveth his beloved sleep.

Return unto thy rest, my soul ; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee ; wait on the Lord :

For He giveth his beloved sleep.

Great peace have they who love thee, O God ; the end of holiness is quietness and assurance for ever :

For He giveth his beloved sleep.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright ;
for the end of that man is peace :
For He giveth his beloved sleep.

XI. LOVE.

BELoved, let us love one another ; for Love
is of God, and every one that loveth is born of
God and knoweth God :

He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God
is Love.

In this was manifested the love of God to us,
that he sent his Son into the world that we might
have life in him :

If God so loved us, we ought also to love one
another.

My brethren, let us not love in word, but in
deed and truth :

For Love is the fulfilling of the law.

A new commandment I give unto you, that
ye love one another, said Jesus :

And this commandment have we from him,
that he who loveth God love his brother also.

Love your enemies ; do good to them who
hate you ; bless them who curse you ; pray for
them who despitefully use you, that ye may be the
children of your Father in heaven :

For God is Love, and he that dwelleth in love
dwelleth in God, and God in him.

XII. THE BEATITUDES.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit, for the kingdom of God is theirs.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for the kingdom of heaven is theirs.

Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep his precepts, and that seek him with their whole heart.

XIII. THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

AWAKE ! awake ! put on thy garments of beauty ; put on thy strength, O Zion ! prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the wilderness an highway for our God :

Every valley shall be lifted up, and every mountain shall be made low ; and the crooked ways shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.

For the whole creation groaneth and travaileth until now :

Waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who cometh in the name of the Lord ; who bringeth good tidings, who publisheth peace :

Who saith to the prisoner, Go forth ! and to them which are in darkness, Come to the light !

The spirit of the Lord is upon him who cometh to preach good tidings to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted :

To preach deliverance to the enslaved, and recovering of sight to the blind ; to proclaim a time pleasing unto the Lord.

Behold, I make all things new, saith the Lord :

And the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and he shall dwell with them ; and he shall wipe all tears from their eyes ; for the former things are passed away.

XIV. THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

WATCHMAN, what of the night ? Watchman,
what of the night ?

The watchmen shall lift up their voice, to-
gether shall they sing, The morning cometh.

For the dayspring from on high hath visited us :
To give life to them that sit in darkness ; to
guide our feet into the ways of peace.

Mercy and truth have met together :
Righteousness and peace have kissed each
other.

For, behold, I create a new heaven and a new
earth, saith the Lord :

I make the earth full of joy, and her people
full of gladness.

The voice of weeping and the cry of distress
shall no more be heard therein :

They shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth
children for early death.

The wolf and the lamb shall feed together,
and the leopard shall lie down with the kid :

Together shall their young lie down ; and a
little child shall lead them.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy
mountain :

For the earth shall be full of the knowledge
of the Lord, as the waters cover the depths of
the sea.

Nation shall not lift up the sword against nation ; neither shall they learn war any more :

But men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.

And they shall sit, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree :

With none to molest or make them afraid.

Then shall glory be unto God in the highest :
And on earth peace, good-will to men.

H Y M N S.

I. HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

1.

S. M.

* E. TAYLOR.

INVITATION.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,
O ye afflicted, come !
The God of peace shall meet you there,
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love ;
Soon shall ye lift a holier song
In your blest home above.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all ;
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call ;
- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

2.

P. M.

H. WARE.

CALL TO PRAYER.

- 1 To prayer, to prayer ! — for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes ;
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love :
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.
- 2 To prayer ! — for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its solemn rest ;
It speaks of creation's early bloom, —
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb :
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.
- 3 Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength,
To join Christ's holy band at length ;
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise ;
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given,
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

OPENING HYMNS.

3.

S. M.

* WATTS.

CHEERFUL WORSHIP.

- 1 COME, ye who love the Lord !
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround his throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place !
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The sons of God have found
That heaven begins below :
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease,
And every tear be dry ;
We 're travelling through the paths of peace
To fairer worlds on high.

4.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

- 1 BE still ! be still ! for all around,
On either hand, is holy ground :
Here in his house, the Lord to-day
Will listen, while his people pray.
- 2 Thou, tost upon the waves of care,
Ready to sink with deep despair,
Here ask relief, with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is here.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 3 Thou who hast laid within the grave
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
Believe their spirits now are near,
For angels wait while God is here.
- 4 Thou who hast dear ones far away,
On swelling seas, 'mid blinding spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.
- 5 Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near ;
The contrite spirit meets him here.

5.

7s. M.

*

SEEKING GOD.

- 1 THIRSTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.
- 2 Glorious hopes our spirit fill,
When we feel that thou art near :
Father, then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.
- 3 Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown ;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.
- 4 Make us beautiful within
By thy spirit's holy light :
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might.

OPENING HYMNS.

6.

L. M.

HEBER.

THE SANCTUARY.

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here :
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray ;
Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away.
- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away.

7.

C. M.

SPRINGFIELD COL.

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

- 1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here ;
All shall be thine to-day.
- 2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine ;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.
- 3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born ;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of the soul.

8.

8 & 7s. M.

WESLEYAN.

LOVE DIVINE.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father ! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Breathe, O, breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive ;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

9.

8 & 7s. M.

J. TAYLOR.

SEEKING GOD'S PRESENCE.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.

OPENING HYMNS.

From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation ? —
Every pure and humble mind ;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined :
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none ;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws,
Lord ! with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love ;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us ;
All our hope is from above.

10.

L. M.

GASKELL.

“ IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.”

- 1 UNTO thy temple, God of love,
Once more we come, with willing feet,
To raise our thoughts this world above,
And thy paternal blessing meet.
- 2 May all thy purest presence feel,
And silent keep each vain desire ;
With humble hearts before thee kneel,
And unto holier strength aspire.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 3 May all be bound in bonds more true
To thee, who art our life and light,
That through each path which we pursue,
We still may keep thy love in sight.
- 4 And may we, when the day shall close,
Review its course without a fear ;
And, nearer heaven than when it rose,
Feel it is good to have been here.

11.

7s. M.

J. TAYLOR.

ACCEPTABLE OFFERINGS.

- 1 LORD ! what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow :
- 2 Willing hands, to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.
- 3 Teach us, O thou Heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

12.

S. M.

BRIGGS'S COL.

THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

- 1 HERE, in this place of prayer,
Father ! thy face we seek :
Grant us the blessed boon to share,
Known to the pure and meek.

OPENING HYMNS.

- 2 Come then to holy prayer,
Souls that seem lost in night ;
Cast on the Lord your heavy care,
Source of all life and light !
- 3 Come and bend low in prayer,
Though fears press down your souls ;
The Saviour's promise, " I am there,"
Each saddening fear controls.
- 4 Here, in this place of prayer,
Let hearts in union meet :
Come, cast the load you cannot bear
Low at the Saviour's feet.
- 5 Then from this house of prayer
Shall mingling praise be given,
And angels, 'mid the holy air,
Shall bear the notes to heaven.

13.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.

- 1 Lo ! God is here ; let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo ! God is here ; him day and night
United choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
- 3 Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill :
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 4 More of thy presence, Lord ! impart ;
More of thine image may we bear :
O, fix thy throne within our heart,
And reign without a rival there.

14.

7s. M.

BOWRING.

THE TEMPLE.

- 1 IN thy courts let peace be found,
Be thy temple full of love ;
Here we tread on holy ground,
All serene, around, above.
- 2 While the knee in prayer is bent,
While with praise the heart o'erflows,
Tranquillize the turbulent !
Give the weary one repose !
- 3 Be the place for worship meet,
Meet the worship for the place ;
Contemplation's best retreat,
Shrine of guilelessness and grace !
- 4 As an infant knows its home,
Lord ! may we thy temples know ;
Thither for instruction come,
Thence by thee instructed go.

15.

7s. M.

GRAY.

SUPPLICATION.

- 1 SUPPLIANT, lo ! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now ;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend ;
We are weak, almighty thou.

OPENING HYMNS.

- 2 With the peace thy word imparts
Be the taught and teacher blessed ;
In our lives, and in our hearts,
Father, be thy laws impressed.
- 3 Pour into each longing mind,
Light and knowledge from above :
Charity for all mankind,
Trusting faith, enduring love.

16.

H. M.

* WATTS.

GLAD WORSHIP.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest :
 My spirit faints,
 With equal zeal
 To rise and dwell
 Among thy saints.
- 3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

They praise thee still ;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

- 4 They go from strength to strength,
Though oft through pain and tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat !
Our God and King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

17.

7s. M.

J. TAYLOR.

DEVOTION.

- 1 LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear ;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.
- 2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels ;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares ;
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

OPENING HYMNS.

18.

L. M.

WATTS.

HUNDREDTH PSALM.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Gave life to clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

19.

C. M.

BOWRING.

THE HEART'S WORSHIP.

- 1 THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart be there.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude ;
No tribute but the vow sincere, —
The tribute of the good.
- 3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee ;
If thy pure spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.
- 4 O, may that spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

20.

P. M.

BARTON.

WORSHIP IN SPIRIT.

- 1 OUR God is a spirit, and they who aright
Would offer the worship he loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek with delight
The spirit the Father approveth.
- 2 This, this is the worship the Saviour made
known
When she of Samaria found him
By the Patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noontide around him.
- 3 He having once entered hath shown us the way,
O God ! how to worship before thee,
Not with the vain forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore thee !

OPENING HYMNS.

21.

7s. M.

WESLEYAN.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

- 1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire !
Love divine, thyself impart :
Every fainting soul inspire ;
Enter every drooping heart :
Every mournful spirit cheer,
Scatter all our doubt and gloom ;
Father, in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.
- 2 Come in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in ;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin :
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less :
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

22.

7s. M.

BOWRING.

EVERY GOOD GIFT FROM THE FATHER.

- 1 FATHER ! thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide !
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied ;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by ;
Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Every sun of splendid ray ;
Every moon that shines serene ;
Every morn that welcomes day ;
Every evening's twilight scene ;
Every hour which wisdom brings ;
Every incense at thy shrine ;
These, — and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest, — all are thine.
- 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne :
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied, righteous One !
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care ;
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

23.

L. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

FOR SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES.

- 1 O GOD, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above !
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.
- 2 That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place ;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirit's light, thy spirit's grace.
- 3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free ;
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

OPENING HYMNS.

- 4 Send down its angel to our side ;
Send in its calm upon the breast ;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

24.

L. M.

H. WARE.

COMING TOGETHER IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

- 1 GREAT God ! the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.
- 2 O, grant thy blessing here to-day !
O, give thy people joy and peace !
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor, that shall never cease.
- 3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought ;
His path of light we long to tread ;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.
- 4 May faith, and hope, and love abound ;
Our sins and errors be forgiven ;
And we, in thy great day, be found
Children of God, and heirs of heaven.

25.

L. M.

BOWRING.

EVENING WORSHIP.

- 1 How shall we praise thee, Lord of light !
How shall we all thy love declare !
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer, —

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

That heaven, so bright with stars and suns,
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.

- 2 We would adore thee, God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space.
Help us to praise thee, Lord of light ;
Help us thy boundless love declare ;
And, while we crowd thy courts to-night,
Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

26.

L. M.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

EVENING WORSHIP.

- 1 O HOLY Father ! 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour ;
We would lift up our solemn psalm
To praise thy goodness, and thy power !
For over us, and over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall thy children call
On thee, our Father and our Friend !
- 2 Kept by thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour ;
Night o'er us, with its stars, — we pray
Thy love, to guard us evermore !
In grief, console ; in gladness, bless ;
In darkness, guide ; in sickness, cheer ;
Till, in the Saviour's righteousness,
Before thy throne our souls appear !

PRAYER.

27.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

“TEACH US TO PRAY.”

1 TEACH us to pray !
O Father, we look up to thee,
And this our one request shall be,
Teach us to pray !

2 Teach us to pray !
A form of words will not suffice,
The heart must bring its sacrifice :
Teach us to pray !

3 Teach us to pray !
To whom shall we thy children turn ?
Teach Thou the lesson we would learn,
Teach us to pray !

4 Teach us to pray !
To thee alone our hearts look up,
Prayer is our only door of hope,
Teach us to pray !

28.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

“AFTER THIS MANNER PRAY YE.”

1 OUR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now :
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine :
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

29.

C. M.

WESLEY'S COL.

“ THY KINGDOM COME.”

- 1 FATHER and God of all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.
- 2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man :
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.
- 3 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin ;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Now to our souls bring in.
- 4 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of Love.

PRAYER.

30.

7s. M.

CONDER.

“GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD.”

- 1 DAY by day the manna fell ;
O, to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
- 2 “Day by day,” the promise reads ;
Daily strength for daily needs ;
Cast foreboding fears away ;
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord, my times are in thy hand ;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.
- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give ;
Day by day to thee I live ;
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father’s will.
- 5 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer ;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Glowing yet with gratitude !

31.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

A PRAYER.

- 1 GOD of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts ;
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts :

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live :
- 3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 4 Give these, — and then thy will be done ;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

32.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

A PRAYER.

- 1 WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer ?
Whatever good we want ;
Whatever man may seek to share,
Or God in wisdom grant.
- 2 Father of all our mercies, — thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.
- 3 When harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

PRAYER.

- 5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love ;
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

33.

11 & 10s. M.

*

FOR DIVINE STRENGTH.

- 1 FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love.
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of Trust and Strength and Calmness from
above.
- 2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt
and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one ;
And we will ever trust each unknown mor-
row, —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.
- 3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides, and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, — O, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.
- 4 Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneel-
ing,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love ;
Now make us strong, we need thy deep reveal-
ing
Of Trust and Strength and Calmness from
above.

34.

L. M.

*

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

- 1 To thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us thine erring children in,
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.
- 2 Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be ;
O, leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without thee !
- 3 We trusted hope and pride and strength :
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length, —
We come to thee, O Lord, again !
- 4 A guide to trembling steps yet be !
Give us of thine eternal powers !
So shall our paths all lead to thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

35.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

DRAWING NEAR TO GOD.

- 1 FROM every fear and doubt, O Lord,
In mercy set us free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Our hearts draw near to thee.
- 2 In all our trials, struggles, joys,
Teach us thy love to see,
Which by the discipline of life
Would draw us unto thee.

PRAYER.

- 3 Our lives, devoted to thy will,
Our sacrifice shall be,
And then will death, whene'er it come,
But draw us nearer thee.

36.

L. M.

W. SCOTT.

THE PILLAR AND CLOUD.

- 1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray !
- 4 And, O, when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

37.

C. M.

SMART.

PRAYER FOR WISDOM.

- 1 FATHER of light ! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide ;
And, when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's paths
To wisdom's better way.
- 3 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart ;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart ;
- 4 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love !
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

38.

L. M.

MRS. COTTERILL.

LIVING TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

- 1 O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand !
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To know no other will but thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;
Mould every purpose of the soul ;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.
- 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee ;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

39.

S. M.

HEMANS.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

1 COME to me, thoughts of heaven !
 My fainting spirit bear
 On your bright wings, by morning given,
 Up to celestial air.
 Away, far, far away,
 From thoughts by passion given,
 Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,
 O blessed thoughts of heaven !

2 Come in my tempted hour,
 Sweet thoughts ! and yet again
 O'er sinful wish and memory, shower
 Your soft, effacing rain ;
 Waft me where gales divine
 With dark clouds ne'er have striven ;
 Where living founts for ever shine :
 O blessed thoughts of heaven !

40.

P. M.

HEMANS.

THE HEART'S INSPIRATION.

1 FATHER, who art on high !
 Weak is the melody
 Of harp or song to reach thy gracious ear,
 Unless the heart be there,
 Winging the words of prayer
 With its own fervent faith, or suppliant fear.

2 O, let thy spirit move
 O'er those who bend in love,
 Be thou amidst them as a heavenly guest ;

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

So shall our cry have power
To win from thee a shower
Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.

3 O, let thy breath once more
Within the soul restore
Thine own first image, Holiest and Most High !
As a clear lake is filled
With hues of heaven instilled,
Down to the depths of its calm purity.

41.

C. M.

H. WARE.

FOR GOD'S PRESENCE.

- 1 FATHER in heaven, to whom our hearts
Would lift themselves in prayer,
Drive from our souls each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.
- 2 Each moment of our lives renews
The mercies of the Lord ;
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear us on to God.
- 3 Help us to break the galling chains
This world has round us thrown ;
Each passion of our hearts subdue,
Each cherished sin disown.
- 4 O Father ! kindle in our souls
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine Almighty name.

PRAYER.

42.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

DOING ALL TO GOD.

- 1 SHINE on our souls, Eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine ;
O, let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

43.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER FOR WISDOM.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift ;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, or power,
Lest we should go astray.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 4 We ask for wisdom : Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live :
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days !
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways !

44.

L. M.

H. MOORE.

MANLINESS AND FREEDOM.

- 1 SUPREME and universal Light !
Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below :
- 2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 3 Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.
- 4 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
O, may our steadfast bosoms bear
The stamp of heaven, — an upright heart,
Above the mean disguise of art !
- 5 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

PRAYER.

- 6 O Father ! grace and virtue grant ;
No more we wish, no more we want :
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, — is bliss above.

45.

C. M.

METHODIST.

MADE PERFECT IN LOVE.

- 1 FATHER, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree ;
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards thee.
- 3 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove :
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love !
- 4 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove ;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

46.

11 & 10s. M.

* J. F. CLARKE.

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

- 1 FATHER, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and
shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and
will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and
fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.
- 3 Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed ;
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean,
O, speak the word ! thy servants shall be
healed !

47.

8 & 7s. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

THRICE HOLY.

- 1 " LORD, thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord ! "
Heaven is still with anthems ringing ;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
" Holy, holy, holy, " singing,
" Lord of hosts, the Lord most High ! "
- 2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
Whilst our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite.
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow : —

PRAISE.

- 3 “ Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt thy angels’ cry,
‘ Holy, holy, holy,’ blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most High ! ”

48.

7s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

SONGS OF PRAISE.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah’s work began,
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ; his heart delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

49.

P. M.

HEBER.

THRICE HOLY.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
thee ;
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth,
sky, and sea.
- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
thee,
Thou who wast and art and evermore shalt be !
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! Though the darkness hide
thee,
Though man's eye the fulness of thy glory
may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity !

50.

C. M.

PATRICK.

TE DEUM.

- 1 O GOD ! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

PRAISE.

- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud ;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry :
- 3 “ O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.”
- 4 The apostles’ glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyr’s noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou the Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

51.

8 & 7s. M.

DUBLIN COLL.

PRAISE YE THE LORD !

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore him !
Praise him, angels in the height ;
Sun and moon rejoice before him ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light !
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
- 2 Praise the Lord ! for he is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail :

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name !

52.

P. M.

* BOWRING.

GLAD HOMAGE.

- 1 FATHER of Spirits ! humbly bent before thee,
Songs of glad homage unto thee we bring ;
Touched by thy spirit, O, teach us to adore
thee ;
Let thy light attend us,
Let thy love befriend us,
Father of our spirits, Everlasting King !
- 2 Send forth thy mandate, gather in the nations,
Through the wide universe thy name be
known,
Millions of voices shall join in adorations,
Every soul invited,
Every voice united,
Joining to adore thee, Everlasting One !

53.

7s. M.

J. TAYLOR.

GLORY TO GOD.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well beloved of heaven.
- 2 Favored mortals, raise the song ;
Endless thanks to God belong ;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

PRAISE.

- 3 Mark the wonders of his hand ;
 Power, no empire can withstand ;
 Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
 Goodness, one eternal stream !
- 4 Gracious Being ! from thy throne
 Send thy promised blessings down ;
 Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
 Bid our raging passions cease.

54.

7s. M.

BOWRING.

LOWLY PRAISE.

- 1 LORD, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 Hear the praises of our race,
 And, while hearing, let thy grace
 Dews of sweet forgiveness pour ;
 While we know, benignant King,
 That the praises which we bring
 Are a feeble offering
 Till thy blessing makes it more.
- 2 More of truth, and more of might,
 More of love, and more of light,
 More of reason, and of right,
 From thy pardoning grace be given !
 This can make the humblest song
 Sweet, acceptable, and strong,
 As the strains the angels' throng
 Pour around the throne of heaven.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

55.

P. M.

* HOGG.

PRAISE TO THE GOD OF LIFE.

- 1 BLESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver !
Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest !
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever !
- 2 God of evening's peaceful ray !
God of every dawning day,
Rising from the distant sea
Breathing of eternity ;
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night !
God of life, that fade shall never !
Glory to thy name for ever !

56.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

DAILY PRAISE.

- 1 MY God ! in morning's radiant hour
To thee will I lift up my heart ;
The shades of night obey thy power,
And at thy sun's bright beams depart.
- 2 Father and Guardian ! to thy shrine
The life thou shieldedst will I bring ;
All, great Creator, all is thine !
My heart the noblest offering !

CLOSING HYMNS.

- 3 The morning light shall see my prayer,
The noonday calm shall know my praise ;
And evening's still and fragrant air
My grateful hymn to thee shall raise.

57.

7s. M.

GASKELL.

DOXOLOGY.

- 1 FATHER ! glory be to thee,
Source of all the good we see !
Glory for the blessed light
Rising on the ancient night !
- 2 Glory for the hopes that come
Streaming through the dreary tomb !
Glory for the counsel given,
Guiding us in peace to heaven !

58.

8 & 7s. M.

BICKERSTETH.

CLOSING HYMN.

- 1 ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.
- 2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, we implore ;
We have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

59.

L. M.

CHR. PSALMIST.

THE HEAVENLY GUARDIAN.

- 1 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Father, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend !
Teach me thy statutes all divine,
And let thy will be always mine !
- 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Father, while I rest ;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O, lead me onward to the skies !

60.

S & 7s. M. SARAH F. ADAMS.

PEACE BE UNTO YOU.

- 1 PART in peace ! is day before us ?
Praise His name for life and light ;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?
Bless His care who guards the night.
- 2 Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.
- 3 Part in peace ! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best ;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

CLOSING HYMNS.

61.

8 & 7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

PEACE of God, which knows no measure,
Heavenly sunlight of the soul,
Peace beyond all earthly treasure,
Come and all our hearts control !
Come, almighty to deliver ;
Naught shall make us then afraid ;
We will trust in Thee for ever,
Thou on whom our hope is stayed !

62.

7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

- 1 GUIDE us, Lord ! while, hand in hand,
Journeying towards the better land ;
Foes we know are to be met,
Snares the pilgrim's path beset ;
Clouds upon the valley rest,
Rough is the dark mountain's breast ;
And our home may not be gained,
Save through trials well sustained.
- 2 Guide us, while we onward move,
Linked in closest bonds of love,
Striving for the holy mind,
And the soul from sense refined,
That when life no longer burns,
And the dust to dust returns,
With the strength which thou hast given
We may rise to thee and heaven.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 3 God of mercy ! on thee, all
Humbly for thy guidance call ;
Save us from the evil tongue,
And the heart that thinketh wrong,
And the sins, whate'er they be,
That divide the soul from thee.
God of grace ! on thee we rest ;
Bless us, and we shall be blest.

63.

L. M.

WATTS.

DOXOLOGY.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise !
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue !
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

64.

8 & 7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

GO IN PEACE !

- 1 Go in peace ! — serene dismissal
To the loving heart made known,
When it pours in deep contrition
Prayer before the eternal throne.
- 2 Go in peace ! thy sins forgiven,
Christ hath healed thee, set thee free ;
Every spirit-fetter riven,
Go in peace, and liberty !

CLOSING HYMNS.

- 3 Saviour ! breathe this benediction
O'er our spirits while we pray ;
Let us part in full conviction
Thou hast blessed our souls to-day.

65.

C. M.

HEBER.

THE SEED OF THE WORD.

- 1 O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest ;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast ;
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air ;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care !
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply ;
The hope, in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

66.

L. M.

GASKELL.

WALKING WITH GOD.

- 1 THROUGH all this life's eventful road,
Fain would I walk with thee, my God,
Making thy presence light around,
And every step on holy ground.
- 2 Each blessing would I trace to thee,
In every grief thy mercy see ;
And through the paths of duty move,
Conscious of thine encircling love.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 3 And when the angel Death stands by,
Be this my strength, that thou art nigh ;
And this my joy, that I shall be
With those who dwell in light with thee.

67.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

CHRISTIAN FAREWELL.

- 1 THY presence, ever living God !
Wide through all nature spreads abroad ;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and powers sustain ;
When separate, we rejoice to share
Thy counsels, and thy gracious care.
- 3 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heavenly grace ;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us within thy house to raise
Again united songs of praise ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

68.

C. M.

LOGAN, ALT.

FOR GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

- 1 GOD of our fathers ! by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.

CLOSING HYMNS.

- 2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 3 O, spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 4 To thee, our Father and our God,
We our whole souls resign ;
And thankful own, that all we are
And all we have is thine.

69.

7s. M.

J. NEWTON.

GOD EVER NEAR.

- 1 As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same ;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way ;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go and those who stay.
- 3 From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine ;
Still in spirit they may meet,
And in sweet communion join.
- 4 Father, hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

70.

8, 7, & 4s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

DISMISSION.

- 1 LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love :
Still support us
While in duty's path we move.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

II. GOD.

71.

C. P. M.

SMART.

I AM.

- 1 WE sing of God, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all things depend ;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commence, and reign, and end.
- 2 Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, THOU ART !

72.

7s. M.

GASKELL.

ALL THINGS PRESENT TO GOD.

- 1 MIGHTY God ! the first, the last !
What are ages in thy sight ?
But as yesterday when past,
Or a watch within the night.
- 2 All that being ever knew,
Down, far down, ere time had birth,
Stands as clear within thy view
As the present things of earth.

- 3 All that being e'er shall know
 On, still on, through farthest years,
 All eternity can show,
 Bright before thee now appears.
- 4 In thine all-embracing sight,
 Every change its purpose meets,
 Every cloud floats into light,
 Every woe its glory greets.
- 5 Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
 Calmly in this thought we 'll rest, —
 Could we see as thou dost see,
 We should choose it as the best.

73.

8 & 7s. M.

BOWRING.

GOD IS TRUTH AND LOVE.

- 1 God is love ; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we move ;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
 Man decays, and ages move ;
 But his mercy waneth never ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwined
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Everywhere his glory shineth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

GOD.

74.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

GOD IS LOVE.

- 1 I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move,
But I can always, always say
That God is love.
- 2 When fear her chilling mantle throws
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love.
- 3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove ;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.
- 4 Yes, God is love ; — a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love.

75.

L. M.

STERLING.

LOVE SUPREME IN GOD.

- 1 O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea !
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in thee.
- 2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood ;
We know thee truly but in this,
That thou bestowest all our good.

- 3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O, grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through thy ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well !
- 4 Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide ;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.
- 5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe ;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law !

76.

L. M.

*

GOD KNOWN THROUGH LOVE.

- 1 No human eyes thy face may see ;
No human thought thy form may know ;
But all creation dwells in thee,
And thy great life through all doth flow !
- 2 And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek thy present aid may dare. —
- 3 And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know the Eternal Mind, —
- 4 Yet thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by thine !

GOD.

- 5 And thine unceasing love gave birth
To our dear Lord, thy holy Son,
Who left a perfect proof on earth,
That Duty, Love, and Truth are one.
- 6 So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And Thought grow weak, and Knowledge flee,
Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
And Love shall guide us on to thee !

77.

10s. M.

JONES VERY.

GOD'S FATHERLY CARE.

- 1 FATHER, there is no change to live with thee,
Save that in Christ I grow from day to day ;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on my way.
- 2 The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
And I, new-wakened, find a morn within ;
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending
hymn.
- 3 Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades
descend ;
Yet they could never reach as far as me,
Did not thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, thy child, might sleep in peace with thee.

78.

P. M.

GERMAN.

GOD OUR LIGHT AND STRENGTH.

- 1 GOD is thy light ; — never, my soul, despair
In hours of thy distress ;

GOD.

The sun withdraws and earth is dark and
drear, —

Thy light shall never cease !

On days of joy with splendor beaming,
Through nights of grief its rays are gleaming :
God is thy light !

2 God is thy strength ; — throughout the earth he
reigns

With wisdom, love and might ;

The stars go on, the sun his course maintains,
Beneath his watchful sight ;

In silence onward still proceeding,
The universe obeys his leading :

Do thou the same !

79.

10s. M.

JONES VERY.

GOD NOT AFAR OFF.

1 FATHER ! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom
strayed ;

Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

2 In finding thee are all things round us found !
In losing thee are all things lost beside !
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

3 Open our eyes that we that world may see !
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear !
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near ;

GOD.

- 4 No more to wander 'mid the things of time,
No more to suffer death or earthly change ;
But with the Christian's joy and faith sublime,
Through all thy vast, eternal scenes to range.

80.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

THE EARTH FULL OF GOD.

- 1 GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres ;
Yet in his providence and grace
To every eye appears.
- 2 He bows the heavens ; the mountains stand,
A highway for our God :
He walks amidst the desert-land ;
'T is Eden where he trod.
- 3 The forests in his strength rejoice ;
Hark ! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.
- 4 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In every breeze his Spirit blows, —
The breath of life and health.
- 5 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.
- 6 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found !

GOD.

81.

L. M.

PIERPONT.

EVERY PLACE A TEMPLE.

- 1 O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung ;
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue :
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshippers may dwell ;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary, by the Patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer, —
The incense of the heart, — may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee !
- 5 O Thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung !

82.

7s. M.

METHODIST.

GOD EVERYWHERE PRESENT.

- 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

GOD.

- 2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer ;
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait ;
He will answer every prayer ;
God is present everywhere.

83.

L. M.

T. MOORE.

GOD IN ALL.

- 1 THERE 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.
- 2 There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.
- 3 The light, the dark, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

GOD'S PRESENCE IN NATURE.

- 1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

85.

C. M.

WHITTIER.

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

- 1 THE ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 't were a living thing ;
The homage of its waves is given,
In ceaseless worshipping.
- 2 They kneel upon the sloping sand
As bends the human knee ;
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea.
- 3 The mists are lifted from the hills,
Like the white wing of prayer ;
They kneel above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.
- 4 The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.
- 5 The sky is as a temple's arch :
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit march
Of messengers at prayer.

86.

L. M.

MISS WILLIAMS.

GOD IN NATURE.

- 1 MY God ! all nature owns thy sway ;
Thou giv'st the night and thou the day :
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,

- And bathes in dew the opening flower,
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
 And when she pours her choral song,
 Her melodies to thee belong.
- 2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
 The evening slowly spreads her shade,
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
 Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
 Still every fond and vain desire,
 And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;
 From earth the longing spirit free,
 And lead the softened heart to thee.
- 3 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
 And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
 O, never may their smiling train
 Pass o'er the human sense in vain !
 But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
 Attune the wandering soul to praise ;
 And be the joys that most we prize
 The joys that from thy favor rise !

87.

L. M.

WREFORD.

GOD IN HIS WORKS.

- 1 GOD of the ocean, earth, and sky,
 In thy bright presence we rejoice ;
 We feel thee, see thee ever nigh,
 And gladly hear thy gracious voice.
- 2 We feel thee in the sunny beam,
 We see thee walk the mountain waves ;
 We hear thee in the inurmuring stream,
 And when the tempest wildly raves.

- 3 God on the lonely hills we meet !
 God, in the vale and fragrant grove !
 While birds and whispering winds repeat,
 That God is there, — the God of love !
- 4 We meet thee in the pensive hour
 When wearied nature sinks to rest ;
 When dies the breeze, and sleeps the flower,
 And peace is given to every breast.
- 5 We see thee when, at eve, afar
 We upward lift our wondering sight,
 We see thee in each silent star
 That beautifies the gloom of night.
- 6 But better still, and still more clear,
 Thee in thy holy Son we see ;
 There thy own glorious words we hear,
 And learn the way to heaven and thee.

88.

L. M.

FOX'S HYMNS.

THE GREAT TEMPLE.

- 1 THOUGH wandering in a stranger-land,
 Though on the waste no altar stand,
 Take comfort ! thou art not alone,
 While Faith hath marked thee for her own.
- 2 Wouldst thou a temple ? look above,
 The heavens stretch over all in love ;
 A book ? for thine evangel scan
 The wondrous history of man.
- 3 And though no organ-peal be heard,
 In harmony the winds are stirred ;
 And there the morning stars upraise
 Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

89.

L. M.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

THE PSALM OF NIGHT.

- 1 NOT only doth the voiceful day
Thy loving kindness, Lord ! proclaim,
But night, with its sublime array
Of worlds, doth magnify thy name !
Yea, while adoring seraphim
Before thee bend the willing knee,
From every star a choral hymn
Goes up unceasingly to thee !
- 2 Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy voice makes known ;
Through all the earth, where thought may reach,
Is heard the glad and solemn tone ;
And worlds, beyond the farthest star
Whose light hath reached a human eye,
Catch the high anthem from afar,
That rolls along immensity.

90.

L. M.

BULFINCH.

VOICE OF GOD IN THE SOUL.

- 1 HATH not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power ?
- 2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity ?

GOD IN THE SOUL.

- 3 And as, upon the sacred page,
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned ?
- 4 It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart ;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.
- 5 Voice of our God, O, yet be near !
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace ;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease !

91.

C. M.

JONES VERY.

THE LIGHT FROM WITHIN.

- 1 I SAW on earth another light
Than that which lit my eye
Come forth, as from my soul within,
And from a higher sky.
- 2 Its beams still shone unclouded on,
When in the distant west
The sun I once had known had sunk
For ever to his rest.
- 3 And on I walked, though dark the night,
Nor rose his orb by day ;
As one to whom a surer guide
Was pointing out the way.
- 4 'T was brighter far than noonday's beam,
It shone from God within ;
And lit, as by a lamp from heaven,
The world's dark track of sin.

92.

7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

SILENT WORSHIP.

- 1 WOULDST thou in thy lonely hour
Praises to the Eternal pour ?
I will teach thy soul to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.
- 2 Sweeter songs than poets sing
Thou shalt for thy offering bring ;
Softly murmured hymns, that dwell
In devotion's deepest cell.
- 3 Know that music's holiest strain
Loves to linger, loves to reign,
In that calm of quiet thought
Which the passions trouble not.
- 4 Wouldst thou in thy lonely hour
Praises to the Eternal pour ?
Thus thy soul may learn to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.

93.

7 & 6s. M.

METHODIST.

QUIET WORSHIP.

- 1 OPEN, Lord, mine inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of thy voice ;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 2 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw ;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe ;
Silent am I now and still,
Will not in thy presence move ;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love !

94.

C. M.

COWPER.

RETIREMENT.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy presence cheer the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And, — all harmonious names in one, —
My Father ! thou art mine.

95.

C. M.

MISS WILLIAMS.

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power !
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
 To thee my thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
 That mercy I adore !
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see !
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
 That heart shall rest on thee !

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

96.

P. M.

T. MOORE.

THE HEART'S PRAYER.

- 1 As, down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can
see,
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises, silent, to thee,
My God ! silent, to thee, —
Pure, warm, silent, to thee.
- 2 As still to the star of its worship, though
clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark when I roam, in this wintry world
shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns, trembling, to
thee,
My God ! trembling, to thee, —
True, sure, trembling, to thee.

97.

7 & 6s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

- 1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in God's presence kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

- 2 Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee ;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be ;
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And blend with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way,
 E'en then, the silent breathing
 Thy spirit lifts above
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Where dwells eternal love.
- 4 O, not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare, —
 The grace our Father gave us
 To pour our souls in prayer :
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 On Him who saveth, call !
 Remember, in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

98.

7s. M.

HEMANS.

ALL MUST PRAY.

- 1 CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
 While the red light fades away ;
 Mother, with thine earnest eye,
 Ever following silently ;

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 2 Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy daily toil to leave ;
Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !
- 3 Traveller in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
- 4 Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !
- 5 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see ;
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

99.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

WHAT IS PRAYER ?

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 The watchword at the gates of death ;
 He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways ;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, " Behold, he prays ! "
- 6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one ;
 They 're one in word and mind ;
 When with the Father and the Son
 Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 O Thou by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way,
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
 Lord, teach us how to pray !

100.

L. M.

WESLEY.

PRAYER THE LIFE OF THE SOUL.

- 1 PRAYER is to God the soul's sure way ;
 So flows the grace he waits to give ;
 Long as they live should Christians pray ;
 They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay,
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,
 In every need, still watch and pray.
- 3 'T is prayer supports the soul that 's weak,
 Though poor and broken be its word ;
 Pray if thou canst, or canst not, speak ;
 The breathings of the soul are heard.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 4 Depend on him ; thou shalt prevail ;
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not, his mercy will not fail ;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

101.

S. M.

BRIGGS'S COLL.

SEASONS FOR PRAYER.

- 1 COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray ;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray ;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In the weary heat of day.
- 3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray ;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.
- 4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray.

III. JESUS CHRIST.

102.

7s. M.

BOWRING.

ADVENT.

- 1 WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are ;
Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star !
Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel !
- 2 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
Higher yet the star ascends ;
Traveller ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveller ! ages are its own ;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn ;
Traveller ! darkness takes its flight ;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home ;
Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
Lo ! the Son of God, is come.

103.

11s. M.

DRUMMOND.

PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD!

- 1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill ;
The Lord is advancing ; prepare ye the way !
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of
day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though tower-
ing to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high ;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth
and even,
For, Zion ! your King, your Redeemer, is nigh.
- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illumine,
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her God ;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches
abroad.

104.

8 & 7s. M.

GASKELL.

THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH.

- 1 DARKNESS o'er the world was brooding
Sadder than Egyptian gloom ;
Souls by myriads lay in slumber
Deep as of the sealed tomb.
- 2 Earth had lost the links which bound it
To the throne of light above ;
Yet an eye was watching o'er it,
And that eye was full of love.

JESUS CHRIST.

- 3 Like a glorious beam of morning,
Straight a ray pierced through the cloud,
Spirits mightily awakening
From their dark encircling shroud.
- 4 Still that ray shines on and brightens,
Chasing mist and gloom away ;
Happy they on whom it gathers
With its full and perfect day !

105.

C. M.

PATRICK.

THE NATIVITY.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 “ Fear not,” said he, — for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind, —
“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 3 “ To you, in David’s town, this day
Is born, of David’s line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 “ The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address their joyful song :

- 6 “ All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace !
 Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
 Begin and never cease ! ”

106.

C. M.

E. H. SEARS.

THE BIRTH-SONG OF CHRIST.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
 Come heaven's melodious strains,
 Where wild Judea stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains !
- 2 Celestial choirs from courts above
 Shed sacred glories there ;
 And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
 Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply ;
 And greet, from all their holy heights,
 The dayspring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm,
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 “ Glory to God ! ” the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring,
 “ Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven's Eternal King ! ”
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
 The Saviour now is born !
 And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
 Breaks the first Christmas morn.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

- 1 O lovely voices of the sky,
 Which hymned the Saviour's birth,
 Are ye not singing still on high,
 Ye that sang, "Peace on earth" ?
 To us yet speak the strains,
 Wherewith, in time gone by,
 Ye blessed the Syrian swains, —
 O voices of the sky !

- 2 O clear and shining light, whose beams,
 That hour, heaven's glory shed
 Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
 And on the shepherds' head !
 Be near, through life and death,
 As in that holiest night
 Of hope, and joy, and faith ;
 O clear and shining light !

- 3 O star which led to Him whose love
 Brought down man's ransom free !
 Where art thou ? —'midst the host above
 May we still gaze on thee ?
 In heaven thou art not set,
 Thy rays earth may not dim ;
 Send them to guide us yet,
 O star which led to Him !

108.

11 & 10s. M.

HEBER.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !
- 2 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?
- 3 Vainly we offer each costly oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 4 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

109.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

MISSION OF CHRIST.

- 1 HARK ! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a home,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Abides with holy fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His sacred breast inspire.

JESUS CHRIST.

- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In wretched bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace !
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

110.

C. M.

WATTS.

CHRIST'S COMING.

- 1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

111.

7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

- 1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star !
Star of truth, that gilds the night,
And guides bewildered men aright.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death ,
Scattering error's wide-spread night ;
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear ;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there !
- 4 There behold the dayspring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes ;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

112.

S. M.

NEEDHAM.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

- 1 BEHOLD the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of Righteousness ;
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

JESUS CHRIST.

- 3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, the light of men !
His doctrine life imparts ;
O, may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way ;
The path which Christ has marked and trod
Will lead to endless day.

113.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

TEMPTED AS WE ARE.

- 1 As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged pathway o'er,
The thought how comforting and sweet, —
Christ trod this very path before ;
Our wants, our weaknesses, he knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.
- 2 O, if beneath temptation's stress
Evil doth strive our hearts within,
So, in Judea's wilderness,
Christ wrestled with the thoughts of sin,
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.
- 3 Just such as I, this earth he trod,
Knew every human ill but sin,
And though the holiest Son of God,
As I am now so hath he been ;
Jesus, my Saviour ! look on me ;
For help and strength I turn to thee.

“THE WORKS WHICH I DO BEAR WITNESS OF ME.”

- 1 HOLY Son of God most high !
Clothed in heavenly majesty,
Many a miracle and sign,
In thy Father's name divine,
Manifested forth thy might
In the chosen people's sight.
- 2 But, O Saviour ! not alone
Thus thy glory was made known ;
With the mourner thou didst grieve,
Every human want relieve ;
Far thy matchless power above
Stands the witness of thy love.
- 3 Thou, who by the open grave,
Ere thy voice was raised to save,
Didst with those fond sisters shed
Tears above the faithful dead ;
Even thy word of might appears
Less resistless than thy tears.
- 4 Lord ! it is not ours to gaze
On thy works of ancient days ;
But thy love, unchanged and bright,
More than all those works of might,
More than miracle or sign,
Makes us ever, ever thine.

115.

C. M.

HEMANS.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

- 1 FEAR was within the tossing bark,
 When stormy winds grew loud ;
 And waves came rolling high and dark,
 And the tall mast was bowed.
- 2 But the wind ceased, — it ceased, — a word
 Passed through the gloomy sky ;
 The troubled billows knew their Lord,
 And sank beneath his eye.
- 3 Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
 And tame the tempest's mood,
 O, send thy Spirit forth in power
 O'er our dark souls to brood !
- 4 Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,
 Thy mandates to fulfil,
 Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
 Speak, and say, " Peace, be still ! "

116.

C. M.

BULFINCH.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

- 1 THE aged sufferer waited long,
 Upon Bethesda's brink ;
 Till hopes, once rising warm and strong,
 Began in fears to sink ;
 And heavy were the sighs he drew,
 And fervent was his prayer,
 For he, with safety full in view,
 Still languished helpless there.

HIS MIRACLES.

- 2 His hope grew dim ; but one was nigh
Who saw the sufferer's grief ;
That gentle voice, that pitying eye,
Gave promise of relief.
Each pang that human weakness knows
Obeyed that powerful word ;
He spake, and lo ! the sick arose,
Rejoicing in his Lord.
- 3 Father of Jesus, when oppressed
With grief and pain we lie,
And, longing for thy heavenly rest,
Despair to look on high,
O, may the Saviour's words of peace
Within the wounded heart
Bid every doubt and suffering cease,
And strength and joy impart !

117.

C. M.

BULFINCH.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

- 1 LORD, in whose might the Saviour trod
The dark and stormy wave ;
And trusted in his Father's arm,
Omnipotent to save ;
- 2 When darkly round our footsteps rise
The floods and storms of life,
Send thou thy Spirit down to still
The dark and fearful strife.
- 3 Strong in our trust, on thee reposed,
The ocean-path we 'll dare,
Though waves around us rage and foam,
Since thou art present there.

JESUS CHRIST.

118.

P. M.

BOWRING.

“HE WAS THERE ALONE.”

- 1 HE was there alone, when even
Had round earth its mantle thrown,
Holding intercourse with heaven :
He was there alone.
- 2 There his inmost heart's emotion
Made he to his Father known ;
In the spirit of devotion
Musing there alone.
- 3 So let us, from earth retiring,
Seek our God and Father's throne ;
And, to other scenes aspiring,
Train our hearts, alone.

119.

L. M.

BOWRING.

JESUS TEACHING THE PEOPLE.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 “ Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest ! ”
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

HIS SPIRIT.

- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

120.

7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

“ THE MIND WHICH WAS IN CHRIST JESUS.”

- 1 EVER patient, loving, meek,
Holy Saviour, was thy mind ;
Vainly in myself I seek
Likeness to my Lord to find ;
Yet the mind that was in thee
May be, must be, formed in me.
- 2 Since such griefs were thine to bear,
For each sufferer thou couldst feel,
Every mourner's burden share,
Every wounded spirit heal.
Saviour, let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.
- 3 When my pain is most intense,
Let thy cross my lesson prove ;
Let me hear thee even thence
Breathing words of peace and love ;
Thus thy grace shall form in me
The same mind which was in thee.

121.

7s. M.

BAREAULD.

CHRIST'S INVITATIONS.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim ! hither come.

JESUS CHRIST.

- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim ! hither haste.
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, and seek in vain ;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ;
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care ;
Who the stings of guilt can bear ?
- 5 Sufferer ! come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

122.

C. M.

GASKELL.

SPIRIT OF JESUS.

- 1 O, NOT to crush with abject fear
The burdened soul of man
Did Jesus on the earth appear,
And open heaven's high plan :
He came to bid him find repose,
And God his Father know ;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low.
- 2 O, not in coldness nor in pride
His holy path he trod ;
'T was his delight to turn aside
And win the lost to God ;

And unto sorrowing guilt disclose
 The fount whence peace should flow ;
 And thus with love to raise up those
 That once were bowed low.

- 3 O, not with cold, unfeeling eye
 Did he the suffering view ;
 Not on the other side pass by,
 And deem their tears untrue ;
 'T was joy to him to heal their woes,
 And heaven's sweet refuge show ;
 And thus with love to raise up those
 That once were bowed low.

123.

L. M.

BACHE.

“SEE HOW HE LOVED.”

- 1 “SEE how he loved !” exclaimed the Jews,
 When Jesus o'er his Lazarus wept ;
 My grateful heart the words shall use,
 While on his life my eye is kept.
- 2 See how he loved, who travelled on,
 Teaching the doctrine from the skies ;
 Who bade disease and pain be gone,
 And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he loved, who, firm yet mild,
 Patient endured the scoffing tongue ;
 Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
 Or did his greatest foe a wrong.
- 4 See how he loved, who never shrank
 From toil or danger, pain or death ;
 Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
 And meekly yielded up his breath.

124.

L. M.

* A. C. COXE.

DIVINE BEAUTY OF CHRIST'S CHARACTER.

- 1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God !
- 2 O, who like thee, — so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light ?
O, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe ?
- 3 O, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs, of men before ?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility ?
O, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe ;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God !
- 5 My passions lull, my spirit calm,
My cold and dull affections warm ;
And give me all my life to be
A sacrifice to love and thee.

125.

L. M.

BRETTELL.

THE LIFE OF JESUS.

- 1 HE lived as none but he has lived,
That wisest Teacher from above ;
He died as none but he has died, —
His every act an act of love.

- 2 His fervent piety was breathed
To the lone waste, the desert hill ;
And in the haunts of men he sought
To do his Heavenly Father's will.
- 3 He preached the gospel to the poor,
Beside the couch of anguish stood,
Consoled the sufferer, healed the sick,
And went about still doing good.
- 4 With sinners he conversed, and gave
Peace to the weary, troubled mind ;
Yet free from stain till life's last hour,
In him his foes no fault could find.
- 5 Born 'midst the humblest sons of earth,
All earth's temptations he withstood ;
And e'en the meed of praise renounced,
Declaring God alone is good.

126.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

HE HAD NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD.

1 BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

2 And yet he came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest ;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on his breast.

3 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Come and repose thine oft rejected head !

JESUS CHRIST.

4 Come ! give me rest and take
The only rest on earth thou lov'st, within
 A heart that for thy sake
Shall purify itself from every sin.

127.

L. M.

RUSSELL.

“ THROUGH HIS POVERTY MADE RICH.”

- 1 ON the dark wave of Galilee,
The gloom of twilight gathers fast ;
And o'er the waters heavily
Sweeps cold and drear the evening blast.
- 2 Still near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind ;
And on his lone, unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.
- 3 Why seeks he not a home of rest ?
Why seeks he not the pillowed bed ?
Beasts have their dens, the bird his nest ;
“ He hath not where to lay his head.”
- 4 Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save, the human race ;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

128.

L. M.

* GASKELL.

CHRIST THE SUFFERER.

- 1 DARK were the paths our Master trod,
Yet he ne'er lost his trust in God ;
Cruel and fierce the wrongs he bore,
Yet he but felt for man the more.

HIS SUFFERINGS.

- 2 Unto the cross in faith he went,
His Father's willing instrument ;
Upon the cross his prayer arose
In pity for his ruthless foes.
- 3 O, may we all his kindred be,
By holy love and sympathy ;
Still loving man through every ill,
And trusting in our Father's will.

129.

L. M.

BULFINCH.

CHRIST THE SUFFERER.

- 1 O SUFFERING Friend of human kind !
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear.
- 2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.
- 3 Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came ;
And though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame ?
- 4 Onward, like thee, through scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day.

130.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

“THY WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE.”

- 1 “FATHER divine !” the Saviour cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
“Remove this bitter cup away.
- 2 “But if these pangs must still be borne,
Or helpless man be left forlorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, — Thy will, not mine, be done !”
- 3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low ;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say, — Thy will, not ours, be done !

131.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

“LET THIS CUP PASS FROM ME.”

- 1 A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron’s moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony and prayer,
“O Father, take this cup away !”
- 2 Ah, thou who sorrow’st unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray ;
And earth for all her children saith,
“O God, take not this cup away.”
- 3 O Lord of sorrow, meekly die ;
Thou ’lt heal or hallow all our woe ;
Thy name refresh the mourner’s sigh ;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

HIS SUFFERINGS.

- 4 Great chief of faithful souls, arise ;
None else can lead the martyr band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.
- 5 O King of earth, the cross ascend ;
O'er climes and ages 't is thy throne ;
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms and is thine own.
- 6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray ;
Make but one fold below, above ;
And when we go the last, lone way,
O, give the welcome of thy love.

132.

C. H. M.

HEMANS.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

- 1 HE knelt ; the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked, through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony ;
The Lord of high and heavenly birth
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.
- 2 The sun went down in fearful hour ;
The heavens might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
Thus to o'ershadow him ;
That he who came to save might know
The very depths of human woe.
- 3 He knew them all, — the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread ;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All darkened round his head ;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray ;
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

- 4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath his tread ;
 It passed not, though to him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead ;
 But there was sent him, from on high,
 A gift of strength, for man to die.
- 5 And was his mortal hour beset
 With anguish and dismay ?
 How may we meet our conflict yet
 In the dark, narrow way ?
 How, but through him that path who trod ?
 " Save, or we perish, Son of God."

133.

6 & 10s. M.

BULFINCH.

BEARING THE CROSS.

- 1 BURDEN of shame and woe !
 How does the heart o'erflow
 At thought of Him the bitter cross who bore ?
 But we have each our own,
 To others oft unknown,
 Which we must bear till life shall be no more.
- 2 And shall we fear to tread
 The path where Jesus led,
 The pure and holy one, for man who died ?
 Or shall we shrink from shame,
 Endured for Jesus' name,
 Our glorious Lord, once spurned and crucified ?
- 3 Then, 'mid the woes that wait
 On this our mortal state,
 Patience shall cheer affliction, toil, and loss ;
 And though the tempter's art
 Assail our struggling heart,
 Still, Saviour ! in thy name we bear the cross.

HIS CRUCIFIXION.

134.

7s. M.

BULFINCH.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

- 1 IN the Saviour's hour of death,
Bound upon the cross of fear,
While his quick and struggling breath
Spoke the fatal moment near,
While his proud, triumphant foes
Mocked the sufferings that he bore,
Then his loving spirit rose
More sublime than e'er before.
- 2 He has taught us to forgive,
By his words in days gone by ;
He has taught us how to live ;
Can he teach us how to die ?
Listen ! as the cross they raise,
One brief prayer ascends to heaven ;
For his murderers he prays, —
Father, may they be forgiven !

135.

P. M.

W. J. Fox.

STABAT MATER.

- 1 JEWS were wrought to cruel madness,
Christians fled in fear and sadness,
Mary stood the cross beside.
- 2 At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle sufferer died.
- 3 Poets oft have sung her story ;
Painters decked her brow with glory ;
Priests her name have deified ;

JESUS CHRIST.

- 4 But no worship, song, or glory
Touches like that simple story, —
 “ Mary stood the cross beside.”
- 5 And when under fierce oppression
Goodness suffers like transgression,
 Christ again is crucified.
- 6 But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
 Mary stands the cross beside.

136.

7s. M

BULFINCH.

“ IT IS FINISHED.”

- 1 It is finished ! glorious word
From thy lips, our suffering Lord !
Words of high, triumphant might,
Ere thy spirit takes its flight.
It is finished ! all is o'er ;
Pain and scorn oppress no more.
- 2 Now, no more foreboding dread
Shades the path thy feet must tread ;
No more fear, lest in thine hour
Pain should patience overpower.
On the perfect sacrifice
Not a stain of weakness lies.
- 3 Champion ! lay thine armor by ;
'T is thine hour of victory !
All thy toils are now o'erpast ;
Thou hast found thy rest at last ;
All hath faithfully been done,
And the world's salvation won.

HIS RESURRECTION.

137.

P. M.

H. WARE.

EASTER HYMN.

- 1 LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave ;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound
him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high, —
“ The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not
die.”
- 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy ;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy.
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our
end ;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

138.

6 & 4s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

“ LET THERE BE LIGHT ! ”

- 1 ON earth was darkness spread,
One boundless night ;
“ Let there be light,” God said, —
And there was light !
- 2 There hung a deeper gloom
O'er quick and dead,
But Jesus burst the tomb,
And darkness fled.

JESUS CHRIST.

- 3 God by his word arrayed
Darkness with light ;
God by his Son displayed
Day without night.
- 4 For thee, O man, arose
Creation's ray ;
For thee, too, brighter glows
Salvation's day.
- 5 The beams first poured on earth
For mortals shone ;
The light of later birth
Immortals own.

IV. HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

139.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

“IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember thee : —
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains,
Will I remember thee.

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

140.

P. M.

WHITTIER.

WATCHING WITH JESUS.

- 1 O THOU, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of thy pain, —
- 2 Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee !

141.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

STRENGTH FROM THE CROSS.

- 1 "IT is finished !" Man of sorrows !
From thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.
- 2 While upon that cross we view thee,
Mighty Sufferer ! draw us to thee ;
Sufferer victorious !
- 3 Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted !
May that sacred emblem be ;
- 4 Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to thee !
- 5 Still to thee ! whose love unbounded
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

- 6 Honored be thy cross for ever ;
Star, that points our high endeavour
Whither thou hast gone before !

142. 6 & 10s. M. * MRS. MILES.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

1 It was no path of flowers,
Which through this world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread ;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

2 O Thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife ;
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed ;
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

3 And, O, if thoughts of gloom
Should hover o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to
thee.

143. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

“MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.”

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour ;

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

- Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray !
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the griefs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross !
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
Love's own sacrifice complete ;
" It is finished," hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die !

144.

7s. M.

* WREFORD.

STRENGTH THROUGH CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

- 1 WHEN my love to Christ grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane !
- 2 There I walk amid the shades
While the lingering twilight fades,
See that suffering, friendless One
Weeping, praying there alone.
- 3 When my love for Christ grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary ! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe ;—

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

4 There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree ;
See his anguish, see his faith ;
Love triumphant still in death.

5 Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

145.

8 & 7s. M.

BOWRING.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

1 IN the cross of Christ we glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake us,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy ;
Never shall the cross forsake us,
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy !

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon our way ;
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ we glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

146.

L. M.

E. TAYLOR.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

- 1 IF love, the noblest, purest, best,
If truth, all other truth above,
May claim return from every breast,
O, surely Jesus claims our love !
- 2 There 's not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in that thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.
- 3 His image meets us in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile ;
We see him, when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.
- 4 We see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek ;
With him we tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with our God to seek.
- 5 We see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid ;
We hear him in the frequent sigh,
That mourns the waste that sin has made.
- 6 We meet him at the lowly tomb,
And weep where Jesus wept before ;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
We see him rise, — and weep no more.

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

147.

L. M.

*WATTS.

THE DIVINE EXAMPLE.

- 1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
And, by the paths which thou hast trod,
Press on to holiness and God.

148.

7s. M.

GASKELL.

STRENGTH FROM JESUS.

- 1 WHEN arise the thoughts of sin,
When the world our hearts would win,
When, to selfish pleasure given,
Droops the love that blooms for heaven ;
Lord we would remember thee, —
Thou wilt our Redeemer be.

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

- 2 When, with footsteps faint and slow,
Duty's upward path we go ;
When, by toils and hardship pressed,
Round we turn to look for rest ;
Lord, we would remember thee,
Thou our Guide and Strength wilt be.
- 3 When the way grows dark and drear,
When, beset by doubt and fear,
We can see no beam of light
Struggling through the thickening night ;
Lord, we would remember thee,
Thou our Comforter wilt be.

149.

C. M.

GASKELL.

FOLLOWING AFTER JESUS.

- 1 IN vain we thus recall to mind
The cross our Master bore,
Unless a holier strength we find,
And love his spirit more.
- 2 May we, like him, though thanked with ill,
Insulted, and withstood,
In hope and patience labor still
To do our brethren good.
- 3 Like him may we, unmurmuring, go
Our heaven-appointed way,
And learn, 'midst gathering storms of woe,
"God's will be done!" to say.

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

150.

11s. M.

WHITTIER.

CHRIST PRESENT IN THE SPIRIT.

- 1 O, WHAT though our feet may not tread where
Christ trod,
Nor our ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor our eyes see the cross that he bowed him
to bear,
Nor our knees press Gethsemane's garden of
prayer ?
- 2 Yet, loved of the Father, thy spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here ;
And the voice of thy love is the same, even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.
- 3 O, the Outward has gone, but in glory and power
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour ;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning, the same.

151.

C. M.

E. TAYLOR.

" I PRAY NOT FOR THESE ALONE."

- 1 " O, NOT for these alone I pray,"
The dying Saviour said ;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head ;
- 2 Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

- 3 No, not for them alone he prayed, —
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.
- 4 Sweet is the thought, when here we meet,
His feast of love to share ;
And, 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of his prayer !

152.

L. M.

GASKELL.

BEARING WITH US THE DYING OF JESUS.

- 1 NOT in this simple rite alone
May Calvary's cross to us be shown ;
But may we turn, in many an hour,
To feel its soul-constraining power.
- 2 When indolence would have its will,
And selfish ease cries out, " Be still,"
Then to the Saviour may we look,
And feel the strength of his rebuke.
- 3 When men have done us cruel wrong,
And angry thoughts are rising strong,
May we with softened hearts turn here,
And learn the Lord's forgiving prayer.
- 4 When sin looks tempting in our eyes,
May Jesus on the cross arise,
And ask if we will him forsake,
And wear the chains he died to break.
- 5 When pain, or sickness, or distress,
Our fainting souls would overpress,
To him on Calvary-looking still,
May we find strength to bear God's will.

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

153.

7s. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

BREAD OF HEAVEN.

- 1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.
- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;
To thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died,
Lord of life, O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee !

154.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE PRESENCE OF JESUS.

- 1 WHEN, blest Redeemer, thou art near,
The soul enjoys a sacred peace ;
Thy gracious look calms every fear,
Thou canst from every doubt release.
- 2 Be with us now, in truth and love,
In strength that conquers every sin ;
O, cleanse, and bless, and lift above,
And may thy cross our hearts still win.
- 3 In suffering may we strength receive
From memory of thy victory won ;
In doubt our drooping hopes revive ; —
Thus be thy presence with us shown !

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

- 4 Be ever near our spirits, Lord,
And drawn by sympathy may we
Still, through thy cross, thy life, thy word,
In faith and love come near to thee !

155.

S. M.

METHODIST.

PRESENCE OF JESUS.

- 1 NOT in the name of pride
Or selfishness we 're met ;
From worldly paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 2 Jesus, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim !
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.
- 3 Present we know thou art ;
But, O, thyself reveal !
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy peace and gladness feel !
- 4 O, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove ;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love !

156.

10s. M.

T. PARKER.

CHRIST THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

- 1 O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe ;

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

- 2 We look to thee ; thy truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.
- 3 Yes ! thou art still the Life ; thou art the Way
The holiest know ; — Light, Life, and Way of
heaven !
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast
given.

157.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

ONE IN CHRIST.

- 1 A HOLY air is breathing round,
A fragrance from above ;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.
- 2 O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not thee, nor thine ;
- 3 But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.

158.

C. M.

E. TAYLOR.

COMMUNION.

- 1 O, HERE, if ever, God of love !
Let strife and hatred cease ;
And every thought harmonious move,
And every heart be peace.

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

- 2 Not here, where met to think of him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been ;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 Thy kingdom come ! we watch, we wait,
'To hear thy cheering call ;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

159.

S & 7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

INVITATION.

- 1 "COME who will," the voice from heaven,
Like a silver trumpet, calls ;
"Come who will," — the church hath given
Back the echo from its walls.
- 2 Come, to rivers ever flowing
From the high, eternal throne ;
Come, where God, his gifts bestowing,
In the church on earth is known.
- 3 Heavenly music ! he who listens,
Longing for his spirit's home,
While his eye with rapture glistens,
Burns to say, — "I come, I come !"

160.

11 & 10s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

"COME UNTO ME."

- 1 COME unto me, when shadows round thee
gather,
When thy sad heart is weary and distressed,
Asking for comfort from thy Heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.
- 2 Ye who have mourned when the spring-flowers
were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to
waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths
are crowned.
- 3 Large are the mansions in my Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly
hymn.
- 4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely
pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

161. 8, 7, & 4s. M. METHODIST.

THE WEARY AND HEAVY-LADEN.

- 1 COME to Jesus, O my brothers,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power ;
 He is able,
He is willing, — doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you, —
'T is the spirit's struggling beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden ;
 Wait not, — 't is your Saviour's call ;
If you tarry till you 're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

162. 11 & 10s. M. T. MOORE.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
 Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel !
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
 your anguish ;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, living and
pure ;
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

163.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

PARTING HYMN.

- 1 THROUGH thee as we together came,
In singleness of heart,
And met, O Jesus ! in thy name,
So in thy name we part.
- 2 Nearer to thee our spirits lead,
And still thy love bestow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless, here below.
- 3 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

164.

P. M.

BRIGGS'S COLL.

BENEDICTION.

- 1 THE peace which God bestows
Through him who died and rose,
The peace the Father giveth through the Son,

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

Be known in every mind,
The broken heart to bind,
And bless each traveller as he journeys on.

2 Ye who have known to weep,
Where your beloved sleep ;
Ye who have raised the deep, the bitter cry,
God's blessing be as balm,
The fevered heart to calm,
And wondrous peace the troubled mind supply.

3 Ere daily strifes begin
The war without, within,
The God of love, with spirit and with power,
Now on each bended head
His wondrous blessing shed,
And keep us all through every troubled hour.

V. CHRISTIANITY AND THE KINGDOM OF
HEAVEN.

165.

C. M.

GASKELL.

THE HERALDS OF THE CROSS.

- 1 FORTH went the heralds of the cross,
No dangers made them pause ;
They counted all the world but loss,
For their great Master's cause.
- 2 Through looks of fire, and words of scorn,
Serene their path they trod ;
And to the dreary dungeon borne,
Sang praises unto God.
- 3 Friends dropped the hand they clasped before,
Love changed to cruel hate ;
And home to them was home no more ;
Yet mourned they not their fate.
- 4 In all his dark and dread array,
Death rose upon their sight ;
But calmly still they kept their way,
And shrank not from the fight.
- 5 They knew to whom their trust was given,
They could not doubt his word ;
Before them beamed the light of heaven,
The presence of their Lord.

- 6 O, may a faith as true be ours,
 And shed as pure a light
 Of peace across the darkest hours,
 And make the last one bright !

166.

7s. M.

* J. JOHNS.

THE PREACHERS OF THE WORD.

- 1 THANKS to God for those who came
 In the Saviour's glorious name ;
 Who upon the green earth trod
 But to teach the truth of God.
- 2 For the great Apostles, first,
 Who from life's endearments burst,
 Following to the cross, and then
 Leading to the cross again.
- 3 For the next, who meekly poured
 Willing blood to serve the Lord ;
 Those who bore the racks of pain,
 Felon's death, or captive's chain.
- 4 Those who roamed the nations o'er,
 Ever teaching Truth's deep lore,
 Those who wrought for liberty
 When 't was treason to be free !
- 5 Ye, who now, in better days,
 Live to spread your Maker's praise,
 Shedding, each man's home around,
 Light that consecrates the ground ;
- 6 Teachers of the word of light
 Go forth in your Master's might !
 Speed your embassy where'er
 Life has grief, or death has fear.

THE GOSPEL.

167.

S. M.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

THANKS FOR ALL SAINTS.

- 1 For all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry;
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And yearned for him to die.
- 3 They all, in life and death,
With him, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

168.

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE WORD OF GOD.

- 1 God of the prophets' power !
God of the gospel's sound !
Ride glorious on, — send out thy voice
To all the nations round.
- 2 With hearts and lips unfeigned,
We bless thee for thy word ;
We praise thee for the joyful news
Of our ascended Lord.

CHRISTIANITY.

- 3 O, may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and solemn joy
In all our hearts appear.
- 4 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase ;
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Prevent the fruits of peace.
- 5 And though we sow in tears,
Our souls at last shall come,
And gather in our sheaves with joy,
At heaven's great harvest-home.

169.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THE GOSPEL.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain !
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
Till, watering earth
Through every pore,
It calls forth all
Her secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine :
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

3 " So," saith the God of grace,
 " My gospel shall descend,
 Almighty to effect
 The purpose I intend ;
 Millions of souls
 Shall feel its power,
 And bear it down
 To millions more."

170.

S. M.

T. MOORE.

CHRISTIANITY.

- 1 BEHOLD the sun, how bright
 From yonder east he springs,
 As if the soul of life and light
 Were breathing from his wings.
- 2 So bright the Gospel broke
 Upon the souls of men ;
 So fresh the dreaming world awoke
 In truth's full radiance then.
- 3 Before yon sun arose,
 Stars clustered through the sky ;
 But, O, how dim, how pale, were those,
 To his one burning eye !
- 4 So truth lent many a ray,
 To bless the Pagan's night ;
 But, Lord, how faint, how cold, were they
 To thy one glorious light !

CHRISTIANITY AND

171.

L. M.

E. TAYLOR.

THY KINGDOM COME.

- 1 " THY kingdom come ! " The heathen lands,
In error sunk, thy presence crave ;
And victims bound by tyrant hands
Implore thee, Father, come and save !
- 2 " Thy kingdom come ! " Each troubled mind
In doubt and darkness calls for thee ;
For thou hast eyes to give the blind,
And strength to set the captive free.
- 3 Thy reign of peace and love begin !
Too oft the Christian's sacred name
Is stained by wrath and shamed by sin ;
O, come, assert the gospel's claim.
- 4 O, never in that righteous cause
Our hearts be slow, our voices dumb ;
Upon the glorious theme we pause,
And fervent pray, " Thy kingdom come ! "

172.

C. M.

GASKELL.

THY KINGDOM COME !

- 1 O GOD ! the darkness roll away
Which clouds the human soul,
And let the bright, the perfect day
Speed onward to its goal.
- 2 Let every hateful passion die,
Which makes of brethren foes ;
And war no longer raise its cry,
To mar the world's repose.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

- 3 Let faith, and hope, and charity
Go forth through all the earth ;
And man, in heavenly bearing, be
True to his heavenly birth.
- 4 Yea, let thy glorious kingdom come
Of holiness and love,
And make this world a portal meet
For thy bright courts above.

173.

S. M.

BRIGGS'S COLL.

THE COMING OF CHRIST IN POWER.

- 1 LORD Jesus, come ! for here
Our path through wilds is laid ;
We watch, as for the dayspring near,
Amid the breaking shade.
- 2 Lord Jesus, come ! for hosts
Meet on the battle-plain ;
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.
- 3 Lord Jesus, come ! for chains
Are still upon the slave ;
Bind up his wounds, relieve his pains,
The pining bondman save.
- 4 Hark ! herald voices near
Lead on thy happier day ;
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear ;
We wait to strew thy way.
- 5 Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power ;
Gather us all within thy fold,
And let us stray no more.

174.

6 & 4s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

- 1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight !
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel ray
Sheds not its glorious day,
“ Let there be light ! ”
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight !
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
“ Let there be light ! ”
- 3 Descend thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,
Speed on thy flight !
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearer of hope and grace,
And in earth's darkest place
“ Let there be light ! ”

175.

C. M.

T. MOORE.

THE LATTER DAY.

- 1 WHO shall behold the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend the veil away
Which hides the nations now !

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie ;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye !

- 2 Then, Judah ! thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain ;
The days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace, by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

176.

L. M.

WATTS.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People, and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud amen !

177.

P. M.

* MRS. DANA.

THE SUNLIGHT OF MERCY.

- 1 THE sunlight of mercy is speeding its way,
 Far, far through the shadowy gloom,
 Where the lands that in death's dark obscurity lay
 Are bursting the bars of their tomb.
- 2 I see where 't is shedding its luminous ray,
 Dispersing the shadows of night ;
 And the wondering nations are hailing the day,
 And rejoice in its glorious light.
- 3 Hallelujahs are sounding melodiously clear,
 Borne sweet from the isles of the sea,
 And the lands of the East send the echo afar,
 And the long-fettered Pagan is free.
- 4 And the Indian who roams through the green,
 prairied West,
 Now heavenward raises his eye,
 As he welcomes with joy the glad tidings of rest
 In a home far away in the sky.
- 5 And the dark-visaged son of the African wild
 Has learned of the Saviour's dear love,
 And his lion-like nature grows tenderly mild,
 As he hears the glad news from above.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

6 O sunlight of mercy, speed gloriously on,
And spread over mountain and sea,
Till the last gloomy shadow of darkness is gone,
And the last fettered spirit is free.

178.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

HYMN OF THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead ;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength !
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known ;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread,
No more shall sin's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 Thy God on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

179.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

DAUGHTER OF ZION.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

- 2 Awake, awake ! put on thy strength,
 Thy beautiful array ;
 The day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
 And send thy heralds forth ;
 Say to the south, " Give up thy charge,
 And keep not back, O north ! "
- 4 They come, they come ; — thine exiled bands,
 Where'er they rest or roam,
 Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
 And hasten to their home.

180.

8 & 7s. M.

J. NEWTON.

THE CHURCH EVERLASTING.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God !
 He whose word cannot be broken
 Formed thee for his own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 3 See ! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
- 4 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?
 Love, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

181.

L. M.

WHITTIER.

CHRISTIANITY.

- 1 O FAIREST-BORN of Love and Light,
 Yet bending brow and eye severe
 On all which pains the holy sight,
 Or wounds the pure and perfect ear, —
- 2 The generous feeling, pure and warm,
 Which owns the rights of all divine,
 The pitying heart, the helping arm,
 The prompt self-sacrifice, are thine.
- 3 Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
 How fade the lines of caste and birth !
 How equal in their sufferings lie
 The groaning multitudes of earth !
- 4 Still to a stricken brother true,
 Whatever clime hath nurtured him ;
 As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
 The worshipper of Gerizim.
- 5 In holy words which cannot die,
 In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
 Christ gave thy message from on high,
 Thy mission to a world of woe.
- 6 That voice's echo hath not died ;
 From the blue lake of Galilee,
 From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
 It calls a struggling world to thee.

182.

C. M.

H. MARTINEAU.

CHRISTIAN EQUALITY.

- 1 ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies ;
All men are equal, when that earth
Fails from their dying eyes.
- 2 God greets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts their hands have made ;
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.
- 3 'T is man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low ;
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.
- 4 O, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love !
In power and wealth exult no more,
In wisdom lowly move.
- 5 Ye great ! renounce your earth-born pride ;
Ye low ! your shame and fear ;
Live, as ye worship, side by side ;
Your common claims revere.

183.

C. M.

BULFINCH.

" THAT THEY MAY BE ONE. "

- 1 WAS it in vain that Jesus prayed
For those he came to save,
When darkly o'er his path was laid
The shadow of the grave ?

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

- 2 Hath Jesus loved and prayed in vain ?
O doubting heart, be still !
Yet holds the Lord his glorious reign,
Despite of wrong and ill.
- 3 Though nations with their battle-cries
Profane the Almighty's name,
Though bigots to the offended skies
Their own wild wrath proclaim, —
- 4 Thousands, in every Christian land,
Have never bowed the knee
In worship to the idol-band
Of strife and perfidy.
- 5 And these are one ; — though some may bend
Before the Virgin's shrine,
While others' prayers and thanks ascend,
Father ! alone at thine, —
- 6 Yet they are one ; if through their hearts
The soul of love be poured,
As swells some strain of various parts,
Yet all in sweet accord.

184.

S. M.

J. JOHNS.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

- 1 HUSH the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call !
Why should the earth be drenched with gore ?
Are we not brothers all ?
- 2 Want, from the wretch depart !
Chains, from the captive fall !
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart, —
Sufferers are brothers all.

3 Churches and sects, strike down
 Each mean partition-wall !
 Let charity unkindness drown, —
 Christians are brothers all.

4 Let love and truth alone
 Hold human hearts in thrall,
 That heaven its work at length may own,
 And men be brothers all.

185.

C. M.

GASKELL.

PEACE.

1 How long, O Lord, his brother's blood
 Shall man in battle spill ?
 How long that mandate be withstood,
 Which cries, " Thou shalt not kill " ?

2 How long shall glory still be found
 In scenes of cruel strife,
 Where misery walks, a giant crowned,
 Crushing the flowers of life ?

3 O, hush, great God ! the sounds of war,
 And make thy children feel
 That he, with thee, is noblest far,
 Who toils for human weal ; —

4 And though forgotten, he alone
 Can be a Christian true
 Who would his foes as brethren own,
 And still their good pursue.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

186.

7s. M.

MILMAN.

HE REBUKED THE WIND AND THE SEA.

- 1 LORD ! thou didst arise and say
To the troubled waters, " Peace ! "
And the tempest died away ;
Down they sank, the foaming seas,
And a calm and heaving sleep
Spread o'er all the glassy deep ;
All the azure lake serene
Like another heaven was seen.
- 2 Lord ! thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud !
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,
Quell the fierce and changing crowd !
Then the earth shall find repose
From oppressions, and from woes ;
And an imaged heaven appear
On our world of darkness here.

187.

L. M.

*

THE HOPE OF MAN.

- 1 THE Past is dark with sin and shame,
The Future dim with doubt and fear ;
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.
- 2 For Man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps to come to thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of thy grace could see.

- 3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
 But thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
 As age by age brought hopes more fair,
 And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.
- 4 But never rose within his breast
 A trust so calm and deep as now ;
 Shall not the weary find a rest ?
 Father, Preserver, answer Thou !
- 5 'T is dark around, 't is dark above,
 But through the shadow streams the sun ;
 We cannot doubt thy certain love ;
 And Man's true aim shall yet be won !

188.

6s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

BEHOLD, HE COMETH.

- 1 HARK ! through the waking earth,
 Hark ! through the echoing sky,
 Herald of freedom's birth,
 There comes a glorious cry.
- 2 The triple chains that bind
 Fall from the weary limb,
 And from the down-crushed mind,
 As soundeth that high hymn.
- 3 Unto man's waiting heart
 It saith, — " Arise, be strong !
 Bear thou an earnest part
 Against all forms of wrong.
- 4 " Wouldst live in earth as lives
 The glorious One above ?
 He for thy model gives
 Himself, and he is Love.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

- 5 " Love in each brother man
The God who loveth him ;
Revere the stamp of heaven,
However marred and dim.
- 6 " Bid fear give place to love ;
Bid doubt and passion cease ;
Be every word of hate
For ever hushed in peace."
- 7 Sound, sound through all the earth !
Sound through the echoing sky !
Proclaim true Freedom's birth ;
Proclaim the Lord is nigh !

189.

7s. M.

* MONTGOMERY.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

- 1 God made all his creatures free ;
Life itself is liberty ;
God ordained no other bands
Than united hearts and hands.
- 2 Sin the primal charter broke, —
Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke ;
Tyranny with sin began,
Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.
- 3 But a better day shall be,
Life again be liberty,
And the wide world's only bands
Love-knit hearts and love-linked hands.
- 4 So shall every slavery cease,
All God's children dwell in peace,
And the new-born earth record
Love, and love alone, is Lord.

190.

P. M.

H. WARE.

FREEDOM.

- 1 OPPRESSION shall not always reign ;
 There comes a brighter day,
 When freedom, burst from every chain,
 Shall have triumphant way.
 Then right shall over might prevail,
 And truth, like hero armed in mail,
 The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
 And hold eternal sway.
- 2 What voice shall bid the progress stay
 Of truth's victorious car ?
 What arm arrest the growing day,
 Or quench the solar star ?
 What reckless soul, though stout and strong,
 Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
 Oppression's guilty night prolong,
 And freedom's morning bar ?

191.

C. M.

* WHITTIER.

THE REFORMERS.

- 1 O PURE Reformers ! not in vain
 Your trust in human kind ;
 The good which bloodshed could not gain,
 Your peaceful zeal shall find.
- 2 The truths ye urge are borne abroad
 By every wind and tide ;
 The voice of nature and of God
 Speaks out upon your side.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

- 3 The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven hath wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love, — your battle-ground,
The free, broad field of Thought.
- 4 O, may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man.
- 5 Press on ! and if we may not share
The glory of your fight,
We 'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right.

192.

8 & 7s. M.

COWPER.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

- 1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken ;
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you ;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 There, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Never hear of war again ;
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

VI. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

193.

P. M.

SP. OF PSALMS.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came, in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES.

- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see ;
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

194.

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SPIRIT SAITH "COME!"

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, "Wanderer, come!"
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'T is Jesus bids you come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, " I quickly come !"
Lord, even so ! I wait thine hour ;
Jesus, my Saviour, come !

195.

7s. M.

BRIGGS'S COLL.

THE PRODIGAL.

- 1 BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war ?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come !

- 2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave ?
Squandered life's most golden hours ?
Turn thee, brother, God can save !
- 3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul ?
Discontent upon thy brow ?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole !
- 4 Fall before him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in his ear ;
Seek him, for he may be found,
Call upon him, for he 's near.

196.

L. M.

BEARD'S COLL.

TURN, CHILD OF DOUBT.

- 1 TURN, child of doubt, estranged from God !
To error's joyless waste betrayed ;
No light will there illumine thy road,
No friendly voice will give thee aid.
- 2 O, turn, and leave that cheerless waste !
The shade of death, — the maze of woe !
There is a path that leads to rest, —
A fount of life is given below.
- 3 Thy friend, thy Lord, from heaven revealed,
The lost, the erring, to recall,
That sacred fountain hath unsealed ;
With voice of love he speaks to all.
- 4 He bids the dying wanderer turn,
To walk in duty's way, and live ;
He speaks to wounded souls that mourn,
He speaks, — to heal and to forgive.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES.

197.

7s. M.

BRIGGS'S COLL.

COME HOME !

- 1 SOUL ! celestial in thy birth,
Dwelling yet in lowest earth,
Panting, shrinking to be free,
Hear God's spirit whisper thee.
- 2 Thus it saith, in accents mild, —
“ Weary wanderer, wayward child,
From thy Father's earnest love
Still for ever wilt thou rove ? ”
- 3 Turn to hope, and peace, and light,
Freed from sin, and earth, and night ;
I have called, entreated thee,
In my mercies gentle, free.
- 4 Human soul, in love divine,
Have I sought to make thee mine ;
Still for thee good angels yearn ;
Human soul, wilt thou return ?

198.

C. M.

WHITTIER.

THE CALL.

- 1 O, NOT alone with outward sign
Of fear, or voice from heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
The call of God, is given ;
Awakening in the human heart
Love for the True and Right,
Zeal for the Christian's better part,
Strength for the Christian's fight.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Though heralded by naught of fear,
Or outward sign, or show ;
Though only to the inward ear
It whisper soft and low ;
Though dropping as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Holy and gentle, heed it well, —
The call to Truth and Love.

199.

11s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

ACQUAINT THEE WITH GOD.

- 1 ACQUAINT thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with
God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy
road ;
And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy
head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
- 2 Acquaint thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with
God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are
abroad ;
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

200.

S. M.

J. JOHNS.

“ THOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN.”

- 1 THOU must be born again !
Such was the solemn word
To him who came not all in vain
By night to seek his Lord.

PENITENCE.

- 2 Thou must be born again !
But not the birth of clay ;
The immortal seed must thence obtain
Deliverance into day.
- 3 Thou, in thy inmost mind,
Must own the same control ;
The same regenerating wind
Must move and guide thy soul.
- 4 Thou canst not choose but trace
The steps the Master trod,
If once thou feel his truth and grace,
A conscious child of God !
- 5 The mortal's birth is past ;
The immortal's birth must be ;
Seek well and thou shalt find at last
That blest nativity.

201.

7s. M.

* J. TAYLOR.

A PENITENTIAL HYMN.

- 1 GOD of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
Listen to thy suppliant ones,
Thou, to whom all grace belongs !
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ; —
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain ; —

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own ;
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking strength from thee alone.

5 God of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
O, restore thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs !

202.

10s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BROKEN SHIELD.

1 O, SEND me not away ! for I would drink,
Even I, the weakest, at the fount of life ;
Chide not my steps, that venture near the brink,
Weary and fainting from the deadly strife.

2 Went I not forth undaunted and alone,
Strong in the majesty of human might ?
Lo ! I return, all wounded and forlorn,
My dream of glory lost in shades of night.

3 Was I not girded for the battle-field ?
Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword ?
Behold the fragments of my broken shield,
And lend to me thy heavenly armor, Lord !

203.

C. M.

FURNESS.

THE PENITENT SON.

1 O, RICHLY, Father, have I been
Blest evermore by thee ;
And morning, noon, and night thou hast
Preserved me tenderly.

PENITENCE.

- 2 And yet the love which thou shouldst claim
To idols I have given ;
Too oft have bound to earth the hopes
That know no home but heaven.
- 3 Unworthy to be called thy son,
I come with shame to thee,
Father !—O, more than Father, thou
Hast always been to me !
- 4 Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.
- 5 That I may henceforth heed whate'er
My voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
A principle of faith, —
- 6 Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host,
Encamped round about.

204.

7s. M.

MILMAN.

LORD, HAVE MERCY.

- 1 LORD, have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way ;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to know their cherished sin ;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale ;
When our tears bedew thy word ;
Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Lord, have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed and sigh, —
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill ;
When the dim, advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come ;
When is loosed the silver cord ;
Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord!
- 3 Lord, have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below ;
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress ;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of the bright but distant heaven ;
Then thy strengthening grace afford ;
Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord !

205.

L. M.

GASKELL.

SEEKING STRENGTH.

- 1 O GOD ! who knowest how frail we are,
How soon the thought of good departs ;
We pray that thou wouldst feed the fount
Of holy yearning in our hearts.
- 2 Let not the choking cares of earth
Their precious springs of life o'ergrow ;
But, ever guarded by thy love,
Still purer may their waters flow.
- 3 To thee, with sweeter hope and trust,
Be every day our spirits given ;
And may we, while we walk on earth,
Walk more as citizens of heaven.

206.

L. M.

FLINT'S COLL.

THE STRENGTH OF THE ERRING.

- 1 YES ! prayer is strong, and God is good ;
Man is not made for endless ill ;
The offending soul, in darkest mood,
Hath yet a hope, a refuge still.
- 2 Thou, God, wilt hear ; these pangs are meant
To heal the spirit, not destroy ;
And even remorse, for chastening sent,
When thou commandest, works for joy.

207.

C. M.

* WREFORD.

PRAYER FOR FAITH.

- 1 LORD ! I believe ; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey ;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.
- 2 Lord ! I believe ; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight,
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.
- 3 Lord ! I believe ; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak ;
Strengthen my weakness, and bestow
The confidence I seek !
- 4 Yes, I believe ; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief ;
Lord ! to thy truth my spirit bow,
Help thou my unbelief !

208.

C. M.

BARTRUM.

MY GOD, REMEMBER ME.

- 1 O, FROM these visions dark and drear,
Kind Father, set me free ;
I struggle yet with darkness here, —
My God, remember me !
- 2 Refresh my drooping soul with grace
And quickening energy ;
Still running, toiling in the race, —
My God, remember me !
- 3 Some cheering ray of hope impart,
Sweet influence from thee ;
And raise this feeble drooping heart, —
My God, remember me !
- 4 For the inheritance in light,
On trembling wings I flee ;
With sins, and doubts, and fears I fight, —
My God, remember me !

209.

C. M.

MILMAN.

PRAYER FOR HELP.

- 1 O, HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, in word, in deed,
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
With doubt and anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O, help us, Lord, the more.

INWARD STRUGGLE.

- 3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O, help us, Father ! from on high ;
We know no help but thee ;
O, help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be !

210.

7s. M.

RUSSIAN.

IN DOUBT.

- 1 WHY, thou never-setting Light,
Is thy brightness veiled from me ?
Why does this unwonted night
Cloud thy blest benignity ?
- 2 I am lost without thy ray ;
Guide my wandering footsteps, Lord !
Light my dark and erring way
To the noontide of thy word.

211.

C. M.

HUMPHRIES.

GOOD LORD, REMEMBER ME.

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart ;
Good Lord, remember me !
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O, let my strength be as my day ;
Good Lord, remember me !
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Good Lord, remember me !
- 5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath, —
Good Lord, remember me !
- 6 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me !

212.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

LORD, TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

- 1 WHEN, with error bewildered, our path becomes
dreary,
And tears of despondency flow,
When the whole head is sick, and the whole
heart is weary,
Despairing, — to whom shall we go ?

INWARD STRUGGLE.

- 2 When the thirsting soul turneth away from the
springs
Of the pleasures this world can bestow,
And sighs, for another and flutters its wings,
Impatient, — to whom shall it go ?
- 3 O, blest be that light which has parted the
clouds,
And a path to the wanderer can show ;
That pierces the veil which the future en-
shrouds,
And tells us to whom we should go !

213.

C. M.

BULFINCH.

HELP THOU OUR UNBELIEF.

- 1 FATHER, when o'er our trembling hearts
Doubt's shadows gathering brood,
When faith in thee almost departs,
And gloomiest fears intrude,
Forsake us not, O God of grace,
But send those fears relief ;
Grant us again to see thy face ;
Lord, help our unbelief !
- 2 When sorrow comes, and joys are flown,
And fondest hopes lie dead,
And blessings, long esteemed our own,
Are now for ever fled ;
When the bright promise of our spring
Is but a withered leaf,
Lord, to thy truths still let us cling ;
Help thou our unbelief !

- 3 And when the powers of nature fail
 Upon the couch of pain,
 Nor love nor friendship can avail
 The spirit to detain ;
 Then, Father, be our closing eyes
 Undimmed by tears of grief ;
 And, if a trembling doubt arise,
 Help thou our unbelief !

214.

7s. M.

FURNESS.

CHRIST WHO STRENGTHENETH ME.

- 1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die ?
 Who, O God, my guide shall be ?
 Who shall lead thy child to thee ?
- 2 Blessed Father, gracious One,
 Thou hast sent thy holy Son ;
 He will give the light I need,
 He my trembling steps will lead.
- 3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,
 Let me ever lean on him ;
 From his precepts wisdom draw,
 Make his life my solemn law.
- 4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
 Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
 In my weakness, thus shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die :
- 5 Learn to live in peace and love,
 Like the perfect ones above ; —
 Learn to die without a fear,
 Feeling thee, my Father, near.

INWARD STRUGGLE.

215.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

ANGELS FROM HEAVEN STRENGTHENING HIM.

- 1 WHEN in thine hour of conflict, Lord,
The tempter to thy soul was nigh,
Or when that bitter cup was poured
In thy deep garden-agony, —
- 2 Not then, when uttermost thy need,
Seemed light across thy soul to break ;
No seraph form was seen to speed,
Nor yet the voice of comfort spake ;
- 3 Till, by thine own triumphant word,
The victory over ill was won ;
Till the sweet mournful cry was heard,
“ Thy will, O God, not mine, be done ! ”
- 4 Lord, bring those precious moments back,
When fainting against sin we strain ;
Or in thy counsels fail to track
Aught but the present grief and pain.
- 5 In weakness, help us to contend ;
In darkness, yield to God our will ;
And true hearts, faithful to the end,
Cheer by thine holy angels still !

216.

7s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

IN TEMPTATION.

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, to my release ;
Haste to help me, O my God !
Foes like armed bands increase ; —
Turn them back the way they trod.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail ;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.
- 3 Thou mine only helper art,
My redeemer from the grave ;
Strength of my desiring heart,
Father ! Helper ! haste to save !

217.

11 & 10s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father ! thou hast many a blessing
In store for every erring child of thine ;
For this I pray, — Let me, thy grace possessing,
Seek to be guided by thy will divine.
- 2 Not for earth's treasures, for her joys the
dearest,
Would I my supplications raise to thee ;
Not for the hopes that to my heart are nearest,
But only that I give that heart to thee.
- 3 Imploring thee to guide and guard me ever, —
Cleanse, by thy power, from every stain of
sin ;
Let me thy blessing ask on each endeavour ;
And thus thy promised peace my soul shall
win.

218.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

THE SOUL'S REST.

- 1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares ;
From lonely woes, that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils, and snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought ;
From sickness unto death made whole ;
Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife ;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.
- 4 God is thy rest ; with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe ;
Christ is thy rest ; with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

219.

L. M.

MORAVIAN.

SEEKING GOD.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows ;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained ; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove ;
And fain I would ; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'T is mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee ;
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend !
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there !
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

220.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

LEAD THOU ME ON !

- 1 SEND kindly light amid the encircling gloom,
And lead me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead Thou me on !
Keep thou my feet : I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on :
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on !
I loved day's dazzling light, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years !

ASPIRATION.

- 3 So long thy power hath blessed me, surely still
'T will lead me on
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sor-
row, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

221.

L. M.

WATTS.

DEVOUT RETIREMENT AND MEDITATION.

- 1 MY God ! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;
I would obey thy voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her strife withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

222.

L. M.

MORAVIAN.

ASPIRATION.

- 1 O, DRAW me, Father, after thee !
So shall I run and never tire ;
With gracious words still comfort me ;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire ;
Free me from every weight ; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art near.
- 2 From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued ;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.
- 3 In suffering be thy love my peace ;
In weakness be thy love my power ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
O Father ! in my latest hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And draw me closer to thy side.

223.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

SPIRITUAL NEEDS.

- 1 I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind :
Of power to conquer every sin ;
Of love to God and all mankind ;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

SPIRITUAL DESIRES.

- 2 O, that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast ;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God !

224.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

WATCHFULNESS.

- 1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to find it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make !
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

SPIRITUAL WANTS.

- 1 My God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do ;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill ;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And bids the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name ;

SPIRITUAL DESIRES.

A zealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

5 I rest upon thy word ;
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee ;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

226.

7s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

THE SOUL THIRSTING FOR GOD.

- 1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see ;
When, O, when, without a fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near ?
- 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole ;
Why art thou disquieted ?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

227.

S. M.

* MONTGOMERY.

SEEKING REST.

- 1 O, WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound
Or pierce to either pole :
- 2 The world can never give
The rest for which we sigh ;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 In Thee we end our quest ;
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, — the rest
Of immortality.

228.

C. M.

WESLEY.

“ THERE REMAINETH A REST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD.”

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O, that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in ;
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

SPIRITUAL DESIRES.

- 4 Remove all hardness from my heart,
All unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

229.

S. M.

METHODIST.

DESIRE FOR HOLINESS.

- 1 THAT blessed law of thine,
Father, to me impart ;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O, write it in my heart !
- 2 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove, —
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.
- 3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

230.

C. P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

SELF-RENUNCIATION.

- 1 O LORD ! how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that one above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best ; —

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Could we but kneel and cast our care
Upon our God in humble prayer,
With strengthened spirits rise ;
Sure that our Father, who is nigh
To hear the ravens when they cry,
Will hear our earnest cries !
- 3 O, may these trustless hearts of ours
The lesson learn from birds and flowers,
And learn from self to cease, —
Leave all things to our Father's will,
And, on his mercy leaning still,
Find, in each trial, peace.

231.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

- 1 FOR ever with the Lord !
So, Father, let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high !
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

SPIRITUAL DESIRES.

- 5 And then I feel, that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.
- 6 For ever with the Lord !
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that blessed word
Even here to me fulfil.
- 7 Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand ;
Help, and I must prevail.

232.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

HEAVEN.

- 1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin ;
But all who hope to enter there
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew ;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.
- 3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love ;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

DESIRE FOR UNION WITH GOD.

- 1 O LOVE, how cheering is thy ray !
All pain before thy presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise :
O Father, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee !
- 2 Unweari'd may I this pursue,
Dauntless to this high prize aspire ;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire ;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.
- 3 O, that I as a little child
May follow thee, and never rest,
Till sweetly thou hast breathed a mild
And lowly mind into my breast ;
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become as one with thee.
- 4 Still let thy love point out my way !
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought !
Still lead me, lest I go astray ;
Direct my word, inspire my thought ;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

SPIRITUAL DESIRES.

234.

7s. M.

* NEWTON.

FOR A CHILDLIKE SPIRIT.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart ;
Make me loving, meek, and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art ;
Make me as a little child ;
From distrust and envy free ;
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;
'T is enough that thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows beneath his father's eyes
He is never left alone ;
So would I with thee abide,
Thou my Father, Guard, and Guide !

235.

S. M.

BRIGGS'S COLL.

WALKING WITH GOD.

- 1 FATHER, I may not pray
Freedom from earthly ill ;
But may thy peace be o'er my way
With its dove-pinion still !
- 2 O, let a sense of thee,
Of thy sustaining love,
My bosom-guest for ever be,
Where'er I rest or move.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 A heavenly light serene,
With its unfading beams,
Within my trusting heart be seen,
More bright than childhood's dreams.

4 So let me walk with thee,
Thy presence round my way ;
Made by thine aiding spirit free,
Thy love, my joy and stay.

236.

L. M.

MISS BREMER.

THIRST FOR LIVING WATERS.

- 1 I THIRST ! — O, grant the waters pure,
Which flowed by Eden's rosy bower ;
The glorious, fresh, and silver stream,
The ever young, whose flashing gleam
Once before angel footsteps rolled ;
Whose sands were wisdom's priceless gold.
- 2 I thirst ! — O bounteous Source of Truth,
Give coolness to my fevered youth ;
Make the sick heart more strong and wise ;
Take spectral visions from mine eyes ;
O, let me quench my thirst in thee,
And pure, and strong, and holy be !
- 3 I thirst ! — O God, great Source of Love !
Infinite Life streams from above.
O, give one drop, and let me live !
The barren world has naught to give ;
No solace have its streams for me ;
I thirst alone for heaven and thee.

SPIRITUAL DESIRES.

237.

P. M.

JONES VERY.

DESIRES FOR GOD'S PRESENCE.

1 WILT Thou not visit me ?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew ;
Each blade of grass I see,
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture grew.

2 Wilt Thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

3 Come ! for I need thy love,
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;
Come, like thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

4 Yes ! Thou wilt visit me ;
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

238.

7 & 6s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

ASPIRATION.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace !
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place !
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above !

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source ;
 So the spirit, born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

239.

P. M.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

NEARER TO THEE.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me ;
 Still all my song shall be, —
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I 'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee, —
 Nearer to thee !
- 3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven ;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given ;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee, —
 Nearer to thee !

COMING TO GOD.

- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I 'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee !
- 5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly ;
Still all my song shall be, —
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

240.

S. M.

GUION.

LIVING WATERS.

- 1 THE fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears ;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.
- 2 But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply ;
The morning sees them amply filled,
At evening they are dry.
- 3 The cisterns I forsake,
O Fount of life, for thee ;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

241.

L. M.

* MRS STEELE.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

- 1 MY soul no more shall strive in vain,
Slave to the world, and slave to sin :
A nobler toil I will sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win !
- 2 I will resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O, be his service all my joy !
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.
- 4 O, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways ;
Great God ! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

242.

L. M.

J. F. OBERLIN.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

- 1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place ;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

243.

C. P. M.

J. E. ROSCOE.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

- 1 O GOD, to thee, who first hast given
To mortal frame the spark of heaven,
I consecrate my powers ;
Thine is its hoped eternity,
And thine its earthly life shall be,
Through years, and days, and hours.
- 2 Here at thy shrine I bow, resigned
Each struggling passion of my mind,
With all its hopes and fears ;
To bend each thought to thy control
Is the one wish that fills my soul,
Through all my future years.

244.

12s. M.

* GASKELL.

THE NEW BIRTH.

- 1 I AM free ! I am free ! I have broken away,
From the chambers of night, to the splendors
of day ;
All the phantoms that darkened around me are
gone,
And a spirit of light is now leading me on.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Earth appeareth in garments of beauty new
drest ;
Brighter thoughts, brighter feelings, spring forth
in my breast ;
Happy voices are floating in music above ;
All creation is full of the glory of love.
- 3 God of truth ! it is thou who hast shed down
each ray
Of the sunshine that blesses and gladdens my
way ;
From the depths of my spirit, to thee will I
give
Ever-thankful affection, as long as I live.

245.

8 & 7s. M.

EPISCOPAL COLL.

SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

- 1 FATHER, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays !
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold above ;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy love.
- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I 've come ;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

THE NEW BIRTH.

246.

S. M.

BULFINCH.

BORN AGAIN.

- 1 O LORD ! through thee we own
A new and heavenly birth,
Kindred to spirits round thy throne,
Though sojourners of earth.
- 2 How glorious is the hour,
When first our souls awake,
Through thy mysterious spirit's power,
And of new life partake.
- 3 With richer beauty glows
The world, before so fair ;
Her holy light religion throws,
Reflected every where.
- 4 The life which thou hast given,
O Lord ! shall never end ;
The grave is but the path to heaven,
And death is now our friend.

247.

11s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

GOD OUR SHEPHERD.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I
know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when
oppressed.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though
I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth
o'er ;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head ;
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more ?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above ;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom
of love.

248.

7s. M.

SP. OF THE PSALMS.

HE SHALL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE OVER THEE.

- 1 THEY, who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger 's nigh ;
Lo, his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.
- 2 Vain temptation's wily snare ;
They shall be the Father's care ;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.
- 3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep ;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and love can never fear.

TRUST IN GOD.

249.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE CHILD OF GOD.

- 1 NONE loves me, Father, with thy love,
None else can meet such needs as mine ;
O, grant me, as thou shalt approve,
All that befits a child of thine ;
From doubt, from slavish fear, release,
And give me confidence and peace.
- 2 Give me a faith shall never fail,
One that shall always work by love ;
And then, whatever foes assail,
May they but higher courage move
More boldly for the truth to strive,
And move by faith in thee to live.
- 3 A heart, that, when my days are glad,
May never from thy way decline,
And when the sky of life grows sad,
May still submit its will to thine, —
A heart that loves to trust in thee,
A patient heart, create in me.

250.

L. M.

GASKELL.

FAITH IN GOD'S LOVE.

- 1 FATHER ! we humbly would repose
Our souls on thee, who dwell'st above,
And bless thee for the peace which flows
From faith in thine encircling love.
- 2 Though every earthly trust may break,
Infinite might belongs to thee ;
Though friends may die, and friends forsake,
Unchangeable thou still wilt be.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Though griefs may gather darkly round,
They cannot veil us from thy sight ;
Though vain all human aid be found,
Thou every grief canst turn to light.
- 4 All things thy wise designs fulfil,
In earth beneath, and heaven above,
And good breaks out from every ill,
Through faith in thine encircling love.

251.

L. M.

* DYER.

ALL THINGS WORK FOR GOOD.

- 1 WE all, O Father, all are thine ;
All feel thy providential care ;
And, through each varying scene of life,
Alike thy constant love we share.
- 2 And whether grief oppress the heart ;
Or whether joy elate the breast ;
Or life still keep its little course ;
Or death invite the heart to rest ; —
- 3 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey ;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to heaven, and nearer thee.

252.

S. M.

BRIGGS'S COLL.

QUIET FROM GOD.

- 1 QUIET from God ! To feel
The heavenly rest begin,
The peace the Spirit doth reveal ;
Quiet, around, within.

TRUST IN GOD.

- 2 It deems not evil gone
From every earthly scene ;
It sees the lowering storm come on,
But feels his shield between.
- 3 Care o'er life's little day
The heavy cloud may roll ;
Light o'er its darkest folds shall play, —
The sunlight of the soul.
- 4 O, like the holy ark,
It bears the peace of God
Above the floods and waters dark,
And o'er the desert's sod.
- 5 What may it not confer ?
Though evil minds condemn,
The spirit's peace they cannot mar ;
She may speak peace to them.
- 6 Quiet from God ! E'en death
Cannot its rest destroy ;
'T is but release of mortal breath,
For an immortal joy.

253.

7 & 6s. M.

WESLEY.

TRUST.

- 1 SEE the Lord, thy helper, stand,
Omnipotently near ;
Lo ! he holds thee by the hand,
And banishes thy fear ;
Shadows with his wings thy head ;
Guards from all impending harms ;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 God shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in ;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin.
Lean upon thy Father's breast ;
He thy quiet spirit keeps ;
Rest in him, securely rest ;
Thy Guardian never sleeps.

254.

S. M.

J. WESLEY.

RELIANCE.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands ;
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To him commend thy cause, — his ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 4 Then on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

- 1 God is our refuge and our strength,
When trouble's hour is near ;
A very present help is he ;
Therefore we will not fear.
- 2 Although the pillars of the earth
Shall clean removed be,
The very mountains carried forth,
And cast into the sea ;
- 3 Although the waters rage and swell,
So that the earth shall shake ;
Yea, and the solid mountain roots
Shall with the tempest quake ;
- 4 There is a river that makes glad
The city of our God ;
The tabernacle's holy place
Of the Most High's abode.
- 5 The Lord is in the midst of her,
Removed she shall not be ;
Because the Lord our God himself
Shall help her speedily.
- 6 The Lord our strength and refuge is,
When trouble's hour is near ;
A very present help is he ;
Therefore we will not fear.

BE OF GOOD COURAGE.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears !
 Hope and be undismayed !
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
 Wait thou his time, so shall the night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 He everywhere hath rule,
 And all things serve his might ;
 His every act pure blessing is,
 His path, unsullied light.
- 4 Thou comprehend'st him not ;
 Yet earth and heaven tell,
 God sits as sovereign on the throne ;
 He ruleth all things well.
- 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee ;
 O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee !
- 6 Let us, in life or death,
 Boldly thy truth declare ;
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

257.

S. M.

BRIGGS'S COLL.

REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS.

- 1 REJOICE in God alway ;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.
- 2 Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress ;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.
- 3 Rejoice in hope and fear ;
Rejoice in life and death ;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.
- 4 When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ his brethren calls ;
Who hear and know his guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls ?
- 5 So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall his own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

258.

S. M.

* DODDRIDGE.

GOD WILL PROVIDE.

- 1 How gentle God's commands !
How kind his precepts are !
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 His bounty will provide ;
Ye shall securely dwell ;
The hand that bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 O, why should anxious thought
Press down your weary mind ?
O, seek your Heavenly Father now,
And peace and gladness find.
- 4 His goodness stands for all
Unchanged from day to day ;
We 'll drop our burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

259.

C. M.

COWPER.

THE MYSTERIES OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his vast designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints ! fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

TRUST IN GOD.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

260.

C. M.

MERRICK.

“ HE KNOWETH WHAT YE HAVE NEED OF.”

- 1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee ;
 Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
 Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 In thine all-gracious providence
 Our cheerful hopes confide ;
O, let thy power be our defence,
 Thy love our footsteps guide.
- 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Thy mercy still supply ;
The good unasked, O Father, grant ;
 The ill, though asked, deny.

261.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

RELIANCE.

- 1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God ! conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.
- 4 Be this my care ! — to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be ;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God ! on thee.

262.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

- 1 WHEN grief and anguish press me down,
And hope and comfort flee,
I cling, O Father, to thy throne,
And stay my heart on thee.
- 2 When death invades my peaceful home,
The sundered ties shall be
A closer bond, in time to come,
To bind my heart to thee.
- 3 Lord, not my will, but thine, be done !
My soul, from fear set free,
Her faith shall anchor at thy throne,
And trust alone in thee.

263.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THY WILL BE DONE.

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will, my God, be done !
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will, my God, be done !
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh ?
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will, my God, be done !
- 4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —
I only yield thee what is thine ;
Thy will, my God, be done !
- 5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
In life or death teach me to say,
Thy will, my God, be done !
- 6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
Thy will, my God, be done !

264.

L. M.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

THY WILL BE DONE.

- 1 HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower ;
Alike they 're needful for the flower ;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done !
- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love ?
Creator ! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee :
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done !
- 3 O, ne'er will I at life repine ! —
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done !

265.

P. M.

BOWRING.

THY WILL BE DONE.

- 1 THY will be done ! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run ;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say
Thy will be done !
- 2 Thy will be done ! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine : —
Thy will be done !

TRUST IN GOD.

- 3 Thy will be done ! Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one,
Is ours, — to breathe, while we adore,
Thy will be done !

266.

L. M.

MRS. GILMAN.

A FATHER'S CARE.

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power ;—
My Father ! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief ;—
My Father ! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ ;—
My Father ! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.
- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The sick, nay, e'en the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

267.

7s. M.

HEBER.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

- 1 Lo, the lilies of the field !
How their leaves instruction yield !
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles trust and piety :
Children, banish doubt and sorrow, —
God provideth for the morrow.

- 2 One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our earthly destiny ;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps his children lest they fall :
Pass we, then, in love and praise,
Trusting him, through all our days,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow, —
God provideth for the morrow.

268.

10s. M.

JONES VERY.

THE SON.

- 1 FATHER ! I wait thy word. The sun doth stand
Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
A listening servant, waiting thy command,
To roll rejoicing on its silent way.
- 2 The tongue of time abides the appointed hour,
Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall ;
The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower, —
Then, every drop speeds onward at thy call.
- 3 The bird reposes on the yielding bough,
With breast unswollen by the tide of song ; —
So does my spirit wait thy presence now,
To pour thy praise in quickening life along.

269.

7s. M.

BOWRING.

“ FATHER ! GLORIFY THY NAME ! ”

- 1 FATHER ! glorify thy name !
 Whatso'er our portion be,
 Wheresoever led by thee,
 If to glory, — if to shame, —
 Father ! glorify thy name !
- 2 Let thy name be glorified !
 If in doubt and darkness lost,
 Hope deceived and purpose crost,
 Naught amiss can e'er betide, —
 Let thy name be glorified !
- 3 Father ! glorify thy name !
 Vain and blind our wishes are ;
 This can be no idle prayer,
 This can be no worthless claim, —
 Father ! glorify thy name !

270.

L. M.

WESLEY'S COLL.

GOD LEADS US RIGHT.

- 1 LEADER of Israel's host, and Guide
 Of all who seek the land above,
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of thy protecting love ;
 Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
 Our end the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray,
 We shall not full direction need,
 Nor miss our providential way ;
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While love, almighty love, is near.

271.

7s. M.

* COWPER.

THE CROSS.

- 1 'T IS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss :
 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all, —
 This is happiness to me.

- 2 God in Israel sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
 These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil ;
 Trials make our faith sublime,
 Trials give new life to prayer,
 Lift us to a holier clime,
 Make us strong to do and bear.

272.

8 & 7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow thee ;
 Though by all things else forsaken,
 Thou my all in all shalt be.

- 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'T will but drive me to thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Thou canst give me sweetest rest.

FAITH.

- 3 Know, my soul, thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do and bear.
- 4 Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 5 Haste thee on from cross to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall lead thee there.

273.

C. M.

T. MOORE.

FAITH.

- 1 THE dove, let loose in Eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam ;
- 2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To urge my course to thee.
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,
My soul, as home she springs ;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

274.

C. M.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

HOPE.

- 1 THE world may change from old to new,
 From new to old again ;
 Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,
 Within man's heart remain.
 The dreams that bless the weary soul,
 The struggles of the strong,
 Are steps towards some happy goal,
 The story of hope's song.
- 2 Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
 The man to sow the seed ;
 Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour, —
 But prompts again to deed.
 And ere upon the old man's dust
 The grass is seen to wave,
 We look through falling tears, to trust
 Hope's sunshine on the grave.
- 3 O, no ! it is no flattering lure,
 No fancy weak or fond,
 When hope would bid us rest secure
 In better life beyond.
 Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
 Her promise may gainsay ;
 The voice divine hath spoke within,
 And God did ne'er betray.

FAITH TRIUMPHANT OVER SORROW.

- 1 NOT that thy boundless love, my God,
 Sheds blessings on my way,
 And gilds as with a heavenly beam
 The darkness of earth's day, —
 Not now for breath of summer flowers,
 The smiles of sunny skies,
 The still, small voice of gratitude
 Shall to thy ear arise.
- 2 I bless thee for the ministry
 Of sorrow's lonely hour,
 When darkly o'er my stricken head
 I see the storm-clouds lower ;
 Thy love can still the billows' roar,
 And whisper, " Peace ; be still ! "
 While faith doth on thy promise rest,
 And bless the Father's will.
- 3 The shadow and the storm must come ;
 O, grant that faith divine
 Which triumphs o'er the might of grief,
 And moulds man's will to thine !
 In hours of deepest gloom, mine eye
 One blessed ray can see ;
 A sunlit side that cloud must have,
 Which hides thy face from me.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

276.

L. M.

MISS ROSCOE.

THE BITTER CUP.

- 1 THY will be done ! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love ;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.
- 2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears ;
And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours the immortal years ?
- 3 Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time ;
And bid the soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime !
- 4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love ;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.
- 5 That glorious life will well repay
This life of toil and care and woe ;
O Father ! joyful on my way,
To drink thy bitter cup, I go.

277.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

WATCHFULNESS.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord !
Each in your office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

WATCHFULNESS.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame :
Gird up your loins, as in his sight ;
For holy is his name.
- 3 Watch ! 't is your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, he 's near :
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

278.

P. M.

WHITTIER.

“I SAY UNTO YOU, WATCH !”

- 1 SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time
And his appointed way ?
- 2 O, oft a deeper test of faith
Than prison-cell, or martyr's stake,
The self-renouncing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make.
- 3 We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong ;
And in the ear of pride and power
Our warning voice is strong.
- 4 Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than watch one hour in humbling prayer ;
Life's great things, like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare :

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 But, O, we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save ;
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

279.

L. M.

HENRY WOTTON.

INDEPENDENCE.

- 1 How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill ;
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath ;
- 3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend !
- 4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

280.

S. M.

J. JOHNS.

PURITY.

- 1 WHAT ! know ye not that ye
The temple are of God ?
Revere the earth-built shrine, where he
Should find a meet abode !

PURITY. — CALMNESS.

2 Immortal man, keep pure
Thyself, that mystic shrine ;
Let hate of all that 's dark endure,
And love of all divine.

3 Let saintly thoughts be shown
In act by saintly things ;
Like glories through the temple thrown,
From cherub's curtained wings.

4 Let life, a holy stream,
Its fountain holy show ;
Reflecting, with a softened gleam,
Heaven's purity below.

281.

S. M.

KEBLE.

THE PURE IN HEART.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
God doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Doth choose the pure in heart.

282.

10s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

“ IF HE GIVETH QUIET, WHO CAN MAKE TROUBLE ? ”

1 QUIET from God ! how beautiful to keep
This treasure, the All-merciful hath given ;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us, like a breath from heaven !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 To sojourn in the world, and yet apart ;
To dwell with God, and still with man to feel ;
To bear about for ever in the heart
The gladness which his spirit doth reveal !
- 3 Who shall make trouble, then ? Not evil minds,
Which like a shadow o'er creation lower ;
The soul which peace hath thus attuned finds
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's
power.
- 4 What shall make trouble ? Not the holy thought
Of the departed ; that will be a part
Of those undying things His peace hath wrought
Into a world of beauty in the heart.
- 5 What shall make trouble ? Not slow-wasting
pain,
Nor even the threatening, certain stroke of
death ;
These do but wear away, then break, the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

283.

L. M.

MISS ROSCOE.

CHARITY.

- 1 O, who shall say he knows the folds
Which veil another's inmost heart, —
The hopes, thoughts, wishes, which it holds,
In which he never bore a part ?
That hidden world no eye can see, —
O, who shall pierce its mystery ?

CHARITY.

- 2 There may be hope as pure, as bright,
As ever sought eternity, —
There may be light, — clear, heavenly light,
Where all seems cold and dark to thee ;
And when thy spirit mourns the dust,
There may be trust, — delightful trust.
- 3 Go, bend to God, and leave to him
The mystery of thy brother's heart,
Nor vainly think his faith is dim,
Because in thine it hath no part ;
He, too, is mortal, — and, like thee,
Would soar to immortality.
- 4 And if in duty's hallowed sphere,
Like Christ, he meekly, humbly bends, —
With hands unstained, and conscience clear,
With life's temptations still contends, —
O, leave him that unbroken rest,
The peace that shrines a virtuous breast !
- 5 But if his thoughts and hopes should err,
Still view him with a gentle eye, —
Remembering doubt, and change, and fear
Are woven in man's destiny ;
And when the clouds are passed away,
That truth shall dawn with brightening day.

284.

C. M.

MISS FLETCHER.

KINDLY JUDGMENT.

- 1 THINK gently of the erring one !
O, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

- 2 Speak gently to the erring ones !
Thou yet may'st lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be ;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

285.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

SPEAK GENTLY.

- 1 SPEAK gently, — it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently, — let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
- 2 Speak gently to the young, — for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'T is full of anxious care.
- 3 Speak gently to the aged one, —
Grieve not the careworn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run, —
Let such in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones ;
They must have toiled in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so ;
O, win them back again !

CHARITY.

- 5 Speak gently, — 't is a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

286.

C. M.

JONES VERY.

KIND WORDS.

- 1 TURN not from him who asks of thee
A portion of thy store ;
Though thou canst give no charity,
Thou canst do what is more.
- 2 The balm of comfort thou canst pour
Into his grieving mind,
Who oft is turned from wealth's proud door
With many a word unkind.
- 3 Does any from the false world find
Naught but reproach and scorn ?
Does any, stung by words unkind,
Wish that he ne'er was born ?
- 4 Do thou raise up his drooping heart,
Restore his wounded mind ;
Though naught of wealth thou canst impart,
Yet still thou may'st be kind.
- 5 And oft again thy words shall wing
Backward their course to thee,
And in thy breast will prove a spring
Of pure felicity.

287.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

“NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE.”

- 1 O, IF thy brow, serene and calm,
From earthly stain is free,
View not with scorn the erring one, —
He once was pure like thee.
- 2 O, if the smiles of love are thine,
Its joyous ecstasy,
Weep for the poor forsaken one, —
He once was loved like thee!
- 3 And still 'mid shame, and guilt, and woe,
One Being loves him still,
Who, blessing thee, hath poured on him
The world's extremest ill.
- 4 He knows the secret lure which led
Those youthful steps astray ;
He knows that they who holiest are
Might fall from him away.
- 5 Then, with the love of him who said,
“Go thou, and sin no more,”
Shield from despair the wretched one,
To peace and hope restore.

288.

L. M.

SCOTT.

CHARITABLE JUDGMENT.

- 1 ALL-SEEING God ! 't is thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow, —
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

CHARITY.

- 2 Who, among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call ?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
Or doom him to the realms of woe ?
- 3 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed ?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.
- 4 If wrong, correct ; accept, if right ;
While, faithful, we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

289.

9 & 4s. M.

BOWRING.

THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE.

- 1 'T is not the gift, but 't is the spirit
With which 't is given,
That on the gift confers a merit,
As seen by Heaven.
- 2 'T is not the prayer, however boldly
It strikes the ear ;
It mounts in vain, it falls but coldly,
If not sincere.
- 3 'T is not the deeds the loudest lauded
That brightest shine ;
There 's many a virtue unapplauded,
And yet divine.
- 4 'T is not the word that sounds the sweetest
That 's soonest heard ;
A sigh, when humbled thou retreatest,
May be preferred.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 The outward show may be delusive, —
 A cheating name ;
The inner spirit is conclusive
 Of worth or shame.

290.

P. M.

BULFINCH.

PRAYER AND ACTION.

- 1 O, NOT alone on the mount of prayer
 Must the Christian serve his God ;
But the burden of daily life must bear,
 And tread where his Saviour trod.
- 2 Yet with him through every changing scene
 Doth the spirit of prayer abide ;
When earth is lovely, and heaven serene,
 That spirit his course shall guide.
- 3 And when the storm rages, and woe and wrath
 Would an earth-born courage quell,
He knows that his God is around his path,
 And ordereth all things well.

291.

L. M.

DRUMMOND.

FAITH AND WORKS.

- 1 As body when the soul has fled,
 As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith ; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
 If not of righteous deeds the spring.
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
 One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
 Than lifted eye or bended knee.

- 3 In true and genuine faith we trace
 The source of every Christian grace ;
 Within the pious heart it plays,
 A living fount of joy and praise.
- 4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
 Where'er the stream has found its way ;
 But where these spring not rich and fair,
 The stream has never wandered there.

292.

7s. M.

ROSCOE.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

- 1 THUS said Jesus : — “ Go and do
 As thou wouldst be done unto ” :
 Here thy perfect duty see,
 All that God requires of thee.
- 2 Wouldst thou, when thy faults are known,
 Wish that pardon should be shown ?
 Be forgiving, then, and do
 As thou wouldst be done unto.
- 3 Shouldst thou helpless be and poor,
 Wouldst thou not for aid implore ?
 Think of others, then, and be
 What thou wouldst they should to thee.
- 4 For compassion if thou call,
 Be compassionate to all ;
 If thou wouldst affection find,
 Be affectionate and kind.
- 5 If thou wouldst obtain the love
 Of thy gracious God above,
 Then to all his children be
 What thou wouldst they should to thee.

293.

C. M.

PEABODY.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR ?

- 1 WHO is thy neighbour ? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless ;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2 Thy neighbour ? 't is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim ;
O, enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.
- 3 Thy neighbour ? he who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim ;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.
- 4 Thy neighbour ? 't is the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb ;
He hath no hope this side the grave ;
Go thou and ransom him.
- 5 Thy neighbour ? pass no mourner by ;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery ;
Go, share thy lot with him.

294.

C. M.

R. C. TRENCH.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

- 1 POUR forth the oil, — pour boldly forth ;
It will not fail, until
Thou failest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.

LOVE TO MAN.

- 2 Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.
- 3 But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.
- 4 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have ;
Such is the law of love.

295.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

- 1 BENEATH the thick but struggling clouds,
We talk of Christian life ;
The words of Jesus on our lips,
Our hearts with man at strife.
- 2 Strong souls and willing hands we need,
Our temple to repair ;
Remove the gathering dust of years,
And show the model fair.
- 3 Traditions, forms, and selfish aims
Have dimmed the inner light ;
Have closely veiled the spirit-world
And angels from our sight.
- 4 We slumber while the present calls,
But darkness grows with rest ;
Wouldst thou see truth ? To action wake, —
Do the divine behest.

296.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

- 1 THIS world is not a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given ;
 He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
 Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
 There 's something here of heaven.
- 2 And he who walks life's thorny way
 With feelings calm and even,
 Whose path is lit from day to day
 By virtue's bright and steady ray,
 Feels something here of heaven.
- 3 He that the Christian course hath run,
 And all his foes forgiven,
 Hath measured out this life's short span
 In love to God and love to man,
 On earth has tasted heaven.

297.

C. H. M.

BARTON.

“ BLESSED ARE YE THAT SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.”

- 1 O, BE not faithless ! with the morn
 Scatter abroad thy grain !
 At noontide faint not thou forlorn,
 At evening sow again !
 Blessed are they, whate'er betide,
 Who thus all waters sow beside.
- 2 Thou knowest not which seed shall grow,
 Or which may die, or live ;
 In faith, and hope, and patience, sow !
 The increase God shall give,
 According to his gracious will, —
 As best, his purpose may fulfil.

LOVE TO MAN.

3 O, could our inward eye but view,
Our hearts but feel aright,
What faith and love and hope can do,
By their celestial might, —
We should not say, till these be dead,
The age of miracles is fled.

298.

10s. M.

MRS. CASE.

LOVE ON!

1 LOVE on! love on! but not the things that
own

The fleeting beauty of a summer day ;
Truth, virtue, spring from God's eternal throne,
Nor quit the spirit when it leaves the clay :
Love them ! love them !

2 Love on ! love on ! though death and earthly
change

Bring mournful silence to a darkened home ;
Still let the heart rest where no eye grows
strange,
Where never falls a shadow from the tomb :
Love there ! love there !

3 Love on ! love on ! the voice of grief and
wrong

Comes from the palace and the poor man's
cot ;

Bid the proud bend, and bid the weak be strong,
And life's tired pilgrim meekly bear his lot :
Give strength ! give peace !

- 4 Love on ! love on ! and though the evening still
Wear the stern clouds that veiled thy noon-
day sun,
With changeless trust, with calm, unwavering
will,
Work ! bravely work ! till the last hour be
done :
Love God ! love Man !

299.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

NOT FAITHLESS, BUT BELIEVING.

- 1 O, STILL trust on, if in thine heart
A holy inspiration rest, —
Though painful be thy chosen part,
With doubts, and fears, and cares opprest !
O, shrink not thou, although Christ's call
Demand thy youth, thy strength, thine all !
- 2 No offering is made in vain ;
Some human soul shall feel thy love ;
E'en weary hours of toil and pain
Shall help to lift thy soul above :
And may thy recompense be given,
In leading many souls to heaven !
- 3 And still trust on ! with trembling hand,
'T is ours a little seed to sow ;
It springs at the divine command, —
Shall, if he will, to ripeness grow ;
Beauty and fragrance it shall bring,
And breathe of everlasting spring.

MEANING OF LIFE.

300.

C. M.

JONES VERY.

AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP.

- 1 THE bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed ;
Then seize, O youth, the present hour, —
Of that thou hast most need.
- 2 Do thy best always, — do it now, —
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of the plough,
Fall seeds of good or crime.
- 3 The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown ;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.
- 4 And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap ;
Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil
Go forth in shame to weep.

301.

P. M.

WHITTIER.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

- 1 HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime ?
- 2 Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching, —
What, and where, is truth ?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend ;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end.
- 4 Earnest toil and strong endeavour
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin ;
- 5 And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart, and purpose strong,
In the power of truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

302.

S. M.

CHR. PSALMIST.

ALL WORK DIVINE.

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see ;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee !
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend ;
In all I do be thou the way ;
In all be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake ;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine ;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

MEANING OF LIFE.

303.

L. M.

STERLING.

DIVINE MEANING IN HUMBLE THINGS.

- 1 THOU, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright ;
O, grant that we may own thy hand
No less in every grain of sand !
- 2 With forests huge, of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime ;
But withered leaves beneath a tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of thee.
- 3 Teach us that not a leaf can grow,
Till life from thee within it flow ;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being ! save by thee ;
- 4 That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

304.

L. M.

KEBLE.

SEEING GOD IN ALL.

- 1 IF on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 2 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
'To bring us daily nearer God.

- 3 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
 As more of heaven in each we see ;
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 4 Seek we no more ; content with these,
 Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
 As Heaven shall bid them, come and go ;
 The secret this of rest below.

305.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

FORMS VAIN WITHOUT THE SPIRIT.

- 1 THE uplifted eye and bended knee
 Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee :
 In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
 The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
 The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
 Or fasts and penance reconcile
 Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
 Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
 To thee a nobler offering yields,
 Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.
- 4 Love God and man, — this great command
 Doth on eternal pillars stand ;
 This did thine ancient prophets teach,
 And this thy well-beloved preach.

ACTION.

306.

8 & 7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

LIFE'S WORK.

- 1 ALL around thee, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie ;
All around thee clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.
- 2 Be thou thankful, and rejoice in
All the beauty God has given ;
But beware it does not win thee
From the work ordained of Heaven.
- 3 Follow every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart ;
And in all life's earnest labor
Be thou sure to do thy part.
- 4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Work, O, work with all thy might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.
- 5 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow, —
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
Thou too, mournfully departing,
Shalt have left thy work undone.

307.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

EFFORT.

- 1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power ;
There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
 And call it back to life ;
 A look of love bid sin depart,
 And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
 How vast its power may be,
 Nor what results infolded dwell
 Within it silently.
- 4 Work, and despair not ; bring thy mite,
 Nor care how small it be ;
 God is with all that serve the right,
 The holy, true, and free.

308.

7s. M.

* BULWER.

THE MINISTER OF LOVE.

- 1 O'ER the mount and through the moor
 Glide the Christian's steps secure ;
 Day and night, no fear he knows ;
 Lonely, but with God, he goes :
 For the coat of mail, bedight
 In his spotless robe of white ;
 For the sinful sword, his hand
 Bearing high the olive-wand.
- 2 Through the camp, and through the court,
 Through the bandit's gloomy fort,
 On the mission of the dove
 Speeds the minister of love ;
 By a word the wildest tames,
 And the world to God reclaims ;
 War, and wrath, and famine cease,
 Hushed around his path of peace.

309.

C. M.

M. B. LAMAR.

THE CHRISTIAN REFORMER.

- 1 NAY, tell us not of dangers dire
That lie in duty's path ;
A warrior of the cross can feel
No fear of human wrath.
- 2 Where'er the Prince of Darkness holds
His earthly reign abhorred,
Sword of the spirit, thee we draw,
And battle for the Lord.
- 3 We go ! we go, to break the chains
That bind the erring mind,
And give the freedom that we feel
To all of human kind.
- 4 But, O, we wear no burnished steel,
And seek no gory field ;
Our weapon is the word of God,
His promise is our shield.
- 5 And still serene and fixed in faith,
All fear of death we scorn ;
We know it is our Father's work,
He 's with us in the storm.

310.

8 & 7s. M.

LONGFELLOW.

PSALM OF LIFE.

- 1 TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream ;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Life is real ! life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
- 3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
- 4 Lives of true men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;
- 5 Footprints which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again..
- 6 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

311.

C. M.

* WATTS.

THE SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
And pledged to bide its shame ?
And shall I fear to own Christ's cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?

CONFLICT.

- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Shall sloth and faintness win thy peace,
O Thou, the martyr's God ?
- 4 The trusting heart thou wilt sustain ;
Increase my courage, Lord !
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 The saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they 're slain ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And soon with Christ shall reign.
- 6 When thy illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

312.

L. M.

GASKELL.

PRESS ON !

- 1 PRESS on, press on ! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.
- 2 Press on, press on ! through toil and woe,
Calmly resolved, to triumph go,
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.
- 3 Press on, press on ! still look in faith
To him who vanquished sin and death ;
Then shall ye hear God's word, " Well done !"
True to the last, press on, press on !

THE CONFLICT OF LIFE.

- 1 ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone ;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee, — press thou on !
- 2 Listen, Christian, their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee, — “ God is Love.”
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
“ Upward ever, — heaven 's above.”
- 3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won ;
Tread it without shrinking, brother !
Jesus trod it, — press thou on !
- 4 By thy trustful, calm endeavour,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver ;
O, for their sake, press thou on !
- 5 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace ;
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release ;
- 6 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son ;
By the prayer of Jesus, — “ Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done ! ”

CONFLICT.

314.

7s. M.

GASKELL.

SLEEP NOT AS DO OTHERS.

- 1 SLEEP not, soldier of the cross,
Foes are lurking all around ;
Look not here to find repose,
This is but thy battle-ground.
- 2 Up ! and take thy shield and sword ·
Up ! it is the call of Heaven ;
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord,
Nobly strive as he hath striven.
- 3 Break through all the force of ill ;
Tread the might of passion down ;
Struggling onward, onward still,
To the conquering Saviour's crown

315.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

FORGETTING THE THINGS BEHIND.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ; —

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

316.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE WHOLE ARMOR OF THE LORD.

- 1 O, SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling ;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring !
- 2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.
- 3 O, faint not, Christian ! for thy sighs
Are heard before God's throne ;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

317.

P. M.

STAUGHTON.

BREAST THE WAVE.

- 1 BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest ;
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's
longest ;
Onward and onward still be thine endeavour ;
The rest that remaineth will be for ever.
- 2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee ;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee ;
He who hath promised faltereth never ;
The love of eternity flows on for ever.

CONFLICT.

- 3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth ;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it repositeth ;
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever ;
Mount when the work is done, — praise God
for ever.

318.

L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise
In long array, a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands ;
There, pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captives led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Come, then, my soul ! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armor from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.
- 5 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell ;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here ;
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

319.

7s. M.

BULFINCH.

STRUGGLE.

- 1 THERE 's a strife we all must wage,
From life's entrance to its close ;
Blest the bold who dare engage !
Woe for him who seeks repose !
- 2 Honored they who firmly stand,
While the conflict presses round ;
God's own banner in their hand,
In his service faithful found.
- 3 What their foes ? Each thought impure ;
Passions fierce, that tear the soul ;
Every ill that they can cure ;
Every crime they can control ;
- 4 Every suffering which their hand
Can with soothing care assuage ;
Every evil of their land ;
Every error of their age.
- 5 On, then, to the glorious field !
He who dies his life shall save ;
God himself shall be your shield ;
He shall bless and crown the brave.

320.

8 & 7s. M.

MISS BREMER.

SUFFERING AND ACTION.

- 1 CHEEK grow pale, but heart be vigorous !
Body fall, but soul have peace !
Welcome, pain ! thou searcher rigorous !
Slay me, but my faith increase.

CONFLICT.

- 2 Sin, o'er sense so softly stealing ;
Doubt, that would my strength impair ;
Hence at once from life and feeling !
Now my cross I gladly bear.
- 3 Up, my soul ! with clear sedateness
Read Heaven's law, writ bright and broad,
Up ! a sacrifice to greatness,
Truth, and goodness, — up to God !
- 4 Up to labor ! up, and shaking
Off the bonds of sloth, be brave !
Give thyself to prayer and waking ;
Toil each fainting heart to save !

321.

L. M.

ROSCOE.

THE PILGRIM.

- 1 Go, suffering pilgrim of the earth,
Go, conscious of thy heavenly birth,
And, 'midst the storms that round thee rise,
Retrace thy journey to the skies.
- 2 What though the wild winds rage around ?
Thou wilt not tremble at the sound ;
What though the waters o'er thee roll ?
They touch not thine immortal soul.
- 3 See where, arrayed on either hand,
The direful train of passions stand ;
See hatred, envy, bar thy way,
And foes more subtle still than they.
- 4 But robed in innocence and truth,
Then from temptation guard thy youth ;
And from thy vestment's sacred bound
Shake the dread fiends that cling around.

- 5 Go with pure heart and steadfast eyes,
Strive on till that bright morn shall rise
That gives thee to thy blest abode,
To rest for ever with thy God.

322.

L. M.

NORTON.

THE SOUL'S GETHSEMANE.

- 1 FAINT not, poor traveller, though the way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod ;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God.
- 2 Nay, sink not, though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain ;
Thou dost but share the lot of Him
With whom his followers are to reign.
- 3 Christian ! thy friend, thy master, prayed,
While dread and anguish shook his frame,
Then met his sufferings undismayed ;
Wilt thou not strive to do the same ?
- 4 O, thinkest thou his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise ?
- 5 Go, sufferer, calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear ;
Then, rising as thy Saviour rose,
Go, his eternal victory share.

AFFLICTION.

323.

L. M.

J. NEWTON.

TRUST IN GOD.

- 1 BE still, my heart ! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call ?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last ?
- 4 He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to his endless praise.

324.

7s. M.

GASKELL.

REFUGE IN GOD.

- 1 WE would cast, O God, on thee,
Every anxious care and fear ;
Thou the troubled thought canst see,
Thou canst dry the bitter tear.
- 2 Thou dost care for us, we know, —
Care with all a Father's love ;
Thou canst make each earthly woe
Work to higher bliss above.

- 3 On this faith we fain would rest ;
Strengthen thou its blessed power ;
Steadfast keep it in our breast,
Through each dark and trying hour.

325.

L. M.

MORPETH.

THE USE OF TEARS.

- 1 How little of ourselves we know,
Before a grief the heart has felt !
The lessons that we learn of woe
Strengthen the soul, as well as melt.
- 2 The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Though blight and blast their course fulfil.
- 3 And yet 'tis when it mourns and fears,
The laden spirit feels forgiven ;
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

326.

L. M.

BRYANT.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

- 1 DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that now o'erflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnest of serener years.

AFFLICTION.

3 O, there are days of hope and rest
For every dark and troubled night !
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with morning light.

4 And ye, who o'er a friend's low bier
Now shed the bitter drops like rain,
Feel that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to your arms again.

327.

L. M.

NORTON.

MY GOD, I THANK THEE !

1 My God, I thank thee ! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

328.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

WEEPING SEEDTIME ; JOYFUL HARVEST.

- 1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers !
 Troubled with storms, and big with showers,
 No cheerful gleam of light appears,
 But nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet let the sons of God revive ;
 God bids the soul that seeks him live,
 And from the gloomiest shade of night
 Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
 Are in these watered furrows sown ;
 See the green blades, how thick they rise,
 And with fresh verdure bless our eyes !
- 4 In secret foldings they contain
 Unnumbered ears of golden grain ;
 And heaven shall pour its beams around,
 Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
 And bind his sheaves, and bear them home ;
 The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
 Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

329.

L. M.

N. Y. COLL.

AFFLICTION, GOD'S ANGEL.

- 1 AFFLICTION'S faded form draws nigh,
 With wrinkled brow and downcast eye ;
 With sackcloth on her bosom spread,
 And ashes scattered o'er her head.

AFFLICTION.

- 2 But deem her not a child of earth ;
From heaven she draws her sacred birth ;
Beside the throne of God she stands
To execute his kind commands.
- 3 The messenger of love, she flies
To train us for our sphere, the skies ;
And onward as we move, the way
Becomes more smooth, more bright the day.
- 4 Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
Her looks with kindling radiance burn ;
And from her lips these accents steal, —
“ God smites to bless, he wounds to heal ! ”

330.

10s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

IN AFFLICTION.

- 1 THOU that art strong to comfort, look on me !
I sit in darkness and behold no light ;
Over my soul the waves of agony
Have gone, and left me in a rayless night.
- 2 A bruised and broken reed sustain ! sustain !
Divinest Comforter, to thee I fly,
To whom no soul hath ever fled in vain ;
Support me with thy love, or else I die.
- 3 Father, whate'er I had, it all was thine ;
A God of mercy thou hast ever been ;
O, help me what I most loved to resign,
And if I murmur, count it not for sin.
- 4 My soul is strengthened now, and it shall bear
All that remains, whatever it may be ;
And from the very depths of my despair
I will look up, O God, and trust in thee.

331.

C. M.

* BARTON.

AT EVE IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

- 1 FULL oft our path is wet with tears,
 Our sky with clouds o'ercast,
 And worldly cares and worldly fears
 Go with us to the last ; —
 Not to the last ! thy word hath said,
 Could we but read aright :
 O pilgrim ! lift in hope thy head,
 At eve it shall be light !
- 2 Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
 Our toilsome path awhile,
 God's blessed word can part each cloud,
 And bid the sunshine smile.
 Only believe, in living faith,
 His love and power divine,
 And though thy sun may set in death,
 His light shall round thee shine.
- 3 When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
 His bow of love and peace
 Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,
 Token that storms shall cease.
 Then keep thy way, with hope unchilled,
 By faith, and not by sight,
 And thou shalt own his word fulfilled, —
 " At eve it shall be light."

AFFLICTION.

332.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

GOD'S WAY IS ON THE DEEP.

- 1 THY way is on the deep, O Lord !
E'en there we 'll go with thee ;
We 'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea.
- 2 Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt him so ?
Who gives the storms a path will find
The way our feet shall go.
- 3 A moment may his hand seem lost,
Drear moment of delay ; —
We cry, “ Lord, help the tempest-tost ! ”
And safe we 're borne away.
- 4 O happy soul, of faith divine !
Thy victory how sure !
The love that kindles joy is thine,
The patience to endure.

333.

H. M.

MRS. MILES.

IN AFFLICTION.

- 1 THOU, infinite in love,
Guide this bewildered mind,
Which, like the trembling dove,
No resting-place can find
On the wild waters, — God of light,
Through the thick darkness lead me right !

- 2 Bid the fierce conflict cease,
 And fear and anguish fly ;
 Let there again be peace,
 As in the days gone by :
 In Jesus' name I cry to thee,
 Remembering Gethsemane.
- 3 Fain would earth's true and dear
 Save me in this dark hour ;
 And art not thou more near ?
 Art thou not love and power ?
 Vain is the help of man, — but thou
 Canst send deliverance even now.
- 4 Though through the future's shade
 Pale phantoms I descry,
 Let me not shrink dismayed,
 But ever feel thee nigh ;
 There may be grief, and pain, and care,
 But, O my Father ! thou art there.

334.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

RESIGNATION.

- 1 IN trouble and in grief, O God,
 Thy smile hath cheered my way ;
 And joy hath budded from each thorn
 That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good
 Which prosperous days refused ;
 As herbs, though scentless when entire,
 Spread fragrance when they 're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
 By furious blasts are driven ;
 So life's tempestuous storms the more
 Have fixed my heart in heaven.

AFFLICTION.

- 4 All-gracious Lord ! what'er my lot
 In other times may be,
 I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
 That brings me near to thee.

335.

7s. M.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

DEWS AND TEARS.

- 1 GENTLY fall the dews of eve,
 Raising still the languid flowers ;
 Sweetly flow the tears that grieve
 O'er a mourner's stricken hours.
- 2 Blessed dews and tears that yet
 Lift us nearer unto heaven !
 Let us still his praise repeat,
 Who in mercy all hath given.

336.

10s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE STRENGTH OF THE LONELY.

- 1 THOUGH lonely be thy path, fear not, for He
 Who marks the sparrow fall is guarding thee ;
 And not a star shines o'er thy head by night,
 But he hath known that it will reach thy sight.
- 2 And not a grief can darken or surprise,
 Swell in thy heart, or dim with tears thine eyes,
 But it is sent in mercy and in love,
 To bid thy helplessness seek strength above.

337.

L. M.

MISS ROSCOE.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

- 1 My Father, when around me spread
 I see the shadows of the tomb,
 When life's bright visions droop and fade,
 And darkness veils the days to come, —

- 2 O, in that anguished hour I turn
With a still trusting heart to thee,
And holy thoughts arise and burn
Amid that cold, sad destiny !
- 3 They fill my soul with heavenly light,
While all around is pain and woe ;
And strengthened by them, in thy sight,
Father, to drink thy cup I go.

338.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

CONSOLATION.

- 1 LET me not wander comfortless,
My Father, far from thee ;
But still beneath thy guardian wing
In holy quiet be.
- 2 The storms of grief, the tears of woe,
Soothed by thy love, shall cease ;
And all the trembling spirit breathe
A deep, unbroken peace.
- 3 The power of prayer shall o'er me shed
A soft, celestial calm ;
Sweeter than evening's twilight dews,
My soul shall feel its balm.
- 4 For there thy still, small voice shall speak
Thy great, thy boundless love ;
And tears and smiles, and grief and joy,
Shall lift my soul above.

339.

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE MEANING OF SORROW.

- 1 WE love this outward world,
Its fair sky overhead, —
Its morning's soft, gray mist unfurled,
Its sunsets rich and red.
- 2 But there's a world within
That higher glory hath ;
A life the immortal soul must win, —
The life of joy and faith.
- 3 For this the Father's love
Doth shade the world of sense,
The bounding play of health remove,
And dim the sparkling glance ;
- 4 That, though the earth grows dull
And earthly pleasures few,
The spirit gain its wisdom full
To suffer and to do.
- 5 Holy its world within,
Unknown to sound or sight, —
The world of victory o'er sin,
Of faith, and love, and light.

340.

11 & 10s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE MOURNER.

- 1 WEEP thou, O mourner ! but in lamentation
May thy Redeemer still remembered be ;
Strong is his arm, the God of thy salvation,
Strong is his love to cheer and comfort thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Cold though the world be, in the way before thee,
Wail not in sadness o'er the darkling tomb ;
God in his love still watcheth kindly o'er thee,
Light shineth still above the clouds of gloom.
- 3 Dimmed though thine eyes be with the tears of sorrow,
Night only known beneath the sky of time,
Faith can behold the dawning of a morrow
Glowing in smiles of life and joy sublime.
- 4 Change, then, O mourner, grief to exultation ;
Firm and confiding may thy spirit be ;
Strong is his arm, the God of thy salvation,
Strong is his love to cheer and comfort thee.

341.

P. M.

HEMANS.

FOR STRENGTH.

- 1 FATHER ! who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son ;
- 2 O, in the anguish of our night,
Send us down blest relief ;
And to the chastened, let thy might
Hallow the grief !
- 3 And Thou, that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
“ Thy will be done ! ”

AFFLICTION.

- 4 By thy meek spirit, thou, of all
 That e'er have mourned the chief,
 Our Saviour ! when the stroke doth fall,
 Hallow our grief !

342.

11 & 4s. M.

WHITTIER.

THE ANGELS OF GRIEF.

- 1 WITH silence only as their benediction,
 God's angels come
 Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
 The soul sits dumb.
- 2 Yet would we say, what every heart approveth, —
 Our Father's will,
 Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,
 Is mercy still.
- 3 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
 Hath evil wrought ;
 The funeral anthem is a glad evangel ;
 The good die not !

343.

C. M.

WILSON.

BEREAVEMENT.

- 1 O, NOT when the death-prayer is said,
 The life of life departs ;
 The body in the grave is laid,
 Its beauty in our hearts.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 At holy midnight, voices sweet,
Like fragrance, fill the room ;
And happy ghosts, with noiseless feet,
Come brightening from the tomb.
- 3 We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came !
We veil our eyes before Thy light,
We bless our Father's name !
- 4 This frame, O God, this feeble breath,
Thy hand may soon destroy ;
We think of thee, and feel in death
A deep and holy joy.
- 5 Dim is the light of vanished years
In glory yet to come ;
O idle grief, O foolish tears,
When Jesus calls us home !

344.

6 & 4s. M.

HEMANS.

THE CRY OF THE AFFLICTED.

- 1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine !
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.
- 2 O Father, in that hour
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow ;
When spear, and shield, and crown
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us thou !

DEATH.

- 3 By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,
Aid us, O God !
- 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath ;
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

345.

12 & 11s. M.

GASKELL.

LIFE IN DEATH.

- 1 THANKS, thanks unto God ! who in mercy
hath spoken
The truths which have pierced through the
spirit's sad gloom ;
Whose love with the light of its presence hath
broken
The darkness which hung o'er the desolate
tomb.
- 2 What now shall affright us ? A Father Almighty
Keeps watch round our footsteps wherever
we go ;
His mercy is sleepless, — his wisdom un-
fail-
ing, —
He knoweth each want and regardeth each
woe.

- 3 Where now is death's terror ? he comes as an
 angel
 To carry the holy away to their rest ;
 The gloom which he weareth is lost in the
 message
 He brings from the Being who loveth them
 best.
- 4 May we live ever true to the hopes he hath
 given ;
 May they shed o'er our path a still holier
 light ;
 Ever making us meeter and meeter for heaven,
 More pure our affections, our spirits more
 bright.

346.

L. M.

NORTON.

O, STAY THY TEARS !

- 1 O, STAY thy tears ! for they are blest
 Whose days are past, whose toil is done ;
 Here midnight care disturbs our rest,
 Here sorrow dims the morning sun.
- 2 For laboring virtue's anxious toil,
 For patient sorrow's stifled sigh,
 For faith that marks the conqueror's spoil,
 Heaven grants the recompense, — to die.
- 3 How blest are they whose transient years
 Pass like an evening meteor's flight,
 Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears,
 Whose course is rest, unclouded, bright !
- 4 O, cheerless were our lengthened way,
 But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
 Streams downward from eternal day,
 And sheds a glory round the tomb !

DEATH.

- 5 Then stay thy tears, — the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
Sung a new song of joy and love ;
Then why should anguish reign on earth ?

347.

L. M.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

THE ANGEL AT THE TOMB.

- 1 THE mourners came, at break of day,
Unto the garden sepulchre,
With saddened hearts to weep and pray
For him, the loved one, buried there.
What radiant light dispels the gloom ?
An angel sits beside the tomb.
- 2 The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchred beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low ;
The spring returns, the flow'rets bloom, —
An angel sits beside the tomb.
- 3 Then mourn we not beloved dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray ;
The happy spirit far hath fled
To brighter realms of heavenly day ;
Immortal hope dispels the gloom ; —
An angel sits beside the tomb.

348.

7 & 5s. M.

BOWRING.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

- 1 BLESSED, blessed are the dead
In the Lord who die ;
Radiant is the path they tread
Upwards to the sky.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 All the deeds of virtue done,
Deeds of peace and love,
Now are stars of glory strewn,
Lighting them above.

349.

S. M.

BOWRING.

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

- 1 WHERE is thy sting, O death ?
Grave ! where thy victory ?
The clod may sleep in dust beneath,
The spirit will be free !
- 2 Both man and time have power
O'er suffering, dying men ;
But death arrives, and in that hour
The soul is freed again.
- 3 Then death, where is thy sting ?
And where thy victory, grave ?
O'er your dark bourn the soul will spring
To Him who loves to save.

350.

L. M.

* BARBAULD.

HIS END IS PEACE.

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a trusting soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

DEATH.

- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While guardian angels gently say,
“ How blest the righteous when he dies ! ”

351.

S. M.

MRS. HOWITT.

HE IS RISEN.

- 1 O SPIRIT, freed from earth,
Rejoice, thy work is done !
The weary world is 'neath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun.
- 2 Arise, put on the robes
That the redeemed win ;
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified within !
- 3 Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime !
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time !
- 4 Awake, lift up thine eyes !
See, all heaven's host appears !
And be thou glad exceedingly, —
Thou, who hast done with tears.

5 Ascend ! thou art not now
 With those of mortal birth ;
 The living God hath touched thy lips,
 Thou who hast done with earth.

352.

S. M.

GASKELL.

NO MORE !

1 “ No more, on earth no more,
 Shall beam for us that eye ;
 Closed in a strange forgetfulness
 For ever it must lie.

2 “ No more, on earth no more,
 Shall we behold that face ;
 Within the mournful halls of death
 Must be its dwelling-place.

3 “ No more, on earth no more,
 Shall those dear lips be heard ;
 Cold silence there hath fixed its seal,
 Breathed is their latest word.”

4 'T is so fond Nature mourns
 Affection's broken ties ;
 But Faith stands forth, she points on high,
 Serenely she replies : —

5 “ No more, in heaven no more,
 That eye is dim with tears ;
 But bright, and brighter still, the scene
 Before its view appears.

6 “ No more, in heaven no more,
 That face a shadow bears ;
 But looks of light, born of a bliss
 Unknown to earth, it wears.

IMMORTALITY.

7 "No more, in heaven no more,
That voice is faint with pain ;
It mingles with angelic bands,
In their enraptured strain.

8 "No more, in heaven no more,
The parting grief is known ;
But love has all eternity
To look through as its own."

353.

C. M.

BARTON.

THE DEAD.

1 THE dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye ;
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

2 By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

3 For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours ;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours ; —

4 Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high ;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

354.

P. M.

LONGFELLOW.

THE DEPARTED.

- 1 THE spirits of the loved and the departed
 Are with us, and they tell us of the sky,
 A rest for the bereaved and broken-hearted,
 A house not made with hands, a home on
 high ;
 Holy monitions, — a mysterious breath, —
 A whisper from the marble halls of death.
- 2 They have gone from us and the grave is strong,
 Yet in night's silent watches they are near ;
 Their voices linger round us, as the song
 Of the sweet bird that lingers on the ear,
 When, floating upward in the flush of even,
 Its form is lost from earth and swallowed up in
 heaven.

355.

11s. M.

*CUNNINGHAM.

ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS ?

- 1 How dear is the thought, that the angels of God
 May bow their bright wings to the world they
 once trod ;
 That this is the joy of the mansions above,
 To stand near the throne as the angels of love !
- 2 They come, on the wings of the morning they
 come,
 Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home ;
 Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,
 And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

IMMORTALITY.

- 3 They come when we wander, they come when
we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray ;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given ;
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

356.

C. M.

* J. H. PERKINS.

SPIRITUAL PRESENCE.

- 1 IT is a faith sublime and sure,
That ever round our head
Are hovering, on noiseless wing,
The spirits of the dead.
- 2 It is a faith sublime and sure,
When ended our career,
That it will be our ministry
To watch o'er others here ;
- 3 To bid the mourners cease to mourn,
The trembling be forgiven,
To bear away from ills of clay
The deathless soul to heaven.

357.

C. M.

MISS TAYLOR.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

- 1 THERE is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be ;
And but a step doth lie between
That world of souls and me.
- 2 I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread ;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 The things unseen, O God, reveal ;
My spirit's vision clear,
Till I shall feel, and see, and know,
That those I love are near.
- 4 Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife ;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

358.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

- 1 BROTHER, the angels say,
Peace to thy heart !
We too, O brother,
Have been as thou art, —
Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,
Seeing in part, —
Tried, troubled, tempted,
Sustained, as thou art.
- 2 Brother, they softly say,
Be our thoughts one ;
Bend thou with us and pray,
“ Thy will be done ! ”
Day flieth, night cometh,
Death draweth nigh ;
Soon shall thine eye see the
Dayspring on high.
- 3 Ye too, they gently say,
Shall angels be ;
Ye too, O brothers,
From earth shall be free.

INWARD STRUGGLE.

Yet in earth's loved ones
Ye still shall have part,
Bearing God's strength and love
To the torn heart.

359.

C. M.

MRS. MILES.

HEAVEN.

- 1 THE earth, all light and loveliness,
In summer's golden hours,
Shines, in her bridal vesture clad,
And crowned with festal flowers,
So radiantly beautiful,
So like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world
Of perfect bliss and love.
- 2 Is this a shadow faint and dim
Of that which is to come ?
What shall the unveiled splendor be
Of our celestial home,
Where waves the glorious tree of life,
Where streams of bliss gush free,
And all is glowing in the light
Of immortality !

360.

S. M.

BRIGGS'S COLL.

THE ANGELS' CALL.

- 1 COME to the land of peace !
From shadows come away ;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Fear hath no dwelling here ;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.
- 3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land ;
For here thy soul shall find its rest,
Amidst the shining band.
- 4 In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace ;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place !

361.

C. M.

BRIGGS'S COLL.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

- 1 O, HEAVEN is where no secret dread
May haunt us by its power ;
Where from the past no gloom is shed
Upon the present hour.
- 2 And there the living waters flow
Along the radiant shore ;
My soul, now wandering here, shall know
Its burning thirst no more.
- 3 The burden of the stranger's heart,
Which here unknown we bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart,
With our first wakening there.
- 4 And, borne on eagle's wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower,
From every sphere, from every star,
Of glory and of power.

VII. OCCASIONAL.

362.

P. M.

STERLING.

A HYMN OF MORNING.

- 1 SWEET morn ! from countless cups of gold,
Thou liftest reverently on high
More incense fine than earth can hold,
 To fill the sky.
- 2 Where'er the vision's boundaries glance,
Existence swells with living power,
And all the illumined earth's expanse
 Inhales the hour.
- 3 In man, O morn ! a loftier good,
With conscious blessing, fills the soul, —
A life by reason understood,
 Which metes the whole.
- 4 To thousand tasks of fruitful hope,
With skill against his toil, he bends,
And finds his work's determined scope,
 Where'er he wends.
- 5 From earth and earthly toil and strife
To deathless aims his soul may rise,
Each dawn may wake to better life,
 With purer eyes.

OCCASIONAL.

- 6 Such grace from thee, O God, be ours,
Renewed with every morning's ray,
And freshening still with added flowers
Each future day.
- 7 To man is given one primal star ;
One dayspring's beam has dawned below ;
From thine our inmost glories are,
With thine we glow.
- 8 Like earth awake and warm and bright,
With joy the spirit moves and burns ;
So up to thee, O Fount of Light,
Our light returns.

363.

7s. M.

EPISCOPAL COLL.

MORNING HYMN.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come :
Lord, may we be thine to-day ;
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight ;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch, and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us then at last ;
Night and day will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

MORNING.

364.

7s. M.

FURNESS.

MORNING HYMN.

- 1 IN the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day ;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.
- 2 Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O, shine !
- 3 Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.
- 4 Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep my eyes, O God, from tears !
Every step thy love attend,
And my soul from death defend !

365.

C. M.

BRIGGS'S COLL.

MORNING HYMN.

- 1 Now that the sun is beaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.
- 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

OCCASIONAL.

- 3 And while the hours in order flow,
Securely keep, O God,
Our hearts, beleaguered by the foe
That tempts our every road.
- 4 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.

366.

L. M.

PIERPONT.

MORNING HYMN FOR A CHILD.

- 1 O GOD ! I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away,
And that I see in this fair light
My Father's smile, that makes it day.
- 2 Be thou my guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye ;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

367.

P. M.

HEBER.

EVENING ASPIRATION.

GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light !
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night !
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

EVENING.

368.

7s. M.

ST. GREGORY.

EVENING HYMN.

- 1 SOURCE of light and life divine !
Thou didst cause the light to shine ;
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.
- 2 Shade of night and morning ray
Took from thee the name of day :
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to thy children's cry !
- 3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest ;
May no thoughts, corrupt and vain,
Draw our souls to earth again.
- 4 Rather help them still to rise
Where our dearest treasure lies ;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

369.

L. M.

* WORDSWORTH.

EVENING HYMN.

- 1 UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the simple hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.
- 2 Look up to heaven ! the obedient sun
Already through his course hath run ;
He cannot halt or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

OCCASIONAL.

- 3 Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.
- 4 Help with thy grace, through all life's day,
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink into our rest.

370.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

VESPERS.

- 1 FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining ;
Father in heaven ! the day is declining ;
Safety and innocence flee with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the
 night ;
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells
 chime,
O, shield us from danger and keep us from
 crime !
Father ! have mercy, through Jesus Christ our
 Lord ! Amen !
- 2 Father in heaven ! O, hear, when we call,
Through Jesus Christ, who is Saviour of all !
Fainting and feeble, we trust in thy might ;
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light ;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper
 burns,
And wake in thy arms when the morning
 returns.
Father ! have mercy, through Jesus Christ our
 Lord ! Amen !

EVENING.

371.

7s. M.

* FURNESS.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

- 1 SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness ; O, how still
Is the working of his will !
- 2 Mighty spirit ! ever nigh,
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
- 3 Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought ;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.
- 4 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

372.

L. M.

PIERPONT.

EVENING HYMN FOR A CHILD.

- 1 ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God ! thy child is blest ;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.
- 2 Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close ;
And now, while all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

OCCASIONAL.

373.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy churches rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there 's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With earnest hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin !
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And pass through death, to rest with God.

374.

C. M.

CHRISTIAN HYMNS.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 How sweet, how calm, this Sabbath morn !
How pure the air that breathes !
How soft the sounds upon it borne !
How light its vapor wreathes !

THE SABBATH.

- 2 It seems as if the Christian's prayer,
For peace and joy and love,
Were answered by the very air
That wafts its strain above.
- 3 Let each unholy passion cease,
Each evil thought be crushed,
Each anxious care that mars thy peace
In Faith and Love be hushed.

375.

L. M.

* MONTGOMERY.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 WITHIN thy courts have millions met,
This day, O God ! before thee bowed ;
Their faces heavenward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vowed.
- 2 Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.
- 3 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs ;
And still where evening stretched her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.
- 4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain ;
To hearts that sought thee thou wast nigh,
Nor hath one sought thy face in vain.
- 5 The poor in spirit thou hast fed,
The feeble soul hath strengthened been,
The mourner thou hast comforted,
The pure in heart their God have seen.

OCCASIONAL.

- 6 And thou, soul-searching God ! hast known
 The hearts of all that bent the knee,
 And all their prayers have reached thy throne,
 In soul and truth who worshipped thee.

376.

C. M.

*

BAPTISM.

- 1 WHEN from the Jordan's gleaming wave
 Came forth the Sinless One,
 A voice athwart the heavens flashed,
 " Lo ! my beloved son ! "
- 2 The Baptist, gazing on his face,
 With the soul's radiance bright,
 Beheld upon his sacred head
 A snow-white dove alight.
- 3 Now with baptismal waters touched,
 Thy child, O Father, see ;
 His heart and soul, his mind and strength,
 He consecrates to thee.
- 4 Send down on him thy spirit-dove,
 As on thy Sinless One ;
 Seal him in purity and love,
 A dear and chosen son !

377.

L. M.

W. BOSTON COLL.

BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

- 1 THIS child we dedicate to thee,
 O God of grace and purity !
 Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
 And let thy love its life prolong.

BAPTISM.

- 2 O, may thy spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law ;
May virtue, piety, and truth
Dawn even with its dawning youth !
- 3 We, too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow,
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.
- 4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

378.

S. M.

CLARKE'S COLL.

BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

- 1 To thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring,
Giving to thee what thou hast given,
Our dearest offering.
- 2 Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.
- 3 O, then, let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean.

OCCASIONAL.

379.

S. M.

CLARKE'S COLL.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

- 1 To Him who children blest,
And suffered them to come,
To Him who took them to his breast,
We bring these children home.
- 2 To thee, O God, whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that thy grace
May keep, thine arms enfold.
- 3 And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy holy spirit grant, O Lord,
To keep them pure as now.

380.

C. M.

GASKELL.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

- 1 WE join to pray, with wishes kind,
A blessing, Lord, from thee,
On those who now the bands have twined,
Which ne'er may broken be.
- 2 We know that scenes not always bright
Must unto them be given ;
But let there shine o'er all the light
Of love, and truth, and heaven.
- 3 Still hand in hand, their journey through,
Meek pilgrims may they go ;
Mingling their joys as helpers true,
And sharing every woe.
- 4 In faith, and trust, and heart the same,
The same their home above ;
May each in each still feed the flame
Of pure and holy love.

MARRIAGE.

381.

7s. M.

* MIRIAM.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

- 1 FATHER, in thy presence now
Has been pledged the nuptial vow ;
Heart to heart, as hand in hand,
Linked in one thy children stand.
- 2 God of grace ! this union bless,
Not with earth's low happiness ;
But with joys whose heavenly spring
Shall diviner raptures bring.
- 3 May these blended souls be found
Firm in duty's active round,
Daily every burden share,
Nightly seek thy shadowing care.
- 4 When against their trembling forms
Shoot the arrows of life's storms ;
Or when age and sickness wait
Heralds at life's parting gate ; —
- 5 In the fulness of belief,
May they look beyond the grief ;
And together fearless tread
Down the pathway of the dead.

382.

L. M.

NORTON.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

- 1 WHERE ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall ;
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all !

OCCASIONAL.

- 2 The tombs thine altars are ; for there,
When earthly loves and hopes have fled,
To thee ascends the spirit's prayer,
Thou God of the immortal dead !
- 3 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee ; — but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thy own words of love are taught.
- 4 Here be they taught ; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears, through weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.
- 5 Nor we alone ; may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers.

383.

C. M.

BRYANT.

DEDICATION HYMN.

- 1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.
- 2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.
- 3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way ;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray !

ORDINATION.

- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies !

384.

C. M.

*

ORDINATION HYMN.

- 1 O GOD, thy children, gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait ;
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple's gate.
- 2 A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still ;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes, to do thy will !
- 3 And wet with Jordan's symbol-wave,
With noble hopes elate,
He all his powers to God and man
Anew doth consecrate.
- 4 O Father, keep his soul alive
To every hope of good ;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood !
- 5 O Father, keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong ;
And in the ear of sin and self
May his rebuke be strong !
- 6 And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
If e'er his faith grow dim,
Then, in the dreary wilderness,
Thine angels strengthen him !

OCCASIONAL.

- 7 And give him in thy holy work
Patience to wait thy time,
And, toiling still with man, to breathe
The soul's serener clime.
- 8 And grant him many souls to lead
Into thy perfect rest ;
Bless thou him, Father, and his flock :
Bless ! and they shall be blest !

385.

C. M.

*

ORDINATION.

- 1 PREACH ye the gospel in my name,
Said he of Bethlehem ;
Teach of a crown more glorious
Than earthly diadem.
- 2 Teach ye as I have taught, in love ;
Be hate unthought, unspoken ;
Bind up the bleeding heart, nor let
The bruised reed be broken.
- 3 If any scorn ye for the truth
Which ye shall publish free,
Think of the lonely midnight hour
In dark Gethsemane.
- 4 Think of my prayers on Olivet,
My musings by the sea ;
And though the heavy chain may bind,
That truth shall make you free.

386.

L. M.

*

ORDINATION.

- 1 THY servant's sandals, Lord, are wet
With Jordan's wave but lately met,
And in that sacred river fall
The olden thoughts, the spirit's pall.
- 2 He stands upon the holy land,
And angels take his trustful hand ;
The Jordan sanctifies his breast,
And Christ now leads him to his rest.
- 3 His rest ? his battle ! he must win
Fair Zion's gate through ranks of sin ;
Why are these words, this solemn show,
If sin be not his deadly foe ?
- 4 There gathers here no heavenly host,
No fiery tongues of Pentecost, —
No gentle dove with winnowing wings
The spirit to thy servant brings.
- 5 The still, small voice hath called him here,
And thus is God himself most near ;
My people, lift your hearts in prayer,
And keep your God for ever there.

387.

S. M.

DRUMMOND.

A PUBLIC FAST.

- 1 “ Is this a fast for me ?
Thus saith the Lord our God ;
“ A day for man to vex his soul,
And feel affliction's rod ?

OCCASIONAL.

- 2 “ No ; is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose :
Oppression’s yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose ?
- 3 “ To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal,
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal ?
- 4 “ Then, like the morning ray,
Shall spring your health and light ;
Before you, righteousness shall shine,
Behind, my glory bright ! ”

388.

7 & 6s. M.

ITALIAN.

PRAYER OF A STRICKEN PEOPLE.

- 1 O THOU, whose power stupendous
Upholds the starry sky,
Thy grace preserving send us, —
To Thee, O Lord, we cry.
- 2 From wilds of fearful error,
Wherein we darkly stray,
Oppressed with doubt and terror,
For saving aid we pray.
- 3 O God of mercy, hear us !
Our pain, our sorrow, see ;
Thy healing pity spare us,
And bring us home to thee !

NEW YEAR.

389.

6s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE NEW YEAR.

- 1 Joy ! joy ! a year is born ;
A year to man is given,
For hope, and peace, and love,
For faith, and truth, and heaven.
Though earth be dark with care,
With death and sorrow rife,
Toil, agony, and prayer
Lead to our higher life.
- 2 Behold, the fields are white !
No longer idly stand !
Go forth in love and might ;
Man needs thy helping hand.
Thus may each day and year
To prayer and toil be given,
Till man to God draw near,
And earth become like heaven.

390.

C. M.

GASKELL.

A NEW YEAR.

- 1 FATHER ! throughout the coming year
We know not what shall be,
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to thee.
- 2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair,
And all its good we thought to gain
Deceive, and prove but care.

OCCASIONAL.

- 3 It may be it shall darkly blend
 Our love with anxious fears,
 And snatch away the valued friend,
 The tried of many years.
- 4 It may be it shall bring us days
 And nights of lingering pain,
 And bid us take our farewell gaze
 Of these loved haunts of men.
- 5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest ;
 No fears our trust shall move ;
 Thou knowest what for each is best,
 And thou art perfect love.

391.

7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE GOD OF SPRING.

- 1 PRAISE and thanks and cheerful love
 Rise from every thing below,
 To the mighty One above,
 Who his wondrous love doth show :
 Praise him, each created thing !
 God, your Father ! God of spring !
- 2 Praise him, trees so lately bare ;
 Praise him, fresh and new-born flowers ;
 All ye creatures of the air ;
 All ye soft-descending showers :
 Praise, with each awakening thing,
 Praise your Maker, — God of spring !
- 3 Praise him, man ! — thy fitful heart
 Let this balmy season move
 To employ its noblest part,
 Softest mercy, sweetest love, —
 Blessing, with each living thing,
 God the bounteous, — God of spring.

SPRING.

- 1 THERE cometh o'er the spirit,
 With each returning year,
 The thought that Thou, the Father,
 Art ever to us near ;
 With hope of life dispelling
 The death that winter brought ;
 And flowers and fruits foretelling,
 With fragrant beauty fraught.
- 2 'T is this which calls thy children
 In sweet accord to raise,
 Beneath thy blue-domed temple,
 One general hymn of praise
 To Thee, the ever-living,
 The universal King,
 Who never ceasest giving
 Each good and perfect thing.
- 3 The streamlet from the mountain, —
 It speaketh, Lord, of thee,
 As from its snow-capped fountain
 It rushes to the sea ;
 The gentle dew descending,
 And cloud's refreshing shower, —
 O God, our Heavenly Father,
 All, all, proclaim thy power.

OCCASIONAL.

393.

8 & 7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

HYMN OF SPRING.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, when blushing morning
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew !
When the world, again created,
Beams with beauties fair and new !
- 2 Praise the Lord, when early breezes
Come so fragrant from the flowers !
Praise, thou willow by the brookside !
Praise, ye birds, among the bowers !
- 3 Praise the Lord ! and may his blessing
Guide us in the way of truth,
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Make us holy in our youth.
- 4 Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven !
Angels, sing your sweetest lays !
All things, utter forth his glory !
Sound aloud Jehovah's praise !

394.

C. M.

J. RICHARDSON.

THE HYMN OF SUMMER.

- 1 How glad the tone when summer's sun
Wreathes the gay world with flowers,
And trees bend down with golden fruit,
And birds are in the bowers !
- 2 The morn sends silent music down
Upon each earthly thing ;
And always since creation's dawn
The stars together sing.

SUMMER.

- 3 Shall man remain in silence, then,
While all beneath the skies
The chorus joins ? no, let us sing,
And while our voices rise,
- 4 O, let our lives, great God, breathe forth
A constant melody ;
And every action be a tone
In that sweet hymn to thee !

395.

C. M.

E. TAYLOR.

SUMMER.

- 1 THERE 's life abroad ; from each green tree
A busy murmur swells ;
The bee is up at early dawn,
Stirring the cowslip-bells.
There 's motion in the lightest leaf
That trembles on the stream ;
The insect scarce an instant rests,
Light dancing in the beam.
- 2 All speaks of life ; and louder still
The spirit speaks within,
O'erpowering, with its strong, deep voice,
The world's incessant din.
There 's life without ; and, better far,
Within there 's life and power,
And liberty of heart and mind
To love, believe, adore.

396.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THANKSGIVING TO THE GOD OF THE HARVEST.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of life, and God of love !
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hides the grain,
Thy goodness marks its secret birth,
And sends the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, is thine,
Its mild, refreshing showers ;
Thou giv'st the ripening suns to shine,
And summer's golden hours.
- 4 Thy quickening life, for ever near,
Matures the swelling grain ;
The bounteous harvest crowns the year,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 With thankful hearts we trace thy way
Through all our smiling vales ;
Thou, by whose love, nor night nor day,
Seed-time nor harvest, fails.

397.

10 & 11s. M.

* DODDRIDGE.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

- 1 HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his mercies sing ;
The fruitful year his bounties shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name.
The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending,
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE HARVEST.

- 2 The earth, enlightened by his rays divine,
Brought forth the grass, and corn, and oil, and
wine ;
Crowned with his goodness, let the people meet,
And lay their thankful offerings at his feet ;
With grateful love that hand divine confessing,
Which on each heart bestoweth every blessing.
- 3 His mercy never ends ; the dawn, the shade,
Still see new beauties through new scenes displayed ;
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their fathers' God :
The soul of man, through its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.
- 4 Burst into praise, my soul ! all nature, join !
Angels and men, in harmony combine !
While human years are measured by the sun,
And while eternity its course shall run,
His goodness, in perpetual showers descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending !

398.

L. M.

SIGOURNEY.

THE YEAR CROWNED WITH GOODNESS.

- 1 God of the year ! with songs of praise,
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness.
- In early spring-time thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming ;
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quickening in thy blessed ray.

- 3 God of the seasons ! thou hast blest
 The land with sunlight and with showers ;
 And plenty o'er its bosom smiles,
 To crown the sweet autumnal hours.
- 4 Praise, praise to thee ! Our hearts expand,
 To view these blessings of thy hand,
 And on the incense-breath of love
 Ascend to their bright home above.

399.

C. M.

BOWRING.

THE HYMN OF THE SEASONS.

- 1 THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
 Attune their evening hymn ;
 All-wise, all-holy, thou art praised
 In song of seraphim !
 Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds
 Unite to worship thee,
 While thy majestic greatness fills
 Space, time, eternity.
- 2 Nature, a temple worthy thee,
 Beams with thy light and love ;
 Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
 Whose stars rejoice above ;
 Whose altars are the mountain-cliffs
 That rise along the shore ;
 Whose anthems, the sublime accord
 Of storm and ocean-roar.
- 3 Her song of gratitude is sung
 By Spring's awakening hours ;
 Her Summer offers at thy shrine
 Its earliest, loveliest flowers ;

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Her Autumn brings its golden fruits,
In glorious luxury given ;
While Winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

400.

10s. M.

E. TAYLOR.

THE CHANGING YEAR.

- 1 GOD of the changing year, whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour, —
Here in thy temple bow thy creatures down,
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.
- 2 Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day ;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness, — all are thine.
- 3 If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless, thou wert true ;
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit, thou wert present there.
- 4 O, lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee ;
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be ;
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly
thine.

401.

C. M.

GASKELL.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

- 1 O GOD ! to thee our hearts would pay
Their gratitude sincere,
Whose love hath kept us, night and day,
Throughout another year.

OCCASIONAL.

- 2 Of every breath, and every power,
Thou wast the gracious source ;
From thee came every happy hour
Which smiled along its course.
- 3 And if sometimes across our path
A cloud its shadows threw,
Thou didst not waft it there in wrath,
But loving-kindness true.
- 4 For joy and grief alike we pay
Our thanks to thee above ;
And only pray to grow each day
More worthy of thy love.

402.

L. M.

* J. TAYLOR.

THE WORTH OF YEARS.

- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass ;
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.
- 2 O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly ;—
- 3 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds :
So shall we pass through death's still sleep,
To nobler service that succeeds.

FUNERAL.

403.

P. M.

MILMAN.

FUNERAL HYMN.

- 1 BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown ;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
- 2 Sin no more can taint thy spirit,
Nor can doubt thy faith assail ;
Thy soul its welcome has received,
Thy strength shall never fail ;
And thou 'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
- 3 'To thy silent grave we bear thee,
There in dust we place thy head ;
We lay the turf above thee now,
And seal thy narrow bed ;
But thy spirit soars away,
Free, among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

404.

C. M.

WHITTIER.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

- 1 ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.
- 2 O, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.
- 3 Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled ;
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.
- 4 Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.
- 5 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

405.

7s. M.

J. H. BANCROFT.

THE CHRISTIAN'S BURIAL.

- 1 BROTHER, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know for thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away.

FUNERAL.

- 2 Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God, and heir of heaven ;
For he gave thee sweet release ;
Thine the Christian's death of peace.
- 3 Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death ;
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.
- 4 Brother, in that solemn trust
We commend thy dust to dust ;
In that faith we wait, till, risen,
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.
- 5 While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept ;
Then with Jesus thou shalt rest,
Crowned, and glorified, and blest.

406.

7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

FUNERAL HYMN.

- 1 CLAY to clay, and dust to dust !
Let them mingle, — for they must !
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit 's fled to God.
- 2 Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp ;
Never more shall noonday's glance
Search this mortal countenance.
- 3 Look aloft ! The spirit 's risen ;—
Death cannot the soul imprison :
'T is in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.

OCCASIONAL.

- 4 Thither let us turn our view ;
Peace is there, and comfort too ;
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing joy's eternal round.

407.

C. M.

DALE.

“ WEEP NOT.”

- 1 DEAR as thou wast, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee ;
One thought shall check the starting tear,—
It is — that thou art free.
- 2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain ;
O, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again ?
- 3 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine ;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine !

408.

10s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

DEATH IN MANHOOD.

- 1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power :
A Christian cannot die before his time ;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.
- 2 Go to the grave ; at noon from labor cease ;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest work is done ;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home ; with thee the field is won.

FUNERAL.

- 3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay,
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high ;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
- 4 Go to the grave, — no, to thy home above ;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

409.

P. M.

HEBER.

THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave ; but we will not
deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
tomb ;
The Saviour has passed through its portals
before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through
the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by
thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-
fold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless
hath died.

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its mansion
forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered
long ;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on
thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the sera-
phim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not
deplore thee,
Since God was thy refuge, thy guardian, thy
guide ;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore
thee ;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour
hath died.

410.

C. M.

HEMANS.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now !
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
Soul, to its home on high !
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.
- 3 Lone are the paths, and sad the hours,
Since thy meek spirit's gone ;
But, O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own !

DEATH OF A CHILD.

- 1 FARE thee well, our fondly cherished !
 Dear, dear blossom, fare thee well !
 He who lent thee hath recalled thee,
 Back with him and his to dwell.
- 2 Like a sunbeam through our dwelling
 Shone thy presence, bright and calm ;
 Thou didst add a zest to pleasure ;
 To our sorrows thou wert balm.
- 3 Yet while mourning, O our lost one,
 Come no visions of despair !
 Seated on thy tomb, Faith's angel
 Saith, thou art not, art not there.
- 4 Where, then, art thou ? with the Saviour,
 Blest, for ever blest, to be ;
 'Mid the sinless little children
 Who have heard his " Come to me."
- 5 Passed the shades of death's dark valley,
 Thou art leaning on his breast,
 Where the wicked may not enter,
 And the weary are at rest.
- 6 Plead, that in a Father's mercy
 All our sins may be forgiven ;
 Angel ! plead, that thou may'st greet us,
 Ransomed, at the gates of heaven.

412.

7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

FUNERAL HYMN OF A CHILD.

- 1 To the Father's love we trust
That which was enshrined in dust ;
While we give the earth to earth,
Finds the soul its heavenly birth.
Angels wait the angel child,
Gentle, young, and undefiled.
- 2 Said not oft those pleading eyes,
That they longed for purer skies ?
Did not oft the falling tear
Speak of roughening billows here ?
Prayed ye not that she might rest
On her Heavenly Father's breast ?
- 3 Give the spirit, then, to God,
And its vesture to the sod ;
Life, henceforth, shall have a ray
Kindled ne'er to pass away,
And a light from angel eyes
Draw us upward to the skies.

413.

8 & 7s. M.

BEARD'S COLL.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

- 1 MOTHER, mother ! cease thy weeping,
Though thy babe his eyelids close ;
In his Father's bosom sleeping,
He shall find his best repose.

CHARITABLE.

- 2 O'er his pillow, mute with anguish,
Thou may'st not despairing bend ;
He with pain no more shall languish,
Here his infant trials end.
- 3 Parents, ye awhile may sorrow ;
Nature spake when Jesus wept ;
But your grief a light shall borrow
From the tomb where he hath slept.
- 4 No ; your loved one hath not perished ;
With his Saviour he is blest,
Who on earth young children cherished,
Gently gathering to his breast.

414.

8 & 7s. M.

PIERPONT.

FOR A CHARITABLE OCCASION.

- 1 MIGHTY One, whose name is holy,
Thou wilt save thy work alive ;
And the spirit of the lowly
Thou wilt visit and revive.
What thy prophets thus have spoken,
Ages witness as they roll ;
Bleeding hearts and spirits broken,
Touched by thee, O God, are whole.
- 2 By thy pitying spirit guided,
Jesus sought the sufferer's door ;
Comfort for the poor provided,
And the mourner's sorrows bore ;—
So, it is thy spirit beaming
In their face who man revere,
That sustains them while redeeming
Sin's pale victims from despair.

OCCASIONAL.

- 3 Father, as thy love is endless,
 Working by thy servants thus,
 The forsaken and the friendless
 Deign to visit, e'en by us ;
 So shall each, with spirit fervent
 Laboring with thee here below,
 Be declared thy faithful servant,
 Where there 's neither want nor woe.

415.

6 & 4s. M.

NICOLL.

GOD SAVE THE POOR !

- 1 LORD, from thy blessed throne,
 Sorrow look down upon !
 God save the Poor !
 Teach them true liberty, —
 Make them from tyrants free, —
 Let their homes happy be !
 God save the Poor !
- 2 The arms of wicked men
 Do thou with might restrain, —
 God save the Poor !
 Raise thou their lowliness, —
 Succour thou their distress, —
 Thou whom the meanest bless !
 God save the Poor !
- 3 Give them stanch honesty, —
 Let their pride manly be, —
 God save the Poor !
 Help them to hold the right, —
 Give them both truth and might,
 Lord of all life and light !
 God save the Poor !

MISSIONARY HYMN.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Shall learn Messiah's name.

417.

6 & 4s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

“HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS.”

- 1 WHERE, for a thousand miles,
The sweet Ohio smiles,
On bed of sand ;
Where prairies blossom broad,
Fair gardens sown by God,
And lakes their ocean-flood
Pour from his hand ;
- 2 Where sleep in rest profound,
Beneath each ancient mound,
A buried race ;
There, brother, go and teach ;
From heart to heart shall reach
Thy free and earnest speech
Of heavenly grace.
- 3 Where the tall forest waves
Above those mouldering graves,
God's truth declare ;
While his “ first temples ” spread
Their arches o'er thy head,
Lift, o'er the slumbering dead,
The voice of prayer.
- 4 While rolls the living tide,
Down Alleghany's side,
Its ceaseless flood ;
Upon the mountains, there,
How beautiful appear
The feet of those who bear
Tidings of good !

MISSIONS.

- 5 O Thou, whose suns and rains
Upon those mighty plains
 Fall evermore ;
Send down the dews of peace,
The sun of righteousness,
And let thy light increase
 From shore to shore.

418.

8 & 7s. M.

A. C. COXE.

WESTERN MISSIONS.

- 1 WESTWARD, Lord, the world alluring,
Has thy risen day-star beamed,
And, the sinking soul assuring,
 O'er the world's wide ocean streamed.
Westward, still, the midnight breaking,
Westward, still, its light be poured !
Heathen thy possession making,
 Utmost lands thy dwelling, Lord !
- 2 Westward, where the waving prairie,
Dark as slumbering ocean, lies,
Let thy starlight, Son of Mary,
 O'er the shadowed billows rise !
Here be heard, ye herald voices,
 Till the Lord his glory shows,
And the lonely place rejoices
 With the bloom of Sharon's rose.
- 3 Where the wilderness is lying,
And the trees of ages nod,
Westward, in the desert crying,
 Make a highway for our God.
Westward, till the Church be kneeling
 In the forest aisles so dim,
And the wildwood's arches pealing
 With the people's holy hymn.

FOR A PEACE MEETING.

- 1 NOT with the flashing steel,
 Not with the cannon's peal,
 Or stir of drum ;
 But in the bonds of love,
 Our white flag floats above ;
 Her emblem is the dove ;—
 'T is thus we come.
- 2 The laws of Christian light, —
 These are our weapons bright,
 Our mighty shield ;
 Christ is our leader high ;
 And the broad plains which lie
 Beneath the blessed sky,
 Our battle-field.
- 3 What is that great intent
 On which each heart is bent,
 Our hosts among ?
 It is that hate may die,
 That war's red curse may fly,
 And war's high praise for aye
 No more be sung.
- 4 On, then, in God's great name !
 Let each pure spirit's flame
 Burn bright and clear ;
 Stand firmly in your lot,
 Cry ye aloud, doubt not,
 Be every fear forgot ;
 Christ leads us here.

- 5 So shall earth's distant lands,
 In happy, holy bands,
 One brotherhood,
 Together rise and sing,
 Gifts to one altar bring,
 And heaven's Eternal King
 Pronounce it good.

420.

10 & 6s. M.

*

IN TIME OF WAR.

- 1 LORD, once our faith in man no fear could move ;
 Now save it from despair ; —
 The trial comes ; strengthen the might of love :
 Father, thou hearest prayer.
- 2 Thou hearest ; and we hear, above this din,
 Thy blessed word sound clear :
 “ I purge this land from slavery and sin ;
 The reign of heaven draws near.”
- 3 O, never falter, ye who strive to bring
 In men the heavenly birth ;
 For still the angel hosts unfaltering sing,
 “ Peace to the weary earth ! ”
- 4 O, never falter ! peace must come by pain ;
 Heaven is not found, but won ;
 Hold the dark angel till he moulds again
 The peace he hath undone.
- 5 We know not, Lord, what storms and trials
 strong
 Must work our world's new birth ;
 But we will toil, with this for working-song, —
 “ Peace to the weary earth ! ”

OCCASIONAL.

- 6 Peace to the weary, struggling, sin-sick earth !
Peace to the heart of man !
Storm shall bring calm ; that high reward is
worth
All we must bear or can.

421. 11 & 10s. M. LONGFELLOW.

PEACE ON EARTH.

- 1 DOWN the dark future, through long generations,
The sounds of war grow fainter and then
cease ;
And, like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
“ Peace ! ”
- 2 Peace ! and no longer, from its brazen portals,
The blast of war’s great organ shakes the
skies ;
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

422. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

GLORY TO GOD, THROUGH PEACE ON EARTH.

- 1 “ To God be glory ! Peace on earth ! ”
Let us repeat again
The hymn that hailed the Saviour’s birth,—
“ Peace and good will to men ! ”
- 2 Good will to men ! O God, we hail
This of thy law the sum ;
For as this shall o’er earth prevail,
So shall thy kingdom come !

VIII. MISCELLANEOUS.

423.

C. M.

R. W. EMERSON.

THE HOUSE OUR FATHERS BUILT TO GOD.

- 1 WE love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God ;
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.
- 2 Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A perfume through the place.
- 3 And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the Eternal Spirit clear
Their doubts and aid their strife.
- 4 From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found,
Which filled their homes again.
- 5 For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.

- 6 They live with God, their homes are dust ;
 But here their children pray,
 And, in this fleeting lifetime, trust
 To find the narrow way.

424.

C. M.

J. WEISS.

EPIPHANY.

- 1 A WONDROUS star our pioneer,
 We left the mystic land
 Where heaven-nurtured childhood slept,
 Where yet old visions stand.
- 2 O God ! the land of dreams we left,
 Repose we left for aye,
 And followed meekly to the place
 Where our Redeemer lay.
- 3 That humble manger we have found ;
 The world his cradle is ;
 His life is hidden far below
 Its sins and miseries.
- 4 The world throws wide its brazen gates ;
 With thee we enter in ;
 O, grant us, in our humble sphere,
 To free that world from sin.
- 5 We have one mind in Christ our Lord
 To stand and point above ;
 To hurl rebuke at social wrong ;
 But all, O God, in love.
- 6 The star is resting in the sky ;
 To worship Christ we came ;
 The moments haste ; O, touch our tongues
 With thy celestial flame !

- 7 The truest worship is a life ;
 All dreaming we resign ;
 We lay our offerings at thy feet, —
 Our lives, O Christ, are thine !

425.

L. M.

*

THE CHILDREN OF THE CROSS.

- 1 THOU Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
 Has brought us here, before thy face,
 Our spirits wait for thy command,
 Our silent hearts implore thy peace !
- 2 Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
 As offerings, on thy holy shrine ;
 Thine was the strength that nourished ours ;
 The children of the cross are thine.
- 3 While watching on our arms, at night,
 We saw thy angels round us move ;
 We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
 And followed, trusting to thy love.
- 4 And now, with hymn and prayer we stand,
 To give our strength to thee, great God !
 We would redeem thy holy land,
 That land which sin so long has trod.
- 5 Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord,
 Through rugged toil and wearying fight ;
 Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
 And faith in Christ our truest might.
- 6 Send down thy constant aid, we pray ;
 Be thy pure angels with us still ;
 Thy truth, be that our firmest stay ;
 Our only rest, to do thy will.

426.

C. M.

NICOLL.

THE REFORMERS.

- 1 AN offering at the shrine of power
 Our hands shall never bring ;
 A garland on the car of pomp
 Our hands shall never fling ;
 Applauding in the conqueror's path
 Our voices ne'er shall be ;
 But we have hearts to honor those
 Who bade the world go free !
- 2 Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
 Who made us what we are, —
 Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
 With radiance brighter far !
 Glory to them in coming time,
 And through eternity,
 Who burst the captive's galling chain,
 And bade the world go free !

427.

L. M.

HEMANS.

EARTH'S NAMELESS MARTYRS.

- 1 THE kings of old have shrine and tomb
 In many a minster's haughty gloom ;
 And green, along the ocean-side,
 The mounds arise where heroes died ;
 But show me on thy flowery breast,
 Earth ! where thy nameless martyrs rest !
- 2 The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
 Have made one offering of their days ;
 For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
 Resigned the bitter cup to take ;
 And silently, in fearless faith,
 Bowing their noble souls to death.

MISCELLANEOUS.

428.

6s. M.

LUTHER.

THE MARTYR'S ASHES.

- 1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last ;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.
- 2 The Father hath received
Their latest living breath ;
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death ;
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one prevailing name.

429.

C. M.

* BARTON.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

- 1 WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Walk in the light ! and then the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Thou movest far above the gloom,
In a celestial air.
- 4 Walk in the light ! though rough may be
Thy path, it shall be bright ;
For God himself shall dwell in thee,
And God is perfect light.

430.

S. M.

S. GRAHAM.

GOD WITH US ON THE DEEP.

- 1 HEAVE, mighty ocean, heave !
And blow, thou boisterous wind !
Onward we swiftly glide, and leave
Our home and friends behind.
- 2 Away, away we steer,
Upon the ocean's breast ;
And dim the distant heights appear,
Like clouds along the west.
- 3 There is a loneliness
Upon the mighty deep ;
And hurried thoughts upon us press,
As onwardly we sweep.
- 4 But there is hope and joy,
Wherever we may be ;
Danger nor death can e'er destroy
Our trust, O God, in thee.
- 5 Then wherefore should we grieve,
Or what have we to fear ?
Though home and friends and life we leave,
Our God is ever near.

MISCELLANEOUS.

6 Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep !
Ye winds, blow foul or fair !
Our God is with us on the deep,
Our home is everywhere.

431.

P. M.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

- 1 LAUNCH thy bark, mariner !
Christian, God speed thee !
Let loose the rudder bands,
Good angels lead thee !
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come ;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home !
- 2 Look to the weather bow,
Breakers are round thee ;
Let fall thy plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in thy foresail there ;
Hold the helm fast ;
So, — let the vessel wear,
While sweeps the blast.
- 3 Slacken no sail yet, at
Inlet or island ;
Straight for the beacon steer, —
Straight for the highland ;
Crowd all the canvass on,
Cut through the foam ; —
Christian ! cast anchor now ;
Heaven is thy home !

432.

8 & 7s. M.

STERLING.

THE HUSBANDMAN'S HYMN.

- 1 MANY a power within earth's bosom,
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath ;
Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.
- 2 Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade, —
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.
- 3 Sow thy seed and reap in gladness !
Man himself is all a seed ;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

433.

L. M.

FLINT.

REMEMBRANCE OF OUR FATHERS.

- 1 IN pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.
- 2 What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here,
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard to the planter dear !
- 3 The toils they bore our ease have wrought ;
They sowed in tears, — in joy we reap ;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We 'll guard, till we with them shall sleep.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
In weal and woe, through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

434.

8 & 6s. M.

HEBER.

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.

- 1 FROM foes that would our land devour ;
From guilty pride and lust of power ;
From wild sedition's lawless hour ;
From yoke of slavery ;
- 2 From blinded zeal, by faction led ;
From giddy change, by fancy bred ;
From poisoned error's serpent head ;
Good Lord, preserve us free !

435.

L. M.

WHITTIER.

THE DAY OF FREEDOM.

- 1 O THOU, whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night, the cloud by day !
- 2 When, from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most holy Father, unto thee
Now let our humble prayer be given.
- 3 Sweet peace be here ; and hope and love
Be round us as a mantle thrown,
As unto thee, supreme above,
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 And grant, O Father, that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land, and tongue, and clime
The message of thy love shall hear ;—
- 5 When, smitten as with fire from heaven,
Shall melt and fall the captive's chain ;
And burdened slaves, their fetters riven,
Shall stand redeemed by Freedom's reign.

436.

C. M.

*

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

- 1 THE land our fathers left to us
Is foul with hateful sin ;
When shall, O Lord, this sorrow end,
And hope and joy begin ?
- 2 What good, though growing might and wealth
Shall stretch from shore to shore,
If thus the fatal poison-taint
Be only spread the more ?
- 3 Wipe out, O God, the nation's sin,
Then swell the nation's power ;
But build not high our yearning hopes,
'To wither in an hour !
- 4 No outward show nor fancied strength
From thy stern justice saves ;
There is no Liberty for them
Who make their brethren slaves !

437.

7s. M.

J. R. LOWELL.

ANTI-SLAVERY HYMN.

- 1 MEN ! whose boast it is, that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave ?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed ?
- 2 Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt ?
No ! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free.
- 3 They are slaves, who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are slaves, who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than, in silence, shrink
From the truth they needs must think ;
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

438.

7s. M.

MISS CHANDLER.

REMEMBER THEM WHO ARE IN BONDS.

- 1 CHRISTIAN mother, when thy prayer
Trembles on the twilight air,
And thou askest God to keep,
In their waking and their sleep,
Those whose love is more to thee
Than the wealth of land and sea ;
Think of those who wildly mourn
For the loved ones from them torn.

- 2 Blest ones, whom no hands on earth
Dare to wrench from home and hearth,
Ye, whose hearts are sheltered well
By affection's holy spell,
Will ye hear with tearless eye
Of the slave's despairing cry,
Rising up from human hearts,
As their latest hope departs ?

439.

8, 7, & 4s. M.

* MONTGOMERY.

SLAVERY.

- 1 AGES, ages have departed,
Since the first dark vessel bore
Afric's children, broken-hearted,
To this far-off western shore ;
She, like Rachel,
Weeping, for they were no more

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Millions, millions have been slaughtered
In the fight and on the deep ;
Millions, millions more have watered,
With such tears as captives weep,
Fields of labor
Where their wearied bodies sleep.
- 3 Mercy, mercy, vainly pleading,
Rends her garments, smites her breast,
Till a voice from heaven proceeding
Gladden all the waiting west :
“ Come, ye weary !
Come, and I will give you rest ! ”
- 4 Tidings, tidings of salvation !
Brothers, rise with one accord,
Purge the plague-spot from our nation,
Till, unto their rights restored,
Slaves no longer,
All are freemen in the Lord !

440.

P. M.

* MONTGOMERY.

WATCH FOR THE MORNING.

- 1 CLIMB we the mountain afar,
In the still hour of even ;
Led by yon beautiful star,
First of the daughters of heaven :
Darkness yet covers the face of the deep ;
Spirit of freedom ! go forth in thy might,
Break the slave's bondage like infancy's sleep,
The moment when God shall say, Let there be
light !

MISCELLANEOUS.

2 Gaze we meanwhile for the day,
Praying in thought while we gaze ;
Watch for the morning's first ray ;
Prayer then be turned into praise :
Shout to the valleys, Behold ye the morn,
Long, long desired, but denied to our sight ;
Lo, myriads of slaves into men are new-born ;
The word was omnipotent, and there is light !

441.

L. M.

* WHITTIER.

MERCY AND NOT SACRIFICE.

- 1 O THOU, at whose rebuke, the grave
Back to warm life the sleeper gave,
Who, waking, saw with joy, above,
A brother's face of tenderest love ; —
- 2 Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,
The sorrowing, and the sin-sick came ;
The burden of thy holy faith
Was love and life, not hate and death.
- 3 O, once again thy healing lay
On the blind eyes which know thee not,
And let the light of thy pure day
Shine in upon the darkened thought.
- 4 O, touch the hearts of men, and show
The power which in forbearance lies ;
And let them feel that Mercy now
Is better than old Sacrifice.

THE CHRISTIAN'S LAST PRAYER.

- 1 God of my life, my hope, my fear,
In whom alone is all my trust,
I feel the closing hour draw near,
That gives this fainting frame to dust.
- 2 Yet one fond wish still warms my soul,
To thee in humblest hope expressed,
That, ere the darkening shadows roll
To close me in their final rest, —
- 3 Thou wouldst some worthier aim inspire,
Some living energy impart ;
Some holier spark of purer fire
Rekindling in my dying heart ; —
- 4 That, when, removed from grief and pain,
This fragile form on earth shall lie,
Some happier effort may remain,
To touch one human heart with joy, —
- 5 One nobler precept to bestow,
One kind and generous wish reveal,
To bid the breast with virtue glow,
To love, to pity, and to feel ; —
- 6 To soothe the ills it cannot cure,
The sufferer's injuries redress ;
And through life's varied channels pour
The living stream of happiness.

443.

C. M.

KEBLE.

TEACHING LITTLE CHILDREN.

- 1 O, SAY not, think not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain, —
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.
- 2 Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray,
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day ?
- 3 And loved he not of heaven to talk
With children in his sight,
To meet them in his daily walk,
And to his arms invite ?
- 4 And though some tones be weak and low,
What are all prayers beneath,
But cries of babes, that cannot know
Half the deep thought they breathe ?
- 5 In his own words we Christ adore ;
But angels, as we speak,
Higher above our meaning soar
Than we o'er children weak.
- 6 And yet his words mean more than they,
And yet he owns their praise ;
O, think not that he turns away
From infants' simple lays.

444.

C. M.

HEBER.

THE HOLY CHILD.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God !
- 3 O Thou who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own !

445.

C. M.

FLINT'S COLL.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms !
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 " Suffer the little ones," he says,
" Forbid them not to come ;
Of such is heaven ; and souls like these
Shall find in heaven their home."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

- 1 YE joyous ones ! upon whose brow
 The light of youth is shed,
 O'er whose glad path life's early flowers
 In glowing beauty spread ;
 Forget not Him whose love hath poured
 Around that golden light,
 And tinged those opening buds of hope
 With hues so softly bright.

- 2 Thou tempted one ! just entering
 Upon "enchanted ground,"
 Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,
 Ten thousand foes surround :
 A dark and a deceitful band,
 Upon thy path they lower ;
 Trust not thine own unaided strength
 To save thee from their power.

- 3 Thou whose yet bright and joyous eye
 May soon be dimmed with tears,
 To whom the hours of bitterness
 Must come in coming years ;
 Teach early thy confiding eye
 To pierce the cloudy screen,
 To look above the storms of life,
 Eternally serene.

MISCELLANEOUS.

447.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

FEED MY LAMBS !

- 1 WHILE yet the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
Which may too soon be stained by sin ;
- 2 Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care, —
Teach the young heart to look above,
Teach the young lips to speak in prayer.
- 3 The world will come with care and crime,
And tempt too oft that heart astray ;
Still the seed sown in early time
Shall not be wholly cast away.
- 4 The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darkened soul will rise,
When age's weary eye is dim,
And the grave's shadow round us lies.
- 5 The infant hymn is heard again,
The infant prayer is breathed once more ;
Reclasping thus the broken chain,
We turn to all we loved before.

448.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

- 1 GREAT God ! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
I but a child, — and thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky !

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Art thou my Father ? — Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee ;
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 3 Art thou my Father ? — I 'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend ;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.
- 4 Art thou my Father ? — Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

449.

C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground ;
We seek that promised soil ;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears ;
But only heaven our hopes can raise,
And sin alone, our fears.
- 3 We tread the path our Master trod ;
We bear the cross he bore ;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.
- 4 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run ;
And while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

450.

P. M.

METHODIST.

MAKING MELODY IN THE HEART.

- 1 JESUS the soul of music is,
His is the noblest passion ;
Jesus' name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation ;
Jesus' name the dead can raise,
Shew us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
And carry us to heaven.
- 2 Who hath a right like us to sing,
Us, whom his mercy raises ?
Joyful our hearts, for Christ is King, —
Joyful are all our faces.
Who of his love doth once partake,
He in the Lord rejoices ;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.
- 3 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in heart is merry,
Let him sing psalms, the Scripture saith,
Joyful, and ne'er be weary ;
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
Hearty and never-ceasing ;
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Worship, and thanks, and blessing.
- 4 Come, let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation ;
Let us aspire to love divine,
Worship and adoration.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Heaven already is begun,
Opened in each believer ;
Only believe, and then sing on ;
Heaven is yours for ever.

451.

C. M.

CROSWELL.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

- 1 Now gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim !
The chief of all the sons of men,
Shall we not welcome him ?
Fill all his courts with sacred songs,
And from the temple wall
Wave garlands o'er the joyful throngs
That crowd his festival !
- 2 And still more freshly in the mind
Store up the hopes sublime
Which then were born for all mankind,
So blessed was the time ;
And, underneath these hallowed eaves,
A Saviour will be born
In every heart that him receives,
On his triumphal morn.

452.

P. M.

GRANT.

GETHSEMANE.

- 1 JESUS, while he dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go,
Near to Kedron's brook that lay :
In this place he loved to be,
And 't was named Gethsemane.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 'T was a garden, as we read,
 At the foot of Olivet,
 Low and proper to be made
 The Redeemer's lone retreat :
 When from noise he would be free,
 Then he sought Gethsemane.
- 3 Thither, by their Master brought,
 His disciples likewise came ;
 There the heavenly truths he taught
 Often set their hearts on flame :
 Therefore they, as well as he,
 Visited Gethsemane.
- 4 Oft conversing here they sat ;
 Or might join with Christ in prayer ;
 O, what blest devotion that,
 When the Lord himself is there !
 All things there did so agree
 To endear Gethsemane.
- 5 Full of love to man's lost race,
 On the conflict much he thought ;
 This he knew the destined place,
 And he loved the sacred spot :
 Therefore Jesus chose to be
 Often in Gethsemane.

453.

C. M.

WESLEY.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above
 But one communion make ;
 Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
 All of his grace partake.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 One family, we dwell in him ;
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 O God, be thou our constant guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

454.

C. M.

WATTS.

LAW AND LOVE.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke ; —
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold the great, the glorious host
Of angels, clothed in light ;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight ; —
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven ;
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their sins to be forgiven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

455.

P. M.

J. H. PERKINS.

PRAYER AND LABOR.

- 1 BY earth hemmed in, by earth oppressed,
'T is hard to labor, — hard to pray ;
And of the week, for prayer and rest,
We 've but one Sabbath day.
- 2 But purer spirits walk above,
Who worship alway ; who are blest
With an upspringing might of love
That makes all labor, rest.
- 3 Father, while here, I would arise
In spirit to that realm ; and there
Be every act a sacrifice,
And every thought a prayer.

456.

7 & 6s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

STRENGTH FROM STRUGGLE.

- 1 GROWS dark thy path before thee ?
Press on ! still undismayed ;
Heaven shines resplendent o'er thee,
Though earth be wrapped in shade.
- 2 And God, thy trust, hath given,
With word from swerving free,
The angels of high heaven
A charge concerning thee.
- 3 Then though thy feet may falter
Even at early morn,
And from hope's burning altar
The light may be withdrawn, —

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 Yet from thy self-prostration
Thou shalt awake in power ;
From tears and lamentation,
To conquest every hour.
- 5 Strong in thy perfect weakness,
Thy strength shall never fail ;
Mighty in holy meekness,
Thine arm shall still prevail.

457.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE HEAVENLY GUIDE.

- 1 WHEN thirst for power or for gold
Hath led our souls astray ;
When, blind, by blinder guides we 're told,
“ Lo, here thou 'lt find the way ” ;
Look down, O Father, from above ;
Set us from error free ;
Teach us to serve thee here in love,
And find our home in thee.
- 2 When faith thy guidance humbly takes,
And seeks thy will to do,
Clear light upon our pathway breaks,
The world to guide us through.
Thy spirit send, our souls to save ;
Thy wisdom make our own ;
And though our way leads through the grave,
We wander not alone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

458.

7 & 6s. M.

J. GOSTICK.

LIGHT FOR ALL.

- 1 THE light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may ;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.
- 2 So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits,
As the waters fill the sea.
- 3 The soul can shed a glory
On every work well done ;
As even things most lowly
Are radiant in the sun.
- 4 Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright ;
The truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light ;
- 5 Till earth becomes God's temple ;
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

459.

C. M.

J. WEISS.

FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL.

- 1 BENEATH Thy trees to-day we met,
Amid thy summer flowers ;
And every heart is blessing yet
These happy, fleeting hours.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 But creeping shades to vespers call,
And timely lore impart,
To make our latest shadows fall
From sunshine in the heart.
- 3 Yes, even so ; the summer leaf,
The summer flowers, declare
Their childlike, chastening belief,
That thou dost make them fair.
- 4 O, let us cherish nature's creed,
And live and bloom to Thee ;
For only childlike hearts, we read,
Can grace eternity.

460.

8 & 11s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

MORNING HYMN.

- 1 OUR Father ! we thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest ;
We bless the kind care that doth keep
Thy children from being distressed :
O, how in their weakness shall children repay
Thy fatherly kindness, by night and by day ?
- 2 Our voices shall utter thy praise,
Our hearts shall o'erflow with thy love ;
O, teach us to walk in thy ways,
And lift us earth's trials above !
The heart's true affection is all we can give ;
In love's pure devotion, O, help us to live !
- 3 So long as thou seest it right
That here upon earth we should stay,
We pray thee to guard us by night,
And help us to serve thee by day ;
And when all the days of this life shall be o'er,
Receive us in heaven, to serve thee the more.

MISCELLANEOUS.

461.

L. M.

GOETHE.

EVENING HYMN.

- 1 O'ER silent field and lonely lawn
Her dusky mantle night hath drawn ;
At twilight's holy, heartfelt hour,
In man his better soul hath power.
- 2 The passions are at peace within,
And stilled each stormy thought of sin ;
The yielding bosom, overawed,
Breathes love to man, and love to God.

462.

L. M.

EDMESTON.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeam lingering there ;
Those sacred hours this low earth leave,
Wasted on wings of praise and prayer.
- 2 The time, how lovely and how still !
Peace shines and smiles on all below ;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow !
- 3 Season of rest ! the tranquil soul
Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in love ;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

MISCELLANEOUS.

463.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

SILENT PRAYER.

- 1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows ;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 But sweeter far the still, small voice,
Heard by no human ear,
When God hath made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.
- 3 Nor accents flow, nor words ascend ;
All utterance faileth there ;
But Christian spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

464.

11s. M.

MRS. OSGOOD.

GLAD WORSHIP.

- 1 APPROACH not the altar with gloom in thy soul,
Nor let thy feet falter from terror's control ;
God loves not the sadness of fear and mistrust ;
O, serve him with gladness, — the loving and
just !
- 2 His bounty is tender, his being is love,
His smile fills with splendor the blue arch above ;
Confiding, believing, O, enter always
His courts with thanksgiving, his portals with
praise !
- 3 Come not to his temple with pride in thy mien,
But lowly and simple, in courage serene ;
Bring meekly before him the faith of a child,
Bow down and adore him with heart undefiled !

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

- 1 HERALDS of creation ! cry, —
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high !
Heaven and earth ! obey the call ;
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.
- 2 For he spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light ;
He commanded, — nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.
- 3 Praise him, all ye hosts above ;
Spirits perfected in love !
Sun and moon ! your voices raise ;
Sing, ye stars ! your Maker's praise.
- 4 Earth ! from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow ;
Lightning, vapor, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow ! his will perform.
- 5 Birds ! on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at his temple's door ;
Joyful sounds from herds and flocks
Echo back, ye caves and rocks !
- 6 High above all height his throne ;
Excellent his name alone ;
Him let all his works confess !
Him let all his children bless !

MISCELLANEOUS.

466.

8 & 7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

“THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.”

- 1 GOD is in his holy temple :
Thoughts of earth, be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before his presence bow.
He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavour,
Guiding every upward aim.
- 2 GOD is in his holy temple ; —
In the pure and holy mind ;
In the reverent heart and simple ;
In the soul from sense refined :
Every earthly, low emotion
Banished far and silent be !
And our souls, in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy thee !

467.

10s. M.

DR. JOHNSON.

GOD.

- 1 O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds pre-
sides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides !
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine !
- 2 'T is thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest ;
From thee, great God ! we spring, to thee we
tend,
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End !

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days !
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ !
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow !
- 2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ; —
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores ; —
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams ; —
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

- 1 Lo, my shepherd's hand divine !
 Want shall never more be mine.
 In a pasture fair and large
 He shall feed his happy charge,
 And my couch with tenderest care
 'Midst the springing grass prepare.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
 He shall lead my weary feet
 To the streams that, still and slow,
 Through the verdant meadow flow ;
 When through devious paths I stray,
 He shall teach the better way.
- 3 Though the dreary vale I tread,
 By the shades of death o'erspread ;
 I shall walk from terror free,
 While each needed strength I see
 By thy rod and staff supplied ;
 This my guard, and that my guide.
- 4 Thou my plenteous board hast spread ;
 Thou with oil refreshed my head ;
 Filled by thee, my cup o'erflows ;
 For thy love no limit knows ;
 And unto my latest end,
 Thou my footsteps shalt attend.

MISCELLANEOUS.

470.

C. M.

EPISCOPAL COLL.

CALM TRUST.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this,
My humble prayer, arise : —
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee ; —
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless my journey's end.

471.

L. M.

* BROWNE.

THE ONE GOD.

- 1 ETERNAL God ! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown !
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed ;
By none controlled in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blessed.
- 3 Worship to thee alone belongs,
Worship to thee alone we give ;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 O, spread thy truth through every land,
In every heart thy love be known ;
Subdue the world to thy command,
And, as thou art, reign God alone.

472.

C. M.

STERNHOLD.

“HE BOWED THE HEAVENS AND CAME DOWN.”

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And he as sovereign Lord and King
For evermore shall reign.

473.

L. M.

J. RICHARDSON.

ONE IN CHRIST.

- 1 FROM Zion's holy hill there rose
A fount divine, that ever flows ;
Heaven's smile is on its waters shed,
By heaven's own dews the fount is fed.
- 2 That stream of Truth — a silver thread,
Scarce known, save by its fountain-head —
Now onward pours, a mighty flood,
And fills the new-formed world with good.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Where'er that living fountain flows,
New life its healing wave bestows,
And man, from sin's corruptions free,
Inspires with its own purity.
- 4 A spirit, breathed from Zion's hill,
In holy hearts is living still, —
That Comforter from heaven above,
The presence of celestial love.
- 5 O, may this spirit ever be
Our bond of peace and unity !
Thus shall we teach, as Christ began,
Through love, the brotherhood of man.

474.

C. M.

* PIERPONT.

THE HYMN OF THE LAST SUPPER.

- 1 THE winds are hushed ; the peaceful moon
Looks down on Zion's hill ;
The city sleeps ; 't is night's calm noon,
And all the streets are still.
- 2 How soft, how holy, is the light !
And hark ! a sweet, low song,
As gently as these dews of night,
Floats on the air along.
- 3 Affection's wish, devotion's prayer,
Are in that holy strain ;
And hope and love and trust are there,
And triumph, won through pain.
- 4 'T is Jesus and his faithful few
Who pour that soul-deep hymn ;
O God ! may we the song renew,
While we remember them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

475.

C. M.

T. MOORE.

CONSOLATION.

- 1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee !
- 2 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too ;
- 4 O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above ?
- 5 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray ;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

476.

C. M.

KEBLE.

THE ELDER SCRIPTURE.

- 1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and loving hearts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 The works of God, above, below,
 Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
 How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Father's love ;
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
 In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heaven is like his grace ;
 It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favored place
 By richest fruits is known.
- 5 Two worlds are ours ; 't is only sin
 Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the earth and sky.
- 6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
 And read thee everywhere !

477.

10s. M.

STERLING.

REST.

- 1 O THOU, the primal fount of life and peace,
Who shedd'st thy breathing quiet all around,
In me command that pain and conflict cease,
And tune to music every jarring sound.
- 2 Make thou in me, O God, through shame and
 pain,
A heart attuned to thy celestial calm ;
Let not the spirit's pangs be roused in vain,
But heal the wounded breast with soothing balm !

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
In full accord with all thy works of joy,
May I be nerved to labors high and pure,
And thou thy child to do thy work employ.
- 4 In One who walked on earth, a man of love,
Was holier peace than even this hour inspires ;
From him to me let inward quiet flow,
And give the might my failing will requires.
- 5 So this great universe, — so he, and Thou,
The central source and wondrous bound of
things,
May fill my heart with rest as deep as now
To land and sea and air thy presence brings.

478.

P. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

- 1 THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed,
- 2 And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.
- 3 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear ;
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.
- 5 Amidst the storm they sang ;
 And the stars heard, and the sea !
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.
- 6 The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
 This was their welcome home !
- 7 What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !
- 8 Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod !
 They have left unstained, what there they found :
 Freedom to worship God.

479.

L. P. M.

MISS BARRETT.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

PSALM CXXVII. 2.

- 1 OF all the thoughts of God, that are
 Borne in upon our souls afar
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 O, tell me if there any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this, —
 " He giveth his beloved sleep."

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 O earth, so full of dreary noises !
O men, with wailing in your voices !
O delved gold, the wailers heap !
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
God makes a silence through you all, —
He giveth his beloved sleep.
- 3 His dew's drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap ;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth his beloved sleep.

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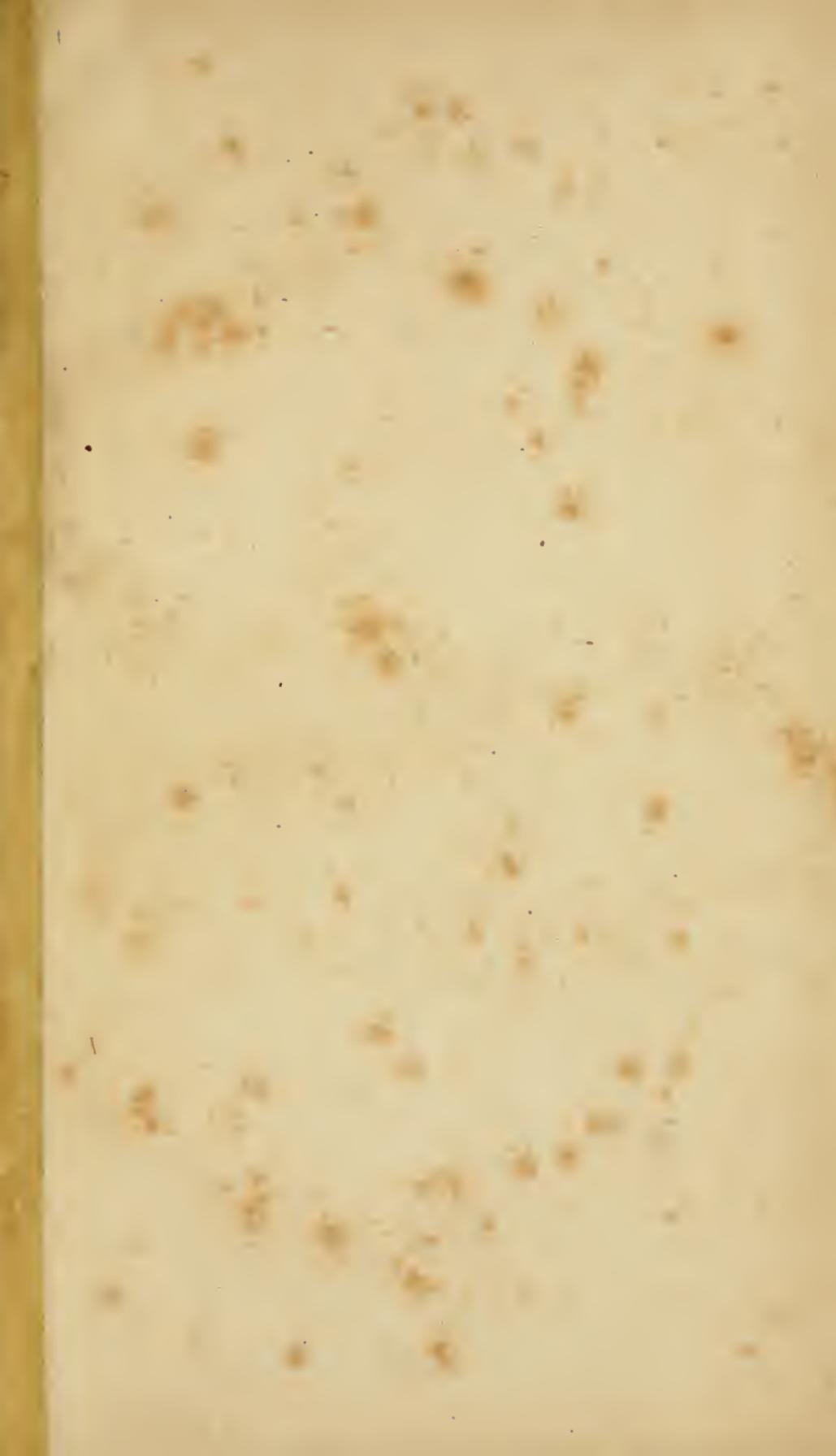
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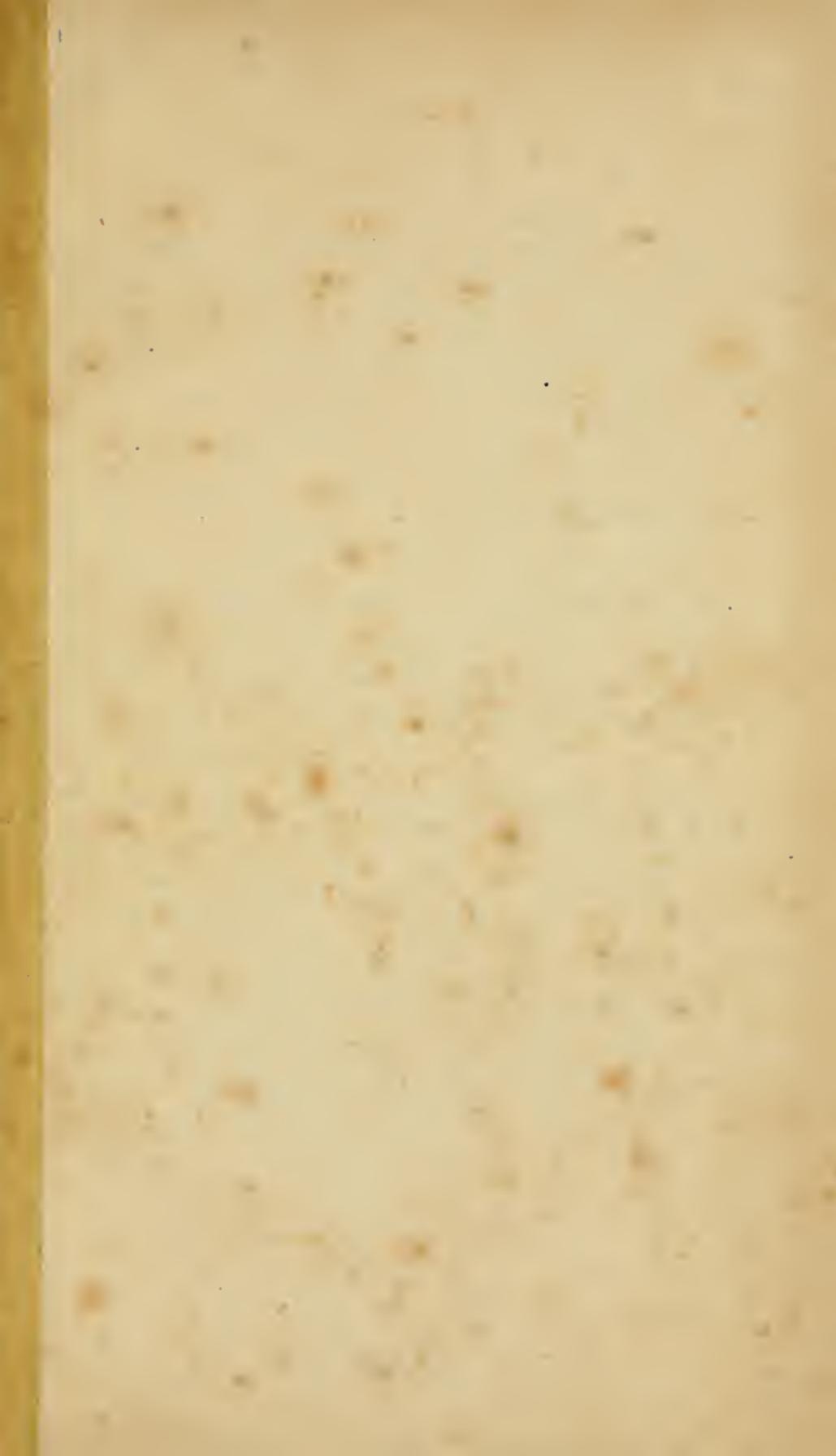
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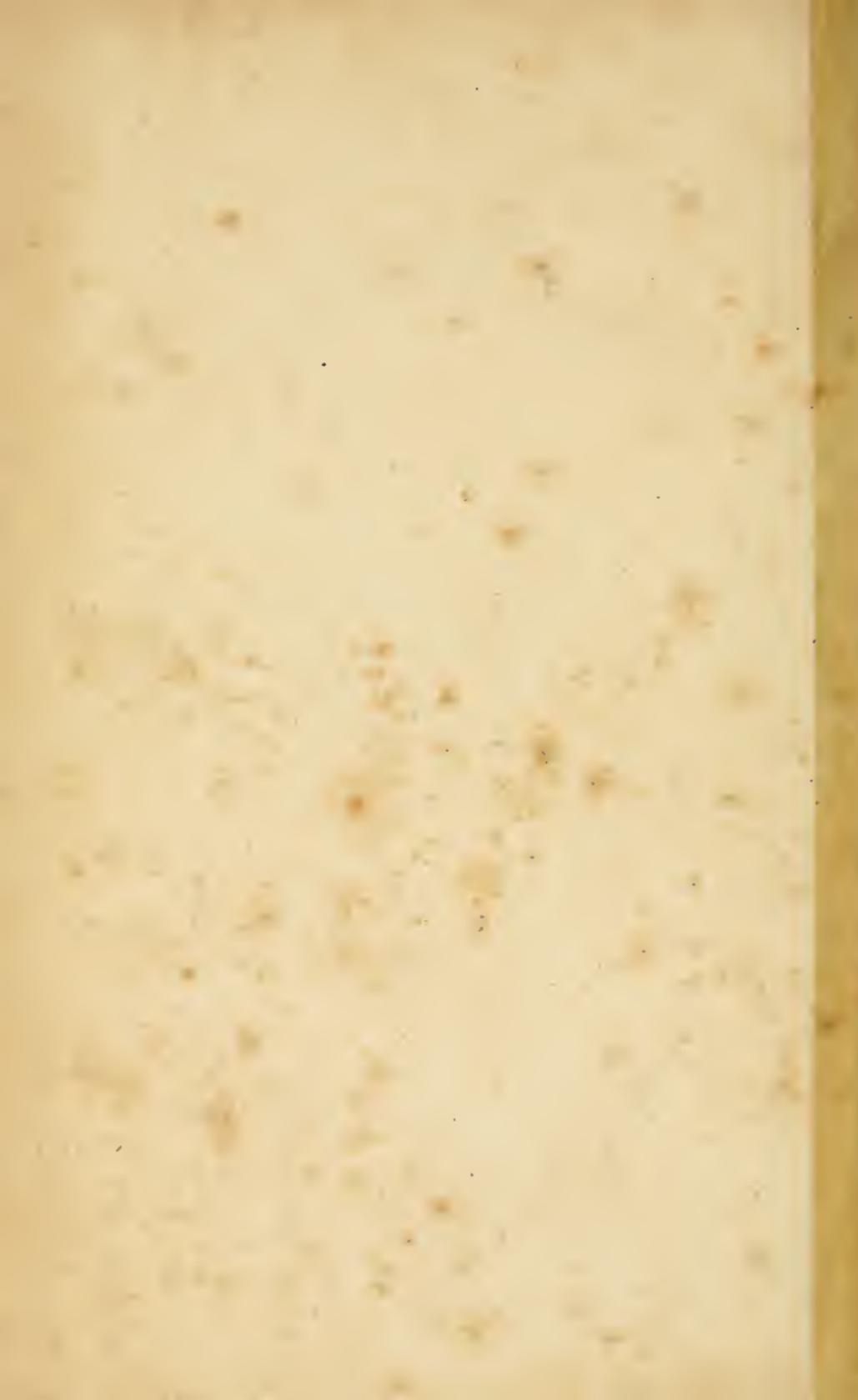
ERRATA.

- Hymn 40, for P. M. read 6 & 10s. M.*
“ 85, v. 3, l. 1, *for hills, read rills.*
“ 105, v. 5, l. 3, *for and, read who.*
“ 164, *for P. M. read 6 & 10s. M.*
“ 237, v. 1, l. 4, *for grew, read drew.*









Just as the older brother gravitated naturally toward a literary life, so the younger brother gravitated toward the ministry. From Harvard, where he was a classmate and close friend of Edward Everett Hale, he was graduated in 1839; and, after a few years spent in teaching and study, entered the divinity school of that university, being graduated in 1846. It was while a student there that he and another friend, Samuel Johnson, undertook to compile a new hymn book for Unitarian churches—a somewhat audacious venture for two theological students. The book appeared in 1846, under the name of *The Book of Hymns*; though Theodore Parker, who was one of the first to use it in his services, was wont to call it "The Book of Sams."

The book was very remarkable for literary merit. It broke away from the old tradition of dull and heavy hymns, and brought before the churches many that were fresh and beautiful. Among these were "Lead, Kindly Light," which the editors had found in a newspaper, and many of the hymns of Mr. Whittier and of other American writers. The book had a great influence far beyond the bounds of those who shared the peculiar religious beliefs of its young editors.

