

HYMNAL ✠


AMORE DEI

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✠ HYMNAL ✠

AMORE DEI

COMPILED BY

MRS THEODORE C WILLIAMS

(Mrs) ^{✓✓} Velma Curtis Williams

*“The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords
Is when the soul unto the lines accords”*

BOSTON

GEORGE H ELLIS 141 FRANKLIN ST

1890

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F. H. GILSON,
MUSIC PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER,
BOSTON.

PREFACE.

THIS little book was undertaken as a labor of love to meet a want felt in our own church, and it differs from other hymnals in several respects.

The collection is much smaller than the usual size, the aim not being to gather a complete body of sacred song, but practically to cover the range of devout affections which should be voiced by a worshipping congregation. Hymns which are really songs or poems were preferred to rhymed didactics. Formalism, whether theological or literary, has been avoided, and even beauty of poetic expression less sought for than the devotional quality. All the hymns chosen are either direct prayer and praise to God, or fervent meditations upon the story of the soul's life.

Hymns, however, are not written for speech but for song. While the text has been studiously selected, the compiler gave her first care to the music, and especially to secure such blending of words with music, that "voice and verse" might really be the two-fold expression of a single mood. Each stanza, each leading phrase, has been lovingly and critically studied in this regard.

The book is in two parts. In Part I the largest place is given to the modern English school, particularly to the compositions of Barnby, Dykes, Calkin, Sullivan, etc. The hymns here have much of the tender, reverent, and noble simplicity, which characterizes the music. This section contains also a few Welsh airs, which have a quality peculiarly their own. Part II draws chiefly from American sources, and contains the most familiar and well-loved hymns now current in our churches.

As musical fitness has always been the prime consideration, the usual method of classifying hymns by their subjects has not been followed. Poems upon the same theme may differ widely in tone of emotion, and therefore require different musical renderings. This requirement is often sacrificed in books where the arrangement is merely topical. The carefully prepared Index of Subjects will be a sufficient guide to the finding of any desired hymn.

Hymns which vary in important respects from their common versions are indicated by a †.

The preparation of this volume has already endeared it in my own home. It is eminently fitted for family use, and I believe that in the larger circle of the Christian congregation, it cannot fail to bring joy, beauty, and fervor into the service of sacred song.

THEODORE C. WILLIAMS.

May 1, 1890,
New York City.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

THE pleasant duty remains of thanking those to whom I am indebted for the use of original music, or of copyrighted material; and I beg to acknowledge the courtesy of A. P. Howard and Oliver Ditson & Co., for "O little town of Bethlehem;" U. C. Burnap for "Baxter;" Chas. H. Hoyt for "The Lord's Prayer," and "Ecce Cælum;" Henry de Koven Rider for "Carol;" Harrison Millard for "Stabat Mater;" Wm. A. Pond & Co., for "Suffer little children to come unto Me," "Baptism of a child," and "Blessed are they that mourn;" and to Oliver Ditson & Co., for their great kindness in allowing the use of "Bethany," "Rathbun," "Dornance," "Solitude," "Henley," "White," "Serenity," "Gould," "Leighton," "Illa," "Billow," and "Bemerton."

In some few cases it has been impossible to discover the address of a composer, but I trust the permission which would gladly have been asked, will be generously granted.

Many of the newer hymns and versions, have been taken from the three admirable new books; "Hymns of Faith and Life," by the Rev. John Hunter, Glasgow. The "Berwick Hymnal," by the Rev. A. W. Oxford, M. A., St. Luke's, Berwick St. Soho. and "Congregational Hymns" for the free churches, by W. Garrett Horder, London.

Let me also express my sincere gratitude to the many friends who have allowed the use of their hymns, or otherwise helped in this difficult undertaking; but most of all to my husband, to whose criticism I have constantly appealed, and whose aid and sympathy have been given me in every stage of the work.

VELMA C. WILLIAMS.

May 1, 1890,
New York City.

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INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

WORSHIP.

Morning.

- 93. When morning gilds the skies.
- 116. Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty.
- 145. Awake, my soul, and with the sun.
- 161. Now the shades of night are gone.
- 173. Earth's busy sounds, and ceaseless din.
- 184. Now with creation's morning song.
- 225. We praise Thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray.
- 282. New every morning is the love.

Evening.

- 22. Now the day is over.
- 28. The day of praise is done.
- 30. The day, O Lord, is spent.
- 35. The sun is sinking fast.
- 59. God, that madest earth and heaven.
- 61. The day is past and over.
- 62. Father, again to Thy dear name we raise.
- 107. Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.
- 108. Lead, kindly Light.
- 149. Again as evening's shadow falls.
- 155. Now on sea and land descending.
- 168. Softly now the light of day.
- 169. Slowly by God's hand unfurled.
- 175. As darker, darker fall around.
- 310. O shadow in a sultry land.
- 312. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear.

Opening of Worship.

- 39. Forth from the dark and stormy sky.
- 42. Light of Life, seraphic Fire.
- 44. O day of rest and gladness.
- 53. Behold us, Lord, a little space.
- 68. O Lord, it is a blessed thing.
- 75. Almighty God, in humble prayer.
- 78. Lord of the worlds above.
- 80. Holy Spirit, source of gladness.
- 98. This is the day of light.
- 156. Lord of hosts, divinely fair.
- 182. O God, whose presence glows in all.
- 185. O Lord, where'er Thy people meet.
- 191. Pleasant are Thy courts above.
- 202. O Thou who hast Thy servants taught.
- 305. Sovereign and transforming Grace.
- 307. Father, we Thy promise claim.
- 351. Gracious Power, the world pervading.
- 378. Unto Thy temple, Lord, we come.

See Morning Hymns.

See God's Praise and Glory.

Close of Worship.

- 40. O Father, bless us ere we go.
- 54. The Lord be with us as we bend.
- 62. Father, again to Thy dear name we raise.
- 77. O God, accept the sacred hour.
- 80. Holy Spirit, source of gladness.
- 81. Father, give Thy benediction.
- 123. Peace be to this congregation.
- 148. Ere to the world again we go.
- 160. As the sun's enlivening eye.
- 178. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.
- 248. Thou Lord of Life, whose tender care.
- 313. O Father, bless us ere we go.

See Evening Hymns.

Benediction.

- 81. Father, give Thy benediction.
- 123. Peace be to this congregation.
- 178. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.

Doxologies.

- 366. From all that dwell below the skies.
- 367. Be Thou, O God, exalted high.
- First stanza of Hymns 1, 116, 144, 195, 242.
- Last stanza of Hymns 145, 151.

Glorias and Responses.

- Pages 205, 206, 207.
- The Lord's Prayer, pages 3, 191.

The Sabbath.

- 44. O day of rest and gladness.
- 98. This is the day of light.
- 173. Earth's busy sounds and ceaseless din.

The Church.

- 176. O where are kings and empires now?
 - 189. City of God, how broad and far.
 - 190. One holy church of God appears.
 - 275. I love Thy church, O God.
- For Church Universal, see God's Kingdom.*

Blessings of the Sanctuary.

- 39. Forth from the dark and stormy sky.
- 78. Lord of the worlds above.
- 148. Ere to the world again we go.
- 149. Again as evening's shadow falls.
- 156. Lord of hosts, divinely fair.
- 185. O Lord, where'er Thy people meet.
- 191. Pleasant are Thy courts above.

GOD.

His Praise and Glory.

1. Let the whole Creation cry.
8. O God, we praise Thee and confess (Te Deum).
19. Glory be to God on high.
27. Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven.
55. For the beauty of the earth.
79. All that's good, and great, and true.
93. When morning gilds the skies.
115. I sing the mighty power of God.
116. Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty.
132. On our way rejoicing.
133. Sing to the Lord a joyful song.
144. Immortal, invisible, God only wise.
150. Round the Lord in glory seated.
151. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him.
154. Lord, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place.
158. O worship the King, all-glorious above.
179. Hallelujah! Song of gladness.
195. Thee we adore, eternal Lord (Te Deum).
205. Come, Thou Almighty King.
207. Hark, my soul, how everything.
225. We praise Thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray.
233. All things praise Thee, Lord most high.
242. All ye nations, praise the Lord.
259. Stand up and bless the Lord.
292. Lord of Nature, whose command.
366. From all that dwell below the skies. (Doxology.)
367. Be Thou, O God, exalted high. (Doxology.)

His Providence, Goodness, and Protection.

7. The King of love my Shepherd is.
27. Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven.
70. I little see, I little know.
114. O Thou who art of all that is.
120. Sometimes a light surprises.
146. I lift mine eyes unto the hills.
152. Call the Lord thy sure salvation.
158. O worship the King, all-glorious above.
159. Though faint yet pursuing, we go on our way.
171. O how safe, how happy he.
177. O God, our help in ages past.
201. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
204. I to the hills will lift mine eyes.
219. God moves in a mysterious way.
235. How gentle God's commands.
280. Father and Friend, Thy light, Thy love.
286. There is an eye that never sleeps.
340. I look to Thee in every need.
347. A mighty fortress is our God.
349. O Lord, how happy should I be.
359. God is my strong salvation.
360. O God, the Rock of Ages.

His Love.

94. Souls of men! why will ye scatter?
95. Through the love of God our Father.
211. O sometimes gleams upon our sight.
220. Immortal love, forever full.
222. Love divine, all love excelling.
239. God is love: His mercy brightens.
284. Thou Grace Divine, encircling all.
341. O Father, I have nought to plead.
350. O Love divine, how sweet thou art.
357. In heavenly love abiding.
373. I dared not hope that Thou wouldst deign to come.

The Sufficiency of His Grace.

16. There's only One on whose dear arm.
71. Lord! when through sin I wander.
94. Souls of men! why will ye scatter?
99. One thought I have, my ample creed.
188. Glorious things of thee are spoken.
216. Awake, our souls; away, our fears.
218. Dost Thou, the High and Heavenly One.
261. Thou hidden Source of calm repose.
380. Lord, it is not life to live.

His Abiding Presence.

12. To us the promise is but one.
16. There's only One on whose dear arm.
63. Father, there is no change to live with Thee.
157. They who seek the throne of grace.
280. Father and Friend, Thy light, Thy love.
281. What secret place, what distant star.
283. Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through.
290. Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh.
362. I cannot find Thee, still on restless pinion.

In Nature.

1. Let the whole Creation cry.
46. He hides within the lily.
79. All that's good, and great, and true.
106. The Lord is in His Holy place.
115. I sing the mighty power of God.
192. Praise to God, and thanksgiving.
207. Hark, my soul, how everything.
233. All things praise Thee, Lord most high.
260. Thou art, O God, the Life and Light.
262. There is a book, who runs may read.
263. The harp at Nature's advent strung.
292. Lord of Nature, whose command.
372. Wilt Thou not visit me.
374. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise.

In the Soul or Conscience.

5. The heavens Thy praise are telling.
9. O Love divine, of all that is.

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46. He hides within the lily.
 64. Thou Life within my Life, than self more near.
 69. Go not, my soul, in search of Him.
 101. Where is thy God, my soul?
 103. God sets a still small voice. c.
 106. The Lord is in His Holy place.
 112. I hear it often in the dark. c.
 114. O Thou who art of all that is.
 146. I lift mine eyes unto the hills.
 170. Soul! celestial in thy birth. c.
 215. God of the earth, the sky, the sea.
 228. The wondrous voice within the mind.
 250. O Thou, in all Thy might so far.
 278. Say not the law divine. c.
 281. What secret place, what distant star.
 283. Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through.
 301. Thy home is with the humble, Lord.
 314. Lord of all being! throned afar.
 333. I want a principle within. c.
 369. The heavens above in all their splendor. c.
- In All Things.*
1. Let the whole Creation cry.
 55. For the beauty of the earth.
 65. Father, Thy wonders do not singly stand.
 79. All that's good, and great, and true.
 215. God of the earth, the sky, the sea.
272. Thy seamless robe conceals Thee not.
 280. Father and Friend, Thy light, Thy love.
 306. Thou whose Spirit dwells in all.
 369. The heavens above in all their splendor.

His Kingdom.

10. Let children hear the mighty deeds.
 187. God of ages and of nations.
 188. Glorious things of Thee are spoken.
 189. City of God, how broad and far.
 206. The light pours down from heaven.
 223. Watchman, tell us of the night.
 225. We praise Thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray.
 227. Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise.
 256. Our God, our God, Thou shinest here.
 258. Come, Kingdom of our God.
 270. Father of me and all mankind.

Revelation and Inspiration.

101. Where is thy God, my soul?
 124. The God that to the Fathers.
 163. Life of Ages, richly poured.
 187. God of ages and of nations.
 200. Fair are the feet that bring the news.
 206. The light pours down from heaven.
 256. Our God, our God, Thou shinest here.
 272. Thy seamless robe conceals Thee not.

THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF JESUS.

His Birth.

11. While shepherds watched their flocks by night.
 96. What means this glory round our feet.
 125. Hark! what mean those holy voices.
 129. O little town of Bethlehem.
 130. Silent night! peaceful night.
 194. Hark! the herald-angels sing.
 223. Watchman, tell us of the night.
 252. Calm on the listening ear of night.
 343. It came upon the midnight clear.

His Cross and Death.

56. Resting from His work to-day.
 88. When my love to Christ grows weak.
 111. Art thou weary, art thou languid?
 135. Jews were wrought to cruel madness.
 236. In the cross of Christ I glory.
 352. "It is finished!" Man of sorrows.
 353. O sacred head, now wounded.

Resurrection.

126. Day of wonder, day of gladness.
 137. Ye sons and daughters of the King.
 138. Jesus Christ is risen to-day.

His Mission and Kingdom.

223. Watchman, tell us of the night.
 227. Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise.
 253. Immortal by their deed and word.
 298. He cometh not a King to reign.

His Example.

77. O God, accept the sacred hour.
 88. When my love to Christ grows weak.
 90. How beauteous were the marks divine.
 199. Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord.
 249. How sweet to be allowed to pray.
 253. Immortal by their deed and word.
 265. O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men.
 300. A holy air is breathing round.
 317. From the table now retiring.
 322. I feel within a want.
 339. O gracious Master, to Thy love.
 348. Jesus, I fain would find.

His Fellowship.

35. The sun is sinking fast.
 47. O Master, let me walk with Thee.

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74. Beneath the shadow of the cross.
 111. Art thou weary, art thou languid.
 212. Wherever through the ages rise.
 234. When arise the thoughts of sin.
 298. He cometh not a king to reign.
 302. Dear Friend! whose presence in the
 house.
 304. Feeble, helpless, how shall I.

- He Entreateth Us.*
36. I long did roam afar from home.
 51. I heard the voice of Jesus say.
 57. O Jesus, Thou art standing.
 110. Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult.
 334. "Remember me," the Saviour said.
 358. "Come unto me," ye weary.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Prayer for the Spirit.

49. Spirit divine, attend our prayer.
 66. Holy Spirit, heavenly dove.
 80. Holy Spirit, source of gladness.
 102. Breathe on me, breath of God.
 109. Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

186. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove.
 222. Love divine, all love excelling.
 231. I want the spirit of power within.
 303. Holy Spirit, Truth divine.
 328. O come and dwell in me.
 332. Come, mighty Spirit, penetrate.

THE LIFE WITH GOD.

Longing for His Presence.

28. The day of praise is done.
 32. As pants the hart for cooling streams.
 41. O Thou whom fain my soul would love.
 42. Light of life, seraphic Fire.
 48. Weary of earth, and laden with my sin.
 53. In Thee my trust abideth.
 208. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.
 210. Know, my soul, thy full salvation.
 230. Thou hidden love of God, whose
 height.
 241. What is this that stirs within.
 244. Thirsting for a living spring.
 246. Life of all that lives below.
 318. My spirit longs for Thee.
 321. Go up, go up, my heart.
 350. O Love divine, how sweet Thou art.
 362. I cannot find Thee, still on restless
 pinion.

69. Go not, my soul, in search of Him.
 247. O God unseen, but ever near.
 251. Now let us see Thy beauty, Lord.
 264. Father, in Thy mysterious presence
 kneeling.
 278. Say not the law divine.
 279. O blessed life, the heart at rest.
 297. My heart is resting, O my God.
 300. A holy air is breathing round.
 327. Still, still with Thee, my God.
 370. Not always on the Mount may we.

Love to God.

9. O Love divine, of all that is.
 15. There will I love, my Strength, my
 Tower.
 58. In Thee my trust abideth.
 99. One thought I have, my ample creed.
 114. O Thou who art of all that is.
 218. Dost Thou, the High and Heavenly
 One.

- Trust and Faith.*
7. The King of Love my Shepherd is.
 9. O Love divine, of all that is.
 45. Unto our heavenly Father.
 70. I little see. I little know.
 95. Through the love of God our Father.
 120. Sometimes a light surprises.
 172. Day by day the manna fell.
 197. In quiet hours the tranquil soul.
 250. O Thou in all Thy might so far.
 297. My heart is resting, O my God.
 308. Father, I know that all my life
 He leadeth me.
 336. No longer forward or behind.
 337. I look to Thee in every need.
 340. While Thee I seek, Protecting Power.
 344. O Lord, how happy should I be.
 349. In Heavenly love abiding.
 357.

Communion with God.

35. The sun is sinking fast.
 52. Lord, when I all things would possess.
 63. Father, there is no change to live with
 Thee.
 64. Thou Life within my Life, than self
 more near.
 65. Father, Thy wonders do not singly
 stand.

- Resignation.*
17. Father, here we dedicate.
 45. Unto our heavenly Father.
 83. None loves me, Father, with Thy love.
 84. Thy way, O Lord.
 224. Quiet. Lord. my froward heart.
 309. Wherever in the world I am.
 320. My Father, as Thou wilt.

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329. One prayer I have, all prayers in one.
 342. To-day beneath Thy chastening eye.
 344. While Thee I seek, Protecting Power.
 356. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.
 364. My God, my Father, while I stray
 365. Thy will be done, in devious way.

Rest and Peace.

21. As the storm retreating.
 44. O day of rest and gladness.

98. This is the day of light.
 197. In quiet hours the tranquil soul.
 247. O God unseen, but ever near.
 266. When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean.
 287. Lord, I believe a rest remains.
 310. O shadow in a sultry land.
 331. Like Noah's weary dove.
 355. Dear Lord and Father of mankind.
 358. Come unto Me, ye weary.

PRAYERS.

For Protection.

4. Thine forever, God of Love.
 59. God that madest earth and heaven.
 61. The day is past and over.

For Help in Trial or Temptation.

25. O Father, I have promised.
 38. In the hour of trial.
 39. Forth from the dark and stormy sky.
 72. O help us, Lord, each hour of need.
 91. To Thine eternal arms, O God.
 100. O Thou from whom all goodness flows.
 254. O richly, Father, have I been.
 293. Deal gently with us, Lord.

For Strength.

38. In the hour of trial.
 237. Father, hear the prayer we offer.
 264. Father, in Thy mysterious presence.

For Illumination and Guidance.

3. Father, we would learn Thy will.
 75. Almighty God, in humble prayer.
 103. God sets a still small voice.
 104. O grant us light, that we may know.
 105. Father, high in glory.
 108. Lead, kindly Light.
 161. Now the shades of night are gone.
 181. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.
 193. Guide us, Lord, a pilgrim band.
 226. Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round.
 228. The wondrous voice within the mind.
 232. As with gladness men of old.
 308. Father, I know that all my life.
 342. To-day beneath Thy chastening eye.

For Spiritual Growth.

83. None loves me, Father, with Thy love.
 180. We the weak ones, we the sinners.
 210. Know my soul thy full salvation.
 222. Love divine, all love excelling.

For Love.

29. At first I prayed for light.
 245. In the midst do Thou appear.
 295. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.

296. God of mercy, loving all.
 309. Wherever in the world I am.
 319. O Love that casts out fear.
 348. Jesus, I fain would find.
 350. O Love divine, how sweet Thou art.

For Loved Ones.

67. Standing forth on life's rough way.
 175. As darker, darker fall around.
 313. O Father, bless us ere we go.

For Holiness.

40. O Father, bless us ere we go.
 43. Heavenly Father, God of Love.
 66. Holy Spirit, heavenly dove.
 90. How beauteous were the marks divine.
 102. Breathe on me, Breath of God.
 162. Father, at Thy footstool see.
 186. Come, Gracious Spirit, heavenly dove.
 205. Come, Thou Almighty King.
 214. O Thou who hast at Thy command.
 240. Take my heart, O Father, take it.
 244. Thirsting for a living spring.
 269. Lord, if on earth the thought of Thee.
 270. Father of me and all mankind.
 277. That blessed law of Thine.
 289. Father, to us, Thy children, humbly kneeling.
 313. O Father, bless us ere we go.
 322. I feel within a want.
 328. O come and dwell in me.
 330. The dove let loose in eastern skies.
 332. Come, mighty Spirit, penetrate.
 333. I want a principle within.
 335. O for a heart to praise my God.

For Gifts of the Spirit.

43. Heavenly Father, God of love.
 49. Spirit divine, attend our prayer.
 80. Holy Spirit, source of gladness.
 147. We follow, Lord, where Thou dost lead.
 154. Lord in heaven, Thy dwelling-place.
 164. My God, my Strength, my Hope.
 186. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove.
 222. Love divine, all love excelling.
 276. Send down Thy truth, O God.
 303. Holy Spirit, truth divine.

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For Peace.

50. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God.
 54. The Lord be with us as we bend.
 62. Father, again to Thy dear name we raise.
 81. Father, give Thy benediction.
 123. Peace be to this congregation.
 149. Again as evening's shadow falls.
 287. Lord, I believe a rest remains.
 291. O for the peace that floweth as a river.
 355. Dear Lord and Father of mankind.

For His Abiding Presence.

25. O Father, I have promised to serve Thee to the end.
 30. The day, O Lord, is spent.

35. The sun is sinking fast.
 107. Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.
 174. Not only for some task sublime.
 231. I want the spirit of power within.
 246. Life of all that lives below.
 301. Thy home is with the humble, Lord.
 312. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.
 327. Still, still, with Thee, my God.
 372. Wilt Thou not visit me.

Litanies.

3. Father, we would learn Thy will.
 66. Holy Spirit, heavenly dove.
 89. Because I knew not when my life was good.
 100. O Thou from whom all goodness flows.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

Confession and Penitence.

39. Forth from the dark and stormy sky.
 41. O Thou whom fain my soul would love.
 48. Weary of earth and laden with my sin.
 57. O Jesus, Thou art standing.
 73. Lord, when we bend before Thy throne.
 89. Because I knew not when my life was good.
 229. God of mercy, God of love.
 254. O, richly, Father, have I been.
 289. Father to us, Thy children, humbly kneeling.
 341. O Father, I have nought to plead.
 361. Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs.

Forgiveness.

71. Lord, when through sin I wander.
 170. Soul! celestial in thy birth.
 255. Think gently of the erring one.
 293. Deal gently with us, Lord.
 324. Brother, hast thou wandered far.
 373. I dared not hope that Thou wouldst deign to come.

Conversion.

36. I long did roam afar from home.
 41. O Thou whom fain my soul would love.
 170. Soul! celestial in thy birth.
 324. Brother, hast thou wandered far.

Consecration.

2. Take my voice and let me sing.
 4. Thine forever, God of Love.
 17. Father, here we dedicate.
 25. O Father, I have promised.
 76. My God, accept my heart this day.
 214. O Thou who hast at Thy command.
 218. Dost thou, the High and Heavenly One.
 240. Take my heart, O Father, take it.

249. How sweet to be allowed to pray.
 311. Nearer, my God, to Thee.
 325. Take, O Lord, my faithless heart.

See Prayer for Holiness.

Christian Discipleship and Service.

47. O Master, let me walk with Thee.
 110. Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.
 134. What Thou wilt, O Father, give.
 167. Ye servants of the Lord.
 199. Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord.
 209. Go forth to life, O child of earth.
 268. Who is thy neighbor, he whom thou.
 294. A charge to keep I have.
 304. Feeble, helpless, how shall I.

Christian Warfare.

13. Press on! press on! ye sons of light.
 18. Who are these like stars appearing.
 20. For all the saints who from their labors rest.
 37. Christian, dost thou see them.
 68. O Lord, it is a blessed thing.
 131. Onward, Christian soldiers.
 139. We march, we march to victory.
 159. Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way.
 165. Soldiers of God, arise.
 166. My soul, be on thy guard.
 196. Thou Lord of Hosts whose guiding hand.
 271. Workman of God, O lose not heart.
 354. Brief life is here our portion.
 359. God is my strong salvation.

Our Pilgrimage.

33. Far from my heavenly home.
 60. Through the night of doubt and sorrow.
 128. Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs.
 132. On our way rejoicing.

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181. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.
 193. Guide us, Lord, a pilgrim band.
 210. Know, my soul, thy full salvation.
 216. Awake, our souls, away our fears.
 217. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.
 226. Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round.
 232. As with gladness men of old.
 234. When arise the thoughts of sin.
 247. O God, unseen, but ever near.
 291. O for the peace that floweth as a river.

Spiritual Fellowship.

136. Hand in hand with angels.
 160. As the sun's enlivening eye.
 162. Father, at Thy footstool see.

198. How blest the sacred tie that binds.
 212. Wherever through the ages rise.
 243. Partners of a glorious hope.
 245. In the midst do Thou appear.
 253. Immortal by their deed and word.

Christian Unity.

14. O Life that maketh all things new.
 60. Through the night of doubt and sorrow.
 131. Onward, Christian soldiers.
 189. City of God, how broad and far.
 190. One holy Church of God appears.
 226. Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round.
 299. Planted in Christ, the living Vine.
 See *Spiritual Fellowship.*

THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

Love to Man.

127. Not now, my child, a little more rough
 tossing.
 134. What Thou wilt, O Father, give.
 153. Lord, what offering shall we bring.
 203. Make channels for the streams of love.
 212. Wherever through the ages rise.
 255. Think gently of the erring one.
 268. Who is thy neighbor, he whom thou.
 293. Deal gently with us, Lord.
 296. God of mercy, loving all.
 309. Wherever in the world I am.
 324. Brother, hast thou wandered far.
 339. O Gracious Master, to Thy love.
 348. Jesus, I fain would find.

Pre-eminence of Love.

29. At first I prayed for light.
 36. I long did roam afar from home.
 74. Beneath the shadow of the cross.
 153. Lord, what offering shall we bring.
 203. Make channels for the streams of love.
 220. Immortal Love, forever full.
 295. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.

Courage and Faithfulness.

6. O star of truth, down shining.
 13. Press on! press on! ye sons of light.
 37. Christian, dost thou see them.
 165. Soldiers of God, arise.
 166. My soul, be on thy guard.
 167. Ye servants of the Lord.
 209. Go forth to life, O child of earth.
 216. Awake, our souls, away our fears.
 217. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.
 238. One by one the sands are flowing.
 243. Partners of a glorious hope.
 271. Workman of God, oh, lose not heart.

Unworldliness.

3. Father, we would learn Thy will.
 75. Almighty God, in humble prayer.

147. We follow, Lord, where Thou dost lead.
 183. How happy is he born or taught.
 321. Go up, go up, my heart.
 325. Take, O Lord, my faithless heart.
 330. The dove let loose in eastern skies.

Humility and Purity.

31. Blest are the pure in heart.
 52. Lord, when I all things would possess.
 134. What Thou wilt, O Father, give.
 224. Quiet, Lord, my froward heart.
 301. Thy home is with the humble, Lord.

Daily Duties.

47. O Master, let me walk with Thee.
 53. Behold us, Lord, a little space.
 172. Day by day the manna fell.
 174. Not only for some task sublime.
 200. Fair are the feet that bring the news.
 202. O Thou who hast Thy servants taught.
 238. One by one the sands are flowing.
 257. O saints of old, not yours alone.
 274. Teach me, my God and King.
 282. New every morning is the love.
 327. Still, still with Thee, my God.
 370. Not always on the Mount may we.

Spiritual Progress.

46. He hides within the lily.
 124. The God that to the fathers.
 139. Though the strife be long and the foe
 be strong.
 163. Life of ages, richly poured.
 180. We the weak ones, we the sinners.
 187. God of ages and of nations.
 206. The light pours down from heaven.
 211. O sometimes gleams upon our sight.
 306. Thou whose spirit dwells in all.

For Resignation,

- " *Trust and Faith,*
 " *Rest and Peace,*
 See under "The Life with God."

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THE LIFE BEYOND.

Longing for Rest.

33. Far from my heavenly home.
 113. Jerusalem, my happy home.
 121. For thee, O dear, dear country.
 127. Not now, my child, a little more rough
 tossing.

Spiritual Vision.

21. As the storm retreating.
 34. Forever with the Lord.
 85. I cannot think of them as dead.
 97. My Father's house on high.
 117. The dead are like the stars by day.
 136. Hand in hand with angels.
 269. Lord, if on earth the thought of Thee.
 338. There is a state, unknown, unseen.

Fellowship of the Saints.

20. For all the saints, who from their labors
 rest.
 21. As the storm retreating.
 136. Hand in hand with angels.
 267. The saints on earth and those above.
 273. For all Thy saints, O God.
 338. There is a state, unknown, unseen.

Heaven and Immortality.

18. Who are these like stars appearing?
 23. O Paradise! O Paradise!
 24. I know not where, beneath, above.
 34. Forever with the Lord.
 85. I cannot think of them as dead.
 97. My Father's house on high.

113. Jerusalem, my happy home.
 117. The dead are like the stars by day.
 118. It singeth low in every heart.
 119. Jerusalem the golden.
 121. For thee, O dear, dear country.
 128. Hark, hark, my soul. angelic songs.
 290. Still, still with Thee, when purple
 morning breaketh.
 323. One sweetly solemn thought.
 326. It is not death to die.
 354. Brief life is here our portion.
 363. Come unto Me, when shadows darkly
 gather.

Funerals.

23. O Paradise! O Paradise!
 82. God of the living, in whose eyes.
 85. I cannot think of them as dead.
 86. O deem not that earth's crowning bliss.
 107. Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.
 108. Lead, kindly Light.
 118. It singeth low in every heart.
 136. Hand in hand with angels.
 136. Chorale, To Thee, O Lord.
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 143. Beloved, it is well. (Chant.)
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 311. Nearer, my God, to Thee.
 326. It is not death to die.
 354. Brief life is here our portion.
 363. Come unto Me when shadows darkly
 gather.
 364. My God, my Father, while I stray.
 365. Thy will be done, in devious way.
 382. God giveth quietness at last.

CHILDREN.

10. Let children hear the mighty deeds.
 26. See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand.
 67. Standing forth on life's rough way.
 103. Father, high in glory.

122. God, who hath made the daisies.
 140. Suffer little children to come unto Me.
 141. To Thee, O God, in heaven.
 316. Father, who Thy flock art feeding.

ORDINANCES AND OCCASIONS.

The Lord's Supper.

77. O God, accept the sacred hour.
 87. When the Paschal evening fell.
 109. Our blest Redeemer, e'er He breathed.
 234. When arise the thoughts of sin.
 247. O God, unseen, but ever near.
 285. Bread of the world, in mercy broken.
 288. Ye followers of the Prince of Peace.
 299. Planted in Christ, the living Vine.
 307. Father, we Thy promise claim.
 317. From the table now retiring.
 361. Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the
 crumbs.

The following are also suitable:—

20. For all the saints who from their labors
 rest.
 21. As the storm retreating.
 57. O Jesus, thou art standing.
 66. See Litanies.
 74. Beneath the shadow of the cross.
 88. When my love to Christ grows weak.
 90. How beautiful were the marks divine.
 110. Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.
 111. Art thou weary, art thou languid.
 134. What thou wilt, O Father, give.
 199. Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord.

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300. A holy air is breathing round.
 334. "Remember Me," the Saviour said.
 339. O gracious Master, to Thy love.
 358. Come unto Me, ye weary.

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26. See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand.
 122. God, who hath made the daisies.
 140. Sentence: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."
 141. To Thee, O God in heaven.
 316. Father, who Thy flock art feeding.
 379. To Him who children blessed.

Confirmation.

315. Father, look upon Thy children.

Ordination.

92. Lord, who dost the voices bless.
 376. O God, Thy children gathered here.

Dedication.

377. O Father, take the new-built shrine.
 378. Unto Thy temple, Lord, we come.

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See Christ's Birth.

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127. Not now, my child — a little more rough tossing.
 See Christ's Cross and Death.

Easter.

See Resurrection.

Easter Even.

56. Resting from his work to-day.

Thanksgiving and Harvest.

192. Praise to God and thanksgiving.
 221. Lord, while for all mankind we pray.
 374. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise.
 381. Praise to God, immortal praise.

Old and New Year.

192. Praise to God and thanksgiving.
 213. Great God, we sing that mighty hand.
 375. Another year is dawning.

Our Country.

221. Lord, while for all mankind we pray.
 345. My country, 'tis of thee.
 346. God bless our native land.

At Sea.

371. Lord, de profundis unto Thee I cry.

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—
PART I.
—



SELECTED HYMNS.

PART FIRST.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Chas. H. Noyt, N. Y.

Very Softly.

Our Father Who art in heav-en, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done

The first system of musical notation for 'The Lord's Prayer'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Our Father Who art in heav-en, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done'.

on earth as it is in heav'n. Give us this day our dai-ly bread; and forgive us our debts as

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'on earth as it is in heav'n. Give us this day our dai-ly bread; and forgive us our debts as'.

we forgive our debtors; and lead us not in-to tempta-tion, but de-liv-er us from e-vil,

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'we forgive our debtors; and lead us not in-to tempta-tion, but de-liv-er us from e-vil,'.

For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glo-ry, for - ev - er and ev - er. A - MEN.

The fourth and final system of musical notation. The melody concludes in the treble staff, and the accompaniment concludes in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glo-ry, for - ev - er and ev - er. A - MEN.'

POSEN. (STRATTNER). 7.

Georg Christoph Strattner, (1650—1705), 1691.
"Geistreiches Gesangbuch."*Stately.*

1. Let the whole Cre - a - tion cry Glo - ry to the Lord on high!

Heaven and earth, a - wake and sing "God is good, and therefore King."

I. *Benedicite Omnia Opera.*

LET the whole Creation cry
 Glory to the Lord on high!
 Heaven and earth, awake and sing
 "God is good, and therefore King."

Praise Him, all ye hosts above,
 Praise Him, Lord of life and love!
 Sun and moon, uplift your voice,
 Night and stars, in God rejoice.

Rivers roll His praise along,
 Ocean chant His anthem song!
 Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm,
 Rain and snow His praise perform.

All the beasts that haunt the woods,
 And the fish that cleave the floods,
 Insects, and all creeping things,
 Loud exalt the King of kings.

Warriors fighting for the Lord,
 Prophets burning with His word,
 Men and women, young and old,
 Raise the anthem manifold.

Kings of knowledge and of law,
 To the glorious circle draw;
 All who work and all who wait,
 Sing, "The Lord is good and great."

From the north to southern pole
 Let the mighty chorus roll —
 Holy, Holy, Holy One,
 Glory be to God alone!

Rev. S. A. Brooke. †

2. *Consecration.*

TAKE my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King;
 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
 It shall be no longer mine:
 Take my heart, it is Thine own;
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
 Take my moments, and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
 At Thy feet, its treasure-store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

VERDUN. (LUTZEN.) 7.

Geistreiches Gesangbuch, Halle, 1704.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Fa - ther! we would learn Thy will; Teach us, heaven - ly Fa - ther, still;
 Fresh Thy prom - i - ses ful - fil; Hear our cry, dear Fa - ther, hear.

3. *Litany.*

Father! we would learn Thy will;
 Teach us, heavenly Father, still;
 Fresh Thy promises fulfil;
 Hear our cry, dear Father, hear.

Let us not stray out from Thee;
 Clasp us to Thee lovingly;
 Touch our eyes that we may see;
 Hear our cry, dear Father, hear.

Lest the life, with joy beset,
 Should Thy chastening forget,
 Should vaingloriously be met,—
 Hear our cry, dear Father, hear.

Lest 'midst fond and glittering show,
 We should slight our neighbours' woe,
 Letting no compassion flow,—
 Hear our cry, dear Father, hear.

As the burdened spirit fails,
 As love breaks and guile assails,
 As the star of rescue pales,
 Hear our cry, dear Father, hear.

Lo, O God, Thy light doth shine;
 Searching we have seen the sign;
 On us streams Thy Breath divine;
 Thou hast heard us, Father, dear.

Jennett Humphreys.

4. *Thine forever.*

Thine for ever! God of love,
 Hear us from Thy throne above;
 Thine forever may we be
 Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
 Shield us through our earthly strife;
 Keep us in the righteous way,
 Bring us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever! Father, keep
 Us Thy frail and trembling sheep;
 Safe alone beneath Thy care,
 Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever! oh, how blest
 They who find in Thee their rest!
 Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
 Guide, defend us, to the end.

Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
 All our wants by Thee supplied,
 All our sins by Thee forgiven,
 Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude.

AURELIA. 7. 6. D.

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1868.

The heavens Thy praise are tell-ing, The earth declares Thy might : But nought save Thine indwelling Can show Thee, Lord, a - right.

Wher-e'er our eyes are turn-ing, Thy foot-prints we can see ; The light with-in us burn-ing A - lone re-veal-eth Thee.

5.

Indwelling.

THE heavens Thy praise are telling,
The earth declares Thy might :
But nought save Thine indwelling
Can show Thee, Lord, aright.
Where'er our eyes are turning,
Thy footprints we can see ;
The light within us burning
Alone revealeth Thee.

We know no life divided,
O Lord of Life, from Thee ;
In Thee is life provided
For all humanity :
We know no death, O Spirit,
Because we live in Thee,
And all our souls inherit
Thine immortality.

Anon.

6.

To Truth.

O STAR of Truth, down shining,
Through clouds of doubt and fear,
I ask but 'neath Thy guidance
My pathway may appear.
However long the journey,
How hard so e'er it be,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow Thee !

I know Thy blessed radiance
Can never lead astray,
However ancient custom
May tread some other way.
E'en if through untrod deserts,
Or over trackless sea,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow Thee !

The bleeding feet of martyrs
Thy toilsome road have trod ;
But fires of human passion
May light the way to God.
Then, though my feet should falter,
While I Thy beams can see,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow Thee !

Though loving friends forsake me,
Or plead with me in tears ;
Though angry foes may threaten,
To shake my soul with fears ;
Still to my high allegiance
I must not faithless be :
Through life or death, forever,
Lead on, I'll follow Thee !

Rev. M. J. Savage.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8. 7.

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. D.
(1823-1876), 1874.

1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er:
I noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for-ev-er.

7.

Psalm 23.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never:
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale, I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a Table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And oh! the transport of delight
Wherewith my cup o'er floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, Bart. (1821-1877), 1858.

ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.

Henry Hiles.

O God, we praise Thee, and confess That Thou the on-ly Lord And ev-er-last-ing Fa-ther art,
By all the earth a-dored. To Thee all an-gels cry a-loud; To Thee the powers on high,
Both cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim, Con-tin-u-al-ly do cry,—

8.

Te deum.

O God, we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry,—

“O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway!”
The apostles’ glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs’ noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou the Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty!

Thee, day by day we magnify,
Thy mercy we implore,
To keep us this day without sin,
And guard us ever more.

St. Ambrose. 340—397.

9.

A Song of Trust.

O LOVE divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best,
Fain would I come and rest to-night
Upon Thy tender breast:
I pray Thee turn me not away;
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest every thing I need,
And all my need of Thee.
And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, Wherefore should I pray
That Thou shouldst seek me with Thy
love,
Since Thou dost seek alway?
And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to Thee;
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.

DELIVERANCE. C. M. D.

Joseph Barnby. 1876.

Let children hear the mighty deeds Which God performed of old ; Which, in our younger years, we saw, And which our fathers told.

He bids us make His glories known, — His works of power and grace; And we'll convey His wonders down Through every rising race.

But Thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say ;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words,
That only seem to pray.
Still, still Thy love will beckon me,
And still Thy strength will come
In many ways to bear me up
And bring me to my home.

Rev. John W. Chadwick. 1876.

10. *Unto children's children.*

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old ;
Which, in our younger years, we saw,
And which our fathers told.
He bids us make His glories known, —
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1674 — 1748.

11.

Bethlehem Song.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground ;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
“Fear not,” said He, — for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind, —
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

“To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign : —
The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph — and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song : —
“All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace :
Good-will henceforth from heaven to
men
Begin, and never cease !”

Nahum Tate. 1652 — 1715.

CANONBURY. L. M.

Robert Schumann, (1810—1856.)
From No. 4 of "Nachtstücke." Op. 23.

To us the promise is but one, One light-point gathers all the rays; To
us He speak-eth through the Son, "Lo! I am with you all the days."

12. *God with us.*

To us the promise is but one,
One light point gathers all the rays;
To us He speaketh through the Son,
"Lo! I am with you all the days."

With us at morning, to inspire
Fresh work with ever freshened zest;
At noon-tide, that we may not tire;
At evening, to restore and rest.

Yes, all the days, and all the day,
To guide, restrain, correct, inspire;
Moulding our wills, Thy willing clay,
Kindling our hearts, Thy kindred fire.

The day which like the rest begins,
With—"Fear not; I am still with
thee,"

And ends, beyond the clouds and sins,
With—"Evermore his face they see."

Anon.

13. *Press on!*

PRESS on, press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.

Press on, press on! through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go;
And make each dark and threatening ill,
Yield but a higher glory still.

William Gaskell. (1805—1884.)

14. *Greeting.*

O LIFE that maketh all things new,—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of
men!

Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope
glows;

The seekers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;—

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,—
The Life that maketh all things new.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow. (1819—)

UPLIFT THE BANNER. L. M.

John Baptiste Calkin. (1827--), 1872.

Not too fast.

Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower. Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown.

Thee will I love, till sa - cred fire Fills my whole soul with pure de - sire.

15. *God our Joy.*

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower.
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown.
Thee will I love, till sacred fire
Fills my whole soul with pure desire.

For wide my wandering thoughts have
spread;
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;
And now, if I more truly see [Thee.
'T is through Thy light, and comes from

Uphold me in the doubtful vale,
Nor suffer me again to stray; [might,
That all my powers, with all their
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
Thee will I love, with all my power,
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

Thee will I love, with all my power,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown
In all Thy works, and Thee alone.

J. Scheffler. J. Wesley.

16. *God's presence.*

THERE 's only One, on whose dear arm
We safely lay our thoughts to rest;
There 's only One, who knows the depth
Of sorrow in each stricken breast.

There 's only One, who marks the wish,
Nor cruelly, severely blames;
There 's only One, too full of love
To put aside the weakest claims.

There 's only One, when none are by,
To wipe away the falling tear;
There 's only One, to heal the wound
And stay the weak one's timid fear.

There 's only One, who *can* support,
And who sufficient grace can give,
To bear up under every grief,
And spotless in this world to live.

Thou art the One, the only One,
For whom no love too warm can flow;
Thou art the One, the only One.
In whom there 's *perfect* rest below.

Anon.

17, 18.

SELECTED HYMNS.

LLANFAIR. 7. 5. D.

Old Welsh Air.

Fa-ther, here we ded-i - cate All our days to Thee, Not from sorrow, pain or care,
In what-ev - er world-ly state Thou wilt have us be :
Would we freedom claim; This a-lone shall be our prayer, "Glorify Thy Name."

17. *Glorify Thy Name.*

FATHER, here we dedicate
All our days to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have us be :
Not from sorrow, pain or care,
Would we freedom claim ;
This alone shall be our prayer,
"Glorify Thy Name."

Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?

NEANDER. (DÜSSELDORF). 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Who are these like stars appearing, These, before Gods' throne who stand? Each a golden crown is wearing,

18. *These are they which came out of great tribulation.*

Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing :
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia ! hark they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys we yet partake ;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays shall break :
Thee our hearts, while glad they sing,
Shall in all proclaim.
And whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

Rev. L. Tuttiett. (1825-).



Glory be to God on high, Al-le - lu - ia, Let the whole cre - a-tion cry, Al - le - lu - ia.

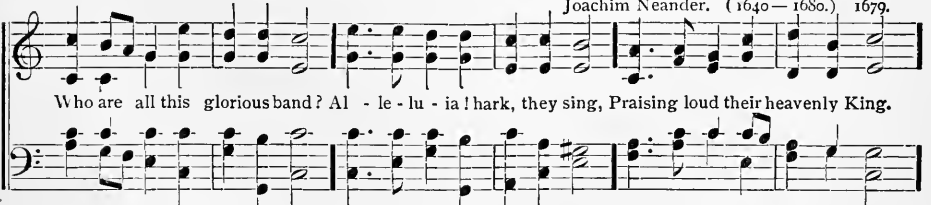


Peace and blessing He has given, Al-le - lu - ia, Earth re - peat the songs of Heaven, Alle - lu - ia.

19. *Praise.*
 GLORY be to God on High,
 Alleluia!
 Let the whole creation cry
 Alleluia!
 Peace and blessing He has given,
 Alleluia!
 Earth repeat the songs of Heaven,
 Alleluia!
 Creatures of the field and flood,
 Alleluia!
 Earth and sea cry "God is good,"
 Alleluia!

Toiling pilgrims raise the song,
 Alleluia!
 Saints in light the strain prolong,
 Alleluia!
 Stars that have no voice to sing
 Alleluia!
 Give their glory to our King,
 Alleluia!
 Silent powers, and angels' song,
 Alleluia!
 All unto our God belong,
 Alleluia!

Joachim Neander. (1640—1680.)
 T. C. W. 1839.
 1679.



Who are all this glorious band? Al - le - lu - ia! hark, they sing, Praising loud their heavenly King.

THESE are they whose hearts were
 Sore with woe and anguish tried, [riven,
 Who in prayer full oft have striven
 With the God they glorified:
 Alleluia! hark they sing,
 Praising loud their heavenly King.

These, like priests, have watched and
 Offering up to God their will, [waited,
 Soul and body consecrated,
 Day and night they serve Him still:
 Now in God's most holy place,
 Blest they stand before His face.

Rev. H. T. Schenck. 1727.

* If preferred, the choir may sing the alternate lines, the congregation the Alleluias.

20.

SELECTED HYMNS.

SARUM. 10. 10. 10. 4.

Joseph Barnby, (1838—), 1868.

For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
 faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O God, shall
 be for - ev - er blessed. *f* Al - le - lu - ia! *f* Al - le - lu - ia!

20.

The army of God.

FOR all the saints, who from their labors rest,
 Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
 Thy name, O God, shall be forever blessed. Alleluia, Alleluia.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
 Their Strength and Shield in all the well-fought fight
 Thou, in the darkness, still the Light of light. Alleluia, Alleluia.

Oh may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the Saints, who nobly fought of old,
 And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia, Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave, and arms again are strong. Alleluia, Alleluia.

O blest Communion, fellowship divine!
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia, Alleluia.

The Rt. Rev. William Walsham How, D.D., Bp. of Bedford, 1854. †

SELECTED HYMNS.

21, 22.

GUIDANCE. (MERRIAL.) 6. 5. 6. 5.

Joseph Barnby. (1838—), 1868.

As the storm re - treat - ing, Leaves the vales in peace,

Let the world's vain nois - es, O'er our spir - its cease. A - MEN.

21. *The silent hours.*

As the storm retreating,
Leaves the vales in peace,
Let the world's vain noises,
O'er our spirits cease.

Sounds of wrath and striving,
Man with man at war,
Hearts with Heaven contending,—
Hear we now no more.

Now the hours of stillness,
Wondrous visions show;
Heaven unfolds before us,
Angels come and go.

Holy, human faces,
From earth's shadows free,
Look with love upon us,
Bid us patient be.

Almost we discern them,
Almost read their smile,
Almost hear them saying—
“Wait a little while.”

Thus in hours of stillness,
Faith to Heaven shall rise,
Till death's last, deep silence
Quite unseals our eyes. AMEN.

Rev. Theodore C. Williams. 1888.

22. *Evening.*

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tend'rst blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,
Guard the sailors, tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night-watches,
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In Thy Holy Eyes. AMEN.

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould. 1865.

PARADISE. P. M.

Joseph Barnby. (1838 —) 1866.

1. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the happy land Where they that love are blest?

REF. Where loyal hearts and true

Where loyal hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light, All rapture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight.

23.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
 Who doth not crave for rest?
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that love are blest?

REF.— Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold?—REF.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I want to sin no more;
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on Thy spotless shore.—REF.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me.—REF.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I would so faithful be,
 That, when my race on earth has run,
 That race may end in thee.—REF.

The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814 — 1863), 1862.

Henry Smart. (1812 — 1879).

PARADISE No. 2.

1. O Par-a-dise! O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the happy land Where they that love are blest?

Where loyal hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light, All rapture through and through, In God's most holy sight.

ECCE CÆLUM. P. M.

Charles H. Hoyt.

I know not where, be - neath, a - bove, The gather - ing - place so won - der - ful, But

all who fill our life with love, Go forth to make it beau - ti - ful. Oh, rich with all the

wealth of grace, Oh, bright with many a ho - ly face Is that ex - alt - ed meeting - place.

24. *The Gathering Place.*

I know not where, beneath, above,
The gathering-place so wonderful,
But all who fill our life with love,
Go forth to make it beautiful.
Oh, rich with all the wealth of grace,
Oh, bright with many a holy face,
Is that exalted meeting-place.

With passing months, it comes more
near,
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear,
The glad home-land not far away!
Where no sea toucheth, making moan,
Where none are poor, or sick, or lone,
The place where we shall find our own.

And as we think of all we knew,
Who there have met, and part no
more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er.
So poor this world, now they have gone,
We scarcely dare to think upon
The years before our rest is won.

And yet our Father knoweth best,
The joy or sadness that we need,
The time when we may take our rest
And be from sin and sorrow freed.
So we will wait with patient grace,
Till in that blessed gathering place,
We meet our friends and see His face.

Anon.

O Fa-ther I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end. Be Thou for - ev - er
 near me. My Fa - ther and my Friend, I shall not fear the bat - tle,
 If Thou art by my side, Nor wander from the path - way If Thou wilt be my guide.

25. *Prayer for God's presence.*

O FATHER, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end ;
 Be Thou forever near me,
 My Father and my Friend !
 I shall not fear the battle
 If Thou art by my side,
 Nor wander from the pathway
 If Thou wilt be my guide.
 Oh, let me feel Thee near me !
 The world is ever near :
 I see the sights misleading,
 The tempting sounds I hear ;
 My foes are ever near me,
 Around me and within ;
 But, Father, draw Thou nearer,
 And shield my soul from sin.
 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
 In accents clear and still,
 Above the storms of passion,
 The murmurs of self-will !

Oh, speak to re-assure me,
 To hasten or control !
 Oh, speak, and make me listen,
 Thou guardian of my soul !
 O Father, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end ;
 Oh, give me grace to follow,
 My Father and my Friend !
 Oh, guide me, call me, draw me
 Uphold me to the end !
 At last in heaven receive me,
 My Father and my Friend !

Rev. J. E. Bode, 1816-1874.

26.

Dedication.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
 With all-engaging charms !
 Hark how He calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in His arms !
 Permit them to approach, He cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name ;
 For 't was to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord and Master came.

BRYN CALFARIA. 8. 7. 4.

Welsh.

Praise, my soul, the King of Hea- ven, To Him all Thy trib- ute bring ; Ransomed, healed, restored, for-
 giv - en, Who, like me, His praise should sing? Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to Thee :
 Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.
 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;
 Ye children, seek His face :
 And fly, with transport, to receive
 The blessings of His grace.
 Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702—1751.)

27. *Forget not all His benefits.*

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
 To Him all Thy tribute bring ;
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Who, like me, His praise should
 sing,
 ||: Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, :||
 ||: Praise the everlasting King. :||

Praise Him for His grace and favor
 To our fathers in distress :
 Praise Him still the same forever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
 ||: Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, :||
 ||: Glorious in His faithfulness. :||
 Father like, He tends and spares us,
 Well our feeble frame He knows :
 In His hands He gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes.
 ||: Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, :||
 ||: Praise the High, Eternal One. :||
 Angels help us to adore Him !
 Ye behold Him face to face ; [Him,
 Sun and moon, bow down before
 Dwellers all in time and space,
 ||: Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, :||
 ||: Praise with us the God of Grace. :||
 Rev. H. F. Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1843.

EMMAUS. (NEALE.) S. M.

Joseph Barnby. (1838—), 1862.

The day of praise is done; The eve - ning shad - ows fall;

Yet pass not from us with the sun, True Light that lightenest all. A - MEN.

28.

Evening.

THE day of praise is done;
 The evening shadows fall;
 Yet pass not from us with the sun,
 True Light that lightenest all!

Too faint our anthems here;
 Too soon of praise we tire;
 But oh, the strains how full and clear
 Of that Eternal Choir!

Yet, Lord! to Thy dear will
 If Thou attune the heart,
 We in Thine angels' music still
 May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
 Each wayward thought reclaim,
 And make our daily life a psalm
 Of glory to Thy Name

Shine Thou within us, then,
 A day that knows no end,
 Till songs of angels and of men
 In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.

The Rev. John Ellerton. 1867.

29.

The larger prayer.

AT first I prayed for Light:—
 Could I but see the way,
 How gladly, swiftly would I walk
 To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength:—
 That I might tread the road
 With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
 The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:—
 Could I but trust my God,
 I'd live enfolded in His peace,
 Though foes were all abroad.

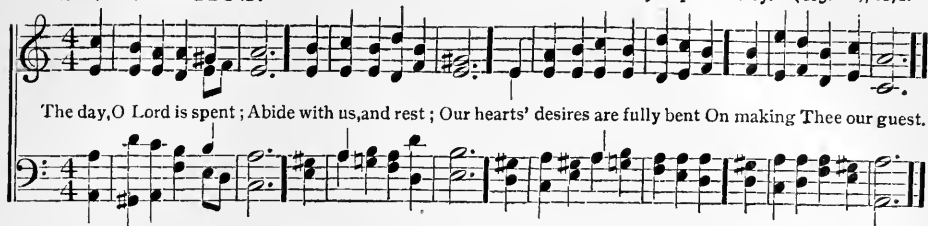
But now I pray for Love:
 Deep love to God and man;
 A living love that will not fail,
 However dark His plan:—

And Light and Strength and Faith
 Are opening everywhere!
 God only waited for me till
 I prayed the larger prayer.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney.

ST. IGNATIUS. S. M.

Joseph Barnby. (1838—), 1872.



The day, O Lord is spent; Abide with us, and rest; Our hearts' desires are fully bent On making Thee our guest.

30. *Evening.*

THE day, O Lord, is spent;
 Abide with us, and rest;
 Our hearts' desires are fully bent
 On making Thee our guest.

We have not reached that land,
 That happy land, as yet,
 Where holy angels round Thee stand,
 Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now,
 Our day is almost o'er;
 O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
 Shine on us evermore!

Rev. J. Mason Neale, D.D. 1818—1866.

31. "The Pure in Heart shall see God."

BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God:
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is Christ's abode.

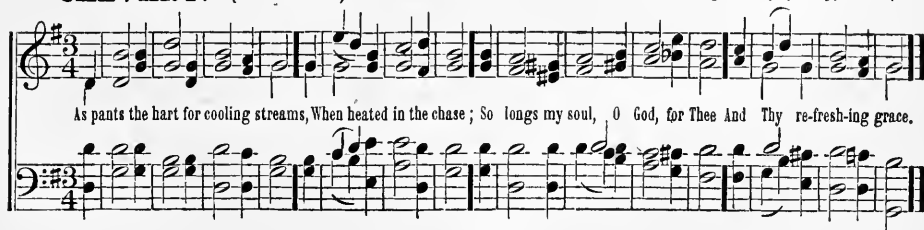
Still to the lowly soul
 He doth Himself impart,
 And for His temple and His throne
 Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek,
 May ours this blessing be;
 Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,
 A temple meet for Thee.

Rev. John Keble. 1792—1866, 1819.

CALVARY. (CHERITH.) C. M.

L. Spohr. 1784—1859. 1840.



As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase; So longs my soul, O God, for Thee And Thy re-fresh-ing grace.

32. *Psalm XLIII.*

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase;
 So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
 And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine:
 O when shall I behold Thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Trust God: who will employ
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Hope still: and thou shalt sing
 The praise of Him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

Rev. H. F. Lyte. 1793—1847.

LYTE. S. M.
Softly.

John P. Wilkes.

Far from my heavenly home, Far from my Father's breast, Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come And speed me to my rest."

33. "My Soul thirsteth for God." Ps. 137.

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit! come
And speed me to my rest!"

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember Thee.

To Thee, to Thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

God of my life, be near!
On Thee my hopes I cast:
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793—1847), 1834.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

R. Schumann. 1810—1856.

For-ev-er with the Lord! Amen, so let it be: Life from the dead is in that word, 'T is immortality.

34. *Forever with the Lord.*

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

And then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,—
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery. (1771—1854), 1835.

COLUMBA. P. M.

H. S. Irons, (1834—)

p

The sun is sinking fast, The daylight dies; Let love awake, and pay Her evening sac-ri- fice.

35. *"Into Thy hands."*
 THE sun is sinking fast,
 The daylight dies;
 Let love awake, and pay
 Her evening sacrifice.
 As Christ upon the cross
 His head inclined,
 And to His Father's hands
 His parting soul resigned;—
 So now herself my soul
 Would wholly give,

Into His sacred charge,
 In whom all spirits live.
 Thus would I live; yet now
 Not I, but He
 In all His power and love
 Henceforth alive in me.
 Henceforth alive in me,
 Oh, Love divine!
 May I be ever His,
 And He forever mine.

ARIMATHEA. P. M.

Sofily.

From the Latin.
 Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall (1814-1878), 1858. †

J. B. Calkin, (1827-), 1872.
rall. *pp*

I long did roam a- far from home, My proud heart could not guide me, Till the King of heav'n sent down One to walk be- side me.

36. *Not I, but He.*
 I long did roam afar from home,
 My proud heart could not guide me,
 Till the King of heaven sent down
 One to walk beside me.
 No glory shone His way upon,
 No monarch's crown adorned Him;
 Love discerned her humble King,
 Though the blind world scorned Him.
 To my dear King some gift to bring
 I sought to buy or borrow;
 "Give me, child, thy heart," said He—
 I was filled with sorrow.

Again I heard His gracious word
 "A place for thee I'm keeping,"
 Dumbly still my fearful heart
 Waited, doubting, weeping.
 "Turn not away," He seemed to say,
 And drew me gently near Him;
 Love like this I ne'er had known,—
 Who could longer fear Him?
 His eyes divine looked love in mine,
 My tears with His were blended;
 "O my King, I nothing bring,
 Thine and mine are ended."

Rev. Theodore C. Williams, 1889.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. 6. 5. D.

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. D.
(1823-1876), 1868.

1. Christian, dost thou see them, On the ho - ly ground, How the pow'rs of e - vil,

f UNISON.
Rage thy steps a - round? Chris - tian, up and smite them,

HARMONY.
Count - ing gain but loss; In the strength that com - eth By the ho - ly cross.

37. *Be thou faithful unto death."*

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them,
On the holy ground,
How the powers of evil
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the holy cross.

Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
Smite them by the virtue
Of unceasing prayer.

Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray;"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary
Yet art faithful too.
And that toil shall lift thee
Nearer to My throne,
Till the end of sorrow
Make thee all Mine own.

St. Andrew of Crete (660-732).
J. Mason Neale, D.D., 1822. †

PENITENCE. 6s. 5s. D.

Spencer Lane.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

p In the hour of tri - al, Father, strengthen me; Lest by base de - ni - al,

I de - part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wav - er.

rall.

With a touch re - call, Nor from Thy dear fa - vour, Suffer me to fall. AMEN.

38.

Prayer for Strength.

In the hour of trial,
 Father, strengthen me;
 Lest by base denial,
 I depart from Thee.
 When Thou see'st me waver,
 With a touch recall,
 Nor from Thy dear favour,
 Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
 Would this vain world charm;
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm;

By Thy love sustaining,
 Father keep Thy child;
 All my foes restraining,
 And my passions wild.

Should Thy mercy send me
 Sorrow, toil, and woe;
 Or should pain attend me
 On my path below:
 Grant that I may never
 Fail Thy hand to see;
 Grant that I may ever
 Cast my care on Thee. AMEN.

James Montgomery. (1771—1854), 1835. †

TRISTITIA. L. M. 6l.

Forth from the dark and stormy sky, Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly: Forth from the world, its hope and fear,

Fa - ther, we seek Thy shelter here: Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray, Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests a - way.

rall.

39. *God a Refuge.*

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
 Lord 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!

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-tossed.
 Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

Bishop Heber. 1783—1826.

40. *Evening hymn.*

O Father, bless us ere we go:
 Thy word into our minds instil:
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.

REF.— Through life's long day,
 And death's dark night,
 O heavenly Father, be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release;
 And bless us more than in past days
 With purity and inward peace. REF.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,

And simple hearts without alloy
 That only long to be like Thee. REF.
 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;
 Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad:
 Thou art our Father and our all. REF.

Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. 1814—1863.

41. *Help Thou mine unbelief.*

O THOU whom fain my soul would love,
 Whom I would gladly die to know;
 This veil of unbelief remove,
 And show me, all Thy goodness show:
 Reveal, O God, Thy life and light,
 And scatter all my sin and night.

From Thee and from Thy love removed,
 Long have I wandered to and fro;
 And all my selfish will has roved
 Where loud the winds of passion blow:
 Back to my God at last I fly,
 For oh, the waters still are high!

The anxious strife, the eager race,
 The cares of self, for Thee I leave;
 Put forth Thine hand, Thine hand of
 grace;
 Into the ark of Love receive;
 Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
 And still it, Father, on Thy breast.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7. 6. D. The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. D. (1823—1876), 1860.

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!

Hast Thou been with me, Lord so long,
Yet Thee, my Lord, have I not
known;
I pray Thee with a faltering tongue,
Here, silent, in my heart, alone
Tell me, oh tell me who Thou art,
And speak Thy Name into my heart.

Rev. C. Wesley. 1708—1788.

42.

The Light of Life.

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!
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 can rest in nothing less;
Be Thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy and all our peace.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1708—1788.

43.

HEAVENLY Father, God of Love!
Send Thy blessing from above;
Light and life to all impart;
Shine on each believing heart.
Glorious in Thy sons appear;
Plant Thy heavenly kingdom here;
All Thy kingdom from above.
All the blessedness of love.

Plant in us an humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of Thee.
Let us in our spirits prove
All the depths of lowly love;
Let us in our lives express
All the heights of holiness.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1708—1788.

O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; O day of sweet re - fec - tion, Thou
 art a day of Love; A day of res - ur - rec - tion From earth to things a - bove.

44. *The Lord's Day.*
 O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright;
 O day of sweet refection,
 Thou art a day of Love;
 A day of resurrection,
 From earth to things above.

Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry, dreary sand;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land.
 Thou art a port protected
 From storms that round us rise;
 A garden intersected
 With streams of Paradise;

New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 O day of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright.

Rev. C. Wordsworth. (1807 - 1885.)

45. *He knoweth.*
 UNTO our heavenly Father
 We will not fear to pray
 For little needs and longings
 That fill our every day;
 And when we dare not whisper
 A want that lieth dim,
 We say, "Our Father knoweth,"
 And leave it all to Him.
 For His great love has compassed
 Our nature and our need;
 We know not; but He knoweth,
 And He will bless indeed.
 Therefore, O heavenly Father,
 Give what is best to me:
 And take the wants unanswered
 As offerings made to thee.

AT 11

46. *"Consider the Lilies."*
 He hides within the lily
 A strong and tender care.
 That wins the earth born atoms
 To glory of the air;
 He weaves the shining garments
 Unceasingly and still,
 Along the quiet waters,
 In niches of the hill.

LILIUM. 7. 6. D.

Rev. J. B. Dykes. 1823—1876.

He hides within the lil-y A strong and tender care, That wins the earth-born a-toms To glo-ry of the air.

He weaves the shining garments Unceas-ing-ly and still A-long the quiet wa-ters, In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
 With Him, who bent the knee
 To watch the old-time lilies
 In distant Galilee;
 And still the worship deepens
 And quickens into new,
 As, brightening down the ages,
 God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
 Thy touch is in the Man!
 No leaf that dawns to petal
 But hints the angel-plan:

TUNBRIDGE. L. M.

The flower-horizons open,
 The blossom vaster shows,
 We hear Thy wide worlds echo,
 "See how the lily grows!"

Shy yearnings of the savage,
 Unfolding, thought by thought,
 To holy lives are lifted,
 To visions fair are wrought:

The races rise and cluster,
 And evils fade and fall,
 Till chaos blooms to beauty,
 Thy purpose crowning all!

Rev. W. C. Gannett.

Richard Redhead. (1820—.)

O Master, let me walk with Thee In lowly paths of service free; Tell me Thy secret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.

47.

Teach me Thy way.

O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
 In lowly paths of service free;
 Tell me Thy secret: help me bear
 The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
 By some clear, winning word of love;
 Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
 And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience: still with Thee
 In closer, dearer company;
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
 In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray
 Far down the future's broadening way,
 In peace that only Thou canst give,
 With Thee, O Master, let me live!

Rev. W. Gladden. (1836—.)

LANGRAN. 10.

James Langran. (1835-).

1. Wea - ry of earth and lad - en with my sin, I look at heaven and
 long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil thing may find a home:
 And yet I hear a voice That bids me "Come."

48.

Cease restless Will.

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
 I look at heaven and long to enter in,
 But there no evil thing may find a home:
 And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
 In the pure glory of that holy land?
 Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
 Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
 Evil is ever with me day by day;
 Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
 "Repent, return, thou shalt be loosed from all."

Cease restless will! thy lonely strife resign!
 I know too well how little strength is mine,
 Grant me, dear Lord, Thy saving love to see!
 I strive no more, I cast myself on Thee.

The Rev. Samuel J. Stone. 1865. †

SELECTED HYMNS.

49, 50.
Unknown.

LAMBETH. C. M.

Spir - it di - vine, at - tend our prayer, And make our hearts Thy home:

De-scend with all Thy gra-cious powers,—Oh, come, great Spir - it, come!

49. *Prayer for the spirit.*
SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home:
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

Come as the light! to us reveal
The truth we long to know,
And lead us in the path of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire! and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame,
Till our whole souls an offering be
In love's redeeming name.

Come as the dew! and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour,
Till every barren place shall own,
With joy, Thy quickening power.

Come as the wind, O breath of God!
O Pentecostal grace!
Come, make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D. 1843.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

50. *Prayer for peace.*
WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as th' unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes,
Thy peace within our breast;

That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee;

That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er may outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Anon.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

VOX DILECTI. C. M. D.

I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—“Come un - to me and rest; Lay
down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast!” I came to Je-sus as I was,
Wea - ry, and worn, and sad, I found in Him a rest-ing place, And He hath made me glad.

51.

The Voice of Jesus.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,—
“Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!”
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He hath made me glad.
I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
“Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!”
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul
revived,
And now I live in Him.
I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
“I am this dark world’s light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!”

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I’ll walk,
Till all my journey’s done.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. D.D. (1808—), 1857.

52.

Meekness.

LORD! when I all things would possess,
I crave but to be Thine:
Oh, lowly is the loftiness
Of these desires divine.
Each gift but helps my soul to learn,
How boundless is Thy store:
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For Thee, my helper, more.
How can my soul divinely soar,
How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
And not more humbly pray?
The more I triumph in Thy gifts,
The more I wait on Thee,
The grace that mightily uplifts,
Most sweetly humbles me.

HERSAL. C. M.

W. Lockett.

Be - hold us, Lord, a lit - tle space From dai - ly toil set free,
 And met with - in this peace - ful place, To rest a - while with Thee.

53.

Work and Prayer.

BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space,
 From daily toil set free,
 And met within this peaceful place,
 To rest awhile with Thee.

Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
 Of labor, strife and care;
 And scarcely dare we turn aside
 For one brief hour of prayer.

Yet these are not the only walls
 Wherein Thou may'st be sought;
 On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
 In truth and patience wrought.

Thine is the forge, the loom, the mart,
 The wealth of land and sea;
 The worlds of science and of art,
 Revealed and ruled by Thee.

Then let us prove our heavenly birth
 In all we do, and know,
 And own Thee King of all the earth,
 And Life of all below.

Work shall be pray'r, if all be wrought
 As Thou would have it done;
 And prayer by Thee inspired and
 taught,
 Itself with work be one.

Rev. John Ellerton, (1826 —).

54.

Close of Worship.

THE Lord be with us as we bend
 His blessing to receive;
 His gift of peace upon us send,
 Before His courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk
 Along our homeward road;
 In silent thought or friendly talk
 Our hearts be still with God.

The Lord be with us till the night
 Shall close the day of rest;
 Be He of every heart the light,
 Of every home the guest.

And when our nightly prayers we say,
 His watch he still shall keep, [day,
 Crown with His peace His own blest
 And guard His people's sleep.

Rev. John Ellerton, (1826 —) 1870.

55, 56.

SELECTED HYMNS.

GETHSEMANE. (REDHEAD.) 7. 6 l.

Richard Redhead. (1820—), 1853.

For the beauty of the earth, For the glo-ry of the skies, For the love which from our birth

Ov-er and a-round us lies, Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grateful hymn of praise.

55.

Thanksgiving.

For the beauty of the earth,
 For the glory of the skies,
 For the love which from our birth
 Over and around us lies,
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the wonder of each hour
 Of the day and of the night,
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
 Sun and moon, and stars of light,
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the joy of human love,
 Brother, sister, parent, child,
 Friends on earth, and friends above,
 Pleasures pure and undefiled,
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our grateful hymn of praise.

For Thy Church that evermore
 Lifteth holy hands above,
 Offering up on every shore
 Her full sacrifice of love,
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our grateful hymn of praise.

F. S. Pierpoint. 1864.

56.

Easter even.

RESTING from His work to-day,
 In the tomb the Saviour lay;
 Still He slept, from head to feet
 Shrouded in the winding sheet,
 Lying in the rock alone,
 Hidden by the sealèd stone.

Late at even there was seen,
 Watching long the Magdalene,
 Early, ere the break of day,
 Sorrowful she took her way
 To the holy garden glade,
 Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee, till life shall end,
 I would solemn vigil spend:
 Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
 In this rocky heart of mine,
 Where in pure embalmed cell
 None but Thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
 True affection's offering:
 Close the door from sight and sound
 Of the busy world around:
 And in patient watch remain
 Till my Lord appear again.

Rev. T. W. Whythead. (1815—1842), 1841.

ST. EDITH. (ST. HILDA.) 7s. 6s. D.

J. H. Knecht, 1817.

1. O Jesus, Thou art standing Outside the fast-closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:

We hear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame up-on us! To keep Him standing there.

57. *Behold I stand at the door and knock.*

O Jesus, Thou art standing
 Outside the fast-closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting
 To pass the threshold o'er;
 We bear the name of Christians,
 His name and sign we bear:
 Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us!
 To keep Him standing there.

O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
 And lo! that hand is scarred,
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,
 And tears Thy face have marred;
 Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait!
 Oh, sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesus, Thou art pleading
 In accents meek and low,—
 "I died for you, My children,
 And will ye treat Me so?"
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door:
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us nevermore!

Bishop W. W. How, 1854.

58. *Aspiration.*

In Thee my trust abideth,
 On Thee my hope relies,
 O Thou whose love provideth
 For all beneath the skies:
 O for a heart to love Thee
 More truly as I ought,
 And nothing place above Thee
 In deed, or word, or thought.

My grief is in the dulness
 With which this sluggish heart
 Doth open to the fulness
 Of all Thou wouldst impart:
 My joy is in Thy beauty
 Of holiness divine,
 My comfort in the duty
 That binds my life to Thine.

O for that choicest blessing
 Of living in Thy love,
 And thus on earth possessing
 The peace of heaven above:
 O for the bliss that by it
 The soul securely knows;
 The holy calm and quiet
 Of faith's serene repose.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, 1875.

TEMPLE. P. M.

God, that madest earth and heaven, Dark-ness and light; Who the day for toil hast given, For rest the night; May Thine angel-

guards de-fend us, Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes attend us, This live-long night.

59. "Keep us, Lord!"
 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.

And when morn again shall call us
 To run life's way,
 May we still, whate'er befall us,
 Thy will obey:

From the power of evil hide us,
 In the narrow pathway guide us,
 Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us,
 The livelong day.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
 And when we die,
 May we in Thy mighty keeping
 All peaceful lie:

When the last great call shall wake us,
 Father Thou wilt ne'er forsake us,
 But to dwell in glory take us,
 With Thee on high.

Bishop Heber. 1783—1826, & Archbishop Whateley.

BENEDICTION. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Haydn. arr. W. H. Monks. 1844.

Through the night of doubt and sorrow, Onward goes the pilgrim band, Singing songs of ex-pec-tation,

60. *The Pilgrims' March.*

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the Promised Land.
 Songs of faith and hope we sing,
 Trusting in our Heavenly King.

One the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires:
 Songs of faith and hope we sing,
 Trusting in our Heavenly King.

ST. ANATOLIUS. 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

Rev. J. B. Dykes. 1823—1876.

The day is past and over; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee: I pray Thee that of - fence - less

The hours of dark may be: O Father, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night.

61.

Evening.

THE day is past and over;
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee:
 I pray Thee that offence^s
 The hours of dark may be:
 O Father, keep me in Thy sight,
 And save me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over;
 I lift my heart to Thee:
 And call on Thee that sinless
 The hours of dark may be:
 O Father, make their darkness light,
 And save me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over;
 I raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be.
 O Father, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God! for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go:
 Lover of men! O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all.

Anatolius. 458. Tr. J. M. Neale.

Marching to the Prom - ised Land. Songs of faith and hope we sing, Trusting in our Heaven - ly King.

ONE the strain that lips of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun:
 Songs of faith and hope we sing,
 Trusting in our Heavenly King.

One the gladness of rejoicing
 On the far eternal shore,
 Where the One Almighty Father
 Reigns in love for evermore.
 There with angels we shall sing,
 Praises to our Heavenly King.

B. S. Ingemann. 1789—1862. Tr. S. Baring Gould.

62, 63.

SELECTED HYMNS.

ELLERTON. (PARTING.) 10.

E. J. Hopkins. (1818—), 1866.

Fa-ther, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our parting hymn of praise,

We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.

62.

Parting.

FATHER, again to Thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end, the day ;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the heart from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
 Then when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace !

Rev. John Ellerton. (1826—), 1866.

63.

The child of God.

FATHER ! there is no change to live with Thee,
 Save that in Thee I grow from day to day ;
 In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
 I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

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.

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.

Jones Very. 1813 - 1880.

SELECTED HYMNS.

64, 65.

PAX DEI. 108.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. D. (1823-1876), 1868.

Thou Life within my life, than self more near, Thou veiled Presence in-fi-nite-ly clear,

From all my name-less wear-i-ness I flee To find my cen-tre and my rest in Thee.

64.

Whom but Thee.

THOU Life within my life, than self more near,
 Thou veiled Presence infinitely clear,
 From all my nameless weariness I flee
 To find my centre and my rest in Thee.
 Take part with me against these doubts that rise.
 And seek to throne Thee far in distant skies!
 Take part with me against this self, that dares
 Assume the burden of these sins and cares!
 How can I call Thee who art always here,
 How shall I praise Thee, Thou of all most dear,
 What may I give Thee, save what Thou hast given,
 And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven?

Eliza Scudder.

65.

Music on opposite page.

Heaven not afar off.

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.
 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.
 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.

Jones Very. 1813-1830.

66, 67.

NEBO. 7. 6. or 7. 4. D.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Old Welsh Hymnal.

Ho-ly spir-it, heavenly dove, Ho-ly spir-it hear us; Breath of life, and fire of love,
 We be - seech Thee hear us; Source of strength, of love and peace,
 Patience, pure-ness, Hope and joy that can - not cease, Ho-ly spir - it, hear us.

66.

Litany.

HOLY spirit, heavenly dove,
 Holy spirit, hear us;
 Breath of life, and fire of love,
 We beseech Thee, hear us;
 Source of strength, of love and peace,
 Patience, pureness,
 Hope and joy that cannot cease,
 Holy spirit, hear us.

We Thy call have disobeyed,
 Holy spirit, hear us;
 Into paths of sin have strayed
 We beseech Thee, hear us:
 All our evil passions kill,
 Though we grieve Thee:
 Bend aright our stubborn will,
 Holy spirit, hear us.

Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
 Holy Spirit hear us:
 Evil, long to be made pure,
 We beseech Thee, hear us:

Blind, we pray that we may see,
 Father, lead us:
 Bound, we pray to be made free,
 Holy spirit, hear us.

* Keep us in the narrow way,
 Holy spirit, hear us:
 Warn us, when we go astray,
 We beseech Thee, hear us:
 Holy, loving as Thou art,
 Do not leave us:
 Come and dwell within our heart,
 Holy spirit, hear us.

67.

Prayer for the young.

STANDING forth on life's rough way,
 Father, guide them;
 Oh! we know not what of harm
 May betide them;
 'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
 Father, hide them;
 Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
 Go beside them.

PALESTRINA. 8. 8. 8. 4.

From Palestrina. 1524—1594.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

O Lord, it is a bless-ed thing, To Thee both morn and night to bring

Our worship's low - ly of - fer - ing. Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou wilt hear them :
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them ;
' Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
Thou wilt steer them ;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

Unto Thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them ;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them —
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them :
Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them.

W. C. Bryant. (1794—1879).

68.

Day and Night.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia !
O LORD, it is a blessed thing.
To Thee both morn and night to bring
Our worship's lowly offering.—
Alleluia.

And from the strife of tongues away,
Ere toil begins, to meet and pray
For blessings on the coming day.—
Alleluia.

And night by night, for evermore
Again with blended voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before.
Alleluia.

O Jesu, be our morning light,
That we may go forth to the fight
With strength renewed, and armour
bright.
Alleluia.

And when our daily work is o'er,
And sins and weakness we deplore,
O be Thou then our Light once more.
Alleluia.

Light of the world ! with us abide,
And to Thyself our footsteps guide,
At morn, and noon, and eventide .
Alleluia. AMEN.

Bp. W. W. How. (1823—).

Slowly.

Go not, my soul, in search of Him, Thou wilt not find Him there,—Or in the depths of

shad - ow dim, Or heights of up - per air. For not in far - off realms of space

The Spir - it hath its throne ; In ev - ery heart it find - eth place And waiteth to be known.

69. *O that I knew where I might find Him.*

Go not, my soul, in search of Him,
 Thou wilt not find Him there,—
 Or in the depths of shadow dim,
 Or heights of upper air.
 For not in far-off realms of space
 The Spirit hath its throne ;
 In every heart it findeth place
 And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
 And Soul with soul hath kin :
 The outward God he findeth not
 Who finds not God within.
 And if the vision come to thee
 Revealed by inward sign,
 Earth will be full of Deity
 And with His glory shine !

O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,
 That God should condescend
 To make thy heart His dwelling-place
 And be thy daily Friend !

Then go not thou in search of Him,
 But to thyself repair ;
 Wait thou within the silence dim
 And thou shalt find Him there !

Rev. F. L. Hosmer.

70. *A Psalm of trust.*

I LITTLE see, I little know,
 Yet can I fear no ill :
 He who hath guided me till now,
 Will be my leader still.
 No burden yet was on me laid
 Of trouble or of care,
 But He my trembling step hath stayed,
 And given me strength to bear.
 I came not hither of my will,
 Or wisdom of mine own :
 That higher Power upholds me still,
 And still must bear me on.
 I knew not of this wondrous earth,
 Nor dreamed what blessings lay
 Beyond the gates of human birth,
 To glad my future way.

SELECTED HYMNS.

71

LUX MUNDI. 7s, 6s. D.

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842—), 1872.

Lord! when thro' sin I wan-der, So ver-y far from Thee, I think in some far coun-try, Thy sin-less home must be; But when with heartfelt sor-row I pray Thee to for-give, Thy par-don is so per-fect That in Thy heav'n I live.

And what beyond this life may be
 As little I divine,—
 What love may wait to welcome me,
 What fellowships be mine.
 I know not what beyond may lie,
 But look, in humble faith,
 Into a larger life to die
 And find new birth in death.

Upon His providence I lean,
 As lean in faith I must;
 The lesson of my life hath been
 A heart of grateful trust.
 And so my onward way I fare,
 With happy heart and calm,
 And mingle with my daily care
 The music of my psalm.

Rev. F. L. Hosmer.

71. "The kingdom of God—it is righteousness."
 LORD! when through sin I wander,
 So very far from Thee,
 I think in some far country
 Thy sinless home must be;

But when, with heartfelt sorrow
 I pray Thee to forgive,
 Thy pardon is so perfect
 That in Thy heaven I live.

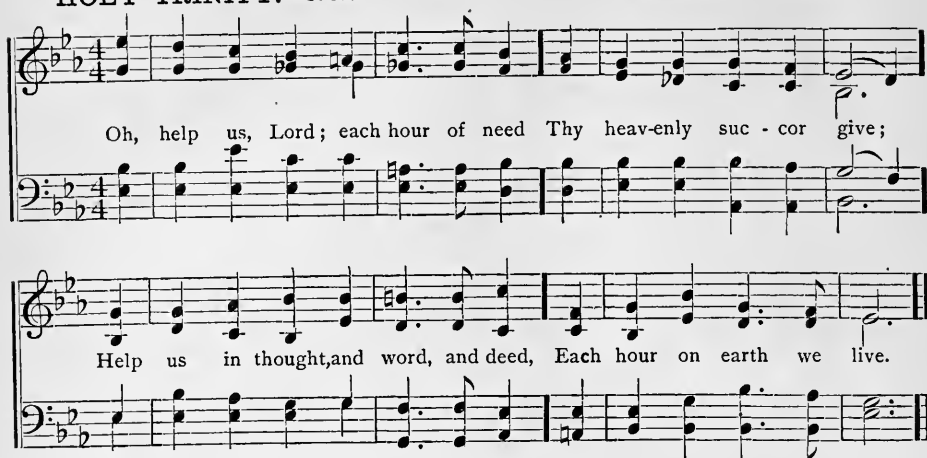
That heav'n, Lord, so surrounds me,
 That when I do the right,
 The saddest path of duty
 Is lightened by its light.
 I know not what its glories
 Before Thy throne must be,
 But here Thy smiling presence
 Is heav'n on earth to me.

To love the right and do it,
 Is to my heart so sweet,
 It makes the path of duty
 A shining golden street;
 Give me Thy strength, O Father,
 To choose this path each day,
 Then heav'n within, about me
 Shall compass all my way.

Charles Smith. (1844—)

HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

Joseph Barnby. (1838—), 1861.



Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need Thy heav-enly suc - cor give;

Help us in thought, and word, and deed, Each hour on earth we live.

72. *Prayer for Help.*

O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more!

O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

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!

Dean Milman. 1791—1868.

73.

The True Petition.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope on every heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Let not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still,
That grants it, or denies.

Rev. J. D. Carlyle. (1758—1804).

74.

The Bond of Love.

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.

O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be Thy spirit ours;
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow. (1819—).

BEATITUDO. C. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes. 1823—1876.

Al - might - y God, in hum - ble prayer To Thee our souls we lift;
Do Thou our wait - ing minds pre - pare For Thy most need - ful gift.

75. *Prayer for Wisdom.*

ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To Thee our souls we lift;
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.

We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

We ask not honors which an hour
May bring, and take away,
We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,
Lest we should go astray.

We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

James Montgomery. 1771—1854.

76. *Consecration.*

My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

Let every thought and work and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

77. *Close of Communion.*

O God, accept the sacred hour
Which we to Thee have given;
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.

Still let us hold till life departs,
The precepts of Thy Son;
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what He has done.

His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free;
And humbly learn, like Him, to give
Our powers, our wills, to Thee.

Rev. Samuel Gilman. 1791—1858.

78, 79.

ST. MAURA. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-), 1872.

Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair, The dwell - ings of Thy love,

Thy earthly tem - ples are! To Thine a - bode My heart aspires With warm desires To see my God.

78.

PS. LXXXIV.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my God.

O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still:
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat!
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts,
Alone in Thee.

Rev. I Watts. 1674 — 1748.

Rev. J. B. Dykes. 1823 — 1876.

FERRIER. 7s.

All that's good, and great, and true, All that is and is to be, Be it old or be it new, Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.

79.

ALL that's good, and great, and true,
All that is and is to be,
Be it old, or be it new,
Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.

Mercies dawn with every day,
Newer, brighter than before;
And the sun's declining ray,
Layeth others up in store.

TRUST. 8s & 7s.

Mendelssohn. 1809 — 1847.

Ho - ly Spir - it, source of gladness, Come with all Thy ra - dianc(e) bright;

O'er our wea - ri - ness and sad - ness Breathe Thy life and shed Thy light!

Not a bird that doth not sing
Sweetest praises to Thy name,
Not an insect on the wing
But Thy wonders doth proclaim.

Every blade and every tree,
All in happy concert sing,
And in wondrous harmony
Join in praises to their King.

Fill us then with love divine;
Grant that we, though toiling here,
May, in spirit being Thine,
See and hear Thee everywhere.

May we all with songs of praise,
Whilst on earth Thy name adore,
Till with angel choirs we raise
Songs of praise for evermore.

Rev. G. Thring. (1823—)1866.

80.

Joy and Peace.

HOLY Spirit, source of gladness,
Come with all Thy radiance bright;
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe Thy life, and shed Thy light!

Send us Thine illumination,
Banish all our fears at length;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing Strength!

Let that love, which knows no measure,
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

Hear our earnest supplication;
Every struggling heart release;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of untroubled Peace.

Anon.

81.

The Benediction of Peace.

FATHER, give Thy benediction,
Give Thy peace, before we part;
Still our minds with truth's conviction,
Calm with trust each anxious heart.

Let Thy voice, with sweet commanding,
Bid our griefs and struggles end:
Peace which passeth understanding
On our waiting spirits send.

Anon

MELITA. L. M. 61.

con espressione.

So, God of the liv - ing, in whose eyes Un-veiled Thy whole cre - a - tion lies!

All souls are Thine: we must not say That those are dead who pass a - way;

From this vain world of flesh set free, We know them liv - ing un - to Thee.

82.

Living unto God.

God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies!
All souls are Thine: we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this vain world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden now their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works,
their powers,
All Thine, yet still most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
That all are living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep pro-
found,

Not wandering in unknown despair,
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not lost upon a boundless sea,
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy will be done, for Thou art just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear the world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be,
For ever living unto Thee!

Rev. J. Ellerton. (1826 —).

83.

A Patient Heart.

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 every doubt and fear release,
And give me confidence and peace.

BAXTER. 6. D.

U. C. Burnap.

♩ = 100. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be: Lead me by Thine own hand,

Choose out the path for me. Smooth let it be or rough, It will be

still the best; Wind-ing or straight, it leads Right on-ward to Thy rest.

Give me a faith shall never fail,
 One that shall always work by love;
 And then, whatever foes assail,
 They shall but higher courage move
 More boldly for the truth to strive,
 And more by faith in Thee to live.

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!

From the German.

84. "Make Thy Way Straight before My Face."

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by Thine own hand;
 Choose out my path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best.
 Winding or straight, it leads—
 Right onward to Thy rest.

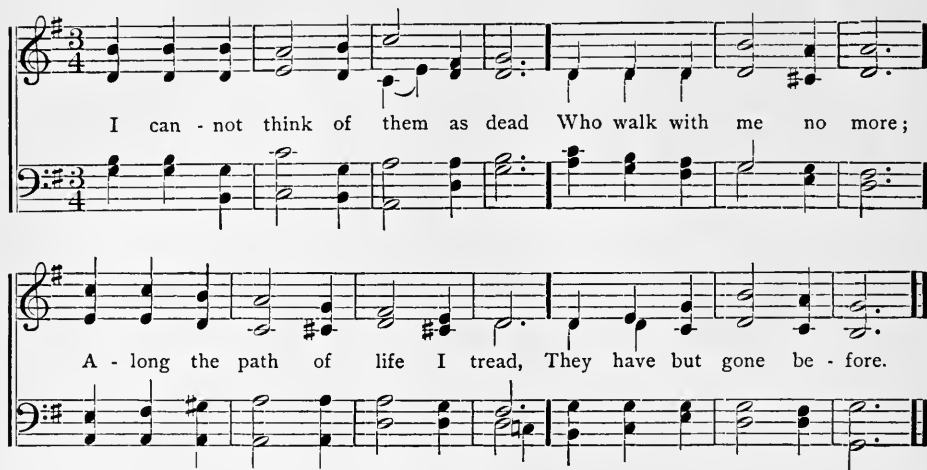
The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine: so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.
 I dare not choose my lot:
 I would not, if I might;
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom and my All.

Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808—) 1856.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. (1823 - 1876). 1868.



I can - not think of them as dead Who walk with me no more ;
A - long the path of life I tread, They have but gone be - fore.

85. *My Dead.*

I CANNOT think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more ;
Along the path of life I tread,
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim ;
All souls are His, and here or there,
Are living unto Him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walk'd with me
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine.
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free ;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternity.

Rev. F. L. Hosmer. 1874.

86. *"Blessed Are They that Mourn."*

O DEEM not that earth's crowning bliss
Is found in joy alone ;
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
Hath blessings all its own.

From lips divine, like healing balm
To hearts oppressed and torn,
The heavenly consolation fell,—
"Blessed are they that mourn!"

Who never mourn'd hath never known
What treasures grief reveals,
The sympathies that humanize,
The tenderness that heals.

The power to look within the veil,
And learn the heavenly lore,
The key word to life's mysteries,
So dark to us before.

Supernal wisdom, love divine,
Breathed thro' the lips which said,
"O blessed are the souls that mourn,
They shall be comforted."

W. H. Burleigh.

HEINLEIN. 7.

P. Heinlein. (1626—1686). 1677.

When the Pas-chal eve-ning fell Deep on Ke-dron's hal-lowed dell,

When a-round the fes-tal board Sate th'A-pos-tles with their Lord.

87. *"This do in Remembrance of Me."*
 WHEN the Paschal evening fell,
 Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
 When around the festal board
 Sate the Apostles with their Lord,
 Then His parting word He said,
 Blessed the cup and brake the bread.
 "This whene'er ye do or see,
 Evermore remember Me!"

Years have past, in every clime,
 Changing with the changing time,
 Varying through a thousand forms,
 Torn by factions, rocked by storms.

Still the sacred table spread,
 Flowing cup and broken bread,
 With that parting word agree,
 "Drink and eat; remember Me."

When, in this thanksgiving feast,
 We would give to God our best,
 From the treasures of His might,
 Seeking life, and love, and light,

Then, O Friend of human kind,
 Make us true and firm of mind,
 Pure of heart, in spirit free,
 Thus may we remember Thee.

The Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. 1815—1881.

88. *Christ's Sufferings our Strength.*

WHEN my love to Christ grows weak,
 When for deeper faith I seek,
 Then in thought I go to thee,
 Garden of Gethsemane.

There I walk amid the shades,
 While the lingering daylight fades;
 See that suffering, friendless one
 Weeping, praying there alone.

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;

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

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

Anon.

BETHSAIDA. 10s.

Joseph Barnby. (1838—).

Be - cause I knew not when my life was good, And when there
was a light up - on my path, But turned my soul per - versely to the
dark, O Lord, I do re - pent, I do re - pent.

89.

Repentance.

Chant. TROYTE.

BECAUSE I knew not when my | life was good,
And when there was a light up - | on my path,
But turned my soul perversely | to the dark,
O Lord, I | do repent, I do repent.

Because I held upon my | selfish road,
And left my brother wounded | by the way,
And called ambition duty, | and pressed on,
O Lord, I | do repent, I do repent.

Because I spent the strength Thou | gavest me
In struggle which Thou never | didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to | offer Thee,
O Lord, I | do repent, I do repent.

Because I was impatient, | would not wait,
But thrust my impious hand a - | cross Thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out | for my life,
O Lord, I | do repent, I do repent.

Because Thou hast borne with me | all this while,
Hast smitten me with love un - | til I weep,
Hast called me as a mother | calls her child,
O Lord, I | do repent, I do repent.

Sarah Williams.

TUNBRIDGE. L. M.

Richard Redhead. (1820—).



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.

90. "Oh, Who Like Thee?"

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!

Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility.

Oh, 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!

Arthur C. Coxe, D.D. (1818—). 1840.

91. "I Will Arise, and Go unto My Father."

To Thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, Thine erring children, in;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wand'ring tho'ts and dreams of sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
Oh, leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without Thee!

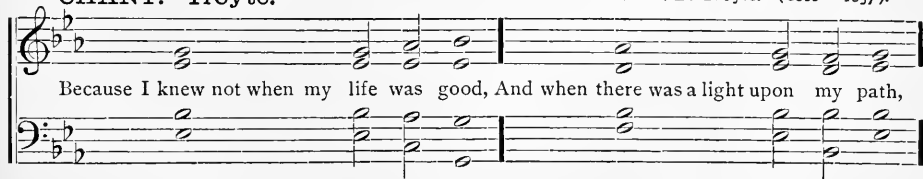
We trusted hope and pride and strength:
Our strength proved false, our pride
was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length,—
We come to Thee, O Lord, again!

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.

Rev. T. W. Higginson. (1823—). 1847.

CHANT. Troyte.

A. H. D. Troyte. (1811—1857).



Because I knew not when my life was good, And when there was a light upon my path,



But turned my soul perversely to the dark, O Lord, I do re-pent. A - MEN.

92, 93.

SELECTED HYMNS.

REFUGE. 7s. 6l.

J. P. Holbrook. (1821—1889.)

Lord, who dost the voic - es bless Cry - ing in the wil - der-ness, And the love -

ly gifts in - crease Of the mes - sen - gers of peace, Thou whose temple is with men,

Show us Thy true priest again, Thou whose temple is with men, Show us Thy true priest again.

92.

Ordination. TUNE. GETHSEMANE.

LORD, who dost the voices bless
Crying in the wilderness,
And the lovely gifts increase
Of the messengers of peace,
Thou whose temple is with men,
Show us Thy true priest again.
In the holy place may he
Thy immediate presence see;
Or through deserts, Father, led,

Show Thy people heavenly bread,
While his lips, at Thy control,
Warn, instruct, inspire, console.

Give him to his priestly dress
Faith and zeal and righteousness.
Then, lest all Thy gifts be lost,
Breathe Thy gift of Pentecost,—
Love, whose many-languaged fire
Finds each listening soul's desire.

Rev. Theodore C. Williams. 1881.

LAUDES DOMINI. 6.

Joseph Barnby. 1868.

When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries Thy name O God, be praised.

93.

Rejoice in the Lord alway.

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries
Thy name, O God, be praised.
Alike at work and prayer,
On Thee I cast my care,
Thy name, O God, be praised.

Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
Thy name, O God, be praised.
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this:
Thy name, O God, be praised.

MOULTRIE. 8s & 7s. D.

Gerard Cobb.

Souls of men! why will ye scat-ter Like a crowd of frightened sheep? Fool-ish hearts! why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep? Was there ev-er kind-est shepherd, Half so gen-tle, half so sweet, As the Fa-ther who would have us Come and gather round His feet.

94. *The Love of God.*

Souls of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
Was there ever kindest shepherd,
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Father who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?
There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

F. W. Faber. D.D. (1814-1863.)

A-like at work and prayer On Thee I cast my care; Thy name, O God be praised.

THE night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say:
Thy name, O God, be praised.
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear:
Thy name, O God, be praised.

In Heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this:
Thy name, O God, be praised.
Let air, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply:
Thy name, O God, be praised.

NUTFIELD. P. M.

W. H. Monk. (1823—)

Through the love of God, our Father, All will be well. He His wandering flocks will gather. All will be well.

Safe our path, if God be guiding, In His guardian care confiding, Evermore in Him abiding, All, all is well.

95. *All, all is well.*

THROUGH the love of God, our Father,
All will be well.
He His wandering flock will gather,
All will be well,
Safe our path, if God be guiding,
In His guardian care confiding,
Evermore in Him abiding,
All, all is well.

Let no darkened skies appall us,
All will be well.
Nothing evil can befall us,
All will be well.
On our Shepherd's love relying,
He our every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All, all is well.

Anon.

TUNE 438. (BARNBY'S HYMNARY.) L. M. Henry Smart. (1812—1879.) 1872.

96. *The Prince of Peace.*

'WHAT means this glory round our feet,
The magi mused, "more bright than
morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."
"What means that star," the shepherd
said, [glen?"
"That brightens through the rocky
And angels answering overhead, [men."
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to

'Tis eighteen hundred years and
more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come.
But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be
bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.

SIENNA. S. M.

W. H. Deane.

My Fa-ther's house on high! Home of my soul, how near,

At times, to faith's trans-pierc-ing eye, Thy gold-en gates ap-pear!

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw;
If we our willing hearts incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing "Peace on earth, good-will to
men."

For they who to their childhood cling,
And keep their natures fresh as morn,
Once more shall hear the angels sing,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."
James Russell Lowell.

97. *God not far off.*
My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's transpiercing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,—
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.
James Montgomery. 1771—1854.

98. *The Day of Rest.*
THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill:
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.
Rev. John Ellerton. (1826—).

ST. JOHN'S, WESTMINSTER.

C. M.

James Turle. (1802—1882,) 1862.

One thought I have, my ample creed, So deep it is and broad, And
e - qual to my ev - ery need,— It is the thought of God.

slower.

99. *The thought of God.*

ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies,
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God!

Rev. F. L. Hosmer.

100. *Remember me!*

O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me!

When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart,
Good Lord, remember me!

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me!

If worn with pain, disease and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me!

And oh! when in the hour of death
I bow to Thy decree,
To Thee I give my parting breath;
Good Lord, remember me!

Rev. T. Haweis, 1820.

ST. BRIDE. (ST. BRIDGET.) S. M.

Samuel Howard, Mus. D. (1710-1782.)

Where is thy God, my soul? Is He with - in thy heart;

Or rul - er of a dis - tant realm In which thou hast no part?

101.

Where is thy God.

WHERE is thy God, my soul?
Is He within thy heart;
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun;
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to Scripture's page;
Or does His Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?

O Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart:
O great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart.

Giver of holy words,
Bestow Thy holy power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

Rev. T. T. Lynch. 1871.

102.

The Spirit of God.

BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

Rev. E. Hatch.



God sets a still small voice Deep every soul within; It guideth to the right, And warneth us of sin.

If we that voice obey. Clearer its tones will be, Till all God's will for us, Clear as noon-day we see.

103. *A still small Voice.*

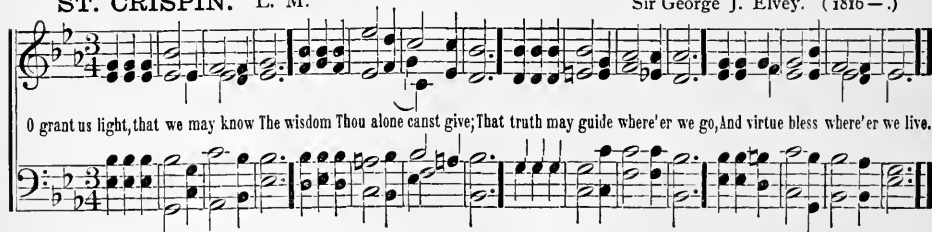
GOD sets a still small voice
Deep every soul within;
It guideth to the right,
And warneth us of sin.
If we that voice obey,
Clearer its tones will be,
Till all God's will for us,
Clear as noon-day we see.

If we that voice neglect,
Fainter will be its tone;
If still unheeded, it
Will leave us quite alone.
O grief! to be allowed
To go in our wild way;
Lord, hold Thy children back,
Lest we so sadly stray.

Elizabeth Wigglesworth.

ST. CRISPIN. L. M.

Sir George J. Elvey. (1816—.)



O grant us light, that we may know The wisdom Thou alone canst give; That truth may guide where'er we go, And virtue bless where'er we live.

104. *In Thy Light shall We see Light.*

O GRANT us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.

O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart;
How sure is joy, for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very Cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

O grant us light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

SELECTED HYMNS.

105, 106.

EUDOXIA. 6. 5.

Unknown.

Father, high in glo - ry, Lend a list'ning ear ; When we bow before Thee, Children's praises hear.

105.

Prayer for Guidance.

FATHER, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear ;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

We are little children,
Weak, and apt to stray ;
Father, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day ;
Help us now to love Thee ;
Take our sins away.

Strengthen us for duty,
While on earth we live ;
May we to Thy service
Our best talents give.

Then when Thou shalt call us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
Father, Lord, we come. Anon.

BRYANT. C. M. D.

Wm. F. Sherwin.

The Lord is in His Holy Place In all things near and far: Shekinah of the snow-flake, He, And glory of the star,

And secret of the April-land That stirs the field to flowers, Whose little tabernacles rise To hold Him thro' the hours.

106.

The Secret Place.

THE Lord is in His Holy place,
In all things near and far :
Shekinah of the snow-flake, He,
And glory of the star,
And secret of the April land
That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold Him through the hours.

He hides Himself within the love
Of those whom we love best ;
The smiles and tones that make our
homes
Are shrines by Him possessed ;
He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherd every thought :
We find Him not by seeking long,—
We lose Him not, unsought.

Rev. W. C. Gannett.

EVENTIDE. 10.

William Henry Monk. (1823 —) 1861.

Abide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deepens, Lord, with me a - bide:

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!

107.

The Night cometh.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou the cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793 — 1847)

LUX BENIGNA. P. M.

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. D. (1823—1876.)

Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou 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 dis- tant scene; one step e- nough for me.

108.

Lead Thou me on.

LEAD, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou 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.
 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Should'st lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on:
 I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
 So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

The Rev. John Henry Newman, D. D. (1801—) 1833.

109, 110.

SELECTED HYMNS.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8. 6. 8. 4.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. (1823—1876.) 1861.

Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-weli,

A Guide, a Com-fort-er, be-queathed With us to dwell.

109.

The Holy Spirit.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each fault, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace.
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber. (1773—1862.) 1829.

I. B. Woodbury. 1850.

DORRANCE. (CHESTER.) 8. 7.

Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea; Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow me."

110.

"Follow me."

Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me!"

Jesus calls us — from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us, —
Saying, "Christian, love me more!"

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

Jesus calls us! meekly hearing,
Master, may we heed Thy call?
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil Frances Alexander. (1823—)

STEPHANOS. P. M.

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, Bart. (1821 — 1877.) 1871.

Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis - tressed?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at . . rest."

III.

Our Master.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distressed?
 "Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
 Be at rest."
 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide?
 In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side.
 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
 That His brow adorns?
 Yea, a crown, in very surety;
 But of thorns.

If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here?
 Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear.
 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan passed.
 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away.

St. Stephen the Sabaite (725 — 794.) Greek.
 Tr. Rev. J. M. Neale, D. D. (1818 — 1866.) 1862.

ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITE. P. M. From "Hymns of the Eastern Church."

Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress'd?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing Be at rest."

SELECTED HYMNS.

112, 113.

DELIVERANCE. (ST. LUKE.) C. M. D.

Joseph Barnby. (1838—), 1876.

I hear it often in the dark, I hear it in the light,—Where *is* the voice that calls to me With such a quiet might?

cres. *poco.*
It seems but echo to my tho't, And yet beyond the stars; It seems a heart-beat in a hush, And yet the planet jars.

112.

Listening for God.

I HEAR it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light,—
Where *is* the voice that calls to me
With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars!

Oh, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A *spirit-sky*, that opens with
Those voices of surprise?
And can it be, by night and day,
That firmament serene
Is just the heaven where God Himself,
The Father, dwells unseen?

O God within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still,
And in Thy heaven reign!
Thy heaven is mine,— my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my "Peace, be still!"

They ever seem to say,—“ My child,
Why seek me so all day;
Now journey inward to thyself,
And listen by the way.”

Rev. W. C. Gannett.

113.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and thee?
O happy harbor of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow shall be found,
No death, no care, no toil.

Oh, blessed are the pure in heart
That find their home in thee,
Where weary spirits are at rest
In God eternally.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
In holy converse stand;
And soon the sons of God below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Latin. 9th Cent. Tr. Anon. 1616t

SELECTED HYMNS.

114, 115.

ELLACOMBE. C. M. or 7. 6. D.

St. Gall's Coll.
Old German Melody.

I sing the mighty power of God, That made the mountains rise; That spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained The sun to rule the day: The moon shines full at His command, And all the stars o - bey.

I 14. *All in All.* Tune, DELIVERANCE.

O THOU who art of all that is
Beginning both and end,
We follow Thee thro' unknown paths,
Since all to Thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
Beyond all fathom line;
Our wisdom is the childlike heart;
Our strength, to trust in Thine.

We bless Thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath;
For hopes that blossom here below,
And wither not with death;
But most we bless Thee for Thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.

Be Thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed;
Be Thou by day our strength for toil,
And Thou by night our rest!
And when these earthly dwellings fail,
And Time's last hour is come,
Be Thou, O God, our dwelling place
And our eternal home!

Rev. F. L. Hosmer.

I 15. "Mighty in Power."

I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food:
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.
Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn my eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.
Creatures that borrow life from Thee
Are subject to Thy care:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

116, 117.

SELECTED HYMNS.

NICÆA. 11, 12, 12, 11.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. (1823 - 1876.) 1861.

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord God Al-migh-ty! Ear-ly in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! mer-ci-ful and mighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea.

116.

Thrice Holy. Rev. iv. 8.

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, and sky, and sea.
 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!
 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
 Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
 Infinite in power, in love, and purity!

Bp. Reginald Heber. (1783-1826.) p 1827. †

HERSAL. C. M.

The dead are like the stars by day, Withdrawn from mor-tal eye,

117.

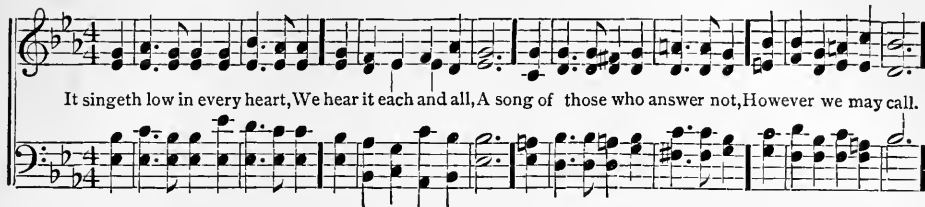
The Dead.

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

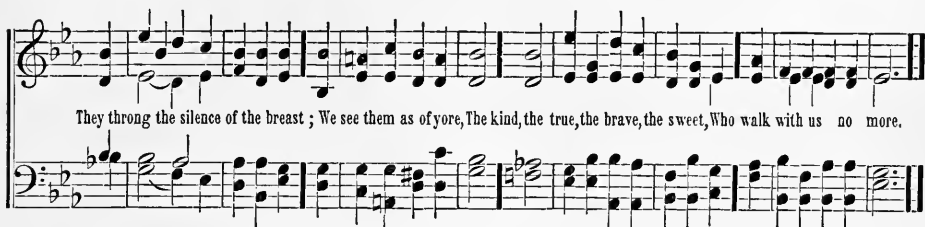
By them, through holy hope and love,
 We feel, in hours serene.
 Connected with a world above,
 Immortal and unseen.

PARADISE. C. M. D.

Joseph Barnby. (1838—.)



It singeth low in every heart, We hear it each and all, A song of those who answer not, However we may call.



They throng the silence of the breast; We see them as of yore, The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.

118.

Auld Lang Syne.

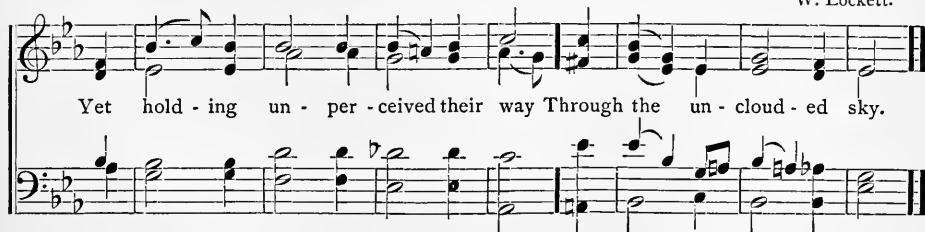
It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'T is hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down:
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.

But, oh! 't is good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God for evermore.

Rev. John W. Chadwick.
W. Lockett.



Yet hold - ing un - per - ceived their way Through the un - cloud - ed sky.

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;—

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

Bernard Barton. (1784—1849)

EWING. 7. 6. D.

Alexander Ewing. (1830—) 1861.

Jerusalem, the golden ! With milk and honey blest ; Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys await us there ! What radiancy of glo-ry ! What bliss beyond compare !

119.

Jerusalem, the Golden.

JERUSALEM, the golden !
 With milk and honey blest ;
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.
 I know not, oh, I know not,
 What joys await us there !
 What radiancy of glory !
 What bliss beyond compare !

They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 There is the throne of glory,
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast ;

And they, who with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.
 O land that sees no sorrow !
 O state that fears no strife !
 O royal land of flowers !
 O realm and home of life !

O sweet and blesséd Country !
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blesséd Country !
 That eager hearts expect !

Exult, O dust and ashes !
 The Lord shall be thy part ;
 His only, His for ever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art !

St. Bernard of Cluny. 1145.
 Tr. Rev. J. M. Neale.

120.

Joy and Peace in Believing.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings :
 It is the Lord, who rises
 With healing on His wings.
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 "E'en let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may !
 It can bring with it nothing
 But He will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe His people too ;

" Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice.
 For while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice."

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1779.

MIRIAM, 7. 6. D.

J. P. Holbrook.

For thee, O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vigils keep; For very love beholding Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glo-ry Is unction to the breast, And medicine in sickness And love, and life, and rest.

121. *"They desire a better country, even an heavenly."*

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and light, and rest.

With jasper glow Thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in Thee their rays;
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;
 The saints build up its fabric,
 The corner-stone is Christ.

O one, O only mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy;
 There grief is turned to pleasure;
 Such pleasure as below
 No human voice can utter,
 No human heart can know.

Strive, man, to win that glory;
 Toil, man, to gain that light;
 Send hope before to grasp it
 Till hope be lost in sight!

Exult, O dust and ashes!
 The Lord shall be thy part,
 His only, His for ever,
 Thou shalt be and thou art.

St. Bernard of Cluny. 1145. Tr. J. M. Neale. 1858.

122.

Come to Me.

GOD who hath made the daisies,
 And every lovely thing,
 He will accept our praises,
 And hearken while we sing.
 He says, though we are simple,
 Though ignorant we be,
 "Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me."

Though we be young and simple,
 In praise we may be bold,
 The children in the temple,
 He heard in days of old;
 And if our hearts are humble,
 He says to you and me,
 "Suffer the little children.
 And let them come to Me."

Therefore, we will come near Him,
 And solemnly we'll sing:
 No cause to shrink or fear Him,
 We'll make our voices ring!
 For in our temple speaking,
 He says to you and me,
 "Suffer the little children,
 And let them come to Me."

E. Paxton Hood. (1820—.)

SANCTUARY. 8. 7. D.

Peace be to this con-gre-gation! Peace to ev-ery heart there-in! Peace, the earnest of salvation, Peace, the fruit of conquered sin;

Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver, Peace to worldly minds unknown, Peace, that floweth, as a riv-er, From the eternal Source a-lone.

123. *Salutation of Peace.*

PEACE be to this congregation!
 Peace to every heart therein!
 Peace, the earnest of salvation,
 Peace, the fruit of conquered sin:
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
 Peace, to worldly minds unknown,
 Peace, that floweth, as a river,
 From the eternal Source alone.

O thou God of peace! be near us,
 Fix within our hearts Thy home;
 With Thy bright appearing cheer us,
 In Thy blessed freedom come;
 Come, with all Thy revelations,
 Truth which we so long have sought!
 Come, with Thy deep consolations,
 Peace of God which passeth thought!

Rev. C. Wesley. (1708—1788.)

Arr. from Mendelssohn.

MUNICH. 7. 6. D.

The God that to the fathers Revealed His holy will, Has not the world forsaken, He's with the children still.

Then envy not the twilight That glimmered on their way: Look up and see the dawning That broadens into day.

124. *The Age of Gold.*

THE God that to the fathers
 Revealed His holy will,
 Has not the world forsaken,
 He's with the children still.

Then envy not the twilight,
 That glimmered on their way;
 Look up and see the dawning,
 That broadens into day.

SELECTED HYMNS.

125, 126.

TUNE 411. (BARNEY'S HYMNARY.) 8. 7. D.

J. Barnby. (1838—) 1869.

Hark! what mean those holy voices Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! the angel-ic host re-joic-es,
 Heavenly al-le-lu-ias rise. Lis-ten to the wondrous sto-ry, Which they chant in
 hymns of joy, "Glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry! Glo-ry be to God most high!"

'Twas but far off, in vision,
 The fathers' eyes could see,
 The glory of the kingdom,
 The better time to be;
 To-day, we see fulfilling
 The dreams they dreamt of old;
 While nearer, ever nearer,
 Rolls on the age of gold.
 With trust in God's free spirit,
 The ever broadening ray
 Of truth, that shines to guide us
 Along our forward way,
 Let us to-day be faithful,
 As were the brave of old;
 Till we, their work completing,
 Bring in the age of gold!

Rev. Minot J. Savage.

I 25. *Song of the Angels.*

HARK! what mean those holy voices
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
 Heavenly alleluias rise.
 Listen to the wondrous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy,
 "Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high!

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 Christ is born; the great Anointed!
 Heaven and earth His praises sing!
 O receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

J. Cawood. 1775—1852.

I 26.

Christ is Risen.

DAY of wonder, day of gladness,
 Hail thy ever glorious light;
 Gone is sorrow, gone is sadness,
 Ended is the gloomy night!
 Listen to the angels' story,
 Cast away all death and dread;
 Give to God, the Father, glory!
 Christ is risen from the dead.

Every people, every nation,
 Soon shall hear the gladsome sound;
 Joyous tidings of salvation;
 Borne to earth's remotest bound;
 Then shall rise, in tone excelling,
 Praise for love so freely shed;
 And the Easter hymn be swelling,
 Christ is risen from the dead.

Anon.

VOX ANGELICA. II. 10. 9.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. (1823-1876.)

Not now, my child, a little more rough tossing, A little longer on the billows' foam, A few more journeyings
in the desert darkness, And then the sunshine of thy Father's home. Be ye His an-gels, be ye His angels,
Waiting to comfort the pilgrims of the night, Waiting to com-fort the pilgrims, The pilgrims of the night.

I 27.

The Pilgrims of the Night.

Not now my child — a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billows' foam,
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home.
REF. Be ye His angels, be ye His angels,
Waiting to comfort the pilgrims of the night.

Not now, for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now, for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove. REF.

Not now, for I have loved ones sad and weary.
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones who need thee in their lonely sorrow,
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while? REF.

Not now, for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing;
Not now, for orphans' tears are thickly falling,
Gather the children neath some shelt'ring wing. REF.

Not now, for many a hungry one is pining,
Thy willing hand must be outstretched and free,
Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,
And gives His answering messages to thee. REF.

PILGRIMS. 11. 10. 9.

Henry Smart. (1812 - 1879.) 1867.

Hark, hark, my soul : an-gelic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore ;

How sweet the truth those blesséd strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REF. An-gels of glad-ness, an-gels of light, Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

One little hour, and then the glorious crowning,
 The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm ;
 One little hour, and then the Hallelujah,
 Eternity's long deep thanksgiving psalm. REF.

128.

The Pilgrims of the Night.

Catherine Pennefather.

HARK, hark, my soul : angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore ;
 How sweet the truth those blesséd strains are telling,
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 REF. Angels of gladness, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells of evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea ;
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd ! turn their weary steps to Thee. REF.

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past :
 All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last. REF.

Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping ;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
 While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
 Till life's long night shall break in endless love. REF.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM, P. M.

A. P. Howard.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - lehem, How still we see thee lie, . . . A - bove thy deep and

dreamless sleep, The si - lent stars go by. . . Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The

cres.

rit.

ev - erlast - ing light; . . . The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.

f

129. *O little Town of Bethlehem.*

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem!
 How still we see thee lie;
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
 The silent stars go by;
 Yet in thy dark streets shineth
 The everlasting Light;
 The hopes and fears of all the years
 Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
 And gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep, the angels keep
 Their watch of wondering love.
 O morning stars, together
 Proclaim the holy birth!
 And praises sing to God the King,
 And peace to men on earth.

SILENT NIGHT. P. M.

German Volkslied.

Si - lent night! peace - ful night! All things sleep, shep - herds keep
 Watch on Bethlehem's si - lent hill, And un - seen, while all is still,
 An - gels watch a - bove, An - gels watch a - bove.

How silently, how silently,
 The wondrous gift is given!
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of His heaven.
 No ear may hear His coming,
 But in this world of sin, [still
 Where meek souls will receive Him,
 The dear Christ enters in. °

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
 Descend to us, we pray;
 Cast out our sin, and enter in,
 Be born in us to-day.
 We hear the Christmas angels
 The great glad tidings tell;
 O come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel!

Rev. Phillips Brooks.

130.

Carol.

SILENT night, peaceful night!
 All things sleep, shepherds keep
 Watch on Bethlehem's silent hill,
 And unseen, while all is still,
 Angels watch above.

Bright the star shines afar,
 Guiding trav'lers on their way,
 Who their gold and incense bring,
 Off'rings to the promised king,
 Child of David's line.

Light around! joyous sound!
 Angel voices wake the air;
 "Glory be to God in heaven;
 Peace on earth to you is given;
 Christ, the Saviour, is come."

Anon.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6, 5. D.

Arthur Sullivan. (1842.—)

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

Christ, the Royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe, Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go.

Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

REF. —

131. *Onward Christian Soldiers.*

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before;
 Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe,
 Forward into battle
 See His banners go. — REF.

Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope of glory,
 One in charity. — REF.

Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices,
 In the triumph song —
 Glory, praise and honor,
 Unto God our King,

This through countless ages

Men and angels sing. — REF.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould, (1834 —)

132.

Praise.

ON our way rejoicing,
 As we homeward move,
 Harken to our praises,
 O Thou God of love!
 Is there grief or sadness?
 Thine it cannot be!
 Is our sky beclouded?
 Clouds are not from Thee!
 On our way rejoicing,
 As we homeward move,
 Harken to our praises,
 O Thou God of love!

Unto God, our Father,
 Joyful songs we sing;
 For His many mercies
 Thankful hearts we bring.
 God, th' Eternal Goodness,
 Praise we and adore,
 On our way rejoicing
 Now and evermore. — REF.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, L.L.D. 1785. 1811—1875.

SELECTED HYMNS.

I 33, I 34.

GARDNER. L. M.

G. B. Viotti. 1755—1824.

Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voic - es raise,

To us His gra-cious gifts be - long, To Him our songs of love and praise.

I 33. *A Joyful Song.*

SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.

For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,

Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair.

For life of changeful, earthly bliss,
For life in Heaven's unfading day,
Sing to our God, and say He is [Way.
Himself, our Guide, Life, Light, and
Rev. J. S. B. Monsell. (1811—1875.)

ST. PAUL. 7. D.

Rev. Alfred Young. 1888.

What Thou wilt, O Father, give! All is gain that I re-ceive: Let the lowliest task be mine, Grateful so the work be Thine.

Let me find the humblest place In the shadow of Thy grace: Let me find in Thine em-ploy Peace that dearer is than joy.

I 34. *Purpose and Deed.*

WHAT Thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive:
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful so the work be Thine.
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace:
Let me find in Thine employ,
Peace that dearer is than joy.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true,
With the work I fain would do:
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant.

John G. Whittier. (1808—.)

STABAT MATER. 8. 8. 7.

Con esp.

Jews were wrought to cruel madness, Christians fled in fear and sadness, Ma-ry stood the cross beside.

organ.

At its foot her foot she planted, By the dreadful scene undaunted, Till the gentle Sufferer died.

Till the gentle Sufferer died.

135.

Stabat Mater.

Jews were wrought to cruel madness,
Christians fled in fear and sadness,
Mary stood the cross beside.

At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle Sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified.

But no worship, song, or glory
Touches like that simple story, —
“Mary stood the cross beside.”

And when under fierce oppression
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified.

But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

Rev. William J. Fox. 1786—1864.

BONAR. 8. 8. 7.

J. B. Calkin. (1827—.)

Jews were wrought to cru- el madness, Christians fled in fear and sadness, Mary stood the cross be-side.

At its foot her foot she planted, By the dreadful scene undaunted, Till the gen-tle Suf-ferer died.

CAROL. 6. 5.

Henry de Koven Rider.

Hand in hand with an - gels Through the world we go;
Bright - er eyes are on us Than we blind ones know. A - MEN.

136. *Cloud of Witnesses.*

HAND in hand with angels
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.
Hand in hand with angels;
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.

Some soft hands are carried
From our mortal grasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer clasp.
Hand in hand with angels
Walking every day;
How the chain may brighten,
None of us can say.
Yet it doubtless reaches
From earth's lowest one
To the loftiest seraph,
Standing near the throne.

Lucy Larcom.

CHORAL. TO THEE O LORD.

Mendelssohn's St. Paul.

To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spir - it, Who break'st in love this mortal chain. My life I but from Thee in - her - it,
And death becomes my chiefest gain. In Thee I live, In Thee I die, Content, for Thou art ever - nigh.

O FILII ET FILIAE. 8. 8. 8. 4.

"Christus," Franz Liszt.

SOPR. & ALTO.

ORGAN. *pp*

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,

SOPRANO.

Ye sons and daughters of the King, The King of Heav'n the angels say Hath raised your buried Lord, to-day,

ALTO. 1ST. & 2ND.

ORGAN. *sempre. pp*

SOPR. & ALTO. *rit.* *fast verse. dim.*

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, le - lu - ia.

ORGAN. *rit.* *rit. dim.*

137.

Easter.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Ye sons and daughters of the King,
 The King of heaven the angels say,
 Hath raised your buried Lord to-day.
 Alleluia.

And now the blessed Marys three,
 Arriving early at the tomb,
 Bring forth their treasure of perfume.
 Alleluia.

EASTER HYMN. (WORGEN.) 7s, with Alleluia.

Lyra Davidica, 1708.

Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Al - le - lu - ia! Our tri-umphant

ho - ly day. Al - le - lu - ia! Late - ly on the Cross un-done,

Al - le - lu - ia! Now His victo - ry is won, Al - le - lu - ia!

A white robed angel find they there,
 'Your Lord is risen,' they hear him say,
 "Behold the place where Jesus lay."
 Alleluia!

'Tis Magdalene the wonder tells,
 The two disciples run before,
 And view with joy the open door.
 Alleluia!

How blest are they who have not seen,
 Who seeing not, believed, adored,
 Their life is ever with the Lord.
 Alleluia!

Latin Hymn, 13th. cent.
 Tr. Rev. Theodore C. Williams, 1890.

138.

Easter.

JESUS Christ is risen today,
 Our triumphant holy day.
 Lately on the Cross undone,
 Now His victory is won.
 Hymns of joy then let us sing
 Unto God, our heavenly King!
 Death is slain, since Christ is raised,
 God the Conqueror be praised.
 We shall follow where our Lord,
 To the Father's throne has soared;
 And above the heavens sing
 Alleluia to our King.

Anon.

WE MARCH, WE MARCH TO VICTORY. P. M.

Joseph Barnby, (1838 -). 1869.

1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the might of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye looking down from the sky,

And His ho - ly arms spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us.

His arm spread

1st. two verses. Last verse only.

1. Though the strife be long, and the foe be strong, Our life is no mournful sto - ry, With hearts full of song we are

marching a - long. For we serve with the King of Glo - ry, We serve the King of Glo - ry. We

D.S.

2
Our foe must yield, he is leaving the field,
For the world is nobler growing,
And our fearless hands must the weapons
wield.
By the might from heaven down-flow
ing. REF.

3
Over hill and plain we may see the gain,
Of the hosts of light increasing.
And the soldiers of God, for their glo -
rious pain
Shall be crowned with joy unceasing.
REF. Anon.

SENTENCE. "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Arr. from Mendelssohn, by James Flint.

cres.
Suffer lit-tle children to come unto me And for-bid them not, And for-bid them not,

p *mf*
Suffer lit-tle child-ren to come unto me, and for - bid them not, for - bid them not, for of

cres.
such is the kingdom, for of such is the kingdom, for of such is the kingdom, for of such is the kingdom of

p
heaven, for of such is the kingdom of heaven, Suffer little children to come un-to me, and for - bid them

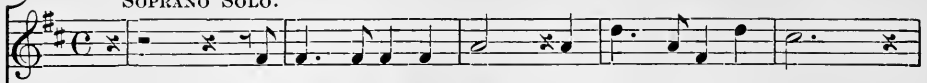
f *p* *rit.*
not, for - bid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven, of such is the kingdom of heaven,

BAPTISM OF A CHILD. S. M.

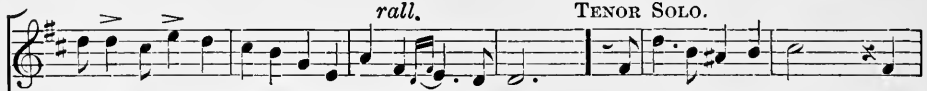
H. Millard.

Rev. James F. Clarke. (1810—1888.)

SOPRANO SOLO.



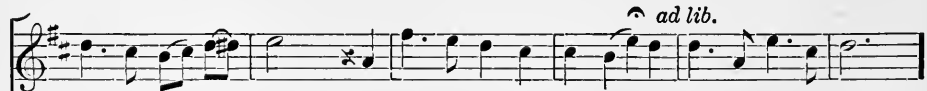
To Thee, O God in heaven, This lit - tle one we bring;

*Semplice.*

Giving to Thee what Thou hast giv'n, Our dearest offering. In - to a world of toil, These

*rall.*

TENOR SOLO.



lit - tle feet will roam, Where sin its pur - i - ty may soil, Where care and grief may come.

*ad lib.*

Oh, then let Thy pure love, With influence serene, Come down, like water from above, To comfort and make clean.
 AMEN.

142. "BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

W. F. Sherwin.

pp
 Bless - ed, Bless - ed, Bless-ed are they that mourn, they that mourn, they that mourn,

p
 For they shall be comforted, For they shall be com-fort-ed, Bless-ed are they that

rit.
 mourn, For they shall be com-fort - ed, Oh, Bless - ed, Bless - ed are they that mourn.

CHANT.—“It is well.” 6.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

Softly, no accompaniment.

It is well, . . .

Beloved, It is well, It is well, It is well, God's ways are always right, And love is

o'er them all, Tho' far above our sight. It is well, It is well, it is well.

CODA. pp

It is well

BELOVED, it is well! It is well!

1. God's ways are always right, And love is | o'er them | all, || Though | far above our | sight.
2. The path that Jesus trod, Though rough and | dark it | be, || Leads | home to Heaven and | God.
3. Though deep and sore the smart, Our Father | He will | bind, || And | heal the broken | heart.
4. Thy sorrow sanctified, Will bring thee | God's own peace. || If | Thou in Him a | bide.

It is well! It is well!

REQUIEM. 4. 6. D.

Joseph Barnby. (1838—) 1868.

I. Loved one, farewell! Though no more we view thee, All, all is well! We shall journey to Thee,

This house of clay Now fore-er leav-ing, Thy soul to-day Light of heaven re-ceiving.

Slower. pp

<p>2 Life soon is o'er, Brief is all our weeping,— They weep no more Who in death are sleeping. Thou art set free! Though our hearts are sighing; Loved one, with Thee There is no more dying.</p>	<p>3 Earth fades away, Fades its sin and sadness; Heaven's glorious day Floods thy soul with gladness. Father of Love, Comfort those now weeping; Here and above. All are in Thy keeping.</p>
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PART II.



PART II

I 44.

LYONS. II.

Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732—1809.) 1770.

Im-mor-tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise, In light in - ac - ces - si - ble, hid from our eyes;

Most bless-ed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days, Al-migh - ty, vic - torious, Thy great name we praise.

I 44.

Praise.

IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible, hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above,
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all, life Thou givest — to both great and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish — but nought changeth Thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight:
But of all Thy rich graces, this grace, Lord, impart,—
Take the veil from our faces, the veil from our heart.

All laud we would render: oh, help us to see,
'Tis only the splendor of light hideth Thee;
And so let Thy glory almighty impart,
Through Christ in the story, Thy Christ to the heart.

TALLIS' CANON. L. M. *

Thomas Tallis (1520—1585), 1565.

A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

145.

Morning.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew:
Scatter my sins like morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design or do or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow:

Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him, ye heavenly host above!
Praise Him, my soul, for all His love!

Bishop Thomas Ken. 1697—1709. †

* This tune is believed to be that to which this hymn was originally sung.

† At this note the Tenor, takes up the melody of the Soprano.

146.

Ps. CXXI.

I LIFT mine eyes unto the hills,
The pillars of th' Eternal throne,
Whose seat the Lord of glory fills,
And reigns o'er spheres to us unknown.

Thence He ordained creation's birth
By utterance of His sovereign word,
And newborn joyous heaven and earth
The echo of His fiat heard.

How shall this mighty Maker sleep
When countless worlds require His care?
How shall the stars their orbits keep
Unless His eye is everywhere?

The eye of God! it looks on me
An atom midst the mighty whole
That floats upon infinity;
But yet an atom with a soul.

He to a soul hath love and care
More than for all His worlds combined,
For God Himself descends to share
That light which fills th' immortal
mind.

John Codman. (1814—.)

GERMANY. (BONN.) L. M.

L. Van Beethoven. 1770—1827.

1. We fol-low, Lord, where Thou dost lead, And, quickened, would as - cend to Thee,
Redeemed from sin, set free in - deed In - to Thy glo-ri-ous lib - er - ty.

147. "Followers of God, as Dear Children."

We follow, Lord, where Thou dost lead,
And, quickened, would ascend to Thee,
Redeemed from sin, set free indeed
Into Thy glorious liberty.

We cast behind fear, sin, and death;
With Thee we seek the things above;
Our inmost souls Thy Spirit breathe,
Of power, of calmness, and of love:

The power, 'mid worldliness and sin,
To do, in all, our Father's will;
With Thee, the victory to win,
And bid each tempting voice be still:

The calmness perfect faith inspires,
Which waiteth patiently and long:
The love which faileth not, nor tires,
Triumphant over every wrong.

Thus thro' Thy quickening Spirit, Lord,
Thy perfect life in us reveal,
And help us, as we live to God,
Still more and more with man to feel.
Anon.

148.

"Close of Worship."

ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace once more, O God! we crave,
From folly and from sin, to save.

May the great truths we here have heard,
The lessons of Thy holy word,
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

O, may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay;
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

Univ. Coll.

149.

"Vesper Hymn."

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

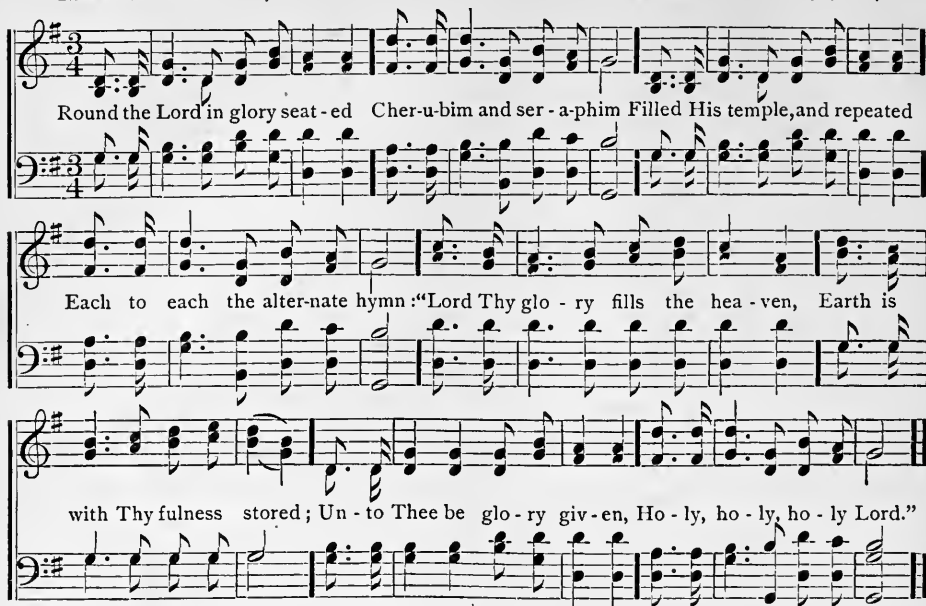
May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and
prayer,

Lay down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light! to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

REV. S. LONGFELLOW. (1819—). 1864.



Round the Lord in glory seated Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim Filled His temple, and repeated

Each to each the alter-nate hymn: "Lord Thy glo-ry fills the hea-ven, Earth is

with Thy fulness stored; Un-to Thee be glo-ry giv-en, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord."

150.

Thrice Holy.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Filled His temple, and repeated
 Each to each the alternate hymn:
 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
 Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"
 With His seraph train before Him,
 With His holy church below,
 Thus unite we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow:
 WILMOT. 8, 7.

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
 Thus Thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt the angels' cry,
 'Holy, holy, holy,'— blessing
 Thee, the Lord of hosts most High!"
 Bp. Richard Mant. (1776 — 1848.) 1837.

151.

Praise the Lord.

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! ye heavens, a-dore Him, Praise Him, an-gels in the height;

SELECTED HYMNS.

152.

HYMN OF JOY. (BEETHOVEN.) 8. 7. D. Arr. from L. V. Beethoven. (1770—1827.)

Call the Lord thy sure sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath the Almighty's shade ; In His se - cret

hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, nor ev - er be dismayed. There no tu - mult can a - larm thee,

Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ; Guile nor vi - o - lence shall harm thee In e - ter - nal safeguard there.

Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken ;
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
 Laws, which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance He hath made.
 Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;
 Never shall His promise fail ;
 God hath made His saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the God of our salvation ;
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim !
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify His Name.

In His secret habitation
 Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.
 There no tumult can alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
 Guile nor violence shall harm thee
 In eternal safeguard there.

He shall charge His angel legions
 Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
 Though thou walk in hostile regions,
 Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
 Since with pure and firm affection
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wing of His protection
 He shall shield thee from above.

John Kemphorne. (1775—1838). 1810.

152. *Safety in God.*
 CALL the Lord thy sure salvation,
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;

James Montgomery. (1771—1834.)
 C. M. Von Weber. 1820.

Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him, Praise Him, all ye stars of light !

SPANISH HYMN. 7. D.

Spanish Melody.

Lord, what offering shall we bring, At Thine altars, when we bow! Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring Whence the kind affections flow ;

Soft compassion's feeling soul, By the melt-ing eye expressed ; Sym-pa-thy, at whose con-trol Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

153. *The Accepted Offering.*

LORD, what offering shall we bring,
At Thine altars, when we bow?—
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul
By the melting eye expressed ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;
Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O Thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to Thee and all mankind.

John Taylor. (1750—1826.) 1795.

VESPER HYMN. 8. 7. D.

Now, on sea and land de-scend-ing, Brings the night its peace profound: Let our vesper hymn be blending With the ho - ly

155. *Vesper Hymn.*
Now, on sea and land descending,
Brings the night its peace profound :
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.

154. *Lowly Praise.*

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 worthless offering,
Till Thy blessing makes it more.
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 ;
It can make the humblest song
Sweet, acceptable, and strong
As the strains the angels' throng
Pour around the throne of heaven.

Sir John Bowring. 1792—1872.

Lord of hosts, di - vine - ly fair, E'en on earth Thy temples are ; Here Thy waiting peo - ple see Much of heaven, and much of Thee.

From Thy gracious presence flows Bliss that softens all our woes ; While Thy Spirit's ho - ly fire Warms our hearts with pure desire.

I 56.

Worship.

Lord of hosts, divinely fair,
 E'en on earth Thy temples are ;
 Here Thy waiting people see
 Much of heaven, and much of Thee.
 From Thy gracious presence flows
 Bliss that softens all our woes ;
 While Thy Spirit's holy fire
 Warms our hearts with pure desire.
 Here we bow before Thy throne,
 Here Thou mak'st Thy glories known ;
 Here we learn Thy righteous ways,
 Taste Thy love and sing Thy praise.
 Thus with sacred songs of joy
 We our happy lives employ ;
 Love, and long to love Thee more,
 So from earth to heaven we soar.

Rev. D. Turner, 1710 — 1798.

I 57.

God Everywhere.

THEY who seek the throne of grace
 Find that throne in every place ;
 If we live a life of prayer,
 God is present everywhere.
 In our sickness and our health,
 In our want, or in our wealth,
 If we look to God in prayer,
 God is present everywhere.
 When our earthly comforts fail,
 When the foes of life prevail,
 'T is the time for earnest prayer ;
 God is present everywhere.
 Then, my soul, in every strait,
 To thy Father come, and wait ;
 He will answer every prayer :
 God is present everywhere.

Methodist Coll.

RUSSIAN AIR.

calm around. Soon as dies the sunset glory, Stars of heaven shine out above, Telling still the ancient story, Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
 To His care who cares for all,
 Cease we fearing, cease we grieving ;
 At His touch our burdens fall.

As the darkness deepens o'er us,
 Lo ! eternal stars arise ;
 Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
 Shining in the Spirit's skies.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow. (1819 —).

158.

SELECTED HYMNS.

LYONS. 10. 11.

Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732 - 1809.) 1770.

Oh, wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a-bove! Oh, grate-ful-ly

sing His power and His love! Our Shield and De-fend-er, the

An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.

158.

Who is like unto the Lord our God?

OH, worship the King, all-glorious above!
 Oh, gratefully sing, His power and His love!
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
 Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rains.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
 Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

Sir Robert Grant. (1785 - 1838. p. 1839.)

PORTUGUESE HYMN. (ADESTE FIDELES.) II.

John Reading. (1677—1764.) 1760.

Tho' faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our lead - er, His
word is our stay; Tho' suffering, and sor - row, and tri - al be near, The Lord is our
ref - uge, and whom can we fear, The Lord is our ref - uge, and whom can we fear?

159.

Faint, yet pursuing.

THO' faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, His word is our stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed,— He will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God!

And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds;
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wand'ers all safe from the snares.

Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we go;
The Lord is our Leader, no fear can we know.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome. (1707—1795.)

INNOCENTS. 7.

Anton Friedrich Thibaut. 1840.

As the sun's en - liv - ening eye Shines on ev - ery place the same,

So the Lord is al - ways nigh To the souls that love His name.

160. *The Parting of Friends.*

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.

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.

From His holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine :
Still in spirit they may meet,
Still in sweet communion join.

For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

Father, hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep !

In Thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain :
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

Rev. John Newton. (1725 — 1807.) 1779.

161. *Morning Hymn.*

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.

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.

Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around :
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

When our work of life is past,
Oh, receive us then at last !
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

Episcopal Collection.

SOLITUDE. 7.

L. T. Downes.

Fa - ther, at Thy foot - stool see Those who now are one in Thee!

Each to each u - nite, and bless; Keep us in Thy per - fect peace.

162. *That they also may be one in us.*

FATHER, at Thy footstool see
Those who now are one in Thee!
Each to each unite, and bless;
Keep us in Thy perfect peace.

Plant in us the humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of Thee.

Lord of our supreme desire!
Fill us now with heavenly fire;
Nobly may we bear the strife,
Keep the holiness of life;

Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind;
To the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

Father, fill us with Thy love;
Never from our souls remove;
Dwell with us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708 — 1788.) 1740.

163. *Life of Ages.*

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty.

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined:
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track;
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong,
From the sacred limits back.

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty!

Rev. Samuel Johnson. (1822 — 1882)

MORNINGTON. S. M.

Lord G. W. Mornington. (1735—1781.)

My God, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care,

With hum-ble con-fi-dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

164.

For Christian Principles.

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.

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.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I rest upon Thy word
The promise is for me:
My succor 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.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742.

165.

The Whole Armor of God.

SOLDIERS of God, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
To each obedient son.

Stand forth in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

And, above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Ye cannot lose the field.

LABAN. S. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.

My soul, be on thy guard: Ten thousand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And consecrate the whole.

That having all things done,
And conquered in the strife,
To nobler service ye pass on,
And an undying life!

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.)

166. *Watch and Pray.*

MY soul, be on thy guard:
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

Oh, watch and fight and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

George Heath. (1781—1822.)

167. *Christian Watchfulness.*

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in His office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in His sight;
For awful is His name.

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.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751.)

168, 169.
HOLLEY. 7.

SELECTED HYMNS.

George Hews. 1835.

Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way:

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with Thee.

168. *Evening Meditation.*

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with Thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within!
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

When for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Bp. G. W. Doane. (1799—1859.) 1824.

169. *Eternal Light.*

SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness: oh, how still
Is the working of His will!

Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight:
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

Let my life attuned be
To the heavenly harmony
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

Rev. W. H. Furness. (1802—.) 1840.

From M. L. Cherubini.

DALLAS. 7.

SEYMOUR. (CHATHAM). 7.

From C. M. von Weber.
Arr. by H. W. Greatorex. 1849.

Soul! ce - les - tial in thy birth, Dwell - ing yet in low - est earth,
Pant - ing, shrink - ing to be free, Hear God's spir - it whisper thee.

170.

Come Home.

SOUL! celestial in thy birth,
Dwelling yet in lowest earth,
Panting, shrinking to be free,
Hear God's spirit whisper thee.

Thus it saith, in accents mild,—
“Weary wanderer, wayward child,
From thy Father's earnest love
Still forever wilt thou rove?”

“Turn to hope and peace and light,
Freed from sin and earth and night;
I have called, entreated thee,
In My mercies, gentle, free.

“Human soul, in love divine
I have sought to make thee Mine;
Still for thee good angels yearn:
Human soul, return, return!”
Rev. G. W. Briggs. 1845.

171.

Rest in God.

OH, how safe, how happy he,
Lord of Hosts, who dwells with Thee!
Sheltered 'neath almighty wings,
Guarded by the King of kings!

How to him should evil come
Who has found in Thee a home?
In the refuge of Thy breast,
Give me, Lord, eternal rest!

Hark! the voice of love divine:
“Fear not, trembler,—thou art Mine!
Fear not! I am at thy side,
Strong to suffer, sure to guide.

Call on Me in want and woe:
I will keep thee here below;
And, thy day of conflict past,
Bear thee to Myself at last.”

Rev. Henry F. Lyte. (1793—1847). 1834.

172. “Give us our Daily Bread.”

DAY by day the manna fell:
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

Day by day, the promise reads,
“Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day.”

Lord, my times are in Thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would mould my will to Thine,

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.

Josiah Conder. 1789—1855.

173, 174, 175.

SELECTED HYMNS.

ST. PETER. C. M.

A. R. Reinagle. (1799—1877.) 1860.

Earth's bus - y sounds and cease - less din, Wake not this morn - ing air!

A ho - ly calm should wel - come in This sol - emn hour of prayer.

173. *The Hour of Prayer.*

EARTH'S busy sounds and ceaseless din,
Wake not this morning air!
A holy calm should welcome in
This solemn hour of prayer.

Now peace, be still, unhallowed care,
And hushed within the breast;
A holy joy should welcome there
This happy day of rest.

Each better thought the spirit knows,
This hour the spirit fill;
And Thou, from whom its being flows,
Oh, teach it all Thy will!

Then shall this day which God hath blest
Hallow life's every hour;
And bear us to our better rest,
Eternal, perfect, sure.

Anon.

174. *Need of Help.*

NOT only for some task sublime
Thy help do I implore;
Not only at some solemn time
Thy holy spirit pour!

But for each daily task of mine
I need Thy quickening power:
I need Thy presence everywhere,
I need Thee every hour.

Each action finds in Thee its spring,
Each joy Thy love makes bright,
Each footstep is Thine ordering,
Each grief shines in Thy light.
T. H. Gill. (1819—)

175. *Evening Prayer.*

As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray Thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here:
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray Thee, God of love.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

William Croft. (1677—1727.) 1712.

Oh, where are kings and em - pires now, Of old that went and came?

The Ho - ly Church is pray - ing yet, A thous - and years the same.

We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool lay;
And, Father, Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Anon.

176. *Permanence of the Church.*

OH, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
The Holy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

Mark ye her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong;
And hear within her solemn voice,
And her unending song.

For not like kingdoms of the world
The Holy Church of God:
Though earthquake shocks are rocking
her,
And tempests are abroad,—

Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuilt by hands.

Bp. A. C. Cox. (1818.—)

177. *Man frail, and God eternal.* Ps. xc.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,—
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719.

SICILY. 8. 7. 4.

Sicilian Melody.

Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Hope and com - fort from a - bove ;

Let us each Thy peace pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love ;
Still sup - port us, still sup - port us, While in du - ty's path we move.

178.

Dismission.

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.

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 !

Rev. Walter Shirley. 1725—1786.

German.

RESURRECTION. 8s, 7s & 4.

Hal - le-lu-jah ! Song of gladness, Song of ever - last - ing joy ; Hal - le-lu-jah ! Song the sweetest

That can an - gel - hosts employ, Hymning in God's holy presence, Their high praise eternally.

179.

"And again they said Alleluia."

HALLELUJAH ! Song of gladness,
Song of everlasting joy ;
Hallelujah ! Song the sweetest
That can angel-hosts employ ;
Hymning in God's holy presence
Their high praise eternally.

Now our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee ;
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
Make us all Thy joys to see ;
Then we'll sing our Hallelujahs,
Sing to all eternity.

ZION. 8. 7. 4.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1830.

We the weak ones, we the sinners, Would not in our poorness stay; We the low ones would be winners

Of what holy height we may; Ever nearer to Thy pure and perfect day; Ever nearer to Thy pure and perfect day.

180. *Upward and Onward.*

WE the weak ones, we the sinners,
Would not in our poorness stay;
We the low ones would be winners
Of what holy height we may:
Ever nearer
To Thy pure and perfect day.

Shall things withered, fashions olden,
Keep us from life's flowing spring?
Waits for us the promise golden,
Waits each new, diviner thing.

Onward, onward:
Why this faithless tarrying?

By each saving word unspoken;
By Thy truth, as yet half won;
By each idol, yet unbroken;
By Thy will yet poorly done;

Hear us, hear us,
Thou Almighty! help us on.

Nearer to Thee would we venture,
Of Thy truth more largely take,
Upon life diviner enter,

Into day more glorious break,
To the ages
Fair bequests and costly make.

Thomas H. Gill. (1819—) 1869.

181. *The Pilgrim's Prayer.*

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven!

Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow:
Let the fiery cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer!

Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Cleave the flood, and stay the waters,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. William Williams. (1717—1791). 1773.

J. J. Rousseau. 1778.

GREENVILLE. 8s. 7s. 4s.

FINE.

D.C.

182, 183, 184.

SELECTED HYMNS.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

W. Knapp, 1768.



O God, whose presence glows in all, With-in, a-round us, and a-bove!
Thy word we bless, Thy name we call, Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

182.

God with us.

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.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace re-
ceived,
Our spirit's light, Thy Spirit's grace.
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,
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.

Rev. N. L. Frothingham, (1793—1870.)

HEBRON. L. M.



Now with cre-a-tion's morn-ing song Let us, as chil-dren of the day,

184.

Children of the Day.

Now with creation's morning song
Let us, as children of the day,
With wakened heart and purpose strong,
The works of darkness cast away.

183.

An Independent and Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

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;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

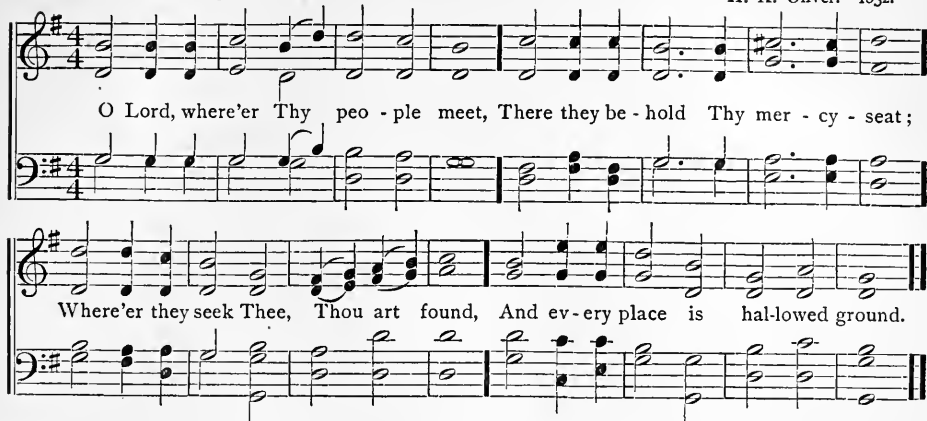
This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton, 1568—1639.

Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instill!
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. Oliver. 1832.



O Lord, where'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy - seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev - ery place is hal - lowed ground.

185. *Spiritual Worship.*

O LORD, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art
found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind:
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

With heavenly grace our souls endue;
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper. (1731—1800.) 1769.

186. *Our Guide.*

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

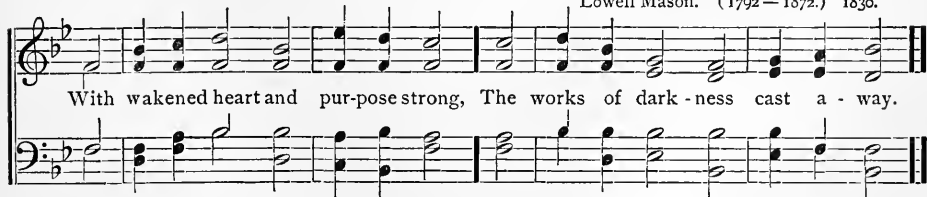
To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness,— the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ,— the living way,—
Nor let us from His pastures stray;

Lead us to God,—our final rest,—
To be with Him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there.

Rev. Simon Browne. 1680—1732.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.



With wakened heart and pur - pose strong, The works of dark - ness cast a - way.

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

Grant us, O God, in love to Thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below;
Faith, the invisible to see;
And wisdom, Thee in all to know.

Roman Breviary. Tr. Edward Caswall. 1848.

AUSTRIA. 8. 7. D.

Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732—1809.) 1797.



God of a-ges and of na-tions! Ev-ery race, and ev-ery time, Hath re-ceived Thine
in-spi-ra-tions, Glimpses of Thy truth sublime. Ev-er spir-its in rapt vis-ion,
Passed the heavenly veil with-in; Ev-er hearts bowed in con-tri-tion, Found sal-va-tion from their sin.

187. *The Word of the Lord abideth for ever.*

GOD of ages and of nations!
Every race, and every time,
Hath received Thine inspirations,
Glimpses of Thy truth sublime.
Ever spirits in rapt vision
Passed the heavenly veil within;
Ever hearts bowed in contrition
Found salvation from their sin.
Reason's noble aspiration,
Truth in growing clearness saw;
Conscience spoke its condemnation,
Or proclaimed the Eternal Law.
While Thine inward revelations [heard,
Told Thy saints their prayers were
Prophets to the guilty nations
Spoke Thine everlasting word.
Lord, that word abideth ever;
Revelation is not sealed;
Answering unto man's endeavor,
Truth and Right are still revealed.

That which came to ancient sages,
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
Written in the heart's deep pages,
Shines to-day, for ever new!

Rev. Samuel Longfellow. (1819—.)

188.

The City of God.

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

Rev. John Newton. (1725—1807.) 1779.

HUMMEL. C. M.

Charles Zeuner. (1795 — 1857.) 1832.

Cit - y of God, how broad and far Out-spread thy walls sub - lime!

The true thy char-tered free - men are, Of ev - ery age and clime.

189. *The City of God.*

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come down,
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

How gleam thy watch-fires through the
With never-fainting ray! (night,
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharm'd, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands.

Rev. Samuel Johnson. (1822 — 1882.)

190. *The Church Universal.*

ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed:
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life, earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

Rev. Samuel Longfellow. (1819 —)

ST. GEORGE. 7. D.

Sir George J. Elvey. (1816—)

Pleasant are Thy courts above, In the land of light and love; Pleasant are Thy courts be-low, In this land of joy and woe.

Oh, my spirit longs and faints For the converse of Thy saints, For the brightness of Thy face, King of glory, God of grace!

191. *Worship Above and Below.*

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of joy and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in the vale of woe:
Waters in the desert rise;
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall
Who hast led them safe through all.

Rev. H. F. Lyte. (1793—1847.) 1834.

192. *His Year of Wonder.*

PRaise to God, and thanksgiving!
Hearts bow down; and voices sing
Praises to the Glorious One,
All His year of wonder done!
Praise Him for His budding green,
April's Resurrection-scene;
Praise Him for His shining hours,
Starring all the land with flowers!

Praise Him for His summer rain,
Feeding, day and night, the grain;
Praise Him for His tiny seed,
Holding all His world shall need!
Praise Him for His garden root,
Meadow grass and orchard fruit;
Praise for hills and valleys broad,—
Each the table of the Lord!

Praise Him now for snowy rest,
Falling soft on Nature's breast;
Praise for happy dreams of birth,
Brooding in the quiet earth!
For His year of wonder done,
Praise to the All-Glorious One!
Hearts bow down, and voices ring,
Praise and love and thanksgiving!

Rev. W. C. Gannett.

HERALD ANGELS. 7.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. (1809 — 1847.) 1846.

Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King: Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild,

God and sin-ners re-conciled. Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the triumph of the skies, With the

angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem. Hark! the herald-angels sing Glory to the new-born King.

193.

Tune, ST. GEORGE.
For Guidance.

GUIDE us, Lord, a pilgrim band,
Journeying toward the better land;
Foes we know are to be met,
Snares the pilgrim's path beset;
Clouds upon the valley rest,
Rough and dark the mountain's breast;
And our home may not be gained,
Save through trials well sustained.

God of mercy! on Thee, all
Humbly for Thy guidance call;
Save us from the evil tongue,
From the heart that thinketh wrong,
From 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.

Anon.

194.

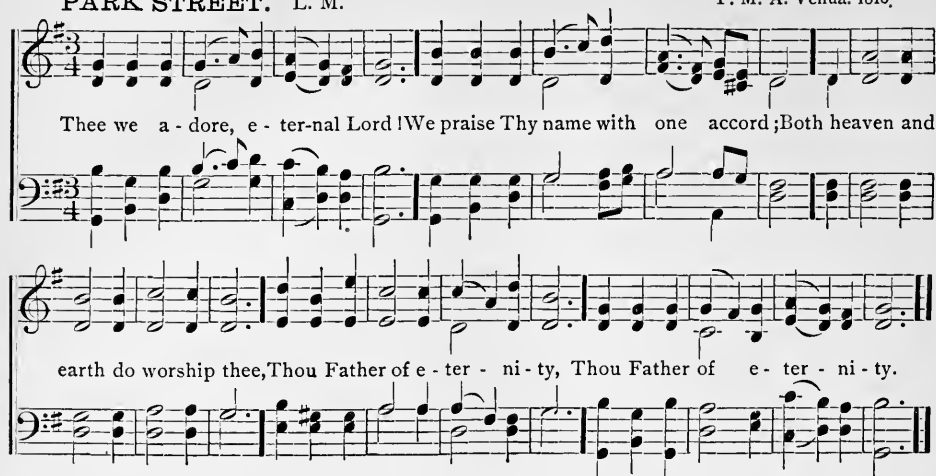
Glory to God in the highest.

HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Gracious bond of earth and sky,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings. REF.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708 — 1788.) 1739.

PARK STREET. L. M.



Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal Lord ! We praise Thy name with one accord ; Both heaven and

earth do worship thee, Thou Father of e - ter - ni - ty, Thou Father of e - ter - ni - ty.

195.

Te Deum.

THEE we adore, eternal Lord !
 We praise Thy name with one accord ;
 Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,
 Thou Father of eternity !

To Thee aloud all angels cry,
 The heavens and all the powers on high -
 Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
 Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

The apostles join the glorious throng ;
 The prophets swell the immortal song :
 The martyr's noble army raise
 Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
 Highly exalt and honor Thee ;
 Thy name we worship and adore,
 World without end forevermore.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
 To keep us safe from sin this day :
 Have mercy, Lord : we trust in Thee ;
 O let us ne'er confounded be.

Anon.

196.

The Soldiers of the Cross.

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.

Those spirits lay their noblest powers
 As offerings on Thy holy shrine : [ours ;
 Thine was the strength that nourish'd
 The soldiers of the cross are Thine.

While watching on our arms at night,
 We saw Thine angels round us move ;
 We heard Thy call, we felt Thy light,
 And followed, trusting to Thy love.

Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord !
 Through rugged toil and wearying fight :
 Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
 And faith in Thee our truest might.

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.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham. (1822—.) 1817.

LOUVAN. L. M.

In qui-et hours the tran-quil soul Re-lects the beau-ty of the sky:
No pas-sions rise or bil-lows roll, And on-ly God and heaven are nigh.

197. *Perfect Peace.*

In quiet hours the tranquil soul
Reflects the beauty of the sky:
No passions rise or billows roll,
And only God and heaven are nigh.

The tides of being ebb and flow,
Creating peace without alloy:
A sacred happiness we know,
Too high for mirth, too deep for joy.

Like birds that slumber on the sea,
Unconscious where the current runs,
We rest on God's infinity
Of bliss, that circles stars and suns.

His perfect peace has swept from sight
The narrow bounds of time and space,
And looking up with still delight
We catch the glory of His face.

Augusta Larned.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

198. *Christian Fellowship.*

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one.

To each, the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

In glad accord they seek the place
Where God reveals His gracious face:
How high, how strong, their raptures
swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When droops at length frail nature's fire;
For they shall meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

Annä L. Barbauld. (1743—1825.)

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.)

MANOAH. C. M.

Arr. from G. Rossini.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord, What may Thy service be? . . .

Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word, But simply following Thee.

199. *He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.*

OUR Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.
To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds;
And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name and sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

J. G. Whittier. (1868—.)

200.

Angels.

FAIR are the feet that bring the news
Of gladness unto me:
How many messengers God hath,
If we had eyes to see!
Thine angels speak, but still must we
The hearing ear bestow;
They smite the rock, but our own lips
Must stoop to drink the flow.

Lo! all things are Thine angels, Lord,
That bring my God to me:
O for the ear to hear their word!
O for the eye to see.

Anon.

201.

XXIII Psalm.

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea! though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished,
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forever more
My dwelling place shall be.

Scotch Version.

AZMON. C. M.

Gläser. Arr. by L. Mason. (1792—1872.)

O Thou who hast Thy ser-vants taught, That not by words a - lone,

But by the fruits of ho - li - ness, The life of God is shown.

202. *Worship.*

O THOU who hast Thy servants taught,
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown,

While in the house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to Thy word.

When we our voices lift in praise,
Give Thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeigned thanks,
And with the spirit sing.

And, in the dangerous path of life,
Uphold us as we go ;
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

Rev. Henry Alford. 1810—1871.

203. *The Law of Love. 2 Kings iv. 3.*

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

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.

Archbishop Richard C. Trench. (1807—1886.)

204. *CXXI Psalm.*

I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid.
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps,
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

The Lord thee keeps: the Lord thy shade,
On thy right hand doth stay.
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

The Lord shall keep thy soul ; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep forever will.

Scotch Version.

ITALY. (ITALIAN HYMN.) 6. 4.

Felice Giardini. 1760.

Come, thou al - migh - ty King! Help us Thy name to sing; Help us to praise!

Father all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign ov - er us, An - cient of Days!

205.

Invocation.

COME, Thou Almighty King!
 Help us Thy name to sing;
 Help us to praise!
 Father all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days!

Come, Thou all-gracious Lord,
 By heaven and earth adored,
 Our prayer attend!

Come, and Thy children bless;
 Give Thy good word success;
 Make Thine own holiness
 On us descend.

Never from us depart;
 Rule Thou in every heart,
 Hence, evermore.
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1757.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7. 6. D.

The light pours down from heaven, And en - ters where it may; The eyes of all earth's children Are cheered with one bright day.

206.

Light for all.

THE light pours down from heaven,
 And enters where it may;
 The eyes of all earth's children
 Are cheered with one bright day.

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.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

Samuel Webb. 1740—1816.

Hark, my soul, how every-thing Strives to serve our bounteous King; Each a double tribute pays; Sings its part, and then obeys,

Though their voices lower be, Streams have too their melody; Night and day they warbling run, Never pause but still sing on.

207.

All Thy works praise Thee.

HARK, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King;
Each a double tribute pays;
Sings its part, and then obeys,—
Though their voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring;
If Heaven bless them, thankful, they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord;
We,— on whom His bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.

Wake for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy noble powers;
Call whole nature to thy aid,
Since 't was He whole Nature made;
Join in one eternal song,
Who to one God all belong.

John Austin. 1688.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1823.

So let the mind's true sunshine be spread o'er earth as free, And fill men's waiting spirits, As wa-ters fill the sea.

Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright;
The truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light;

Till earth becomes God's temple;
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

208, 209.

SELECTED HYMNS.

AMSTERDAM. 7. 6. D.

James Nares. (1715—1783.) 1760.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet- ter portion trace; Rise from tran- si -

to-ry things, Towards heav'n, thy native place: Sun and moon and stars decay, Time shall soon this

earth re-move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove.

208.

Rise, my Soul.

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.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

Rev. Robert Seagrave. (1693—1764.) 1742.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

Go forth to life, O child of earth! Still mind-ful of thy heav-enly birth:

209.

Life's Mission.

Go forth to life, O child of earth!
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth:
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control.
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

PILGRIM. 8. 7. D.

Arr. from Mozart, 1791.

Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion ; Rise o'er sin and fear and care ; Joy to find, in ev - ery station,

Some - thing still to do or bear. Think what spirit dwells within thee ; Think what Father's smiles are thine ;

Think what Je - sus did to win thee. Child of heaven, canst thou re - pine ?

210. *The End of Trials.*

Know, my soul, thy full salvation ;
 Rise o'er sin and fear and care ;
 Joy to find in every station,
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
 Think what Jesus did to win thee.
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd with faith and wing'd with
 prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days ;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
 Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. (1793 - 1847.) 1832.
 Charles Zeuner. (- 1857). 1832.

Thou art not here for ease or sin, But man - hood's no - ble crown to win.

Go on from innocence of youth
 To manly pureness, manly truth :
 God's angels still are near to save,
 And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth !
 Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !
 For noble service thou art here ;
 Thy brothers help, thy God revere !
 Rev. Samuel Longfellow. (1819 -)

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by L. Mason. (1792—1872.)

Oh, sometimes gleams up - on our sight, Thro' present wrong, the eter - nal Right;

And step by step, since time be - gan, We see the stead - y gain of man.

211.

Old and New.

Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal
Right;

And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past hath had,
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of
A light is breaking calm and clear. [fear,
Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more,
For olden time and holier shore:
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

J. G. Whittier. (1808—.)

212.

Fellowship in Sacrifice.

WHEREVER through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man hath calmly died,

We see the same white wings outspread,
That hovered o'er the Master's head;
And in all lands beneath the sun
The heart affirmeth, "Love is one."

Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to His Cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

And the great marvel of their death
To the one order witnesseth,—
Each, in a measure, but a part
Of Thine unmeasured loving heart.

J. G. Whittier. (1808—.)

213. *For the Opening or Closing Year.*

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which, supported, still we stand:
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

John Hatton. 1790. d. 1793.

O Thou who hast at Thy com-mand The hearts of all men in Thy hand!
Our way-ward, err-ing hearts incline To have no oth-er will but Thine.

214.

Living to God.

O THOU' who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but Thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look thro' them to Thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

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.

Mrs. Joseph Cotterill. 1808.

215. "God through all, and in you all."

God of the earth, the sky, the sea;
Of all above, and all below,—
Creation lives and moves in Thee;
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air:
When lightnings flash and storm-winds
blow,

There is Thy power; Thy law is there.

We feel Thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And when the morning breaks in
power,

We hear Thy word, "Let there be light."

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and Thyself are there,—
The indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow. (1819—)

216.

The Christian Race.

AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone:
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 't is a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint,—

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1674—1748.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

George Frederick Handel. 1685—1759.

A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on :

A heav - en - ly race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

217. *Zeal and Vigor in the Christian Race.*

AWAKE, my soul ; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'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.

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast [gems
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust.
Rev. Philip Doddridge. (1702—1751 p. 1755.)

218. *The Child of God.*

Dost Thou, the High and Heavenly One
Call me a child of Thine ?
Oh, may the spirit of a son
Declare my heart divine !

Not by the terrors of a slave
God's sons perform His will,
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil.
They find access at every hour
To Him within the veil ;
His presence is their quickening power,
Their strength which cannot fail.

O happy souls ! O glorious part !
O overflowing grace !
To dwell so near the Father's heart,
And see His lovely face !

Anon.

219. *Providence.*
God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

HUMMEL. C. M.

Chas. Zeuner. (1795-1857.) 1832.

Im - mor - tal Love, for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flow - ing free,

For ev - er shared, for ev - er whole, A nev - er ebb - ing sea!

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace,
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain.
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper. 1731-1800.

220. *God is Love.*

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
But love alone knows whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

John G. Whittier. (1808-.)

221. *For our country.*

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most!

Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children, too; how should we love
Another's land so well?

Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee.
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou our refuge and our trust,
Our everlasting friend.

Rev. J. R. Wreford. (-1881.)

ST. FRANCIS. 8, 7. D. or 7.

Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down; Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown.

CHANT.

Father, Thou art all compassion,—Pure, unbounded love Thou art; Visit us with Thy salvation, Enter every longing heart.

222.

Divine Love.

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 sal | vation, |
 Enter every | longing | heart.

Breathe, oh, 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, |
 Nevermore Thy | temples | leave.
 AUTUMN. 8, 7.

Finish, then Thy new creation;
 Pure and holy may we be;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by Thee;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns be| fore Thee, |
 Lost in wonder, | love, and | praise.
 Rev. C. Wesley, (1708—1788). 1747.

223.

What of the Night?

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,

Spanish Melody. Marechio.

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,
 End.

WATCHMAN. 7. D.

Lowell Mason. (1792-1872.) 1830.

Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are, Traveller, o'er yon mountain height, See that glory-beaming star!

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Trav-eller, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra - el.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night:
Higher yet that 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.
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.

Sir John Bowring. (1792-1872.) 1825.

224.

Filial Trust.

QUIET. Lord, my froward heart;
ROSEFIELD. 7.

Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,—
Make me as a little child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

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?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Rev. John Newton. (1725-1807.)

Rev. C. H. A. Malan. (-1864.) 1830.

RUSSIA. (Moscow.) 10.

Alexis Theodore Lwoff. (-1870.) 1833.

We praise Thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray ; We praise Thee with the glowing light of day :

All things that live and move, by sea and land, For ever ready at Thy service stand.

225.

Praise.

WE praise Thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray ;
 We praise Thee with the glowing light of day :
 All things that live and move, by sea and land,
 For ever ready at Thy service stand.
 Thy Christendom is singing night and day,
 "Glory to Him, the mighty God, for aye,
 By whom, through whom, in whom, all beings are !"
 Grant us to echo on the song afar.
 Thy name supreme, Thy kingdom, in us dwell,
 Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well :
 Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour ;
 For Thine the glory, Lord, and Thine the power !

J. Frank. (1618 - 1677.)

226.

*The Unity of the Spirit.**(Repeat the first line of the tune.)*

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
 Of circling planets singing on their way ;
 Guide of the nations from the night profound
 Into the glory of the perfect day ;
 Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
 Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by Thee.
 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
 One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
 One with the joy that breaketh into song,
 One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
 One in the power that makes Thy children free
 To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

Rev. John W. Chadwick.

SAVANNAH. 10.

Ignace Pleyel, (-1831.)

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise; Ex-alt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display, And break upon thee in a flood of day!

227.

The coming of the Kingdom.

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away:
But fixed His word; His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

WHITE. 10.

Alexander Pope. (1688—1744.) 1712.

T. B. White.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away:
But fixed His word; His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

Ignace Pleyel. (1757—1831.)

The wondrous voice within the mind is all unheard amid our din; In outward things we seek to find What only can be found within.

228.

The Inward Word.

THE wondrous voice within the mind
Is all unheard amid our din;
In outward things we seek to find
What only can be found within.
A larger, fuller life we need,
Divine release from inward ill,
The right to hear our spirit plead,
And learn therein the eternal will.
Around us, stirring passions spread
Their blinding mists before our eyes;

And 'midst the jars by factions bred,
The living truth, unheeded, flies.

Oh! here amid these voices vain
That did distract the living soul,
Thou, Inward Word, our light maintain,
And guide us to Thy perfect goal.

We win Thee not by searching far
In sky above or earth around;
Thy voice divine, where'er we are,
Must ever in ourselves be found.

Rev. James Bell.

ST. PAUL. 7. D.

Rev. Alfred Young. 1888.

God of mercy, God of love, hear our sad, re-pen-tant songs: Lis-ten to Thy suppliant ones, Thou to whom all grace belongs!

Deep our shame for follies past, Tal-ents wasted, time misspent; Hearts debased by worldly cares, Thankless for the blessings lent.

229.

Forgive us our Trespasses.

God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant songs:
Listen to Thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs:
Deep our shame for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;

Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.
These and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at Thy feet we bow,
Seeking strength from Thee alone.

John Taylor. (1750—1826.)

SELECTED HYMNS.

230, 231.

HURSLEY. L. M. 61.

Francis Joseph Haydn. 1798.
Arr. by William Henry Monk. 1861.

Thou hidden love of God whose height, Whose depth unfathomed no man knows, I see from far Thy beauteous light,

In-ly I sigh for Thy re-pose. My heart is pained; nor can it be At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

230. *Seeking After God.*
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.

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.
Gerhard Tersteegen. 1731.
Tr. Rev. John Wesley. 1738.

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.

231. *Spiritual Needs.* TUNE, ROCKINGHAM.
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.
Oh, 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?
Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.)

'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.
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. 61.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.

232, 233, 234.

SELECTED HYMNS.

DIX. 7. 6l.

Conrad Kocher, Ph. D. (1786—1872.) 1838.

As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star be-hold; As with joy they hailed its light;

Leading onward, beaming bright; So, most gracious Lord, may we Evermore be led by Thee.

232. *The Guiding Star.*

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Ever more be led by Thee.

Holy Father, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou, its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

William C. Dix. (1837—.) 1860.

233.

All things praise Thee.

ALL things praise Thee, Lord most high,
Heaven and earth and sea and sky,
All were by Thy glory made,
And Thy greatness thus displayed,
Should all worship bring to Thee;
All things praise Thee;—Lord, may we.

All things praise Thee— night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light;
All things praise Thee — day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray;
Time and space are praising Thee,
All things praise Thee :—Lord, may we.

All things praise Thee—high and low,
Rain, and dew, and seven-hued bow;
Roaring wind and deep-voiced main
Roll a ceaseless choral strain;
Summer, Winter, all to Thee
Glory render,— Lord, may we.

All things praise Thee—gracious Lord,
Great Creator, powerful Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee;
All things praise Thee—Lord, may we.

G. W. Conder.

234.

Christ who strengtheneth Me.

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.

GETHSEMANE. (REDHEAD.) 7.

Richard Redhead. (1820—) 1853.

When a-rise the tho'ts 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.

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.

When the way grows dark and drear ;
When, beset by doubt and fear,
We can see no beam of light
Struggling thro' the thickening night,—
Lord, we would remember Thee,
Thou our Comforter wilt be.

Rev. William Gaskell. (1805—1884.)
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1792—1872.

DENNIS. S. M.

How gen - tle God's com-mands ! How kind His pre - cepts are !

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.

235. *Cast Thy Burden upon the Lord.*
How gentle God's commands !
How kind His precepts are !
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.
Beneath His watchful eye,
His saints securely dwell ;
The hand that bears creation up,
Shall guard His children well.

Why should this anxious load,
Press down your weary mind ?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day ;
We'll drop our burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

236, 237, 238.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Ithamar Conkey. 1851.

RATHBUN. 8. 7.

In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - ering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

236. *In the Cross of Christ I glory.*

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

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

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

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

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

Sir John Bowring. (1792—1872.) 1825.

DORRANCE. 8. 7.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by One. TUNE, DORRANCE.

237. *The Prayer of Life.*

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer:
Not for ease that prayer shall be;
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness:
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side!

Hymns of the Spirit.

238.

One by One. TUNE, DORRANCE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

I. B. Woodbury. (—1858.)

STOCKWELL. 8. 7.

D. E. Jones. 1848.

God is love: His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love.

One by one thy duties wait thee ;
 Let thy whole strength go to each :
 Let no future dreams elate thee ;
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
 Joys are lent thee here below :
 Take them readily when given ;
 Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee ;
 Do not fear an armed band :
 One will fade as others greet thee,—
 Shadows passing through the land.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
 Has its task to do or bear :
 Luminous the crown and holy,
 If thou set each gem with care.
 Adelaide A. Procter. (1825—1864.)

239. *God is Love.*
 God is love : His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever ;
 Man decays, and ages move ;
 But His mercy waneth never :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove ;
 From the gloom His brightness stream—
 God is wisdom, God is love. [eth :

He with earthly cares entwined
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Everywhere His glory shineth :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring. (1792—1872.)

240. *Take my Heart.*
 TAKE my heart, O Father ! take it ;
 Make and keep it all Thine own ;
 Let Thy Spirit melt and break it—
 This proud heart of sin and stone.

Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
 In obedience to Thy will ;
 And, as ripening years unfold it,
 Keep it meek and childlike still.

Father, make it pure and lowly,
 Fond of peace and far from strife ;
 Turning from the paths unholy
 Of this vain and sinful life.

Ever let Thy grace surround it,
 Strengthen it with power divine,
 Till Thy cords of love have bound it :
 Made it to be wholly Thine.

Wesleyan.

241, 242, 243.
VIENNA. 7.

SELECTED HYMNS.

J. H. Knecht. 1752 — 1817.

What is this that stirs with-in, Lov-ing good-ness, hat-ing sin,

Al-ways crav-ing to be blest, Find-ing here be-low no rest?

241.

The Soul.

WHAT is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?
What is it? and whither? whence?
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?
'Tis the soul,—mysterious name:
Him it seeks from whom it came:
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher.
Onward, upward, to Thy throne,
O Thou Infinite, Unknown!
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in Thee.

Rev. W. H. Furness, D.D. (1802 —.)

242.

Praise the Lord.

ALL ye nations, praise the Lord!
All ye lands, your voices raise!
Heaven and earth with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise!

NUREMBURG. 7.

Johann Rudolf Ahle. (1625 — 1673.) 1664.

ALL ye nations, praise the Lord!
All ye lands, your voices raise!
Heaven and earth with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise!

For His truth and mercy stand,
Past and present and to be,
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.

Praise Him, ye who know His love!
Praise Him, from the depths beneath!
Praise Him, in the heights above!
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!
James Montgomery. (1771 — 1854.) 1822.

243.

Striving together for the Faith.

PARTNERS of a glorious hope!
Lift your hearts and voices up;
Nobly let us bear the strife,
Keep the holiness, of life;
Still forget the things behind,
Follow God in heart and mind,
To the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

In our lives our faith be known,
Faith by holy actions shown:
Faith that mountains can remove,
Faith that always works by love.

Wesleyan.

HENDON. 7.

Rev. C. H. A. Malan, (—1864), 1830.

Thirsting for a liv-ing spring, Seeking for a high-er home, Rest-ing where our
souls must cling, Trust-ing, hop-ing, Lord, we come, Trust-ing, hop-ing, Lord, we come.

244. *Seeking God.*

THRISTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirits fill,
When we feel that Thou art near;
Father, then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

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.

Make us beautiful within
By Thy spirit's holy light:
Guard us when our faith is dim,
Father of all love and might!

Frank P. Appleton.

245. *He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God.*

IN the midst do Thou appear,—
Lord, reveal Thy presence here!
Sanctify us now, and bless;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace.

While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite:
Sweetly each with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined.

Father, still our faith increase:
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee the unholy cannot see;
Make, oh, make us meet for Thee!

Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to Thee:
Only love to us be given;
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley, (1708—1788), 1740.

246. *Life more abundantly.*

LIFE of all that lives below!
Let Thy spirit in us flow;
Let us all Thy life receive,
From Thee, in Thee, ever live.

Oh, for fuller life we pine!
Let us more receive of Thine;
Still for more on Thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all!

Live we now in Thee; be fed
Daily with the living bread;
Into Thee our spirits grow;
Into us Thy spirit flow;

While we feel the vital blood,
While Thy full and quickening flood
Through life's every channel rolls,
Soul of all believing souls!

Anon.

247, 248, 249.

SELECTED HYMNS.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. (1823 - 1876.) 1868.

O God, un - seen, but ev - near, Our bless-ed rest art Thou;

And we in love that hath no fear, Take ref-uge with Thee now.

247. *A Refuge from the Heat.*

O God, unseen, but ever near,
Our blessed rest art Thou;
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with Thee now.

All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way;
We seek Thy shelter from the heat
And burden of life's day.

Oh, welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of Thy love; [bless,
The stream that springs our thirst to
The manna from above!

Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of Thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.
Rev. Samuel Longfellow. (1819 -.)

248. *The Hour of Prayer.*

Thou Lord of life, whose tender care
Hath led us on till now!
We in this quiet hour of prayer
Before Thy presence bow.

Thou, blessed God! hast been our Guide,
Through life our Guard and Friend;
Oh, still, on life's uncertain tide,
Preserve us to the end!

To Thee our grateful praise we bring,
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach our hearts Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach us how to pray!
Anon.

249. *Thy Will be done.*
How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God the Holy one;
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, Thy will be done!

We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill:
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

Oh, teach my heart the blessed way
To imitate Thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
Eliza Lee Follen. (1787 - 1860.)

SERENITY. C. M.

William Vincent Wallace.

O Thou, in all Thy might so far, In all Thy love so near,

Be - yond the range of sun and star, And yet be - side us here :

250. *Trust in God.*

O THOU, in all Thy might so far,
In all Thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here :

What heart can comprehend Thy name,
Or, searching, find Thee out?
Who art, within, a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about.

Lord, though we know Thee but in part,
We ask not now for more :
Enough for us to know Thou art,
To love Thee and adore !

Oh, sweeter than all else besides,
The tender mystery,
That like a veil of shadow hides
The light we may not see !

And dearer than all things we know,
The childlike faith shall be,
That makes the darkest way we go
An open path to Thee.

Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer. 1876.

251. *The Beauty of the Lord.*

Now let us see Thy beauty, Lord,
As we have seen before ;
And by Thy beauty quicken us
To love Thee and adore.

'Tis easy when with simple mind
Thy loveliness we see,
To consecrate ourselves afresh
To duty and to Thee.

Our every feverish mood is cooled,
And gone is every load,
When we can lose the love of self,
And find the love of God.

Lord, it is coming to ourselves,
When thus we come to Thee :
The service of Thy blessed will
Is perfect liberty.

So now we come, to ask again
What Thou hast often given :
The vision of that loveliness,
Which is the life of heaven.

Rev. B. Waugh.

GOULD. C. M.

John Edgar Gould. (-1875.)

Calm on the list-ening ear of night, Come heav- en's melo- dious strains,

Where wild Ju- dæ - a stretch- es far Her sil - ver man- tled plains.

252.

The Nativity.

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

Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears. (1810—1876.) 1835.

253.

Lo I am with you always.

IMMORTAL by their deed and word
 Like light around them shed,
 Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
 Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood,
 Yet floats upon the air;
 We hear it in beatitude,
 In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
 Shines star-like on our way,
 And breathes its calm amid the strife
 And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life forevermore,
 That life of duty here,—
 The trust that in the darkest hour
 Looked forth and knew no fear!

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on!
 Speed on thy conquering way,
 Till every heart the Father own
 And all His will obey!

Rev. F. L. Hosmer.

AZMON. C. M.

Gläzer. Arr. by Dr. Mason. (— 1829.)

Oh, rich - ly Fa - ther, have I been Blest ev - er - more by Thee!

And morn - ing, noon, and night Thou hast Preserved me ten - der - ly.

254. *The Penitent Son.*

Oh, richly, Father, have I been
Blest evermore by Thee!
And morning, noon, and night Thou hast
Preserved me tenderly.

The love that Thou alone canst claim
To idols I have given;
And I have bound to earth, the hopes
That know no home but heaven.

Unworthy to be called Thy son,
I come with shame to Thee,
Father, oh, more than Father Thou
Hast always been to me!

Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.

That I may henceforth heed what'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
The mighty power of faith,—

Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host
Encamping round about.

Rev. William H. Furness. (1802—.)

255. *Kindly Judgment.*

THINK gently of the erring one;
Oh, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!

Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God,
He hath but fallen in the path
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love
From misery's thorny track.

Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

Miss Fletcher.

256, 257.

SELECTED HYMNS.

CORONATION. C. M.

Oliver Holden. (-1831.) 1793.

Our God, our God, Thou shinest here; Thine own this latter day; To us Thy radiant steps appear,

Here goes Thy glorious way, To us Thy radiant steps appear,—Here goes Thy glorious way.

256.

The Living Word.

Our God, our God, Thou shinest here;
Thine own this latter day;
To us Thy radiant steps appear,—
Here goes Thy glorious way.

We shine not only with the light
Thou sheddest down of yore;
On us Thou streamest strong and bright;
Thy comings are not o'er.

The fathers had not all of Thee;
New births are in Thy grace:
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.

We gaze on Thy out-goings bright;
Down cometh Thy full power:
We, the glad bearers of Thy light;
This, this Thy saving hour.

On us Thy spirit hast Thou poured,
To us Thy word has come:
We feel, we thank Thy quickening, Lord,
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

T. H. Gill. (1819—.)

MARLOW. C. M.

257.

Seeking God everywhere.

O SAINTS of old! not yours alone
The search for God shall be;
We take the glory for our own;
Lord! we are seeking Thee.

Not only when ascends the song
And soundeth sweet the word;
Not only with the Sabbath throng,
Our souls would seek the Lord:

We mingle with another throng,
And other words we speak;
To other business we belong,
Yet still our Lord we seek.

We would not to our daily task
Without our God repair,
But in the world His presence ask,
And seek His glory there.

Oh, everywhere, oh, every day,
Thy grace is still outpoured:
We work, we watch, we strive, we pray,
Behold Thy seekers, Lord!

T. H. Gill. (1819—.)

English Melody, arr. by Dr. Mason.

O saints of old | not yours alone The search for God shall be; We take the glo-ry for our own; Lord! we are seek-ing Thee.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

William Tansur. 1743.

Come, king - dom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love;
Shed peace and hope and joy a - broad, And wis - dom from a - bove.

258.

Thy Kingdom come.

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
Extend Thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth Thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree,
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

Rev. John Johns. (1801 — 1847.) 1837.

259.

Praise.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify?

Oh, for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought!

Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery. (1771 — 1854.) 1825.

LEIGHTON. S. M.

Greatorex Collection.

Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice.

260, 261.

SELECTED HYMNS.

ST. PETERSBURGH. (PETERSBURG.) L. M. 61.

Russian.

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.

260. *God the Life and Light of the World.*

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.

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.

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 thing fair and bright are Thine.

Thomas Moore. (1779—1852.) 1816.

261.

God our All in All.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine.
And lo! from sin and grief and shame
I hide me, Father, in Thy name.

O God, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The healing of my broken heart;
In strife, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the cold world's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;

In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power,
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in evil's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my all in all.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1703—1788.)

MILTON. (FROWNELL.) L. M. 61.

BALERMA. C. M.

Hugh Wilson. Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1836.

There is a book, who runs may read, Which heavenly truth im-parts;
 And all the lore its schol-ars need, Pure eyes and Chris-tian hearts.

262.

The Book of Nature.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts;
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
 The works of God, above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book, to show
 How God Himself is found.
 The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Maker's love,
 Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
 In peace and order move.
 Two worlds are ours: 't is only sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the sea and sky.
 Thou who hast given us eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give us a heart to find out Thee,
 And read Thee everywhere.

Rev. John Keble. 1792—1866.

263.

Nature's Worship.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
 Has never ceased to play;
 The song the stars of morning sung
 Has never died away.
 And prayer is made, and praise is given
 By all things near and far:
 The ocean looketh up to heaven
 And mirrors every star;
 The green earth sends her incense up
 From many a mountain shrine:
 From folded leaf and dewy cup
 She pours her sacred wine.
 The blue sky is the temple's arch;
 Its transept, earth and air;
 The music of its starry march,
 The chorus of a prayer.
 So Nature keeps the reverent frame
 With which her years began;
 And all her signs and voices, shame
 The prayerless heart of man.

J. G. Whittier. (1808—.)

Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732—1809.)

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 Has never ceased to play;
 The song the stars of morning sung
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 The chorus of a prayer.
 So Nature keeps the reverent frame
 With which her years began;
 And all her signs and voices, shame
 The prayerless heart of man.

WHITE. 11. 10.

T. B. White.

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.

264.

For Divine Strength.

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.

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 morrow,—
 Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
 Abides ; and when pain seems to have its will,
 Or we despair, oh, may that peace rise slowly,
 Stronger than agony, and we be still !

Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneeling,
 Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love :
 Now make us strong, we need Thy deep revealing,
 Of trust, and strength, and calmness, from above.

Rev. Samuel Johnson. (1822 — 1882.)

265.

The Way, the Truth, and the Life.

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 !

METRICAL CHANT. 11. 10.

Richard Langdon.

When winds are raging o'er the up-per o-ccean, And bil-lows wild con-tend with angry roar,

'T is said, far down beneath the wild commotion, That peaceful stillness reign-eth ev-er-more.

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.

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.

Rev. Theodore Parker. (1810—1859.)

266.

The Calm of the Soul.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'T is said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully ;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest !
There is a temple, sacred evermore ;
And all the Babel of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully ;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe. (1812—)

MEAR. C. M.

Welsh Air. Arr. by Aaron Williams. (1731—1776.) 1762.

The saints on earth, and those a - bove, But one com - mun - ion make:

Joined to their Lord in bonds of love, All of His grace par - take.

267. *The Communion of Saints.*

THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make:
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

One family, we dwell in Him;
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,—
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow:
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

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.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1708—1788.

268. *Who is Thy Neighbor?*

WHo is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless:
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'T is the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim:
Oh, enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim:
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by:
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery,
Go share thy lot with him.

Rev. William B. O. Peabody. 1799—1847.

269. *For holier Living.*

LORD, if on earth the thought of Thee
Be life, and strength, and peace,
How blessed shall that vision be
Which nevermore can cease!

How blest when we Thy glory see
In light without a shade;
The glory which surrounded Thee
Before the worlds were made.

Darkly to us, as through a glass,
Thy beauty now is shown:
Then we shall see Thee face to face,
And know as we are known.

Then purge, O Lord, our hearts from sin,
Hallow Thine own abode,
That nought unclean be found within
The temple of our God.

Anon.

HUMMEL. C. M.

Chas. Zeuner. (—1857.) 1832.

Fa-ther of me and all man-kind, And all the hosts a-bove,

Let ev-ery un-der-stand-ing mind U-nite to praise Thy love.

270.

Thy Kingdom come.

FATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise Thy love.

Thy kingdom come, with power and
To every heart of man; [grace,
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign,—

That righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in;

The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1708—1788.

271.

Working with God.

WORKMAN of God, oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like!
And, in the darkest battle-field,
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell,
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

Oh, blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.
Rev. Frederick W. Faber. (1815—1863.) 1849.

272.

The Garment thou seest Him by.

Thy seamless robe conceals Thee not,
From earnest hearts and true:
The glory of Thy perfectness
Shines all its texture through.

And on its flowing hem we read,
As Thou dost linger near,
The message of a love more deep
Than any depth of fear.

And so no more our hearts shall plead
For miracle and sign;
Thy order and Thy faithfulness
Are all in all divine.

These are Thy revelations vast
From earliest days of yore;
These are our confidence and peace:
We cannot wish for more.

Rev. John W. Chadwick. 1876.

STATE STREET. S. M.

Jonathan C. Woodman. (1813—)

For all Thy saints, O God, Who strove in Thee to live,

Who fol-lowed Thee, o - beyed, a - dored, Our grate - ful hymn re - ceive.

273. *Thanks for All Saints.*

FOR all Thy saints, O God,
 Who strove in Thee to live,
 Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
 Our grateful hymn receive.
 For all Thy saints, O God,
 Accept our thankful cry,
 Who counted Thee their great reward,
 And yearned for Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
 With Thee, Lord, in their view,
 Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
 To suffer and to do.

For this Thy name we bless,
 And humbly pray that we
 May follow them in holiness,
 And live and die in Thee.
 Bishop Richard Mant. (1776—1848.) 1837.

274. *Do all to the Glory of God.*

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.

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.

All may of Thee partake :
 Nothing so small can be,
 But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from Thee.

If done beneath Thy laws,
 E'en servile labors shine :
 Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
 The meanest work divine.

Rev. George Herbert. (1593—1632.) †

275. *I love thy Church.*

I LOVE Thy church, O God !
 Her walls before Thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
 And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend ;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rev. Timothy Dwight. (1752—1817.) 1800.

BADEA. S. M.

German Melody.

Send down Thy truth, O God! Too long the shadows frown;

Too long the dark-ened way we've trod: Thy truth, O Lord, send down.

276. *For the Gifts of the Spirit.*
 SEND down Thy truth, O God!
 Too long the shadows frown;
 Too long the darkened way we've trod:
 Thy truth, O Lord, send down.

Send down Thy Spirit free,
 Till wilderness and town
 One temple for Thy worship be:
 Thy Spirit, oh, send down!

Send down Thy love, Thy life,
 Our lesser lives to crown,
 And cleanse them of their hate and strife,
 Thy living love send down.

Send down Thy peace, O Lord!
 Earth's bitter voices drown
 In one deep ocean of accord:
 Thy peace, O God, send down.
 E. R. Sill.

277. *I will write it in their Hearts.*
 THAT blessed law of Thine,
 Father, to me impart;
 The Spirit's law of life divine,
 Oh, write it in my heart!

Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove,—
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.
 Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity,
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to Thee.
 Wesleyan.

278. *It is nigh thee, in thy Heart.*
 Say not the law divine
 Is hidden far from thee:
 That heavenly law within may shine,
 And there its brightness be.

Soar not, my soul, on high,
 To bring it down to earth:
 No star within the vaulted sky
 Is of such priceless worth.

Thou need'st not launch thy bark
 Upon a shoreless sea,
 Breasting its waves to find the ark,
 To bring this dove to thee.

Cease, then, my soul, to roam;
 Thy wanderings all are vain:
 That holy word is found at home,
 Within thy heart its reign.

Bernard Barton. (1784 — 1849.)

279, 280, 281.
ILLA. L. M.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Lowell Mason. 1792—1872.

O bless-ed life! the heart at rest, When all with-out tu - mul-tuous seems

That trusts a high-er will, and deems That high-er will, made ours, the best.

279. *The Blessed Life.*

O BLESSED life! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will made ours, the best.

O blessed life! the mind that sees —
Whatever change the years may bring—
Some good still hid in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

O blessed life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense,—beyond, to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

O blessed life! heart, mind, and soul
From selfish aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

Rev. William Tidd Matson. 1866.

280. *God is Everywhere.*

FATHER and Friend, Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
While Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be;
But *this* we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with
Thee.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,—
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

Sir John Bowring. 1792—1872.

281. *God ever Near.*

WHAT secret place, what distant star,
O Lord of all, is Thine abode?
Why dwellest Thou from us so far?
We yearn for Thee, Thou hidden God!

And not in vain we seek, we yearn;
We need not stretch our weary wings;
Thou meetest us where'er we turn;
Thou dwellest, Lord, within all things.

O Glory that no eye can bear!
O Presence bright, our inward guest!
O farthest off, most closely near,
Most hidden and most manifest!

No need, in search of Thine abode,
Through starry spheres our thoughts
should roam,

Thou, holy Spirit, mighty God,
Dost make in human hearts Thy home.

T. H. Gill. (1819—)

HUMILITY. L. M.

Samuel Parkman Tuckerman. (1819—)

New ev - ery morning is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove;

Thro' sleep and darkness safe - ly brought, Re - stored to life and power and thought.

282. *New every Morning.*

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heaven.

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.

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.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask, —
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;

And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Rev. John Keble. (1792—1866.) 1827.

283. *The Besetting God.*

LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me
through :

Thine eye commands, with piercing
My rising and my resting hours, [view
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within Thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find Thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Within Thy circling arms I lie,
O God! in Thine infinity :
My soul in quiet shall abide,
Beset with love on every side.

Oh, may these tho'ts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there !

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1719.

MANOAH. C. M.

Arr. from G. Rossini. (—1868.)

Thou Grace Di - vine, en - circ - ling all, A shore - less sound - less sea, . . .

Where - in at last our souls must fall, — O love of God most free!

284. *The Manifold Grace of God.*

Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,—
O love of God most free!
When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O love of God most wise!
And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,

Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,—
O love of God most kind.

And, filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to Thee!

Eliza Scudder. 1857.

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges. (1830—)

EUCHARISTIC HYMN. 9. 8.

Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,

By whom the words of life were spo - ken, And in whose death our sins are dead.

285. *The living Bread.*

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token,
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.
Bishop R. Heber. (1783—1826.) 1812.

NEWBOLD. C. M.

Geo. Kingsley. (1811—)

There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night ; There is an
ear that nev - er shuts, When sink the beams of light, When sink the beams of light.

286.

God's care.

There is an eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night ;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.
That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
That arm upholds the sky ;
That ear is filled with angel - songs ;
That love is throned on high.

Rev. J. A. Wallace. (—1870.)

287.

The Saint's Rest.

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all Thy people known ;

A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone ;

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.

Oh, that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in !
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

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

Wesley's Coll.
Scotch Psalter.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Ye followers of the Prince of Peace, Who round His ta - ble draw, Re - mem - ber what His spir - it was, What His pe - cu - liar law.

288.

For Communicants.

YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round His table draw,
Remember what His spirit was,
What His peculiar law.
The love, which all His bosom filled,
Did all His actions guide :
Inspired by love, He lived and taught ;
Inspired by love, He died.

Let each the sacred law fulfill ;
Like His be every mind ;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

Let none who call themselves His friends
Disgrace the honored name ;
But, by a near resemblance, prove
The title which they claim.

Anon.

BERLIN. 10.

Arr. from Mendelssohn. (1809—1847.)

Fa-ther, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling, Conscio- of weak-ness, igno- rance, sin, and shame,

Give such a force of holy thought and feeling, That we may live to glo- ri- fy Thy name.

289.

He giveth Power to the Faint.

FATHER, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,
 Conscio- of weak-ness, igno- rance, sin, and shame,
 Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
 That we may live to glorify Thy name,

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.

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;
 Oh, speak the word, Thy servants shall be healed!

Rev. James Freeman Clarke. (1810—1888.) 1841.

290.

Still with Thee.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
 When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
 The solemn hush of nature newly born;
 Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
 In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
 The image of the morning star doth rest,
 So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
 Thine image in the waters of my breast.

LIVORNO. 10.

Sir Arthur Sullivan. (1842—.) 1874.

Oh, for the peace that floweth as a ri-ver, Mak-ing life's desert plac-es bloom and smile;

Oh, for that faith to grasp the glad For-ev - er, Amid the the shadows of earth's Lit - tle While !

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee:
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe. (1812—.)

291.

A little While, and ye see Me.

Oh, for the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile;
Oh, for that faith to grasp the glad Forever,
Amid the shadows of earth's Little While!

A little while for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song;

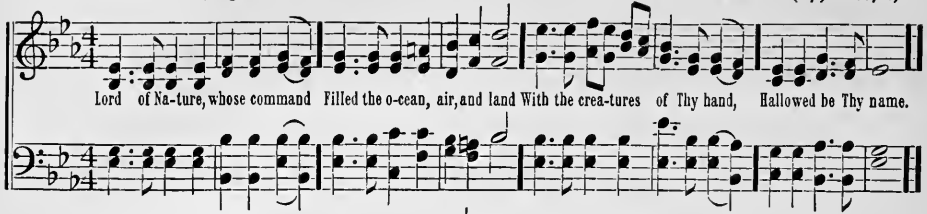
A little while, 'mid shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell,
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict,— He doth all things well.

And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad Forever
Will light the shadows of earth's Little While.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—.)

BILLOW. 7. 5.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.)



Lord of Na-ture, whose command Filled the o-cean, air, and land With the crea-tures of Thy hand, Hallowed be Thy name.

292. *Hallowed be Thy Name.*

Lord of Nature, whose command
Filled the ocean, air, and land
With the creatures of Thy hand,
Hallowed be Thy name.

For the sweetness of the Spring,
For the flowerets blossoming,
Birds that in the dawning sing,
Hallowed be Thy name.

For the Autumn's bounteous yield,
For the golden harvest field,
For the winter's snowy shield,
Hallowed be Thy name.

For Thy Spirit's inward token,
For the word by prophets spoken,
For the bonds that Thou hast broken,
Hallowed be Thy name.

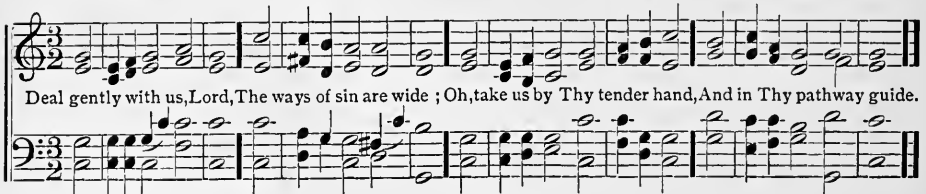
For the faith that will not quail,
For the love that cannot fail,
For the truth that shall prevail,
Hallowed be Thy name.

For ten thousand blessings given,
Labors that through Thee have thriven,
Joys of earth, and hopes of Heaven.
Hallowed be Thy name.

P. Greg.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1832.



Deal gently with us, Lord, The ways of sin are wide ; Oh, take us by Thy tender hand, And in Thy pathway guide.

293. *Deal gently with us, Lord.*

Deal gently with us, Lord !
The ways of sin are wide ;
Oh, take us by Thy tender hand,
And in Thy pathway guide.

Deal gently with us, Lord !
Our foes press thick and bold ;
Oh, who shall fight the warfare through
If Thou Thine arm withhold ?

Deal gently with us, Lord !
Then we shall gentler be ;
And o'er our feeble brethren watch
In love and charity.

William Everett. (1839—)

294. *Keep the Charge of the Lord.*

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ;

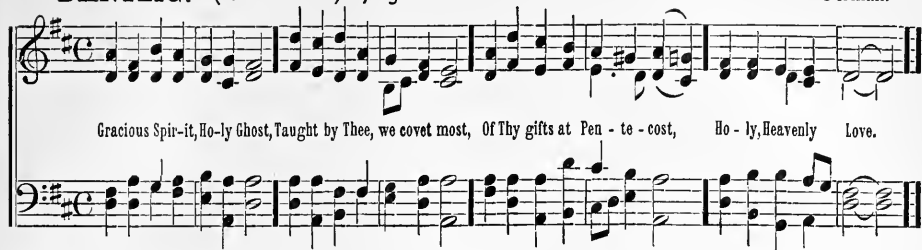
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill :
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live ;
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give !

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.)

DANTZIG. (CAPETOWN.) 7. 5.

German.



295. *The greatest of these is Charity.*

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, Heavenly Love.

Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or Heaven above,
Knowledge — all things — empty prove,
Without Heavenly Love.

Mighty Spirit, gracious Guide,
Let Thy light in us abide ;
Ever walking by Thy side,
Grant us, Heavenly Love !

Love is kind, and suffers long ;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong ;
Love than death itself more strong :
Therefore, give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
Love will ever with us stay :
Therefore, give us Love.

Faith will vanish into sight ;
Hope be emptied in delight ;
Love in heaven will shine more bright :
Therefore, give us Love.

Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree ;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, Heavenly Love.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth. (1807—1885.)

296. *Litany of Love.*

GOD of mercy, loving all,
Pitying Thy creatures' fall,
On Thy name of Love we call :
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Give the love divinely strong,
Moved not, though it suffers long ;
Kind to those who do the wrong ;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Give the love to anger slow,
Fearing seeds of strife to sow,
Never helping strife to grow ;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Give the love that thinks no ill,
And with power of gentle will
Can the power of slander still.
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Give the love that will abide
True and firm, however tried,
And a brother's fault will hide,
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Give the love for which we pray,
Love that never can decay,
Never fail or pass away.
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

M. Woodward.

BOARDMAN. C. M.

Devereux. Arr. by George Kingsley. (1811—) 1853.



My heart is rest - ing, O my God! I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the se - cret Source Of ev - ery prec - ious thing.

297. *All my Springs are in Thee.*

My heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret Source
Of every precious thing.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known, —
The fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most mine own.

Mine be the reverent listening love
That waits all day on Thee;
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see;

The faith, that in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and praise
Resounding everywhere.

298.

Jesus.

He cometh not a king to reign,
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for Him.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press
And we are whole again.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

J. G. Whittier, (1808—)

299.

Christian Fellowship.

PLANTED in Christ, the living Vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to Thee, O Lord!

Joined in one body may we be,
One inward life partake,
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. (1823—1876.) 1868.

A ho - ly air is breath-ing round A fra-grance from a - bove:

Be ev - ery soul from sense un-bound, Be ev - ery spir - it love.

In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
 One wisdom be our guide;
 Taught by one Spirit from above,
 In Thee may we abide!

Rev. S. F. Smith, (1808—).

300.

One in Christ.

A HOLY air is breathing round
 A fragrance from above:
 Be every soul from sense unbound,
 Be every spirit love.

O God, unite us heart to heart,
 In sympathy divine,
 That we be never drawn apart,
 And love not Thee, nor Thine;

But by the cross of Jesus taught,
 And all Thy gracious word,
 Be nearer to each other brought,
 And nearer to the Lord.

Rev. A. A. Livermore, (1811—).

301.

Abide with me.

THY home is with the humble, Lord!
 The simplest are the best:
 Thy lodging is in childlike hearts;
 Thou makest there Thy rest.

Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
 If Thou wilt stay with me,

Of lowly thoughts, and simple ways
 I'll build a house for Thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine,
 But Thou; my heavenly guest;
 Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
 And let it be Thy rest.

Rev. F. W. Faber, (1815—1863.)

302.

All things shall become new.

DEAR Friend! whose presence in the
 house,

Whose gracious word benign,
 Could once, at Cana's wedding-feast,
 Change water into wine,—

Come, visit us, and when dull work
 Grows weary, line on line,
 Revive our souls, and make us see
 Life's water glow as wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
 Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
 When Jesus visits us, to turn
 Life's water into wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love;
 Which knows not mine and Thine,
 The miracle again is wrought,
 And water changed to wine.

Rev. J. F. Clarke, (1810—1888.)

303, 304.

SELECTED HYMNS.

DORMAN. (HUMILITY.) 7.

S. P. Tuckerman.

Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine;

Word of God, and In - ward Light! Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.

303. *Prayer for Inspiration.*

HOLY Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and Inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquility.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;

In the desert ways I sing
"Spring, O Well, forever spring."
Rev. S. Longfellow. (1819—)

304. *Jesus our Leader.*

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?

Blessed Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent Thy holy Son:
He will give the light I need;
He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on Him;
From His precepts wisdom draw,
Make His life my solemn law.

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;—

Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

Rev. William Henry Furness. (1802—)

GOTTSCHALK. (MERCY.) 7.

Arr. from Gottschalk. (1829—1869.)

Sov - reign and trans - form - ing Grace! We in - voke Thy quick - ening power;
Reign, the spir - it of this place; Bless the pur - pose of this hour.

305.

Invocation.

SOVEREIGN and transforming Grace!
We invoke Thy quickening power;
Reign, the spirit of this place;
Bless the purpose of this hour.
Holy and creative Light!
We invoke Thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.
Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the doubting light for gloom;
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.
Work in all; in all renew
Day by day the life divine;
All our wills to Thee subdue,
All our hearts to Thee incline!

Rev. Frederic Henry Hedge. (1805—.)

306.

The Indwelling God.

THOU whose spirit dwells in all,
Primal source of life and mind;
In the clod as in the soul,
Ever full and unconfined!
What shall separate from Thee?
Nought of all created things:
Joy and sorrow, good and ill,
Each from Thee its essence brings.

Thine the atom's faintest thrill;
Thine the humblest creature's breath;
Prophet-soul in every kind,
Yearning still through life and death;
Yearning for the crowning race,
Man, in whom at last is told
Every secret strange and sweet
From the farthest days of old.
Secrets, too, of things to be
In the cycles on before;
Love which stronger is than death,
Life with Thee, forevermore.

Rev. John W. Chadwick. 1890.

307.

Feast of Love.

FATHER, we Thy promise claim,
We are met in Thy great name;
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest Thy presence here.
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace:
Thou Thyself within us move,
Make this hour a feast of love.
Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet,—
Meet to appear before Thy sight,
Partners of the saints in light,

Methodist Coll.

VARINA. C. M. 61.

Johann C. H. Rink. Arr. by George Frederick Root. 1849.

Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me: The changes that will surely come

I do not fear to see. I ask Thee for a present mind, In - tent on pleas - ing Thee.

308. *My Times are in Thy Hand.* Ps. xxxi: 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me:
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see.
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

Briers beset my every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer:
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee
Are happy anywhere.

Anna L. Waring. 1850.

309.

For daily Strength.

WHEREVER in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful, not to serve Thee much,
But please Thee perfectly.

In service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free:
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring. 1850.

SELECTED HYMNS.

310, 311.

BETHANY. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.)

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me,

Still all my song shall be,—Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

310. *Evening Prayer.* Tune, VARINA.

O SHADOW in a sultry land!
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, enfolding like the night,
Brings quietude and rest;
Glimpse of the fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.

That which the garish day had lost,
The twilight vigil brings;
While softer the vesper bell
Its silver cadence rings,—
The sense of an immortal trust,
The brush of angel wings.

Drop down behind the solemn hills,
O day with golden skies!
Serene, above its fading glow,
Night, starry-crowned, arise!
So beautiful may heaven be
When life's last sunbeam dies!
C. M. Packard.

311. *Nearer, my God, to Thee.*
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!

Though like a 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!

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!

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!

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!

Sarah F. Adams. (1805—1848.) 1841.

312, 313, 314.

SELECTED HYMNS.

HURSLEY. L. M.

Francis Joseph Haydn, 1798. Arr. by William Henry Monk, 1861.

Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes!

312.

Abide with me.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
If some poor wandering child of Thine,
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

Rev. John Keble, 1792-1866.

313.

The Lord's Day Evening.

O FATHER, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love, and fervent will.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call:
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad!
Thou art our Father and our All.

Rev F. W. Faber, (1815-1863.) 1849.

314.

The Lord of Life.

LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life! Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
Star of our hope! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

Lord of all life, below, above, [Love;
Whose light is Truth, whose warmth is
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

DORRNANCE. 8s, 7s.

I. B. Woodbury, (—1858.)

Father, look upon Thy children, Who before Thy footstool bow, Coming as Thy sons and daughters To renew their solemn vow.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes, (1809—.)

315. *Confirmation.*

FATHER, look upon Thy children,
Who before Thy footstool bow,
Coming as Thy sons and daughters
To renew their solemn vow.

Thou who knowest all our weakness,
Strengthen us with heavenly might,
Temples of Thy Holy Spirit,
Fill us with its life and light.

Fill us with all understanding,
Give us wisdom from above,
All the powers of ill to vanquish,
Strong in faith, and hope, and love.

Give to us all heavenly knowledge,
Fill us with Thy holy fear;
With hushed spirits, yet as children,
For Thy blessing we draw near.

Set Thy holy seal upon us,
Write upon us Thy new name;
Guide us where our Master leadeth,
Undeiled and free from blame.

Steadfast to the end enduring,
May we win the blest reward,
Even an abundant entrance
To the kingdom of our Lord.

Esther A. Wigglesworth.

316. *The Good Shepherd.*

FATHER, who Thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share,—

Thou, our little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm,
There, we know,—Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be to sin a prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them in life's doubtful way:

Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Anon.

317. *Close of Communion.*

FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head!

His example by beholding,
May our lives His image bear!
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere!

Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

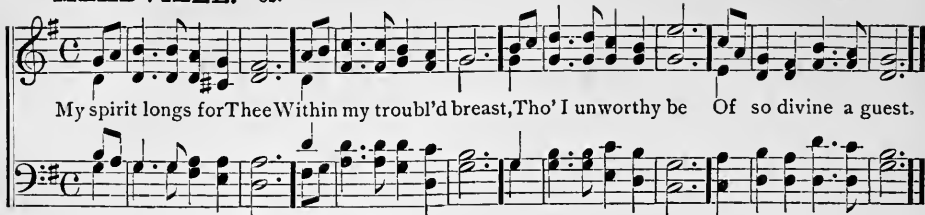
Exeter Coll.

318, 319, 320.

SELECTED HYMNS.

MEADVILLE. 6s.

Unknown.



My spirit longs for Thee Within my troubl'd breast, Tho' I unworthy be Of so divine a guest.

318.

My Soul longeth for Thee.

My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a guest:

Of so divine a guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee:

Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around:
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessed love:

Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!
John Byrom. (1691—1763.) 1763.

319.

Perfect Love casteth out Fear.

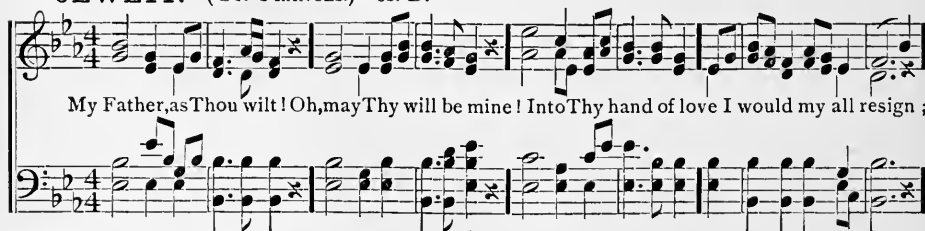
O LOVE that casts out fear,
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

Great Love of God, come in,
Well-spring of heavenly peace,
Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up and never cease.

Rev. H. Bonar. (1808—.)

JEWETT. (ST. FRANCES.) 6s. D.



My Father, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! Into Thy hand of love I would my all resign;

320.

Thy Will be done.

My Father, as Thou wilt:
Oh, may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

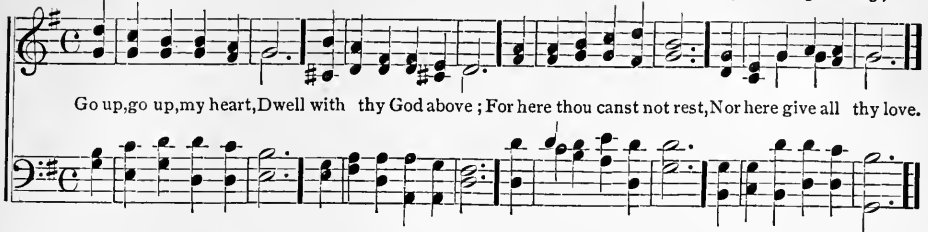
My Father, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life and death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Benjamin Schmolke. 1716.

Tr. Jane Borthwick. 1853.†

ST. CECILIA. 6.

L. G. Hayne. (1836—1883.)



Go up, go up, my heart, Dwell with thy God above; For here thou canst not rest, Nor here give all thy love.

321.

Sursum corda.

Go up, go up, my heart,
Dwell with thy God above;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give all thy love.

Go up, go up, my heart!
Be not a trifler here;
Ascend above these clouds,—
Dwell in a higher sphere.

Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim:
Go up to heaven and God;
Take up thy love to Him.

Go up, reluctant heart;
Take up thy rest above:

Arise, earth-clinging thoughts;
Ascend, my lingering love!

Rev. Horatius Bonar. (1808—) 1856.

322.

The Want within.

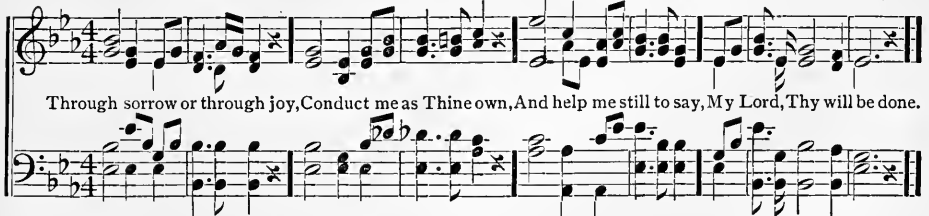
I FEEL within a want
For ever burning there:
What I so thirst for, grant,
O Thou who hearest prayer!

This is the thing I crave,—
A likeness to Thy son;
This would I rather have
Than call the world my own.

'Tis my most fervent prayer;
Be it more fervent still:
Be it my highest care,
Be it my settled will.

Rev. William H. Furness. (1802—)

Arr. from C. M. Von Weber. (—1826.)



Through sorrow or through joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.

323.

Nearer Home. TUNE JEWETT.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer home to-day
Than ever I've been before;
Nearer my Father's house
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.
Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

Phœbe Cary. (1824—1871.) 1854.

324, 325.
REST. 7s.

SELECTED HYMNS.

Richard Redhead. (1820—.)



Brother, hast thou wandered far, From thy Father's hap-py home, With thyself and God at war? Turn thee, brother: homeward come.

324. *To the Prodigal Son.*
BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother : homeward come.

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother : God can save.

Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee : God will make thee whole.

Fall before Him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in His ear,
Seek Him while He may be found,
Call upon Him.— He is near.
Rev James F. Clarke. (1810—1888.)

HORTON. 7.

Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1792—1872.



Take, O Lord, my faith-less heart, Make its choice the bet-ter part,
Break its chains and set it free, Take and seal it, Lord, to Thee.

325. *The Better Part.*
Take, O Lord, my faithless heart,
Make its choice the better part,
Break its chains and set it free,
Take and seal it, Lord, to Thee.
Shouldst Thou bid me lay aside
All that fosters earthly pride,
Let me walk the lowly way,
If Thine arm may be my stay.

Should Thy chastening will require
All that feeds mine eye's desire,
Take it, Lord, if in its place,
Shine the brightness of Thy face.

Seal, then, Lord, my heart to Thee,
Set it for Thy service free :
Life and joy are truly mine
If whate'er I have, is Thine.

Rev. Henry Alford. (1810—1871.)

SELECTED HYMNS.

326, 327, 328.

GORTON. S. M.

Ludwig van Beethoven. (1770—1827.)

It is not death to die, To leave this weary road, And midst the brotherhood on high To be at home with God.

326. *Life in Death.*

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The stroke that sets us free

From earthly chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this mortal dust,
And rise on strong exulting wing
To live among the just.

Giver and Lord of life!
In Thee we cannot die;
Grant us to conquer in the strife,
And dwell with Thee on high.

Rev. George W. Bethune. (1805—1862.) 1847.

J. E. Sweetzer. (—1873.) 1849.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

Still, still with Thee, my God, I would desire to be: By day, by night, at home, abroad, I would be still with Thee

327. *Still with Thee.*

STILL, still with Thee, my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With Thee my heart would find.

With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

Rev. James Drummond Burns. (1823—1866.) 1856.

328. *Glorious Liberty.*

OH, come, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear and sin!

I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,—
According to Thy will and word,—
Well pleasing in Thy sight.

Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1708—1788.

BEMERTON. C. M.

Henry W. Greatorex, (-1857).

One prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—When I am whol - ly Thine :

Thy will, my God, Thy will be done ; And let that will be mine.

329.

Resignation.

ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—
When I am wholly Thine :

Thy will, my God, Thy will be done ;
And let that will be mine.

All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In Thee I firmly trust ;

Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent ;

Those talents only well employed,
When in Thy service spent,

And, though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will ?

No : let me bless Thy name, and say,
“ The Lord is gracious still.”

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

ADRIAN. S. M.

Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, That soared the earth a - round,

331.

Ark of Safety.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found ;

330.

Heaven desired.

THE dove, let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam :

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay ;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,

Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To urge my course to Thee ;

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.

Thomas Moore, (1779-1852)

Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam !
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

SERENITY. C. M.

William Vincent Wallace.

Come, might-y Spir-it, pen-e-trate This heart and soul of mine.
 And my whole be-ing with Thy grace Per-vade, O Life di-vine!

332. *Quicken me, O Lord.*

COME, mighty Spirit, penetrate
 This heart and soul of mine;
 And my whole being with Thy grace
 Pervade, O Life divine!
 As the clear air surrounds the earth,
 Thy grace around me roll;
 As the fresh light pervades the air,
 So pierce and fill my soul.
 As from the clouds drops down in love
 The precious Summer rain,
 So from Thyself pour down the flood
 That freshens all again.
 Thus life within our lifeless hearts
 Shall make its glad abode;
 And we shall shine in beauteous light,
 Filled with the light of God.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, (1808—). 1857.

333. *For a Tender Conscience.*

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

Rev. Charles Wesley, (1708—1788.)
 J. E. Gould, (—1875.) 1846.

But not a rest-ing place a-bove The cheer-less wa-ters found;

Behold the ark of God!
 Behold the open door!
 Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
 And rove, my soul, no more!

There, safe thou shalt abide;
 There, sweet shall be thy rest;
 And every longing satisfied,
 With full salvation blest.

334, 335, 336.

SELECTED HYMNS.

EVAN. C. M.

Rev. Wm. H. Havergal. (1793—1870.) 1847.

"Remember me," the Saviour said, On that forsaken night, When from His side the nearest fled, And death was close in sight.

334.

Communion Hymn.

"REMEMBER me," the Saviour said,
On that forsaken night,
When from His side the nearest fled,
And death was close in sight.

Through all the following ages' track,
The world remembers yet;
With love and worship gazes back,
And never can forget.

Oh, blest are they who have not seen,
And yet believe Him still! [mean,
They know Him, when His praise they
And when they do His will.

We hear His word along our way;
We see His light above;
Remember when we strive and pray,
Remember when we love.

Rev. N. L. Frothingham. (1793—1870.) 1855.

335.

For Purity of Heart.

OH, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels how good,
Thou, Lord, hast been to me!

Oh, for a humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
Conformed, O Lord, to Thine!

Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Oh, write Thy name upon my heart;
Thy name, O God, is love.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1742.

HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

He leadeth me! O blessed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

336.

He leadeth Me.

He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me.
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

L. Marshall.

PRAYER. C. M.

Musical score for 'PRAYER. C. M.' in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef with lyrics: 'No long-er for-ward or behind I look in hope or fear, But, grateful, take the good I find, God's blessing now and here.'

337.

My Psalm.

No longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find,
God's blessing now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

And all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

J. G. Whittier. (1808—)

338.

The Future World.

THERE is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be;
And but a step doth lie between
That world of souls and me.

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 things unseen, O God, reveal;
My spirit's vision clear,
Till I shall feel, and see, and know,
That those I love are near.

Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

John Taylor. (1750—1826.)

W. B. Bradbury.

Musical score for 'He leadeth me' in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef with lyrics: 'He leadeth me, He leadeth me, By His own hand He leadeth me, His faithful follower I would be, for by His hand He leadeth me.'

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace the victory 's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

Rev. J. H. Gilmore. 1850.

339, 340.

SELECTED HYMNS.

BRADFORD. (MESSIAH.) C. M.

George Frederick Handel. (1685—1759.)

O gra - cious Mas - ter, to Thy love Our thank - ful hearts in - cline :

What can we ren - der un - to Thee To prove our hearts are Thine ?

339. *The poor ye have always with you.*O GRACIOUS Master, to Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline :What can we render unto Thee,
To prove our hearts are Thine ?But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard ;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will ;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see ;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to Thee.Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed ;
Bless us in giving ; greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

Anon.

HOREB. C. H. M.

I look to Thee in every need, And never look in vain ; I feel Thy strong and tender love,

340.

*Looking unto God.*I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again :
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road ;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

SELECTED HYMNS.

FLEMMING. (INTEGER VITÆ.) 8s. 6s.

341, 342.

F. F. Flemming.

O Fa-ther, I have nought to plead In earth be-neath or heave-n a-
bove, But just my own ex-ceed-ing need And Thy ex-ceed-ing love.

341.

A Plea.

O FATHER, I have nought to plead
In earth beneath or heaven above;
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.

The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great but quickly o'er;
Thy love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts forevermore.

Jane Crewdson. (1809—1863.)

A marvel seems the Universe;
A miracle our life and death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come
O Father, unto Thee.

342.

Weary.

TO-DAY, beneath Thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest;
Submissive in Thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend Thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day.

J. G. Whittier. (1808—.)

C. G. Neefe.

And all is well a-gain. The tho't of Thee is mightier far, Than sin and pain and sor-row are.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow. (1819—.)

CAROL. C. M. D.

Richard Storrs Willis.

It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From an - gels bending

near the earth, To touch their harps of gold : "Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From

heaven's all-gracious King."The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the an - gels sing.

343. *Christmas Carol.*

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold :
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled :
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring :
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now ; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D. Ignace Pleyel. 1791. Arr. by Nahum Mitchell. 1812.

While Thee I seek protecting Power, Be my vain wishes stilled; And may this conse-

crated hour With better hopes be filled. Thy love the pow'rs of tho't bestowed, To

Thee my tho'ts would soar; Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mercy I a-dore.

For lo! the days are hastening on
 By prophet bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold:
 When Peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendors fling,
 And the whole world give back the song
 Which now the angels sing.
 Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears. (1810—1876.) 1850.

In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see:
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by Thee.
 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

344. *Pray Without Ceasing.*
 WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
 Thy love the powers of tho't bestowed,
 To Thee my thoughts would soar;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
 That mercy I adore.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet Thy will.
 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The lowering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
 That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen Maria Williams. (1762—1827.) 1786.

345, 346.

SELECTED HYMNS.

AMERICA. 6. 4.

English Hymn. Adapted by Henry Carey. (1693—1743.)

My country 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died,

Land of the pil-grim's pride, From eve-ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!

345.

National Hymn.

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
Of thee I sing:

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of liberty,—
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright

With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith. (1808—.) 1832.

346.

Our Country.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might!

For her our prayers shall be,
Our father's God, to Thee,
On Thee we wait!
Be her walls Holiness;
Her rulers Righteousness;
Her officers be Peace;
God save the State.

Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
On Thee we call!
Give us prosperity;
Give us true liberty;
May all the oppressed go free;
God save us all!

Rev. J. S. Dwight. (1812—.) 1844.

EIN FESTE BURG. P. M.

Martin Luther. (1483—1546.) 1529.

A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never failing; Our helper He a-mid the flood Of mortal ills pre- vail-ing.

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great; And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not His equal.

347. *Luther's Psalm. Ps. xlvii.*
 A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our helper He amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great;
 And, armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.
 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us.

The prince of darkness grim,—
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo! his doom is sure,—
 One little word shall fell him.
 God's word above all earthly powers—
 No thanks to them — abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through Him who with us sideth.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also:
 The body they may kill:
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is forever.
 Martin Luther. 1529. Tr. Rev. F. H. Hedge.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by Dr. L. Mason. (1792—1872.)

Jesus, I fain would find Thy zeal for God in me, Thy yearning pity for mankind, Thy burning chari-ty.

348. *Copying Jesus.*
 JESUS, I fain would find
 Thy zeal for God in me,
 Thy yearning pity for mankind,
 Thy burning charity.

In me Thy spirit dwell!
 In me Thy mercy move!
 So shall the fervor of my zeal
 Be the pure flame of love.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1839.

O Lord, how happy should I be, If I could leave my cares to Thee, If I from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above, In perfect wisdom, perfect love, Is working for the best!

349. *For Self-Renunciation.*

O LORD, how happy should I be,
If I could leave my cares to Thee,
If I from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

For when I kneel, and cast my care
Upon my God in humble prayer,
With strengthened soul I rise;
Sure that our Father, who is nigh
To hear the ravens when they cry,
Will hear His children's cries.

Oh, 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!

Joseph Anstice. (1808—1836.)

350. *The Fulness of God's Love.*

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart

ARIEL. C. P. M.

All taken up by thee?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of God to me.

Stronger His love than death or hell;
No mortal can its riches tell,
Nor first-born sons of light:

In vain they long its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,—
The length, the breadth, the height.

God only knows the love of God:
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart!

For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion. Lord, be mine,—
Be mine this better part.

Oh that I could forever sit
In transport at my Father's feet!
Be this my happy choice:

My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear my Father's voice.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (1708—1788.) 1749.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart

BONAR. 8. 8. 7.

J. B. Calkin. (1827—)

Gracious Power, the world pervad-ing, Blessing all, and none up-braiding, We are met to worship Thee;

Not in for-mal ad-o-ration, Nor with ser-vile dep-re-ca-tions, But in spir-it true and free,

351. *Opening of Worship.*

GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee ;
Not in formal adoration,
Nor with servile deprecations,
But in spirit true and free.

By Thy wisdom, mind is lighted,
By Thy love, the heart excited,
Light and love all flow from Thee ;
And the soul of thought and feeling,
In the voice Thy praises pealing,
Must Thy noblest homage be.

Not alone in our devotion,
In all being, life, and motion,
We the present Godhead see :
Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee.

Rev. W. J. Fox. (1786—1864.)

352. *Strength from the Cross.*

“It is finished!” Man of sorrows!
From Thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.
While extended there we view Thee,
Mighty Sufferer! draw us to Thee,—
Sufferer victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted!
May that sacred emblem be ;
Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to Thee.

Still to Thee! whose love unbounded
Sorrow’s depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.
Honored be Thy cross for ever ;
Star, that points our high endeavor
Whither Thou hast gone before.

Rev. Frederick H. Hedge. (1805—)

Arr. from Mozart by L. Mason.

O sacred head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, So scornfully sur-round-ed, With thorns Thine only crown,—How

art Thou pale with an-guish, With sore abuse and scorn! How do those features languish Which once were fair as morn!

353.

O Sacred Head.

O SACRED head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down,
 So scornfully surrounded,
 With thorns Thine only crown,—
 How art Thou pale with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn!
 How do those features languish
 Which once were fair as morn!

What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 This love that knew no end!
 Oh, make me Thine forever!
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love to Thee!

In this Thy bitter passion,
 Good Shepherd, think of me
 With Thy most sweet compassion,
 Unworthy though I be:
 Beneath Thy cross abiding,
 For ever would I rest;
 In Thy dear love confiding,
 And with Thy presence blest.

Bernard of Clairvaux. 1145.
 Tr. John Mason Neale. 1851.

354.

No Continuing City.

BRIEF life is here our portion,—
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is there.
 O happy retribution!
 Short toil, eternal rest:
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown.
 There grief is turned to pleasure,
 And martyrdom hath peace,
 And from our vain desire,
 God giveth us release.

The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day.
 There God, our king and portion,
 In fulness of His grace
 Shall we behold forever,
 And worship face to face.

Bernard of Clairvaux. 1145.
 Tr. John Mason Neale. 1851.

SELECTED HYMNS.

355, 356.

N. D. Gould.

WOODLAND. C. M. P.

Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man-kind, For - give our fev - erish ways!

Reclothe us in our rightful mind; In pur - er lives Thy service find, In deeper rev'rence, praise.

355. *The Pure and Peaceful Mind.*

DEAR LORD and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!

Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!

Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown

The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire;
Speak thro' the earthquake wind and fire,
Oh, still, small voice of calm!

John G. Whittier. (1868—.)

NAOMI. C. M.

H. G. Nægeli. 1832. Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1836.

Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign hand denies, Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this peti-tion rise:—

356. *The One Petition.*

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

“Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;

The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee;

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele. (1716—1778.)

EWING. 7. 6. D.

Alexander Ewing. (1830—) 1861.

In heavenly love abiding, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such confiding, For nothing changes here:

The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round about me, And can I be dismayed?

357.

Perfect peace.

In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear,
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here:
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack.
 His wisdom ever waketh;
 His sight is never dim;
 He knows the way He taketh,
 And I will walk with Him.

Bright pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where darkest clouds have been.
 My hope I cannot measure,
 My path in life is free,
 My Father has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

358.

Come unto Me.

“Come unto Me, ye weary,
 And I will give you rest.”
 Oh, blessèd voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to hearts opprest!
 It tells of benediction,
 Of pardon, grace, and peace,
 Of joy that hath no ending,
 Of love which cannot cease.

“Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
 And I will give you light.”
 Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to cheer the night!
 Our hearts are filled with sadness,
 And we have lost our way,
 But morning brings us gladness,
 And songs at break of day.

“Come unto Me, ye fainting,
 And I will give you life.”
 Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to aid our strife!
 The foe is stern and eager,
 The fight is fierce and long;
 But Thou hast made us mighty,
 And stronger than the strong.

AURELIA. 7. 6. D.

S. S. Wesley. (1810—1876.) 1868.

God is my strong salvation : What foe have I to fear ? In darkness and temptation, My light, my help, is near.

Tho' hosts encamp around me, Firm in the fight I stand : What terror can confound me With God at my right hand.

“ And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.”
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt !
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O God, to Thee.
William C. Dix. (1837—.)

359. *God is my Strength and my Salvation.*
God is my strong salvation :
What foe have I to fear ?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand :
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand ?
Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait ;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase,
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace.
James Montgomery. (1771—1854.) 1822.

360. *Teach us to number our Days.*
O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene ;
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou !

Our years are like the shadows
O'er sunny hills that fly,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die ;
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest ;
And let Thy spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hath blessed.
Rev. Edward H. Bickersteth. (1825—.) 1866.

361, 362.

SELECTED HYMNS.

LIVORNO. 10.

Sir Arthur Sullivan. (1842 —.) 1874.

Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs With trembling hand that from Thy table fall,

A wea-ry, heav-y - la-den sin-ner comes To plead Thy promise and o - bey Thy call.

361.

Humble Confession.

Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
 With trembling hand that from Thy table fall,
 A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
 To plead Thy promise, and obey Thy call.

I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
 Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
 Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
 I only ask one reconciling word.

My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
 My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;
 Dwell Thou forever in my heart, and there,
 Lord! let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me.

Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. (1825 —.)

362.

Who by searching can find out God?

I CANNOT find Thee. Still on restless pinion
 My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell;
 I wander lost through all Thy vast dominion,
 And shrink beneath Thy light ineffable.

I cannot find Thee. Even when most adoring,
 Before Thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer;
 Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought upsoaring,
 From furthest quest comes back: Thou art not there.

HENLEY. 11. 10.

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.)

Come un - to me when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is weary and distressed,

Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav'nly Fa - ther; Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
 And folded far within the inmost heart,
 And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
 Thy splendor shineth: there, O God, Thou art!

I cannot lose Thee. Still in Thee abiding,
 The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
 The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
 And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.

Eliza Scudder.

363.

Come unto Me.

COME unto me when shadows darkly gather,
 When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
 Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father;
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

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 home to waken,
 Where their pale brows with victory are crowned.

Large are the mansions in thy 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.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
 Bloom the fair flowers by earth too rudely pressed:
 Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Catherine H. Waterman.

364, 365.

SELECTED HYMNS.

CHANT. (TROYTE.)

A. H. D. Troyte. (1811—1857.)



364.

Thy Will be done.

My God, my *Father*, | while I stray
Far from my *home*, on | life's rough way,
Oh, teach me *from* my | heart to say,
"Thy | will be done!"

What though in *lonely* | grief I sigh
For friends *beloved* no | longer nigh:
Submissive *still* would | I reply,
"Thy | will be done!"

If Thou shouldst *call* me | to resign
What most I *prize*,—it | ne'er was mine;
I only *yield* Thee | what was Thine:
"Thy | will be done!"

If but my *fainting* | heart be blest
With Thy sweet *Spirit* | for its guest,
My God, to *Thee* I | leave the rest:
"Thy | will be done!"

Renew my *will* from | day to day;
Blend it with *Thine*, and | take away
Whate'er now *makes* it | hard to say,
"Thy | will be done!"

Then when on *earth* I | breathe no more,
The prayer oft *mixed* with | tears before,
I'll sing upon a | happier shore;
"Thy | will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott. (1789—1871.)

CHANT. "Thy Will be done."

Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.)



365.

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.:||

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.:||

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! :||

Sir John Bowring. (1792—1872.)

OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

The Genevan Psalter. 1551.



366.

Doxology.

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.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word; [shore,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674 - 1748.) 1718.

367.

Doxology.

BE Thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.

Tate and Brady.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Thomas Tallis. (1520 - 1585.)



368.

OUR Father who art in heaven, Hallowed | be Thy | name. || Thy kingdom come. Thy
will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
Give us this day our | daily | bread. || And forgive us our debts as | we for- | give our |
debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil: || For Thine is the kingdom
and the power and the glory, for | ever and | ever. A- | MEN.

369, 370, 371.

SELECTED HYMNS.

HODGES. 9, 8.

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges. (1830—)

369.

Psalm XIX.

THE Heavens above, in all their splendor,
 Declare their mighty Maker's praise;
 And countless worlds their homage render;
 The universe its tribute pays.

Like those obedient constellations,
 Thy life moves on by laws divine;
 The love that gave the stars their stations
 Doth to thy soul its place assign.

Day follows day : and nights returning
 Undying anthems still prolong;
 The seraph stars, with lightning burning,
 Carry through space the deathless song.

Here is thy sphere; it hath a beauty
 Which God to suns and stars denies;
 Its circuit is the realm of duty,
 The earth embracing and the skies.
 John Codman. (1814—)

370.

On the Mount.

Tune, ILLA.

Nor always on the mount may we
 Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
 The shores of thought and feeling know
 The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Yet hath one such exalted hour
 Upon the soul redeeming power,
 And in its strength through after days
 We travel our appointed ways;

Lord, it is good abiding here —
 We cry, the heavenly presence near;
 The vision vanishes, our eyes
 Are lifted into vacant skies!

The mount for vision, — but below
 The paths of daily duty go,
 And nobler life therein shall own
 The pattern on the mountain shown.
 Rev. F. L. Hosmer. (1840—)

371.

At Sea.—De Profundis. Ps. cxxx.

Tune, EVENTIDE.

LORD, *de profundis* unto Thee I cry,
 Here where the ocean joins the concave sky;
 Begirt, and bounded by the azure zone,
 That binds this footstool to Thy starry throne.

'T is but a step from ocean's plane to Thee,
 But mounting on the high and surging sea,
 Borne heavenward still, we seem to be more near,
 And praises *de profundis* meet Thine ear.

And when alone my midnight watch I keep,
 And Thou, Almighty Guardian, dost not sleep,
 My whispered thoughts, my heaving bosom's sighs,
 Are wafted *de profundis* to the skies.

John Codman.

CHANT.



372.

Visit me with Thy Salvation.

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 | drew.

Wilt Thou not | visit | me ?
 The morning calls on | me with | cheering | tone,
 And every | leaf and | tree
 Has but one voice, the | voice of | Thee a | lone.

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 re | joice to | live a | gain.

Yes, Thou wilt | visit | me !
 Nor plant, nor tree, de | lights Thine | eye so | well
 As when from | sin set | free,
 Man's spirit comes, with | Thine, in | peace to | dwell.

Jones Very. (1813 — 1880.)

373. IO.

Always with us.

Tune, ELLERS. EVENTIDE.

(Repeat the first line of tune.)

“ I dared not hope that Thou wouldst deign to come
 And make this lowly heart of mine Thy home :
 That Thou wouldst deign, O King of Kings, to be
 E'en for one hour a sojourner in me :
 Yet art Thou always here to help and bless,
 And lift the load of my great sinfulness.

I dared not ever hope for such a Guide
 To walk with me my faltering steps beside,
 To help me when I fall, and, when I stray,
 Constrain me gently to the better way :
 Yet art Thou always at my side to be
 A Counsellor and Comforter to me.

I do not always go where Thou dost lead,
 I do not always Thy soft whispers heed,
 I follow other lights, and, in my sin,
 I vex with many a slight my Friend within :
 Yet dost Thou not, though grieved, from me depart,
 But guardest still Thy place within my heart.”

374. Tune DOMINUS REGIT ME.
Harvest. 8, 7.

To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation :

Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

We bear the burden of the day
And often toil seems dreary ;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary.

And now on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay,
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.

By Thee the souls of men are fed,
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou Who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the bread eternal.

The strains of all Thy holy throng
With ours to-day are blending ;
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

W. C. Dix (1837—)

375. *The New Year.* 7, 6. D. Tune { AURELIA.
ST. ANSELM.

ANOTHER year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be
In working and in waiting
Another year with Thee.
Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Another year of trusting,
Of quiet, happy rest,

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace ;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.
Another year of progress,
Another year of praise ;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love ;
Another year of training
For holier work above.
Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal (1836—1879.)

Tune ST. LEONARD.

376.

Ordination. C. M. D.

O God, Thy children gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait :
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple's gate.

A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still ;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes, to do Thy will.

O Father, keep his soul alive
To every hope of good ;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood !

O Father, keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong ;
And, in the ear of sin and self,
May his rebuke be strong !

And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
If e'er his faith grow dim,
Then, in the dreary wilderness,
Thine angels strengthen him !

And grant him many hearts to lead
Into Thy perfect rest :
Bless Thou him, Father, and his work ;
Bless, and they shall be blest.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow (1819—.)

Tune TALLIS' CANON.

377. *Dedication of a Church.* L. M.

O FATHER, take the new-built shrine ;
The house our hands have reared is
Thine :

Greet us with welcome when we come,
And make our Father's house our home.

Blest with Thy spirit while we stay,
May we Thy spirit bear away,
That every heart a shrine may be,
And every home a home for Thee.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale (1822—.) 1858.

378. *Dedication and Invocation.* L. M. Tune ILLA.

UNTO Thy temple, Lord, we come
With thankful hearts to worship thee ;
And pray that this may be our home
Until we touch eternity :—

The common home of rich and poor,
Of bond and free, and great and small,
Large as Thy love for evermore,
And warm and bright and good to all.

And dwell Thou with us in this place,
Thou and Thy Christ, to guide and bless !
Here make the well-springs of Thy
grace

Like fountains in the wilderness.

May Thy whole truth be spoken here ;
Thy gospel light for ever shine ;
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
And human life become divine.

Rev. Robert Collyer (1823—) 1873.

379. *Baptism of Children.* S. M. Tune BADEA.

To Him who children blessed,
And suffered them to come,—
To Him who took them to His breast
We bring these children home.

To Thee, O God, whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that Thy grace
May keep, Thine arms enfold.

And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord,
To keep them pure as now.

Rev. James F. Clarke (1810—1888.)

380. *The Supreme Good.* 7s. Tune { POSEN.
HOLLEY.

LORD, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny :
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'T is no longer death to die.

Source and Giver of repose !
Singly from Thy smile it flows :
Thee to see and Thee to love
Perfects bliss below, above.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady (1740—1778.) 1774.

381. *Thanksgiving.* 7s. Tune { INNOCENTS.
HENDON.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days :
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores.

These to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yes, to Thee my soul shall raise
Grateful, never-ending praise ;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

Anna L. Barbauld (1743—1825.)

382. *The Parting here, the Greeting there.* L. M.

God giveth quietness at last !
The common way once more is passed
From pleading tears and lingerings fond
To fuller life and love beyond.

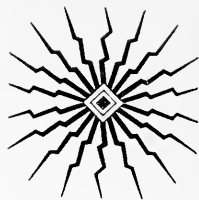
Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
Dear ones familiar with the place !
While to the gentle greetings there
We answer here with murmured prayer.

What to shut eyes hath God revealed ?
What hear the ears that death has sealed ?
What undreamed beauty, passing show,
Requites the loss of all we know ?

O silent land to which we move !
Enough, if there alone be love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow !

O pure soul ! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er :
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the dear voice we loved so well !

John G. Whittier (1808—) 1872.



CHANTS.

CHANT. No. 1.

James Turle. (1802 — 1882.)



Te Deum Laudamus.

We *praise* | Thee · O | God : || we *acknowledge* | Thee · to | be · the | Lord.
 All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | Thee : || the | *Father* | ev-er- | lasting,
 To *Thee*, all Angels | cry · a- | loud : || the *Heavens*, and | all · the | powers · there- | in.
 To *Thee*, Cherubim and | *Se-raph-* | im : || *con-* | tin-ual- | ly · do | cry ;
Holy, | *Holy*, | *Holy* : || *Lord* : | God · of | Sa-ba- | oth ;
Heaven and | earth · are | full : || *of* the | *Majes-ty* | of · Thy | glory.
 The glorious company of the *Apostles* | praise · = | Thee : ||
 The goodly fellowship *of* the | *Pro-phets* | praise · = | Thee.
 The noble army of *Martyrs* | praise · = | Thee : ||
 The holy Church throughout all the *world* doth acknowledge Thee,
 The | *Father*, of an | in-finite | Majesty ; ||
 O *Lord*, | save · Thy | people : || and | bless · Thine | her-it- | age.
Gov- | = · ern | them : || *and* | lift · them | up · for | ever.
Day | = · by | day : || *we* | mag-ni- | fy = | Thee ;
And we | worship · Thy | Name : || *ever* | world · with- | out = | end.
Vouch- | safe, O | Lord : || to keep *us* | this · day | with-out | sin.
 O *Lord*, have | mercy · up- | on us : || *have* | mer-cy up- | on = | us.
 O *Lord*, let Thy *mercy* | be · up- | on us : || *as* our | trust = | is · in | Thee.
 O *Lord*, in *Thee* | have · I, | trusted : || *let* me | nev-er | be · con- | founded.

SELECTED HYMNS.

CHANT. No. 2.

H. Lawes.

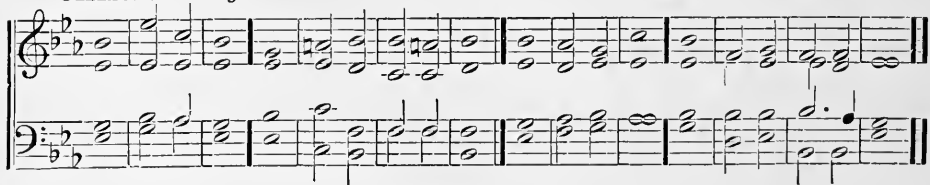


Venite Exultemus. Ps. xcvi.

O COME, let us sing un- | to the Lord,
 Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
 Let us come before His presence | with thanks- | giving ;
 And show ourselves | glad in | Him with | psalms.
 For the Lord is a | great | God ;
 And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
 In His hands 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 pre- | pared | the dry | land,
 O come let us worship, | and fall | down ;
 And kneel be- | fore 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 | awe of | Him :
 For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge the | earth ;
 And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with His | truth.
 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, in | vis-i | ble,
 The | on-ly | wise- | God,
 Be | honor-and | glory.
 For | ever and | ev-er. A- | men.

John Robinson. (1682 — 1762.)

CHANT. No. 3.



Jubilate Deo. Ps. c.

O be joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands ;
 Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His | presence | with a | song.
 Be ye sure that the Lord | He is | God ;
 It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are His people and the | sheep |
 of His | pasture.
 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His | courts with | praise ;
 Be thankful unto Him, and | speak good | of His | Name.
 For the Lord is gracious, His mercy is | ever- | lasting,
 And His truth endureth from gener- | ation to | gener- | ation.
 Gloria, or Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

CHANT. No. 4.

William Boyce. (1710—1779.)



Cantate Domino. Ps. xcvi.

OH sing unto the Lord a | new- | song ;
 For He | hath done | marvellous | things.
 With His own right hand and with His | holy | arm,
 Hath He | gotten Him | self the | victory.

The Lord hath declared | His sal | vation ;
 His righteousness hath He openly showed | in the | sight of the | nations.
 He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel ;
 And all the ends of the world have seen the sal | vation | of our | God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands ;
 Sing, re | joice, and | give | thanks.
 Praise the Lord up | on the | harp ;
 Sing to the harp with a | psalm of | thanks- | giving.

With trumpets | also and | shawms ;
 Oh, show yourselves joyful be | fore the | Lord the | King.
 Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein | is ;
 The round world, and | they that | dwell there | in.

Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together, be- | fore the | Lord
 For He | cometh to | judge the | earth :
 With righteousness shall He | judge the | world ;
 And the | people with- | equi | ty.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, in | vis-i | ble.
 The | on-ly | wise- | God,
 Be | honor and- | glory,
 For | ever-and | ever. A | men.

CHANT. No. 5.

Thomas Attwood. (1767—1838.)



Bonum Est. Ps. xcii.

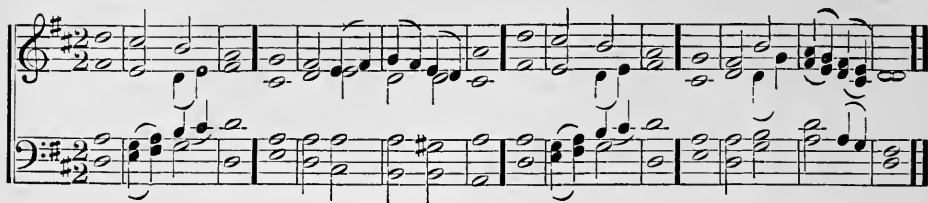
It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord ;
 And to sing praises unto Thy | name, | O Most— | Highest :
 To tell of Thy loving-kindness early | in the | morning ;
 And of Thy | truth in | the night— | season.

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | lute ;
 Upon a loud instrument, | and up- | on the | harp :
 For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through Thy | works ;
 And I will rejoice in giving praise for the oper- | ations | of Thy | hands.
 Gloria or Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

CHANT. No. 6.

J. Battishill. 1738—1801.



Benedic, Anima Mea. Ps. ciii.

PRAISE the Lord, | O my | soul,
And all that is within me | praise His | holy | Name ;
Praise the Lord, | O my | soul,
And for- | get not | all His | benefits.

Who forgiveth | all thy | sin,
And healeth | all thine in- | firmi | ties ;
Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction,
And crowneth thee with | mercy and | loving | kindness.

O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, ye that ex- | cel in | strength,
Ye that fulfil His commandment, and hearken unto the | voice— | of His | word ;
O praise the Lord, all | ye His | hosts,
Ye servants of | His that | do His | pleasure.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all places of | His do- | minion ;
Praise thou the | Lord,— | O my | soul !

Glory be to God, the | Father Al- | mighty,
Ma- | ker of | Heaven and | earth ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World | without | end, A- | men.

CHANT. No. 7.

Richard Langdon.



Benedictus. St. Luke.

BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel ;
For He hath visited | and re- | deemed His | people ;
And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation | for us,
In the | house of His | servant | David.

As He spake by the mouth of His | holy | prophets,
Which have been | since the | world be- | gan :
That we should be saved | from our | enemies,
And from the | hand of | all that | hate us.
Gloria or Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

CHANT. No. 8.

Heathcote.



Exaltabo Te. Ps. cxlv.

I WILL extol *Thee* my | God, O | King,
 And I will *bless* Thy | name for | ever and | ever.
 Every *day* | will I | bless Thee,
 And I will *praise* Thy | name for | ever and | ever.

One generation shall praise Thy *works* un | to an | other,
 And *shall* de | clare Thy | mighty | acts.
 They shall utter the *memory* of | Thy great | goodness,
 And shall | sing— | of Thy | righteousness.

The Lord is *gracious* and | full of com | passion,
 Slow to *anger* | and of | great — | mercy.
 The *Lord* is | good to | all;
 And His tender *mercies* are | over | all His | works.

All Thy *works* shall | praise Thee, O | Lord,
 And | all Thy | saints shall | bless Thee.
 Thy kingdom is an *ever-* | lasting | kingdom,
 And Thy dominion endureth through | out all | gener | ations.
 Gloria.

CHANT. No. 9.

Norris.



Deus, Deus, meus; ad te. Ps. lxxiii.

O *God* | Thou art | my God;
Early | will I | seek — | Thee;
 My soul thirsteth for Thee; my *flesh* | longeth | for Thee;
 To see Thy power and Thy *glory*, as I have | seen Thee | in the | sanctuary.

Because Thy loving *kindness* is | better than | life;
 My | lips shall | praise— | Thee.
 Thus will I bless *Thee* | while I | live;
 My mouth shall | praise Thee with | joyful | lips;

When I remember *Thee* up | on my | bed,
 And meditate on *Thee* | in the | night | watches.
 Because *Thou* hast | been my | help,
 Therefore under the *shadow* of Thy | wings will | I re- | joice.
 Gloria or Amen.

SELECTED HYMNS.

CHANT. No. 10.

L. Van Beethoven.



Deus Misereatur. Ps. lxxvii.

GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us ;
 And show us the light of His countenance, and be | merci | ful un | to us ;
 That Thy way may be | known upon | earth,
 Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
 Let the people | praise Thee, O | God,
 Yea, let | all the | people | praise Thee :
 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad ;
 For Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
 Let the people | praise Thee, O | God ;
 Yea, let | all the | people | praise Thee.
 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase,
 And God, even our own | God shall | give us His | blessing.
 God | shall | bless us ;
 And all the ends of the | world shall | fear | Him.
 The Lord | bless us, and | keep us.
 The Lord make His | face to | shine up- | on us,
 The Lord lift up the light of His | countenance up | on us
 And | give us | peace. A- | men.

CHANT. No. 11.

Robert Cooke.



Levavi Oculos. Ps. cxxi.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh my | help,
 My help cometh from the Lord | which made | Heaven-and | earth,
 He will not suffer thy | foot to be | moved ;
 He that | keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
 Behold ! He that | keepeth | Israel
 Shall | neither | slumber-nor | sleep.
 The Lord is thy keeper : The Lord is thy shade upon thy | right- | hand.
 The sun shall not smite thee by day, | nor the | moon-by | night ;
 The Lord shall preserve thee | from all | evil ;
 He | shall pre | serve thy | soul.
 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy | coming | in ;
 From this time forth, and even for | ever | more. A | men.

SELECTED HYMNS.

CHANT. No. 12.

Arr. from Gounod.

The Beatitudes.

Blessed are the | poor in | spirit : || *Blessed* are the | poor in | spirit :
 For theirs is the | kingdom of | Heaven. Alleluia.
Blessed are | they that | mourn : || *Blessed* are | they that | mourn :
 For they shall be | com-for | ted. Alleluia.
Blessed | are the | meek : || *Blessed* | are the | meek :
 For they shall in | herit-the | earth. Alleluia.
Blessed are they who do hunger and | thirst after | righteousness : || *Blessed* are they
 who do hunger and | thirst after | righteousness :
 For | they—shall be | filled. Alleluia.
Blessed are the | merci | ful : || *Blessed* are the | merci | ful :
 For they shall ob | tain— | mercy. Alleluia.
Blessed are the | pure in | heart : || *Blessed* are the | pure in | heart :
 For they shall | see— | God. Alleluia.
Blessed are the | peace ma | kers : *Blessed* are the | peace ma | kers :
 For they shall be called the | children of | God. Alleluia.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for | righteousness | sake : || *Blessed* are they
 which are persecuted for | righteousness | sake :
 For theirs is the | kingdom of | Heaven. Alleluia.

CHANT. No. 13.

J. Barnby. (1838 —.)

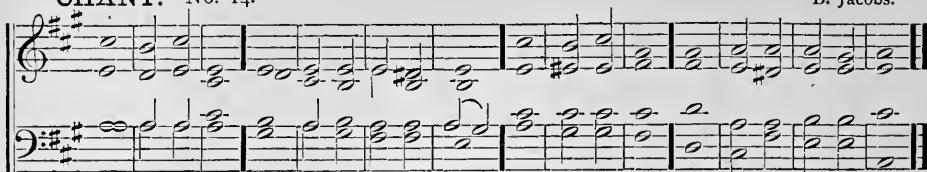
Dominus regit me. Ps. XXIII.

THE *Lord* is my Shepherd ; I | shall not | want ;
 He maketh me to lie down *in* green pastures ; He leadeth me be | side the | still— |
 waters.
He re | storeth 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 of | death,
 I will | fear— | no— | evil ;
 For | Thou art | with me.
 Thy rod | and Thy | staff they | comfort me.
 Thou preparest a table before me ; in the presence | of mine | enemies ;
 Thou anointest my head with oil, my | cup— | runneth | over.
 Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of my | life,
 And I will dwell in the house of the | Lord, for | ever. A- | men.

SELECTED HYMNS.

B. Jacobs.

CHANT. No. 14.



Noli Emulari. Psalm xxxvii.

Fret not thyself because of | evil- | doers.
Neither be thou envious against the | workers | of in- | iquity.
Delight thyself | in the | Lord
And He shall give thee the de- | sires | of thy | heart.

Commit thy way | unto the | Lord
Trust also in Him : and | He shall | bring it to | pass.
He shall bring forth thy righteousness | as the | light
And thy judgment | as the | noon- | day.

Rest | in the | Lord
And wait | patient- | ly for | Him.
Cease from anger and for- | sake | wrath.
Fret not thyself in | any wise | to do | evil.

The meek shall in- | herit the | earth
And shall delight themselves | in the a- | bundance of | peace,
The Lord knoweth the | days of the | upright,
And their inheritance | shall en- | dure for- | ever.

The steps of a good man are ordered | by the | Lord,
And he de- | lighteth | in His | way.
Though he fall he shall not be | utterly cast | down
For the Lord up | holdeth him | with His | hand.

The salvation of the righteous is | of the | Lord
He is their strength | in the | time of | trouble.
Mark the perfect man, and be- | hold the | upright
For the end | of that | man is | peace.

Gloria, opposite page.

Mendelssohn.

CHANT. No. 15.

After 9 commandments.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

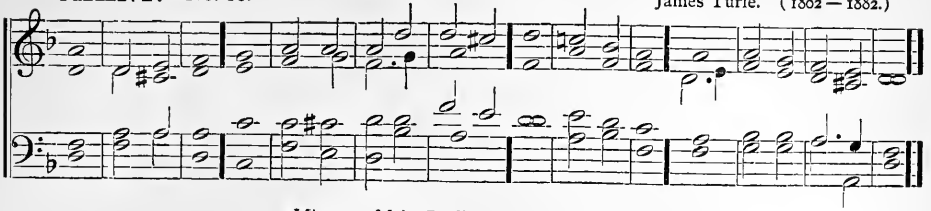
After the 10th commandment.

us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

SELECTED HYMNS.

CHANT. No. 16.

James Turl. (1802—1882.)



Miserere Mei. Ps. li.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy | loving | kindness;
According unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies | blot out | my trans | gressions,
Wash me thoroughly from | mine in | iquity,
And | cleanse me | from my | sin.

For I acknowledge | my trans | gressions;
And my | sin is | ever-be | fore me
Hide Thy face | from my | sins,
And blot out | all— | mine in | iquities.

Create in me a clean | heart, O | God;
And re | new a right | spirit with | in me.
Cast me not away | from Thy | presence;
And take not Thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.

Restore unto me the joy of | Thy sal | vation;
And uphold me | with Thy | free— | Spirit.
Then will I teach trans | gressors—Thy | ways;
And sinners shall be con | verted | unto | Thee.

O Lord open | Thou my | lips,
And my mouth | shall shew | forth Thy | praise.
The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit;
A broken and a contrite heart, O God | Thou wilt | not de | spise.

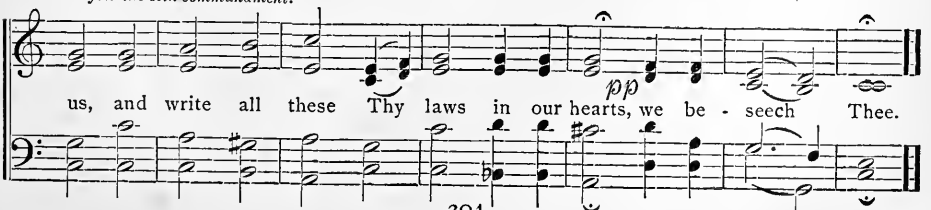
Now unto Him that is able to | keep us from | falling,
And to present us faultless before the presence of His glory | with ex | ceeding | joy,
To the only wise | God our | Saviour,
Be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and | ever | more. A | MEN.

CHANT. No. 17.

Gilbert.



Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.



us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

GLORIA PATRI.

- 1** Now unto the King eternal, im | mortal, in | visible,
The | only | wise — | God,
Be— | honor and | glory,
For | ever — and | ever. A | MEN. Chant No. 4.
- 2** Glory be to God, the | Father Al | mighty,
Ma | ker of | Heaven and | earth :
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be,
World | without | end. A | MEN. Chant No. 1.
- 3** Blessing, glory, | honor, and | power,
Be | unto the | Lord our | God ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World | without | end. A | MEN. Chant No. 1.
- 4** Be Thou exalted, O God, a- | bove the | heavens,
And Thy glory be | over | all the | earth !
All the ends of the world shall | worship | Thee,
The | Father | ever | lasting. Chant No. 3.
- 5** Glory be to | God on | high,
And on earth | peace, good- | will towards | men.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee,
We glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory. Chant No. 10.
- 6** Now unto Him that is able to do ex | ceeding a | bundantly,
Above | all that we | ask or | think ;
Be glory in the church, through | out all | ages,
World | without | end. A | MEN. Chant No. 5.
- 7** The Lord | bless us, and | keep us;
The Lord make His face to | shine up | on us ;
The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us,
And | give us | peace. ALLELUIA. Chant No. 12.

CHANT. No. 18.

H. W. Greatorex. (1857—)

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, Al - migh - ty God, the High and Ho - ly One, As it

was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

GLORIA PATRI. *

CHANT. No. 4.

William Boyce. (1710—1779.)

CHANT. No. 1.

James Turle. (1802—1882.)

CHANT. No. 3.

John Robinson. (1682—1762.) 1740.

CHANT. No. 10.

Henry Lawes. (1595—1662.)

CHANT. No. 5.

Thomas Attwood. (1767—1738.)

CHANT. No. 12.

Arr. from Chas. Gounod. (1818—.)

* The usual Gloria may be sung to any of the above.

RESPONSES.

No. 1. Thomas Tallis. (1526-1583.)

No. 2. Rev. J. B. Dykes. (1823-1876.)

ff Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

f Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

No. 3.

Unknown.

Praise the Lord, all ye hosts! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

No. 4.

J. Battishill.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, For His mercy en - dur - eth for - ever.

No. 5.

Gregorian. Tone VIII.

God be merciful unto us and bless us, And cause His face to shine upon us.

No. 6.

Joseph Barnby. (1838-.)

Create in me a clean heart, O God, And re - new a right spirit with - in me.

No. 7.

Baumbach. Arr. by Rev. W. H. Lyon.

Let the words of my mouth and the med - i - ta - tion of my heart, be ac -

cept - a - ble in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Re - deem - er. A - MEN.

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A holy air is breathing round	300	Rev. A. A. Livermore. (1811-.)
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!	68	Bp. W. W. How. (1823-.)
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BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF COMPOSERS.

- AHLE, JOHANN RUDOLF** (1625-1673), 241; Organist and Statesman; born in Thuringia; a reformer of Church music; the originator of the so-called "Sacred Aria."
- ANON**, 49, 105, 222, 318.
- ATTWOOD, THOMAS** (1767-1838), Chant No. 5, p. 198; pupil of Dr. Nares and Mozart; Organist to St. Paul's Cathedral, 1795; Organist to Chapel Royal, 1796.
- BAKER, The Rev. SIR HENRY WILLIAMS, Bart.** (1821-1877), 111. See Biographical Index of Authors.
- BARNBY, JOSEPH** (1838-), 10, 20, 21, 23, 28, 30, 39, 44, 72, 89, 92, 112, 118, 125, 139, 143; Chant, No. 13; a distinguished English musician, at an early age Chorister in York Minster; for nine years Organist of St. Andrews, London; Conductor of Baroey's Choir, and of the Oratorio Concerts; Conductor of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society and Director of Musical Instruction at Eton, 1875. His numerous compositions have greatly enriched the sacred music of our time, and are marked by a rare quality of elevated feeling.
- BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN** (1770-1827), 147, 152, 326; Chant No. 10, p. 201; born at Bonn; settled in Vienna (1792), remaining there the rest of his life. In 1800 he became deaf, but the "Eroica" Symphony, the Fifth and Ninth Symphonies, the "Sonata Appassionata," the sonatas from Op. 101 to 111, and his one opera, "Fidelio," as well as the great Mass in D, were all written after this time. His immortality as a composer is due to the nobility of the content of his compositions. His work easily placed him the first of all instrumental composers. He received the classical form of the sonata and symphony from Haydn and Mozart, but soon asserted his original power by giving it a nobler content, and carried it to its highest perfection. He invented the "Scherzo," with which he replaced the "Minuet" and "Trio" of his predecessors.
- BOYCE, WILLIAM** (1710-1779), Chant No. 4, p. 198; when quite young, a Chorister in St. Paul's, London; appointed joint Organist and Composer to the Chapel Royal (1735). In 1749 he received the degree of Mus. D. from Cambridge University; was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. He was regarded as one of the ablest musicians of his time, and was the last of the old English School of Church composers. His works possess great merit and originality. He composed many anthems and services, and carried out the design of his master, Dr. Greene, by compiling and publishing, under the name of "Boyce's Cathedral Music," a valuable collection of services and anthems by various authors.
- BRADBURY, WILLIAM B.** (1816-1868), 143, 334; an American musician, born in York, Me. He published many singing-books and established a piano-forte manufactory.
- BURNAP, U. C.** (1834-), 84. Organist and composer. For 29 years Organist of the Dutch Reformed Church, Brooklyn. Has published and arranged many volumes of Church music.
- CALKIN, JOHN BAPTISTE** (1827-), 15, 35, 135, 351; a musician and composer, born in London; now Organist and Choir-master at St. Thomas's Church, London, and a Fellow of the College of Organists. He has composed many anthems, hymn tunes, and other music.
- CAREY, HENRY** (1693-1743), 345; born in London; the author of several dramatic works and some songs, to which he also wrote the words.
- CHERUBINI, MARIA LUIGI** (1760-1842), 168; born at Florence; began composing at an early age. Italian music in his time was at a low ebb, and he set himself to reviving the old Italian School. He went to Paris (1786), where his operas achieved much success, and he was appointed Director of the Conservatoire (1821). One of his best known operas is "The Water Carrier." Late in life he began writing sacred music. His great Mass in F was written in a few weeks' time for the dedication of a church. His operas are said to have the classic dignity of Corneille's tragedies.
- COBB, GERARD**, 94.
- CONKEY, ITHAMAR**, (1851), 236.
- COOKE, ROBERT**, (-1814), Chant No. 11, p. 193, p. 201; an English organist. In 1802 he succeeded Dr. Arnold as Organist and Master of the Choristers at Westminster Abbey. He composed an evening service, anthems, songs, etc.
- CROFT, WILLIAM**, Mus. D. (1677-1727), 176; an English musician; Organist of Westminster Abbey (1708); buried in Westminster Abbey.

- DEANE, W. H., 97.
- DEVEREUX, 297.
- DOWNES, L. T., 162.
- DYKES, The Rev. JOHN BACCHUS, Mus. D. (1823-1876), 7, 37, 42, 47, 49, 51, 61, 64, 75, 78, 82, 85, 108, 109, 116, 123, 127, 247, 300; educated at Cambridge; Vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham, 1852; received the Degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Durham, 1861. He published a Morning, Evening, and Communion Service, as well as many anthems and hymn-tunes, and greatly advanced congregational hymnody in England.
- ELVEY, Sir GEORGE JOB, Mus. D. (1816-), 103, 191; educated at Oxford; Organist of St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor, 1835; Organist to the Queen, 1837; resigned from the profession, 1883.
- EWING, ALEXANDER (1830-), 119, 357; born at Aberdeen; educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen; is a Pay-Master in the English army.
- FLEMMING, FREDERIC FERDINAND, 341.
- FLINT, JAMES, 140.
- GEISTREICHES GESANGBUCH (1704), 3. Published in Darmstadt, 1698. The composers of the tunes in this work are unknown.
- GENEVAN PSALTER, 366; edited by Louis Bourgeois, from 1542 to 1557. The tune known as "Old Hundredth" appeared in this about 1551, as the melody of Ps. cxxxiv. Guillaume Franc, to whom it has often been ascribed, also published an edition of the Psalms, intended for local use at Lausanne, but he had no connection with the Genevan Psalter. The tunes in French Psalter were given as melodies only; many appear to have been adapted by Bourgeois from popular melodies of the time. They were afterwards published with harmonies by Goudimel, Le Jeune, and others.
- GERMAN, 130, 178, 275, 295.
- GIARDINI, FELICE (1716-1796), 205; an Italian violinist; a chorister in the Cathedral, Milan. Later he went to Naples, winning fame as a virtuoso. In 1750 he went to London, where he taught and composed. He had a brilliant career, but died in poverty at Moscow.
- GILBERT, Chant No. 17, p. 204.
- GLÄSER, C. G. (-1829), 202, 251.
- GOTTSCHEALK, LOUIS MOREAU (1829-1869), 305; the popular pianist and composer; born in New Orleans. In 1841 he went to Paris and studied with Chopin and Charles Hallé. He made concert tours on the Continent, and returned to America, 1853.
- GOULD, J. E. (-1875), 252-329; an American musician of Wilton, Me., one of the pioneer teachers of music in that State. He learned and taught the Pestalozzian system in his old age.
- GOULD, NATHANIEL D., 355; an American writer, author of "The History of Church Music in America," 1853; "Companion to the Psalmist," and "National Church Harmony."
- GOUNOD, CHARLES (1818-), Chant No. 12, p. 202; a distinguished French composer; born at Paris. He studied with Halévy. After winning first prize at the Institute, he wrote several masses, a requiem, and some smaller works. In 1851, his first opera, "Sappho," was produced. His most important musical work, the opera of "Faust," was produced in 1859. Among his later works are "St. Cecilia," "The Redemption," "By the Waters of Babylon," and the opera of "Romeo and Juliet." He has written much Church music and many songs. His "There is a Green Hill," and "Meditation," a soprano solo on the 1st Prelude of Bach, known as the "Bach-Gounod Ave Maria," have become very popular.
- GREATOREX, H. W. (-1857), 170, 258, 329.
- HANDEL, GEORG FRIEDRICH (1685-1759), 217, 339; born at Hallé; destined for the law, but finally permitted to study music. After three years spent in Italy he settled in Hanover as Chapel Master, but was induced to visit London, and accepted a similar post with the Duke of Chandos (1718), remaining in London until his death. "Acis and Galatea" and "Esther," his first English oratorio, were written about 1718. In 1720 he became Director of the Academy of Music, and for seventeen years was engaged in composing operas and managing operatic enterprises. In 1739 he turned his attention to the composition of English oratorios, and found here his real field. In "The Messiah," "Samson," "Saul," "Judas Maccabeus," and "Israel in Egypt," he created imperishable works of the loftiest character. He wrote many works for the organ and harpsichord, on which he was a noted performer. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.
- HASSLER, HANS LEO (1564-1612), 353; born in Nuremberg and studied in Venice under Gabrielli; the most eminent Organist of his day; Court Organist at Dresden. He wrote many chorales and part songs.
- HASTINGS, Dr. THOMAS (1784-1872), 180; an American hymn-writer. He published many collections of sacred music, wrote for the press, and lectured. He wrote over six hundred hymns.
- HATTON, JOHN (-1793), 214; of Warrington; afterwards of St. Helen's. He composed several hymn tunes and many songs.
- HAVERGAL, Rev. WM. H. (1793-1870), 334; Canon of Worcester Cathedral; father of Frances R. Havergal. He published a "History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune."
- HAYDN, FRANZ JOSEPH (1732-1809), 59, 144, 158, 187, 230, 260, 312; called "the father of instrumental music," also "the inventor of the quartette and symphony." He began life as a Choir Boy, but was appointed Music-Director to Prince Esterhazy, in Hungary (1761), in whose employ he remained for many years. During this period he composed most of those quartets and symphonies with which the history of modern *instrumental* music commences. Haydn, indeed, may be regarded as the inventor of

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF COMPOSERS.

- both these species of compositions, which, during his own lifetime, were further developed by Mozart, and subsequently carried by Beethoven to the utmost limits as yet attained. Haydn visited London in 1790 and 1794, and was received there with great enthusiasm. "The Creation" and "The Seasons" are his best known oratorios.
- HAYNE, Rev. LEIGHTON GEORGE, Mus. D.** (1836-1883), 321; an English Clergyman; Organist of Eton College (1868); Rector of Mistley and Vicar of Bradfield, 1871.
- HEINLEIN, PAUL** (1626-1685), 87; Pianist, Organist, and Composer; studied in Munich and Italy; Court Musician at Nuremberg; Organist-in-Chief at St. Sebaldus, 1658, where he stayed till his death.
- HEROLD, LOUIS JOSEPH** (1791-1833), 156; a German composer; born in Paris. He studied with Cherubini at the Conservatoire, winning the first prize in composition and piano playing. He wrote operas and many works for the piano-forte.
- HEWS, GEORGE** (1806-1873), 168; Organist, Composer, and Manufacturer of Piano-fortes; resident in Boston. He was Vice-President of the Handel and Haydn Society from 1854-1858.
- HILES, HENRY** (1826-), 8; English Organist, composer, and Conductor. He received the degree of Mus. Bac. from Oxford, 1862, and Mus. Doc., 1857. He has composed an oratorio, "The Patriarchs," cantatas, anthems, songs, etc., and has published several books on harmony and counterpoint.
- HOLBROOK, J. P.** (1821-1889), 92, 121; Organist and Composer, who has written both hymn-tunes and Church music. Formerly resident in Brooklyn, N.Y.
- HODGES, Rev. J. S. B.** (1830-), 284, 369; born in Bristol, England; educated at Columbia College, New York; and graduated from the Gen. Theol. Sem., N. Y., 1854. Rector of St. Paul's, Baltimore, Md., since 1870.
- HOLDEN, OLIVER** (1831-), 256; an American composer, formerly resident in Charlestown, Mass. He was originally a carpenter. His collection of psalm-tunes is among the earliest published in America.
- HOPKINS, EDWARD JOHN, Mus. D.** (1818-), 59, 62; born at Westminster, London; one of the Choir Children of the Chapel Royal; Organist of the Temple Church, London, 1843. In 1882 the degree of Mus. D. was conferred upon him by the Archbishop of Canterbury.
- HOWARD, A. P.**, 129; an American composer who has written Church music of a high order, and several series of beautiful carols. Now resident in Longwood, Mass.
- HOWARD, SAMUEL, Mus. D.** (1710-1782), 101; born in London, and known as a popular song composer; Organist of St. Brides' and St. Clement Danes', London.
- HOYT, CHAS. H.** (1855-), page 3, 24; Organist and Composer; now Organist of All Souls' Church (Unitarian), New York city.
- HYMNS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH, 111;** compiled by the Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D., 1862.
- IRONS, HERBERT STEPHEN** (1834-), 35; studied music with his uncle, Dr. Stephen Elvey, late Organist of New and St. John's Colleges, Oxford, and brother of Sir Geo. J. Elvey, Mus. D., Organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. He became Sub-Organist at Chester Cathedral, 1872; is now Organist of St. Andrew's, Nottingham.
- JACOBS, BENJAMIN** (1778-1829), Chant No. 14, p. 203. One of the best Organists of his time; born in London; Chorister in Portland Chapel at seven years of age; appointed Organist of Salem Chapel, Soho, at ten years of age; of Surrey Chapel, 1794; and of St. John's, Waterloo Road, 1823.
- JONES, D. E.**, 239; resident in New York. Published in 1840, "Melodies of the Church," and other popular works.
- KINGSLEY, GEORGE** (1811-), 156, 286, 297; Organist and Composer; born in Northampton, Mass. Published several collections of music before 1853. His "Social Choir" was very popular.
- KNAPP, WILLIAM** (1698-1768), 182; Parish Clerk of Poole, Dorsetshire. He published two books of Church music.
- KNECHT, JUSTIN HEINRICH** (1752-1817), 57, 241; Organist, Pianist, Violinist, and Composer; born in Suabia; elected Kapellmeister and Ecclesiastical Music-Director at Stuttgart, 1807. In 1809 he returned to his birthplace, Biberach, and worked there until his death.
- KOCHER, CONRAD, Ph.D.** (1786-1872), 232; born in Württemberg; studied with Clementi; Organist of the Stiftskirche in Stuttgart, where he founded the "Liederkrantz." Early in his career he composed sonatas for piano-forte, quartettes, songs, and several operas. In the last years of his active life he did much for the improvement of Church music, and compiled several collections of chorales, prominent among which is the "Württemberg Choralbuch."
- LANE, SPENCER, 38.**
- LANGDON, RICHARD, 266;** Chant No. 7, p. 199; an English composer; lived in the middle of the last century. He wrote anthems and glees.
- LANGRAN, JAMES** (1835-), 48; born in London; Organist of Holy Trinity, Tottenham, 1859, and of the Parish Church, 1870; Musical Editor of the "New Mitre Hymnal."
- LAWES, HENRY** (1595-1662); Chant No. 2, p. 197; an English composer. He wrote the songs for Milton's masque, "Comus," 1634, and the Christmas songs in Herrick's "Hesperides," together with many others,

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- and a series of psalm-tunes. He held several court appointments, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.
- LISZT, FRANZ** (1811-1886), 137; a Hungarian virtuoso, whose early ambition was to become the Paganini of the piano-forte. He was born near Pesth; played in public at the age of nine. In 1827 he went to Paris, making a profound impression. He was appointed Conductor of the Grand Duke's Opera at Weimar, 1848; resigned in 1859, and lived quietly in Weimar, surrounded by a group of his pupils. He is said to have exhausted the capacities of the piano-forte. His later years were given to composing orchestral and choral works. To his influence, Wagner owed the introduction of his operas, and between them there existed a life-long friendship.
- LOCKETT, W.** (1835-), 53, 116; an English organist and composer.
- LUTHER, MARTIN** (1483-1546), 347. See Biographical Index of Authors.
- LYOFF, ALEXIS THEODORE** (1799-1870), 225; a Russian violinist and composer; born in Reval. His father was a government official, and he was trained both as a Soldier and as a Musician. He was a General, an Adjutant to the Czar, and also filled important musical positions. Schumann praised his playing, and Berlioz and he were much together.
- LYRA DAVIDICA**, 138.
- MALAN, Rev. C. H. A.** (1878-1864), 224, 244; a French minister, poet, and musician; born in Geneva, and pastor there. He composed both anthems and hymns, and wrote several theological works.
- MARECHIO**, 222.
- MARSHALL, LEONARD**, 337; teacher and composer, of Boston, Mass. He published "The Antiquarian," "The Harpsichord," etc.
- MASON, LOWELL**, Mus. D. (1792-1872), 150, 166, 182, 197, 205, 224, 230, 279, 292, 310, 349, 363, 364; arranged 202, 211, 235, 254, 256, 262, 324, 347, 349, 355; born at Medfield, Mass.; resided at Savannah, Ga., from 1811 to 1827, when he settled in Boston. He was a well-known Chorus Conductor and followed the Pestalozzian method of teaching singing. He was a voluminous writer of hymn-tunes; published several books of Church music and greatly advanced congregational hymnody in America.
- MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, JAKOB LUDWIG FELIX** (1809-1847), 80, 123, 136, 140, 193, 289; Chant No. 15, p. 203; born at Hamburg; grandson of the distinguished philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn. When he was three years old his family moved to Berlin, where the Mendelssohn home became noted as a musical and literary centre, and Felix displayed extraordinary abilities, becoming equally celebrated as a Composer and Pianist. He visited England (1829); went to Düsseldorf (1834), as Director of Music, and there invented a new class of compositions for the piano-forte called "Songs without Words." From 1835 to 1843 he was Conductor of the Gewandhaus Orchestra at Leipzig. The death of his sister, Fanny Hensel, caused a shock from which he never recovered. His works include nearly all classes of composition, both vocal and instrumental.
- MILLARD, HARRISON**, 135, 141; the popular Song-writer and "tenor," now resident in New York city. He has also composed Church music, and published several collections of anthems, Services, etc.
- MITCHELL, NAHUM** (1769-1853), 344; born in Bridgewater, Mass. For many years a justice of the circuit courts and member of Congress. His publications were the "Brattle Street Collection of Church Music," 1809, and "Templi Carmina," 1812. He exerted a great influence in reforming church music in New England.
- MONK, WILLIAM HENRY** (1823-), 59, 95, 107, 230, 312; Organist; born in London; appointed Organist (1849) and Professor of Vocal Music (1874) in King's College, London, to succeed Professor John Hullah, with whom he was early associated in his great work of popular musical education; appointed Professor in Bedford College, London (1878); has lectured on music and edited collections of hymns. He was musical editor of "The Parish Choir" after the fourth number, and one of the musical editors of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern."
- MORNINGTON, LORD G. W.**, Mus. D. (1735-1781), 164; born in Ireland. He learned music with little or no instruction. He wrote many glees and some Church music. His Mass in E is well known.
- MOZART, WOLFGANG AMADEUS** (1756-1791), 210, 349; born at Salzburg; his musical precocity was shown at the age of three. His father took him on concert tours as a piano-forte prodigy. Haydn cordially recognized his genius, but he never obtained a court appointment, and lived and died poor and in debt. As a composer he was remarkable for spontaneity and fertility of invention. With him, the sonata, considered as an art form, reached its culmination, and his symphonies surpassed Haydn's in the extent of their development. He wrote many operas for Vienna, Prague, and other cities. The greatest of these are "Don Juan," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "The Magic Flute." In chamber music also he surpassed all of his predecessors.
- NÄGELI, HANS GEORG** (-1836), 355; Composer and Publisher at Zürich. He wrote popular songs, and started the Swiss Musical League, setting the precedent for music festivals on the Continent.
- NARES, JAMES**, Mus. D. (1715-1783), 208; Organist of York Cathedral and of the Chapel Royal, London. He published anthems, etc., and received the degree of Mus. D. from the University of Cambridge.
- NEANDER, JOACHIM**, Rev. (1640-1680), 17; born at Bremen; Rector of the Reform School at Düsseldorf; died while Pastor in Bremen.
- NEEFEE, CHRISTIAN GOTTLÖB** (1748-1798), 339; Court Organist at Bonn; one of Beethoven's early teachers.

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- He was obliged to leave during the French Revolution, and later was appointed Music Director at Dessau, but died soon afterwards.
- OLIVER, HENRY KEMBLE**, Gen. (1800-1885), 185; resident in Salem, Mass. He edited, with Dr. S. P. Tuckerman, a collection of Church music called the "National Lyre," 1849, and published "Oliver's Collection," 1860, and Oliver's "Original Hymn Tunes," 1875.
- PALESTRINA, GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA** (1524-1594), 68; born at Palestrina; studied music at Rome. In 1562 the Council of Trent resolved on a reformation of Church music, excluding all music but the Gregorian Chant. Palestrina's works, from their simplicity and devotional character, were made an exception, and he was commissioned to write a mass. He produced three masses (1565), which were highly approved by the Church. He was then made Composer to the Apostolic Chapel, and Musical Director to the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.
- PLEYEL, IGNAZ** (1757-1831), 227, 228, 344; a German musician; a favorite pupil of Haydn for many years. After a visit to Italy he was appointed Chapel-Master in Strasburg. He visited London in 1791, where his compositions met with instant success. In 1795 he sold his estate and became a music publisher and manufacturer of piano-fortes.
- READING, JOHN** (1677-1764), 159; an English Organist; Lay-Vicar of Lincoln Cathedral, and Organist of Dulwich College, etc.
- REDHEAD, RICHARD** (1820-), 47, 55, 99, 235, 324; educated at Oxford; has been Organist of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington, since 1864. He has published many compositions for the Church; in 1843, in conjunction with the late Canon Oakeley, the first Gregorian Psalter, with the title, "Laudes Diurnæ;" since then "The Music of the Divine Liturgy," "The Book of Common Prayer, with Ritual Song," etc.
- REINAGLE, ALEXANDER ROBERT** (1799-1877), 173; an English Organist; lived near Oxford.
- RIDER, HENRY DE KOVEN**, 136; Organist and Composer; now resident at Middletown, Conn.
- RINK, JOHANN C. H.** (1770-1846), 308; a German Organist and Composer. He studied with one of Bach's best pupils; was Organist and Professor at Darmstadt, 1806, and Court Organist, 1813. His reputation is based on his "Practical Organ School," a standard work. He wrote motets, anthems, etc.
- ROBINSON, JOHN** (1682-1762), Chant No. 3, p. 197.
- ROOT, GEORGE FREDERICK** (1820-), 308; born in Sheffield, Mass. He introduced the idea of Normal Music Schools. He moved to Boston, 1830, to New York, 1844, and to Chicago, 1860. He has published cantatas and songs; has now given up teaching.
- ROSSINI, GIOACCHINO ANTONIO** (1792-1868), 199, 284; a famous Italian operatic composer; born at Pesaro. His early ambition was to write for the stage. His first opera was produced in Venice (1810). Between 1815 and 1823 he composed twenty operas, including "Il Barbiere," "Otello," "La Cenerentola," and "Semiramide." He visited England (1823); was appointed Director of the Théâtre Italien in Paris (1829), where he produced his greatest opera "Guillaume Tell." In 1832 he wrote the "Stabat Mater," which was first given in 1842. He exerted a great influence on music in Italy.
- ROUSSEAU, JEAN JACQUES** (1712-1778), 180. This famous writer was also a musician, and wrote several operas which are now forgotten. The great influence he exerted upon his contemporaries makes him one of the most notable persons of the last century. The story of his wandering, eccentric life is given by himself in his "Confessions."
- RUSSIAN**, 153, 260.
- SCHUMANN, ROBERT** (1810-1856), 12, 33; born in Zwickau. Though opposed by his family he decided to devote his life to music. His education was largely self-directed, and his compositions were so individual that they produced a ferment among musicians of his day. He went to Leipzig (1830) and founded (1834) the "New Journal of Music," which opposed traditional forms in composition, and profoundly influenced public opinion. This period can properly be called the pre-Wagnerian. He married (1840) Clara Wieck, a distinguished pianist, and the daughter of his teacher. He went to Düsseldorf as Director of Music (1850), but became insane, and died in an asylum at Bonn.
- SCOTCH PSALTER**, 286. The version of the Psalms first used in Scotland after the Reformation was by John Wedderburn, a native of Dundee, whence his collection was sometimes known as the Dundee, or Dundie Psalms. The Scotch Psalter was published in 1564. This collection was based on one used by the English congregation in Geneva, of which John Knox and Goodman were Co-Pastors. This Psalter continued in use till 1650, when it was superseded by the metrical version of the Psalms employed at the present time.
- SICILIAN**, 178.
- SHERWIN, WM. F.** (1826-), 105, 142; an American composer, who has published collections of vocal music, written songs, sacred music, etc.
- SMART, HENRY** (1812-1879), 23, 95, 128; born in London. He was widely known as Organist and Composer of Church music. Although blind, he was a cheerful and very active worker, and was Organist of St. Pancras, Easton Road, up to the time of his death. He wrote several Cantatas, being especially successful in writing for female voices. He devoted much study to the mechanism of the organ, and designed some of the largest in England. Few composers of this century have equalled him in his contributions to the Church of thoroughly pure and elevating hymn-tunes.
- SPANISH**, 153, 222.

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- SPOHR, LOUIS**, Ph.D. (1784-1859), 30; a famous German violinist and composer, whose Concertos are studied by every violinist. He was intended for a physician, but his talent was so marked that he was permitted to study Harmony. He filled various musical posts, but spent most of his time in concert tours. He was the greatest violinist of his day.
- STAINER, JOHN, M.A.**, Mus. D. (1840-), 103; Chorister of St. Paul's Cathedral from 1847-1856; Organist of Magdalen College, Oxford, 1859, and to the University of Oxford, 1860; Mus. D. in 1865; M.A. in 1866; Examiner for the University of Oxford, 1867; for University of Cambridge, 1879; Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, 1872; a Fellow of the College of Organists, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Dr. Stainer has attained great celebrity through his compositions for the Church, such as anthems, his service, and hymn-tunes. He is one of the most eminent of Organists, and is equally celebrated as a Choirmaster and Conductor.
- STEPHEN**, the Sabaite (725-794), 111. See Biographical Index of Authors.
- ST. GALL'S** Collection, 114.
- STRATTNER, GEORG CHRISTOPH** (1650-1705), 1; born in Hungary; Music-Director in Frankfort, 1691, afterwards Assistant-Director in Weimar, where he died.
- SULLIVAN, SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR**, Mus. D. (1842-), 71, 78, 131, 291, 351; born in London; was a Chorister in the Chapel Royal; studied music under Sir W. Sterndale Bennett at the Royal Academy of Music, London (where he gained the Mendelssohn Scholarship), and at the Conservatory of Leipzig. Sir Sullivan has published many compositions, both instrumental and vocal, including Symphonies, Overtures, Music to the "Tempest," and to the "Merchant of Venice," a "Festival Te Deum," and two oratorios, but is best known by his popular operettas.
- SWEETZER, J. E.** (-1873), 326.
- TALLIS, THOMAS** (1520-1535), 145, 366; Organist of the Chapel Royal in the reign of Elizabeth. He is called the founder of the School of English Church Composers. He harmonized the Intonations and Responses which Merbecke had noted from Gregorian sources.
- TANSUR, WILLIAM** (1699-1783), 258; an English Composer and Organist; he compiled collections of psalm-tunes, and wrote some theoretical works.
- TAYLOR, V. C.** (1817-), 197; an American composer; resident in Brooklyn. He has composed and published several collections of Church music.
- THALBERG, SIGISMUND** (1812-1871), 69; a famous Swiss pianist; studied with Hummel; made extended concert tours in Europe (1830-1839); visited the United States, 1836-8; died in Naples.
- THIBAUT, ANTON FRIEDRICH JUSTUS** (1774-1840), 169; a distinguished German Jurist and Connoisseur in music. He published a book of great value to musicians entitled "Ueber Reinheit der Tonkunst."
- TROYTE, ARTHUR HENRY DYKE** (1811-1857), 90, 364; son of Sir Thomas Ackland; educated at Oxford; died near Dorchester. He assumed the name "Troyte" in 1852.
- TUCKERMAN, SAMUEL P.** (1810-), 282, 303; born in Boston; studied with Chas. Zeener; Organist and Director of St. Paul's, Boston, 1840-9, and again in 1853. He spent several years in England, studying Church music, and adding to his rare and valuable musical library. He has published collections of hymn-tunes and anthems, carols, part-songs, and a Cantata.
- TURLE, JAMES** (1802-1882), 99, Chant No. 1, p. 196; Chant No. 16, p. 204; educated in the Cathedral of Wells; Organist of Westminster Abbey (1831). He published many compositions for the Church.
- VENUA, F. M. A.** (1810), 195; one of the oldest members of the Royal Society of Musicians, and leader of ballets at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. He retired in 1858 to Exeter, after an active music life.
- VIOTTI, GIOVANNI BATTISTA** (1755-1824), 133; an Italian violinist. During the French Revolution he was in Paris, but fled to London, where he was accused of being a secret agent of the Revolutionists. After the restoration of the Bourbons he was made Director of the Royal Academy in Paris. His last years were spent in England.
- WALLACE, WILLIAM VINCENT** (1815-), 250, 332; an Operatic Composer; born in Ireland. As a child he studied every instrument he could get hold of. He has travelled much in Europe giving concerts. The opera "Maritana" is his best known work.
- WEBB, SAMUEL** (1740-1816), 207; born in Minorca; studied music in London; wrote anthems, glees, etc.
- WEBER, CARL MARIA VON** (1786-1826), 150, 170, 318; composer and creator of romantic opera; born in Holstein. He came of a family in which the love of music and the drama were prominent traits; his father hoped to see him develop into an infant prodigy like his cousin, Mozart. He lived a wandering life, spending some years in Stuttgart, Vienna, and Dresden, where he devoted himself to establishing German opera. His most celebrated operas are "Der Freischütz," "Euryanthe," and "Oberon."
- WELSH HYMNAL**, 17, 19, 25, 27, 66; published in Wrexham by Hughes & Sou.
- WESLEY, SAMUEL SEBASTIAN**, Mus. D. (1810-1876), 5, 359; born in London; grandson of the Rev. Charles Wesley; graduated at Oxford, 1839; Organist of Gloucester Cathedral.
- WHITE, T. B.**, 227, 264.
- WILKES, JOHN P.**, 33.
- WILLIAMS, AARON** (1731-1776), 267; Music-engraver and Publisher; Clerk of the Scotch Church, London-wall; Teacher of Psalmody.
- WILLIS, RICHARD STORRS** (1819-), 343; an American writer; born in Boston; graduated at Yale College; editor of the New York "Musical Times." He com-

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- piled "Church Chorals," and wrote "Our Church Music."
WILSON, HUGH, 262; a Weaver in Kilmarnock in the early part of this century.
WOODBURY, I. B. (1819-1858), 109, 236, 315; an American musician. While working at his trade as a blacksmith in Boston he attended the public school, and studied the violin. In 1849 he went to New York. He published several books of psalmody.
WOODMAN, JONATHAN C. (1813-), 273; Composer and Teacher; resident in New York. He has published "The Musical Casket," and other works.

YOUNG, Rev. ALFRED, 133, 228; Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, New York city. He has done much to further congregational singing in the Catholic Church, and has printed "The Catholic Hymnal" (1888), containing hymns for congregation and home use, many of which are those best loved in Protestant churches.

ZEUNER, CHARLES (1795-1857), 189, 208, 220, 270; Organist and Composer; born in Eisleben. He came to America, lived in Boston, and later in Philadelphia. He published hymn-tunes, and compiled several well-known music collections.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF AUTHORS.

- ADAMS, Mrs. SARAH FLOWER (1805-1848), 311; an English Unitarian, author of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Born in Cambridge; lived in London. Her hymns appeared in "Hymns and Anthems" (1841).
- ALFORD, Rev. HENRY (1810-1871), 202, 325; Dean of Canterbury; was graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge. One of the most variously accomplished Churchmen of his day; poet, preacher, painter, musician, and philologist. His Greek Testament with notes remains one of the authoritative editions.
- ALEXANDER, Mrs. CECIL FRANCES (1823-), 110; born in Dublin; wife of the present Bishop of Derry. She published "Verses for Holy Seasons" (1846), "Narrative Hymns" (1857), "Hymns Descriptive and Devotional" (1858), etc.
- ANATOLIUS (-45S), 61; became Patriarch of Constantinople in 449; best known to us through Dr. Neale's translations in "The Hymns of the Eastern Church." He crowned Emperor Leo, and contrived, through the Council of Chalcedon, to set the Eastern and Western Churches on a level, by insisting upon the equality of Constantinople and Rome.
- ANON, 5, 12, 16, 24, 45, 50, 66, 80, 81, 88, 95, 105, 111, 113, 126, 130, 138, 139, 140, 142, 143, 147, 173, 175, 193, 195, 200, 206, 218, 237, 246, 248, 269, 288, 316, 339, 397.
- ANSTICE, JOSEPH (1808-1836), 349; educated at Oxford; Professor of Classical Literature at King's College, London. He wrote many hymns during his last illness, though continuing to teach up to the day of his death.
- APPLETON, FRANK P., 244.
- AUBER, HARRIET (1773-1862), 109; an English poetess, born in London. She published anonymously "The Spirit of the Psalms" (1829).
- AUSTIN, JOHN (1613-1669), 207.
- BAKER, Rev. Sir HENRY WILLIAMS, Bart. (1821-1877), 7; born in London; educated at Cambridge; Vicar of Monkland, Herefordshire, where he died. His hymns appeared in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (1861), with Appendix (1868-1874), of which he was one of the principal compilers.
- BARBAULD, Mrs. ANNA L. (1743-1825), 198, 381; born in Leicestershire, England; daughter of Rev. John Aikin, a Presbyterian minister, who taught her Latin and Greek. Her poems were published in 1773, and passed through four editions in a year. Her well-known lines on life won the admiration of the poet Wordsworth. Married in 1774 the Rev. R. Barbauld (Unitarian). She wrote with her brother, John Aikin, the well-known "Evenings at Home," which has delighted two generations of children.
- BARING-GOULD, Rev. SABINE, M.A. (1834-), 22, 60, 131; educated at Cambridge; Rector of East Mersea, Essex, 1871. His Hymns appeared in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (1861), with "Appendix" (1868), etc. He is one of the most learned mediævalists of the day.
- BARTON, BERNARD (1784-1849), 117, 278; sometimes called the "Quaker poet;" born in London; for many years bank clerk in Suffolk. His poems secured him the friendship of Lord Byron.
- BEDDOME, Rev. BENJAMIN (1717-1795), 159; born in Warwickshire, England. In early life apprenticed to a surgeon in Bristol; afterwards removed to London. Became pastor of a Baptist Congregation at Bourton, Gloucestershire, 1743, remaining there till his death. Author of several volumes of sermons and a collection of hymns.
- BELL, Rev. JAMES, 228. Hull. Wycliffe church.
- BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (1091-1153), 353, 354; called the Great Bernard. Born at Fontaine; educated at the University of Paris; became a Cistercian monk, and was appointed Abbot of Clairvaux. Luther called him "the best monk that ever lived." He was the preacher of the Second Crusade, and exercised a power as great as the Pope's own. The failure of the Crusade was the disappointment of his life, and the end of his influence. He is the Father in Latin Hymnody of that warm and passionate devotion which applies to divine objects the language of human affections.
- BERNARD OF CLUNY (1145-), 119, 121.
- BETHUNE, Rev. GEORGE W. (1805-1862), 326; a Presbyterian minister; born in New York city; settled over various churches in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, New York, etc.; died in Florence.
- BICKERSTETH, Rev. EDWARD H. (1825-), 360, 361; Bishop of Exeter. He has contributed largely to sacred poetry and hymnology. His books are "From Year to Year," "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," and "Doing and Suffering."
- BODE, Rev. JOHN ERNEST, M.A. (1816-1874), 25; educated at Oxford; Bampton lecturer in 1855; Rector of Castle Camps, Cambridgeshire, 1860, and died there.
- BONAR, Rev. HORATIUS, D.D. (1808-), 51, 84, 291, 319, 321, 332; educated at the University of Edinburgh; minister of the Free Church of Scotland, Kelso, and

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- now at Grange, Edinburgh. His "Hymns of Faith and Hope" appeared in 1857, 1861, and 1866.
- BORTHWICK, JANE** (1825-), 320; a descendant of an old Scottish family, who, in conjunction with her sister, Mrs. Eric Findlater, has published "Hymns from the Land of Luther," translated from the German.
- BOWRING, Sir JOHN** (1702-1872), 154, 223, 236, 239, 280, 365. The editor of the "Westminster Review," in which he plead the cause of Free Trade, Parliamentary Reform, etc.; entered Parliament in 1835. He had a brilliant diplomatic career, filling the offices of Governor at Hong Kong, Minister to Siam, and many others. He was knighted in 1854. He was one of the greatest linguists of the world, and is said to have known two hundred languages and dialects, and to have published translations from twenty-nine. He was an ardent Unitarian, and wrote his celebrated hymns in the midst of his active career.
- BRIDGES, MATTHEW** (1800-), 76; author of "Hymns for the Heart" (1848); became a Roman Catholic in 1852.
- BRIGGS, Rev. GEORGE W.** (Collection 1845), 170.
- BROOKE, Rev. STOPFORD AUGUSTUS, M.A.** (1832-), 1; born at Dublin; a poet, scholar, and divine; educated at Trinity College, Dublin; was Minister of St. James' Chapel, London, 1856-1875; was Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, in 1872; and became Minister of Bedford Chapel, his present charge, in 1876. As friend and biographer of Frederick W. Robertson, he became a recognized leader of the Broad Church School. In 1880, however, he left the Established Church, and avowed himself a Unitarian. His published works are "Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson," one of the best biographies of the kind in the language, "Christ in Modern Life," "Theology in the English Poets," a "Primer of English Literature," "The Life and Works of Milton," and many others. He is one of the most distinguished preachers in England, and has published many poems.
- BROOKS, Rev. PHILLIPS,** 129; born in Andover, Mass.; educated at the Boston Latin School; was graduated from Harvard University, 1855. First settled at Philadelphia, then became Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, where he still resides. He is one of the most thoughtful and powerful of living preachers. His published sermons are widely known both in England and America. He represents in American Episcopacy the Broad Church School of Robertson, Maurice, Stanley, etc.
- BROWNE, Rev. SIMON** (1680-1732), 186.
- BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN** (1794-1879), 67; an American poet, author, and journalist. Born at Cummington, Mass.; entered Williams College, 1810; admitted to the bar, 1815; removed to New York in 1825; became editor of "The Evening Post" 1826; and died in New York, 1879. He was the author of "Thanatopsis" and many justly celebrated poems; and translated the Iliad and Odyssey. He was a Unitarian.
- BURLEIGH, Rev. WILLIAM HENRY** (1812-1871), 86; an American Unitarian, journalist, and lecturer; prominent in anti-slavery and temperance. His wife, Mrs. Celia Burleigh, pastor of the Unitarian Church at Brooklyn, Conn., published his life and poems.
- BURNS, Rev. JAMES DRUMMOND** (1823-1866), 327; educated at the Edinburgh University; installed over the Free Church at Dunblane (1845); removed to Madeira for his health (1848), and preached there five years. Returning to London, he was unable to remain, and died at Mentone.
- BYROM, JOHN** (1691-1763), 318; educated at Cambridge; inventor of a successful system of shorthand, which he taught to the Wesleys. The greater part of Charles Wesley's hymns were dashed down in this fashion. Byrom translated the hymns of some of the French mystics, and wrote many poems.
- CARLYLE, Rev. JOSEPH DACRE** (1758-1804), 73; Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, 1794, succeeded Dr. Paley as Chancellor of Carlisle; Vicar of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he died. He was distinguished as an Orientalist.
- CARY, PHEBE** (1821-1871), 323; an American poetess, sister of Alice Cary; born in Ohio, but spent most of her life in New York.
- CASWELL, Rev. EDWARD** (1814-1878), 35, 93, 184; an English priest of the Roman Catholic Church; educated at Oxford. He published the "Lyra Catholica," 1849; the "Masque of Mary," 1858. He was an ingenious and successful translator.
- CAWOOD, Rev. JOHN, M.A.** (1775-1852), 125; educated at Oxford; Perpetual Curate of St. Ann's, Worcestershire. His hymns are in "Cotterill's Selection of Psalms and Hymns" (1819).
- CHADWICK, Rev. JOHN W.** (1840-), 9, 118, 226, 272, 306; a Unitarian minister; born in Marblehead, Mass.; graduated at Harvard Divinity School, 1864; now settled over the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, of which he has been Pastor for twenty-five years. He has published two volumes of poems, several series of discourses, "The Faith of Reason," "The Bible of To-day," "Origin and Destiny," etc., and is a frequent contributor to current discussion and criticism.
- CHENEY, Mrs. EDNAH DEANE,** 29; now residing at New Bedford, Mass. An authoress, and interested in social reforms.
- CLARKE, Rev. JAMES FREEMAN, D.D.** (1810-1888), 141, 289, 302, 324, 379; a Unitarian minister; born in Hanover, N.H.; graduated at Harvard College, 1829, and Cambridge Divinity School, 1833; was Pastor of a Unitarian Society in Louisville, Ky.; returned to Boston, 1840, where he founded the Church of the Disciples, and remained its Pastor until his death. He was prominent in the anti-slavery cause and all social reforms. To the end of his life an industrious author, with a rare art of making profound subjects intelligible. His writings cover a wide field of history, theology, and biblical criticism. Best known are "The Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy," "Self-

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- Culture," "Ten Great Religions," "The Problem of the Fourth Gospel."
- CODMAN, Capt. JOHN (1814-); 146, 369, 371; a retired Sea Captain; son of Rev. John Codman, the distinguished Minister of Dorchester, Mass.; he resides in New York, and devotes himself to literary work, as an author and correspondent. He has published "The Round Trip," "Winter Sketches from the Saddle," etc. The above and other paraphrases of the Psalms were written at sea.
- COLLYER, Rev. ROBERT (1823-), 378; a Preacher, Lecturer, and Author; born at Ilkley, Yorkshire, England; in early life came to America, and was a blacksmith; preached for some years as a Methodist; became a Unitarian, and was Minister of Unity Church, Chicago, 1859-1879; since then has been Minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York; is a widely known preacher and popular lecturer; author of "Nature and Life," "The Life That Now Is," "The Simple Truth," "Ilkley, Ancient and Modern," etc.
- CONDER, G. W., 233.
- CONDER, JOSIAH (1789-1855), 172; an English author and journalist; compiler of the first official Congregational Hymn Book.
- COTTERILL, Mrs. JOSEPH, 214.
- COWPER, WILLIAM (1731-1800), 120, 185, 219; the well-known poet; author of "The Task;" born in Hertfordshire. He contributed sixty-seven hymns to the "Olney Collection" (1779). Cowper wrote all these hymns before 1793, when a mental malady compelled him to discontinue literary work for nearly seven years. He translated the Iliad and the Odyssey.
- COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND, D.D. (1818-), 90, 176; was graduated from the University of New York (1838); appointed Bishop of Western New York (1864). He published "Athanasion, an Ode" (1842), "Christian Ballads" (1840), "Hallowe'en and other Poems" (1844), and other works.
- CREWSDON, Mrs. JANE (1809-1863), 341; an English hymn writer; long an invalid.
- DIX, WILLIAM C. (1837-), 232, 358, 374; born in Bristol; trained to a mercantile life; has written a number of hymns.
- DOANE, Rev. GEORGE WASHINGTON, D.D. (1799-1859), 168; educated at Union College, New York; made Bishop of New Jersey in 1832. His hymns are in "Songs by the Way" (1824).
- DODDRIDGE, Rev. PHILIP, D.D. (1702-1751), 26, 167, 213, 217, 235; born in London; Pastor of the Congregational Church at Northampton (1729), and Principal of the Theological Academy there. His hymns, circulated in manuscript, during his life, were published in 1755, under the title "Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures;" Author of the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," a favorite devotional book with our grandfathers.
- DWIGHT, Rev. J. S. (1812-), 346.
- DWIGHT, Rev. TIMOTHY (1752-1817), 275; President of Yale College. He revised Watts' Psalms.
- ELLERTON, Rev. JOHN (1826-), 28, 53, 54, 62, 82, 98; born in London; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; rector of Ilminster, 1872. His hymns appeared in the "Chester Cathedral Hymn Book" (1867), and in "The Hymnary" (1872), etc.
- ELLIOTT, CHARLOTTE (1789-1871), 364; an English hymn-writer; born in Brighton, and lived there and in Torquay. She was a confirmed invalid, but wrote constantly.
- EPISCOPAL COLLECTION, 161.
- EVERETT, WILLIAM (1839-), 293; educated at Harvard College and at Cambridge, England. An American author and poet; now Master of the Quincy Academy, at Quincy, Mass. He is a preacher (though a lay-man), and a well-known platform speaker on political questions. His father was the celebrated Edward Everett.
- EXETER COLLECTION, 317.
- FABER, Rev. FREDERICK WILLIAM, D.D. (1814-1863), 23, 40, 94, 128, 271, 301, 313; educated at Oxford; took Orders in 1837, but in 1845 joined the Church of Rome, being strongly influenced by John Henry Newman. He became a priest, and was placed in charge of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. In early life he was a dear friend of the poet Wordsworth. He published many theological works, but is mainly known as a hymn-writer.
- FLETCHER, Miss, 255.
- FOLLEN, ELIZA LEE (1787-1860), 249; born in Boston; wife of the late Professor Charles Follen, of Cambridge.
- FOX, Rev. WILLIAM J. (1786-1864), 135, 351; an English Unitarian minister; the founder of the "Westminster Review."
- FURNESS, Rev. WILLIAM HENRY, D.D. (1802-), 169, 241, 254, 304, 322; born in Boston; graduated at Harvard College, 1820; Harvard Divinity School, 1823; ordained Pastor of the First Congregational Unitarian Church, Philadelphia in 1825; resigned 1875. As early as 1839 he preached the anti-slavery cause from his pulpit, and shared the obloquy heaped upon the early abolitionists. The principal work of his life has been the study of the Gospels. In 1838 he published "Jesus and His Biographers," and from time to time other studies in the same field. Has translated from the German poets, and written several widely-known hymns. He still preaches, at the age of 88, with rare persuasiveness, and the authority of an aged disciple.
- FRANK, JOHANN (1618-1677), 225; born in Saxony; practised law at Guben.
- FROTHINGHAM, Rev. N. L. (1793-1870), 182, 334; a Unitarian minister.
- FROTHINGHAM, Rev. OCTAVIUS B. (1822-), 196; a Unitarian minister and author; graduated at Harvard College, 1843, and the Harvard Divinity School, 1846. For many years minister of the Third Unitarian Society, New York city; now retired and devoting himself to literary work. He has published a "Life

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF AUTHORS.

- of Theodore Parker," "The Religion of Humanity," "History of Transcendentalism in New England," "The Memoirs of Wm. Henry Channing," etc.
- GANNETT**, Rev. WILLIAM CHANNING (1840-), 46, 106, 112, 192; a Unitarian minister and poet, now settled in Rochester, N.Y.; graduated at Harvard College, 1860, and the Harvard Divinity School, 1868. He has published sermons, many admirable poems, and with his friend, Rev. F. L. Hosmer, "The Thought of God." His father was Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett, colleague and successor of Dr. Channing.
- GASKELL**, Rev. WILLIAM (1805-1884), 13, 234; an English Unitarian minister, credited with a fine translation of Luther's "Ein feste Burg."
- GILL**, THOMAS HORNBLOWER (1819-), 52, 174, 180, 256, 257, 281; an English Episcopalian, author of many hymns.
- GILMAN**, Rev. SAMUEL, D.D. (1791-1858), 77; a Unitarian minister; graduated at Harvard College, 1811; ordained Pastor of the Unitarian Society, Charleston, S.C., 1819.
- GILMORE**, Rev. J. H., 336.
- GLADDEN**, Rev. WASHINGTON (1836-), 47; an American Congregationalist; formerly editor of the "New York Independent;" now minister in Columbus, O.; author of "Applied Christianity," and other discussions of social problems.
- GOULD**, Rev. SABINE BARING, M.A. (1834-), 22, 60, 131. See Baring-Gould.
- GRANT**, Sir ROBERT (1785-1838), 158; educated at Cambridge; Governor of Bombay. His poems were published in 1839, by his brother, Lord Glenelg.
- GREG**, PERCY, 292.
- HALE**, EDWARD EVERETT (1822-), 377; graduated at Harvard College, 1839; minister for many years of the South Congregational Church (Unitarian), Boston, Mass.; preacher, philanthropist, journalist, novelist, historian. He believes the pulpit is now but one of many agencies through which to lead men to the Christian life. His distinguished career as an author and citizen he regards as but the fulfilment of his calling to preach the Gospel to every creature.
- HATCH**, Rev. EDWIN LL.D. (1880), 102, 373; educated at Oxford; professor in Trinity College, Toronto; then Master of the Quebec High School. Recalled to England, 1867; became Rector of Burleigh in Essex, and Professor of Exegesis at Oxford; Bampton Lecturer, 1883; Hibbert Lecturer, 1888. He was a well-known authority on Exegesis and Church History.
- HAVERGAL**, FRANCES RIDLEY (1836-1879), 2, 375; author of numerous devotional works in prose and verse; daughter of the Canon of Worcester Cathedral. See Wm. H. Havergal (Composer).
- HAVEIS**, Rev. THOMAS, LL.B., M.D. (1734-1820), 100; originally a physician; afterwards studied at Cambridge and became Rector of All Saints, in Northamptonshire, and Chaplain to Lady Huntingdon.
- His hymns appeared in his "Carmina Christo" (1792-1808).
- HEATH**, GEORGE (1781-1822), 166.
- HEBER**, Bishop REGINALD (1783-1826), 39, 59, 116, 285; educated at Oxford, where, in 1801, he won the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem. He became Rector of Hodnet, and was appointed Bishop of Calcutta, 1823. His celebrated hymns, collected by his widow, were published in 1842.
- HEDGE**, Rev. FREDERICK HENRY, D.D. (1805-), 305, 347, 352; a Unitarian minister; professor of German Literature at Harvard College, 1825. Having finished his education in Germany he became one of the earliest interpreters of German thought and literature in America. He was associated with New England Transcendentalism, and a life-long friend of Emerson. Unlike Emerson, he remained in the ministry. Though widely acquainted with literature, and himself a poet and translator, his published writings chiefly treat of the philosophy of religion. His best-known books are "Ways of the Spirit," "Reason in Religion," and the "Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition."
- HERBERT**, Rev. GEORGE (1593-1632), 274; born in the ancestral castle, near Montgomery; on his father's side he belonged to the family of the Earls of Pembroke; educated at Westminster School and Trinity, Cambridge. He began life as a courtier, and received from King Charles the First the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury, where his little church still stands. His poems, published after his death, are his best biography. They record the spiritual struggles of a great and passionate nature, retired from the world, and seeking the peace of God in the ministry of the Gospel.
- HIGGINSON**, Rev. THOMAS WENTWORTH (1823-), 91; an American author; graduated at Harvard College, 1841, and at the Cambridge Divinity School, 1847; Pastor of the Free Church, Worcester, 1850; retired from the ministry, 1856. He was Colonel in the Civil War; now resident in Newport, R.I. As an accomplished orator, he has been active in social and political reform.
- HOLMES**, OLIVER WENDELL (1809-), 314; the "Aurocrat of the Breakfast Table;" graduated at Harvard College (1820); studied medicine, and was professor at Harvard Medical School from 1847 to 1882. His long career as a popular author, wit, and social favorite needs no description. He is the descendant of several generations of ministers, a Unitarian in religion, and has written many hymns.
- HOOD**, E. PAXTON (1820-), 122.
- HOSMER**, Rev. FREDERICK L. (1840-), 69, 70, 85, 99, 114, 250, 253, 370; a Unitarian minister, settled for many years in Cleveland, O.; graduated at Harvard College, 1862, and Harvard Divinity School, 1869. One of the best of later American hymn-writers. Joint-author with Rev. W. C. Gannett of the "Thought of God."
- HOW**, The Rt. Rev. WILLIAM WALSHAM, D.D., Bishop of Bedford (1823-), 20, 57, 68; educated at

- Oxford; Rector of Whittington, 1851, and Canon of St. Asaph Cathedral, Suffragan Bishop of Bedford, 1879. Some of his hymns are in "Psalms and Hymns" (1854), and "Church Hymns" (1872).
- HUMPHREYS, JENNETT**, 3.
- INGEMANN, BERNHARD SEVERIN** (1789-1862), 60; born in Denmark; educated at the University of Copenhagen; Professor of the Danish Language and Literature at the Academy at Sorøe. His works were published in 1851 in 34 volumes, many of which are romances.
- JOHNS, Rev. JOHN** (1801-1847), 25S; an English Unitarian minister.
- JOHNSON, Rev. SAMUEL** (1822-1882), 163, 189, 264; an American Unitarian minister and author; graduated at Harvard College, 1842; one of the compilers of "Hymns of the Spirit." His published writings are "Oriental Religions," in three volumes, and a posthumous collection of lectures, etc., with a memoir by his friend, Rev. Sam. Longfellow.
- KEBLE, Rev. JOHN** (1792-1866), 31, 262, 282, 312; the well-known author of the "Christian Year;" educated at Oxford; was appointed Professor of Poetry in the University; later became Vicar of Hursley. In the poet's memoir it is said that it was only under the strongest pressure from Keble's friend that he published what he always called "that book." Like Newman, Pusey, and Faber, he was one of the leaders of the High Church movement in Anglicanism.
- KEMPTHORNE, Rev. JOHN** (1775-1838), 151; born at Plymouth, England; Rector of St. Michael's, Gloucester.
- KEN, Bishop THOMAS** (1697-1709), 145; educated at Oxford; was appointed Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1684. He was one of the seven bishops committed to the Tower in 1688, and as a Non-juror was deprived of his See in 1691. To his "Manual of Prayers" (1674) were added, in 1695, his famous "Morning," "Evening," and "Midnight Hymns."
- LARCOM, LUCY** (1826-), 136; an American poetess. Like many a gifted American she was once a teacher, and left it for a literary career. She has published "Poems," "An Idyl of Work," "Breathings of the better life," and many fugitive verses. Now resident in Boston.
- LARNED, Miss AUGUSTA**, 197; authoress and critic; now resident in New York. She has published "The Village Photographs," "The Roundabout Road Series," "Old Tales Retold," and many exquisite fugitive poems.
- LIVERMORE, Rev. A. A.** (1811-), 300; a Unitarian minister; graduated at Harvard College, 1833; for 27 years President of Meadville Theological Seminary; author of a series of commentaries on the New Testament.
- LONGFELLOW, Rev. SAMUEL** (1819-), 14, 74, 149, 155, 187, 190, 209, 215, 247, 303, 340, 376; a Unitarian minister; graduated at Harvard College, 1839, and at the Cambridge Divinity School, 1846; Pastor of the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, 1853, and late of the Unitarian Church at Germantown, Penn., from which he resigned, 1882; now resident in Cambridge. His hymns are among the best in the language, and he was one of the compilers of "Hymns of the Spirit," 1864. Brother of Henry W. Longfellow.
- LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL** (1819-), 56; son of Rev. John Lowell, of Boston; graduated at Harvard College, 1838; studied for the law, but soon gave himself exclusively to literature; appointed Professor of Belle Lettres at Harvard. As a poet, critic, and scholar he early won his international reputation. Lately Minister to the Court of St. James. Now a resident in Cambridge, Mass.
- LUTHER, MARTIN** (1483-1546), 347; the great leader of the Reformation in Germany, and translator of the Bible into the German language; born in Eisleben; educated at the Erfurth University; professor in the Wittenberg University; died at Eisleben. Luther wrote thirty-six hymns, most of them in 1523-24. It may be said of him that he created a language, a church, and a nation. "Ein feste Burg" became almost a national anthem.
- LYNCH, Rev. THOMAS T.** (1818-1871), 101; an English Congregationalist; Pastor of Mornington Church, London.
- LYTE, Rev. HENRY FRANCIS, M.A.** (1793-1847), 27, 32, 33, 107, 171, 191, 210; was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, 1814. In his own words, he was "jostled from one curacy to another," until he was made Perpetual Curate of Lower Brixham (1823). He died at Nice. His hymns appeared in "The Spirit of the Psalms" (1834-1841), etc.
- MANT, Bishop RICHARD** (1776-1848), 150, 273; educated at Oxford; was appointed Bishop of Killaloe in 1820, and translated to the See of Down and Connor in 1823. His hymns appeared in "Scripture Narratives" (1831), etc. He published "The History of the Church of Ireland" (1840), and many other works.
- MATSON, Rev. WILLIAM TIDD**, 279. Southampton.
- MAUDE, Mrs. MARY F.** (-1848), 4; married the Rev. Joseph Maude, Canon of St. Asaph Cathedral. She published "Twelve Letters on Confirmation" (1848).
- METHODIST COLLECTION**, 157, 307, 348.
- MILMAN, HENRY HART, D.D.** (1791-1868), 72; Dean of St. Paul's; born in London; educated at Oxford; Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading; Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, 1835; and Dean of St. Paul's, London, 1849; was Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford from 1821 to 1831. His "History of the Jews," which applied a historical method to the materials of the Old Testament, was regarded by conservatives as a dangerous work. His "History of Latin Christianity" has become the standard English authority. He also wrote "Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral," and many poetical works.

- MONSELL**, Rev. J. S. B. (1811-1875), 58, 132, 133; educated at Trinity College, Dublin; was Chancellor of Connor, and Rector of St. Nicholas', Guildford, 1870. His hymns appeared in "Hymns of Love and Praise" (1863), "Spiritual Songs," etc.
- MONTGOMERY**, JAMES (1771-1854), 34, 38, 75, 97, 152, 242, 259, 329, 359; educated at the Seminary of the Moravian Brethren, in Yorkshire; became editor of the "Sheffield Iris." His hymns appeared in "Songs of Zion" (1822), in the "Christian Psalmist" (1825), etc.
- MOORE**, THOMAS (1779-1852), 260, 330; the well-known poet and song-writer of Ireland; born in Dublin, and for many years a social and literary favorite in London. His latest years were clouded by mental infirmity. He wrote about thirty-two hymns.
- MÜHLENBERG**, Rev. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, D.D. (1796-1877), 331; born in Philadelphia; Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, New York, which was a memorial edifice built by his sister. He founded St. Luke's Hospital in New York (1855), and used to say of the care taken of him while there: "No royal person could be better provided for."
- NEALE**, Rev. JOHN MASON, D.D. (1818-1866), 30, 37, 61, 111, 119, 121, 353, 354; educated at Cambridge; became Warden of Sackville College in Sussex. He published "Mediæval Hymns and Sequences" (1842), "Hymns of the Eastern Church" (1862), "The Rhythm of Brainard de Morlaix" (1858), etc.
- NEWMAN**, Cardinal JOHN HENRY, D.D. (1801-), 108; was graduated at Oxford in 1820. He shared with Dr. Pusey the leadership of the High Church party, and wrote some of the celebrated "Tracts for the Times." In 1845 he joined the Church of Rome. From 1854 to 1858 he was Rector of the Roman Catholic University in Dublin, and is now the Head of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri at Birmingham. He has written many theological and historical works, and is honored by men of widely different beliefs. He was created Cardinal in 1879.
- NEWTON**, Rev. JOHN (1725-1807), 160, 188, 224; born in London; followed a sea-faring life for some years, but became Curate of Olney (1764), where he assisted Cowper in preparing the "Olney Hymns" (1779). Afterwards Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, and died there. He was the author of "Cardiphonia," and published sermons, etc.
- PACKARD**, CAROLINE M., 310.
- PARKER**, Rev. THEODORE (1810-1859), 265; an American Unitarian minister; born in Lexington, Mass.; was graduated from Harvard College (1836), and from the Harvard Divinity School (1838). On returning from Germany he settled in Boston. His scholarship was extraordinary, and his radical opinions were advocated with uncompromising eloquence. Though practically disfellowshipped at that time, his influence upon the Unitarian body has proved second only to Channing's. He was a leader among the abolitionists, and in many social reforms. In 1859 he visited Europe for his health, and though in the prime of life, died in Florence (1859), where his grave now lies. Though always poor, he left a large and valuable collection to the Boston Public Library.
- PEABODY**, Rev. WM. B. O. (1799-1847), 268; late minister of the Unitarian Church in Springfield, Mass.
- PENNEFATHER**, CATHERINE, 127.
- PIERPOINT**, F. S. (1835-), 55; an English author. His hymns appeared in "Lyra Eucharistica."
- POPE**, ALEXANDER (1688-1744), 227; the most famous English poet of his time. His "Essay on Man" has been said "to contain the essence of the thought of men of the world, in his generation, on its subject." It is a system of philosophic optimism stated in glittering epigrams. He was a Roman Catholic, a life-long invalid, a literary autocrat. His mastery of the epigram, and his powers of satirical invective, give him a unique place in literature.
- PROCTER**, ADELAIDE ANNE (1825-1864), 238; poetess born in London; daughter of the poet Barry Cornwall. In 1851 she joined the Roman Catholic Church. Her "Legends and Lyrics" are greatly admired.
- REED**, Rev. ANDREW, D.D. (1787-1862), 49; a Congregationalist minister, living in London. Compiler of two collections of hymns.
- ROMAN BREVARY**, 184.
- SAVAGE**, Rev. MINOT JUDSON (1841-), 6, 124; a Unitarian minister. Studied theology at Bangor Seminary, Me., and from 1864 to 1867 was a missionary in Grass Valley, Cal.; settled successfully at Framingham, Mass., and Hannibal, Ill.; called to the Third Unitarian Church in Chicago, 1873, and to the Church of the Unity, in Boston, his present pulpit, 1874. He published "The Religion of Evolution," "Belief in God," "Beliefs about the Bible," a book of "Poems," etc. He is an eloquent platform speaker as well as preacher, and is a frequent contributor to current discussion.
- SCHEFFLER**, Rev. JOHANN (Angelus Silesius) (1624-1677), 15; born at Breslau; studied medicine at the University of Breslau; adopted the name Angelus after Johannes Angelis, a Spanish mystic of the 16th century, usually adding "Silesius," from his native country. Physician to the Emperor Ferdinand III.; joined the Church of Rome in 1653, became a priest, and died at the Jesuit Monastery of St. Matthias, in Breslau.
- SCHENCK**, Rev. HEINRICH THEOBALD (-1727), 18; born at Alsfeld, near Geissen, Hesse. Head-master of the school at Geissen, and afterwards chief Pastor there, where he died.
- SCHMOLKE**, Rev. BENJAMIN (1672-1737), 320; a German curate, much beloved; pastor of the church at Scheidnitz (1702).
- SCOTCH Version**, 201, 204.
- SCUDDER**, ELIZA (1821-), 64, 284, 362; born and now resident in Boston, Mass.; a niece of Edmund Hamilton Sears.

- SEAGRAVE, Rev. ROBERT (1693-1764), 208; a minister of the Church of England, who subsequently became a dissenter.
- SEARS, Rev. EDMUND HAMILTON (1810-1876), 252, 343; a Unitarian minister; born in Berkshire County, Mass.; graduated at Harvard College 1837, and settled over churches in Wayland, Lancaster, and Weston; associated with Rev. Rufus Ellis on the "Monthly Religious Magazine." Author of "The Heart of Christ," and a volume of poems, and honored for his saintly life.
- SHIRLEY, Rev. WALTER (1725-1786), 178; Rector of Loughrea, County of Galway. His hymns appeared in the collection of his cousin, Lady Huntingdon (1774).
- SILESIOUS, ANGELUS (J. Scheffler), (1624-1677), 15. See Scheffler.
- SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND (1841-1887), 276; an American poet; a graduate of Yale College, 1861, and studied at the Harvard Divinity School. In 1871 Master of Oakland (Cal.) High School; in 1874 took the chair of English Literature at the California University; in 1883 he returned East, but only for five short years. Devoted himself to journalism and authorship. If he ranks among the minor American poets, it is only because he died before his genius ripened.
- SMITH, CHARLES (1844-), 71.
- SMITH, Rev. S. F. (1808-), 299, 345; a Baptist minister, professor, and editor, and author of the American national hymn, which was first sung at a children's Fourth of July celebration in Park-street Church, Boston. He was a classmate of Dr. Holmes at Harvard, who thus describes him in a class poem: "And there's a fine youngster of excellent pith, Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."
- SMITH, Rev. WALTER C., 144. Edinburgh.
- ST. AMBROSE (340-397), 8; was the son of the Prefect of Gaul, and was born at Treves. He studied law in Milan, and was appointed Consular Prefect of Liguria. In 374, during the contentions between the Arian and Orthodox parties respecting the appointment of a bishop, the people of Milan prevailed on Ambrose to accept the office. He became the foremost Prelate of his time, and on one occasion forcibly barred the doors of his church against the blood-stained Catholic Emperor Theodosius. He introduced the singing of Psalms into the Western Church, and also the practice of antiphonal or responsive singing.
- ST. ANDREW of Crete (660-732), 37; born at Damascus; embraced the monastic life at Jerusalem, from which city he sometimes takes his name; became Deacon of the Great Church, and Warden of the Orphanage at Constantinople; Archbishop of Crete in 711, and died in the island of Hierissus.
- ST. STEPHEN the Sabaite (725-794), 111; nephew of John of Damascus, who placed him at ten years of age in the Monastery of St. Sabas, near Jerusalem, where he remained until his death.
- STANLEY, Rev. ARTHUR PENRHYN, Dean of Westminster (1815-1881), 87; educated at Rugby and Oxford; in 1845-1846 Select Preacher to the University; from 1851-1858, Canon of Canterbury; from 1858-1864, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, Canon of Christ Church. In 1864 he succeeded Archbishop Trench in the Deanery at Westminster, which he occupied until his death. In 1878 he visited the United States.
- STEELE, ANNE (1716-1778), 356; a religious poetess who wrote under the name of "Theodosia." Her father was a dissenting minister in Brougham, England.
- STONE, Rev. SAMUEL JOHN, M. A. (1839-), 48; graduated at Oxford, 1862; Vicar of St. Paul's, Haggartstone, London, 1874. He published "Lyra Fidelium," "Twelve Hymns on the Twelve Articles of the Apostles' Creed."
- STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER (1812-), 266, 290; born at Litchfield, Conn.; daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D., and sister of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; married Prof. C. E. Stowe, of Andover. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared as a serial in 1851, and was published in 1852. This was the beginning of her distinguished literary career.
- TATE, NAHUM (1652-1715), 11; "Tate & Brady," 367; born and educated in Dublin; lived afterwards in London; appointed Poet-laureate in 1690; connected with the Church of England. He is best known by his "New (metrical) Version of the Psalms."
- TAYLOR, JOHN (1750-1826), 153, 229, 338.
- TERSTEEGEN, GERHARD (1697-1769), 230; a German poet of the Mystical School of the 17th and 18th centuries, which was founded by "Angelus Silesius." His house at Mühlheim became the refuge of the troubled and sick, and was called "Pilgrim's Cottage."
- THRING, Rev. GODFREY (1823-), 79; graduated at Oxford in 1845; succeeded his father as Rector of Alford, 1858. He compiled "A Church of England Hymn-Book" (1880).
- TRANSLATIONS. From the Latin, 35, 113, 137, 179. From the German, 83.
- TRENCH, Archbishop RICHARD CHEVENIX (1807-1886), 203; poet, scholar, and divine; Dean of Westminster, 1856-1864; Archbishop of Dublin, 1864-1884; died in London, 1886. His poems were finally collected in 1885. He wrote also "The Study of Words," "English, Past and Present," "Notes on the Parables," "Notes on the Miracles." His advocacy did much to secure the Revised Version of the New Testament. He was universally beloved and esteemed.
- TOPLADY, Rev. A. M. (1740-1778), 380; educated at Trinity College, Dublin; Vicar of Broad Hembury, Devonshire; died in London. He published a collection of hymns in 1776.
- TURNER, Rev. DANIEL (1710-1798), 156; an English Baptist minister, settled for half a century at Abingdon, Berkshire.

- TUTTIET**, Rev. LAWRENCE (1825-), 17, 104; educated at King's College, London; entered the Church in 1848; ordained Priest, 1849; has had livings in Warwickshire, London; has published sermons and prayers.
- UNIVERSITY Collection, 148.
- VERY**, JONES (1813-1880), 63, 65, 372; born in Salem, Mass.; graduated at Harvard, 1836, and while at the Divinity School was tutor of Greek at the University. His best work was done from 1836 to 1838, many of his poems appearing on the students' Greek exercises as incentives to a nobler life. He retired to Salem in 1838, and lived there quietly till his death. He was intimate with Bryant, Channing, J. F. Clarke, and Emerson, who said of his poems: "They are the breathings of an entranced devotion."
- WALLACE**, Rev. J. A. (-1870), 286; a minister of the Free Church of Scotland; born and died near Edinburgh.
- WARING**, ANNA L. (1820-), 297, 308, 309, 357; a native of Neath, South Wales, where she still resides. She published "Hymns and Meditations" (1850).
- WATERMAN**, CATHERINE H., 363.
- WATTS**, Rev. ISAAC (1674-1748), 10, 78, 115, 177, 216, 283, 366; born at Southampton; minister of a Nonconformist congregation, Bury street. He wrote a "Logic," many theological works, and has been called the father of English hymnody. His hymns appeared in "Horæ Lyricæ," 1705, and "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," 1709. He rejected the doctrine of "reprobation," his religious opinions being more liberal than his sect; even his views of the Sabbath were scarcely of puritanical strictness. His memorial is in Westminster Abbey.
- WAUGH**, Rev. B., 251. St. Albans.
- WESLEY**, Rev. CHARLES (1708-1788), 41, 42, 43, 123, 162, 164, 165, 194, 205, 222, 231, 245, 261, 267, 270, 294, 328, 333, 335, 350; the well-known poet-preacher, and with his brother John the founder of Methodism; educated at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1735 accompanied his brother John on a missionary tour to Georgia, North America; after their return to England, though without oratory or personal magnetism, he joined his brother's movement, in which his hymns have had a lasting place; died in London. His hymns are more than six thousand in number, and appeared between 1738 and 1788, most of them written in shorthand, taught him by John Byrom, the hymn-writer.
- WESLEY**, Rev. JOHN (1703-1791), 15, 230; educated at Christ Church, Oxford; became a Fellow of Lincoln, 1726. Went in 1735 as a missionary to Georgia, North America; after his return to England he founded the Methodist body; died in London. His hymns were for the most part translations from the German. In 1790, aged 87, he said, "I do not remember to have felt lowness of spirits for a quarter of an hour since I was born." He preached over 800 sermons a year.
- WESLEYAN**, 240, 243, 277.
- WESLEY'S** Collection, 287.
- WHATELEY**, Archbishop, RICHARD (1787-1863), 59; was graduated at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1808; appointed Archbishop of Dublin, 1831. He is the author of well-known treatises on logic and rhetoric, and has written numerous works on theology. His handbook of "Christian Evidences" was translated into more than a dozen languages. During the great Irish famine of 1846 and 1847 his labors and charities were unremitting.
- WHITTIER**, JOHN GREENLEAF (1808-), 134, 199, 211, 212, 220, 263, 298, 337, 342, 355, 382; the beloved American poet and patriot. He was a prominent abolitionist, associated with Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and his early poems plead for the slave. He is of Quaker descent, and perhaps the most distinctively American of all our poets; he is now resident at Amesbury, Mass. His hymns are usually stanzas culled from longer poems.
- WHYTEHEAD**, Rev. THOMAS W. (1815-1842), 56; educated at Cambridge. In 1841, appointed Chaplain to Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand. One of his last works was to translate Bishop Ken's "Evening Hymn" into Maori.
- WIGGLESWORTH**, ELIZABETH, 103.
- WIGLESWORTH**, ESTHER A., 315.
- WILLIAMS**, HELEN MARIA (1762-1827), 344; an English writer who was French in her sympathies, and lived most of her life in Paris. She was renowned as a friend of Murat, and was an ardent advocate of the French Revolution, remaining in Paris throughout the whole excitement. Coquerel was one of her pupils.
- WILLIAMS**, SARAH (1805-1841), 89.
- WILLIAMS**, Rev. THEODORE CHICKERING (1835-), 19, 21, 36, 92, 137, tr.; a Unitarian minister; graduated from Harvard University, 1856, and Cambridge Divinity School, 1882; now minister of All Souls' Church, New York city.
- WILLIAMS**, Rev. WILLIAM (1717-1791), 181; a Welsh minister who first studied medicine. He left the Church of England and joined the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. He published hymns in Welsh and English.
- WOODWARD**, M., 296.
- WORDSWORTH**, Rev. CHRISTOPHER, D.D. (1807-1885), 44, 295; nephew of the poet, William Wordsworth; educated at Cambridge; eminent as a commentator; Head-Master of Harrow, from 1836 to 1844; made Bishop of Lincoln in 1869.
- WOTTON**, Sir HENRY (1568-1639), 183.
- WREFORD**, Rev. JOHN REYNELL (1800-1881), 221; an English clergyman retired from the ministry.

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