

SOCIAL HYMN AND TUNE BOOK

Revised Edition



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SOCIAL

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK

FOR

The Vestry and the Home.

ABRIDGED FROM THE REVISED EDITION OF THE "HYMN AND TUNE BOOK
FOR THE CHURCH AND THE HOME."



BOSTON:
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1880.

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HYMNS AND TUNES.

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

NICÆA. 11, 12, 12, 10.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes. 1861.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'NICÆA'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef. The music is written in a clear, legible style with standard musical notation including notes, rests, and bar lines.

1.

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,

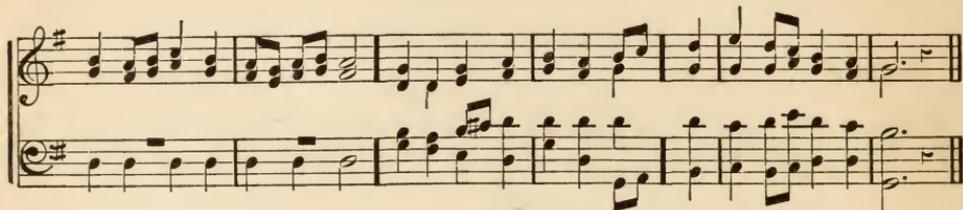
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,

Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,

Infinite in power, in love, and purity!

AMSTERDAM. 7. 6.

James Nares. 1760.



2. *"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.

Robert Seagrave. 1742.

3. *Quiet Religion.*

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

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

Charles Wesley. 1742.

4. *The Lord is thy Keeper.*

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

God shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in ;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 And guard from every sin.
 He is still our sure defence,
 We his ceaseless care shall prove,
 Kept by watchful providence,
 And ever-waking love.

Charles Wesley.

SHEFFIELD. H. M.

W. B. Bradbury.

5. *Come, Holy Spirit.*

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 And deign to dwell with me ;
 Come, make my heart thy home,
 And bid all darkness flee.
 Come, sacred Guest, oh, quickly come,
 And make my heart thy lasting home !

Exert thy mighty power,
 And banish all my sin ;
 In this auspicious hour,
 Bring all thy graces in.
 Come, strong Deliverer, quickly come,
 And make my heart thy lasting home.

Rule thou in every thought
 And passion of my soul,
 Till all my powers are brought
 Beneath thy full control.
 Come, peaceful Conqueror, quickly come,
 And make my heart thy lasting home.

Then shall my days be thine,
 And all my heart be love ;
 And joy and peace be mine,
 Such as are known above ;
 Come, Holy Spirit, quickly come,
 And make my heart thy lasting home.

Andrew Reed. 1842.†

6. *"Take up the Strain."*

SHALL hymns of grateful love
 Through heaven's high arches ring,
 And all the hosts above
 Their songs of triumph sing ;
 And shall not we take up the strain,
 And send the echo back again ?

Oh, spread the joyful sound,
 The Father's love proclaim ;
 Declare the world around
 Salvation in his name ;
 Till all mankind take up the strain,
 And send the echo back again.

James J. Cummins. 1849



7.

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.

Charles Wesley. 1757.

8.

Let there be Light.

THOU, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight!
 Hear us, we humbly pray;
 And, where the gospel day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light.

Thou, who didst come to bring,
 On thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight!
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Light to the inly blind,
 Oh, now to all mankind
 Let there be light!

Descend thou from above,
 Spirit of truth and love,—
 Speed on thy flight!
 Move o'er the waters' face,
 Spirit of hope and grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light!

John Marriott. 1813.



9. "Veni, Sancte Spiritus."

COME, Holy One, in love,
 Shed on us from above
 Thine own bright ray!
 Divinely good thou art;
 Thy sacred gifts impart
 To gladden each sad heart;
 Oh, come to-day!

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
 Our most delightful Guest,
 With soothing power:
 Rest, which the weary know,
 Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
 Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
 Cheer us, this hour!

Come, Light serene, and still
 Our inmost bosoms fill;
 Dwell in each breast:
 We know no dawn but Thine;
 Send forth Thy beams divine,
 On our dark souls to shine,
 And make us blest!

Robert, King of France. 1031.
 Tr. Ray Palmer. 1858.

10. *Supplication.*

WORD, whose creative thrill
 Wakes in all nature still
 Life, light, and bloom!
 Come with resistless ray,
 Chase all our clouds away,
 And with thy heavenly day
 All souls illumine!

Spirit, in whom we live!
 Thou who dost yearn to give
 All hearts thy rest!
 When earthly joys take flight,
 Cheer thou the earthly night,
 And in the morning light
 Still be our guest!

And when the eternal morn,
 From death's deep night shades born,
 Our eyes shall see,
 Father, thy word, thy breath,
 Thy Christ who conquereth
 Sorrow and sin and death,
 Our trust shall be!

Charles T. Brooks. 1873.

I 1. *Thrice Holy.*

“LORD, thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !”
 Heaven is still with anthems ringing ;
 Earth takes up the angels’ cry,
 “Holy, holy, holy,” singing,
 “Lord of hosts, the Lord most High !”

Ever thus in God’s high praises,
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,
 Whilst our thoughts his greatness raises,
 And our love his gifts excite.
 With his seraph train before him,
 With his holy church below,
 Thus unite we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :—

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

Ep. Richard Mant. 1837.

I 2. *Universal Praise to God.*

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
 Praise be thine from every tongue !
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
 Father, Source of all compassion !
 Free unbounded grace is thine :
 Hail the God of our salvation !
 Praise him for his love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah’s praise on high.
 Joyfully on earth adore him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise ;
 There enraptured fall before him,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett. 1767.

I 3. *The Peace of God.*

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

Anon.

RATHBUN. 8. 7.

Ithamar Conkey. 1851.



I 4. "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.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

I 5. *The Conflict of Life.*

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone ;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee, — press thou on !

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won ;
Tread it without shrinking, brother !
Jesus trod it, — press thou on !

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver ;
Oh, for their sake, press thou on !

Samuel Johnson. 1847.

I 6. *Life's Work.*

ALL around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie ;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given ;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.

Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

Book of Hymns.

LYONS. 10. 11.

Francis Joseph Haydn. 1770.

I 7.

"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. 1839.

EDINBURGH. II.

Modern Harp.

The image shows a musical score for a harp. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is composed of chords and simple melodic lines, typical of a harp accompaniment.

18.

Glad Worship.

APPROACH not the altar with gloom in thy soul,
 Nor let thy feet falter from terror's control :
 God loves not the sadness of fear and mistrust ;
 Oh, serve him with gladness, — the Loving and Just !

His bounty is tender, his being is love ;
 His smile fills with splendor the blue arch above :
 Confiding, believing, oh, enter always
 His courts with thanksgiving, his portals with praise !

Come not to his temple with pride in thy mien,
 But lowly and simple, in courage serene ;
 Bring meekly before him the faith of a child,
 Bow down and adore him with heart undefiled !

Frances Osgood.

19.

Acquaint thee with God.

ACQUAINT thee, O Spirit, acquaint thee with God,
 And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road ;
 And peace, like the dew, shall descend round thy head,
 And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O Spirit, acquaint thee with God,
 And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad ;
 Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,
 Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. II.

John Reading. 1760.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The music is written in a clear, legible style typical of 18th-century hymnals.

20.

God our Shepherd. Ps. xxiii.

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know :
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest :
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
 Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear :
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;
 No harm can befall, with my comforter near.
 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread ;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
 With perfume and oil thou anointest my head :
 Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more ?
 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above :
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
 Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

2 I.

"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 the wanderer, the sun gone down,
 Darkness comes 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.

AUTUMN. 8. 7.

Spanish Melody. Marchio.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom, both in 3/2 time. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass clef accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line and the initials 'D.S.' (Da Capo).

22.

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 salvation,
 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,
 Never more thy temples leave.

Charles Wesley. 1747.

23.

"The Lord is in his Holy Temple."

God is in his holy temple :
 Earthly thoughts, be silent now,
 While with reverence we assemble,
 And before his presence bow.
 He is with us now and ever,
 When we call upon his name,
 Aiding every good endeavor,
 Guiding every upward aim.

God is in his holy temple, —
 In the pure and holy mind ;
 In the reverent heart and simple ;
 In the soul from sense refined :
 Then let every low emotion
 Banished far and silent be,
 And our souls in pure devotion,
 Lord, be temples worthy thee !

Anon.

24.

The Salvation 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 blesséd 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 !

LOVE DIVINE. 8. 7.

W. B. Bradbury.

25.

Evening Hymn.

FATHER! breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art he, who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston. 1820.

26.

Praise for Divine Grace.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
 For the bliss thy love bestows,
 For the loving grace that saves me,
 And the peace that from it flows.
 Help, O God, my weak endeavor,
 This dull soul to rapture raise;
 Thou must light the flame, or never
 Can my love be warmed to praise.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
 Vainly would my lips express;
 Low before thy footstool kneeling,
 Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
 Love's pure flame within me raise;
 And since words can never measure,
 Let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis Scott Key. 1857.

GREENVILLE. 8. 7.

27.

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.

William Williams. 1773.

28.

"I am thy God."

ON the mountain-top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
 Zion long in hostile lands.
 Mourning captive,
 God himself will loose thy bands.

God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boasts and triumphs end.
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

Thomas Kelly. 1806.

29.

Hallelujah, for the Lord reigneth.

HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
 Of the hymns of praise above;
 Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
 Angel-host, these notes of love;
 This ye utter,
 While your golden harps ye move.
 Hallelujah! strains of gladness
 Comfort not the faint and worn;
 Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
 Best become the heart forlorn:
 Our offences
 We with bitter tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
 Holy God! we raise to thee.
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Make us all thy peace to see!
 Hallelujah!
 Ours at length this strain shall be.

Latin Hymn. 13th cent.
 Tr. John Chandler. 1837.

SICILY. 8. 7. 4.

Sicilian Melody.

30. *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. 1869.

31. *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 !

Walter Shirley. 1774.

32. *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.



33.

Universal Praise. Ps. cxvii.

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 ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts. 1718.

34.

Praise to our Creator. Ps. c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.

We are thy people, we thy care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name !

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Isaac Watts. 1719.
All. John Wesley. 1741.

35.

The House of God.

Lo, God is here ! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face :
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

Lo, God is here ! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.

Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill :
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

G. Tersteegen. 1721.

36.

Our hearts God's Temple.

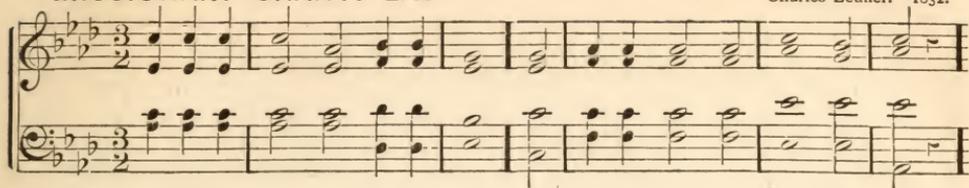
FLING wide thy portals, O my heart !
Be thou a temple set apart,
So shall thy Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

Deliverer, come ! we open wide
Our hearts to thee ; here, Lord, abide !
Let all thy glorious presence feel.
O King of souls, thyself reveal !

From the German.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

Charles Zeuner. 1832.



37. *Public Worship. Ps. xciv.*

OH, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

Oh, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
With reverent hearts devoutly, all,
Upon the Lord our Maker call.

Tate and Brady. 1696.

38. *Good Life.*

HE liveth long who liveth well,
All else is life but flung away :
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill the hours with what will last ;
Buy up the moments as they go :
The life above when this is past
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

H. Bonar.

39. *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.

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 !

Samuel Longfellow.

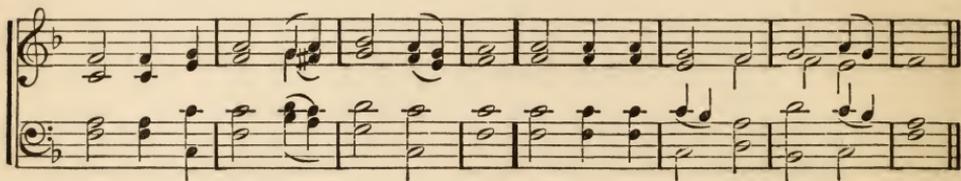
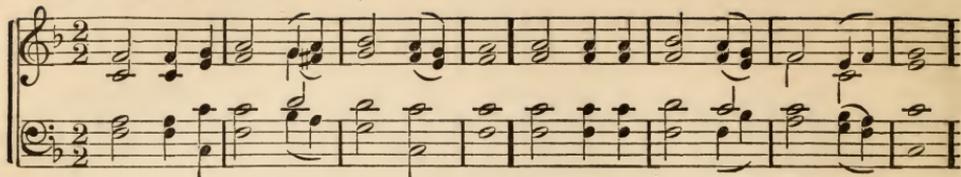
40. *Press on !*

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 ! still look in faith
To him who conquereth sin and death :
Then shall ye hear his word, " Well done. "
True to the last, press on !

William Gaskell.

HAMBURG. L. M.



41. *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.

42. *Divine Meaning in Humble Things.*

THOU, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's
height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright,
Oh, grant that we may own thy hand
No less in every grain of sand!

Teach us that not a leaf can grow,
Till life from thee within it flow;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being! save by thee;

That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

John Sterling. 1839.

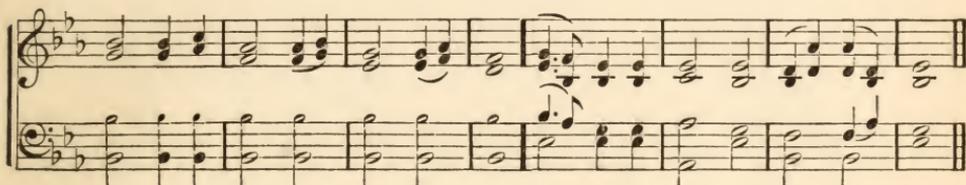
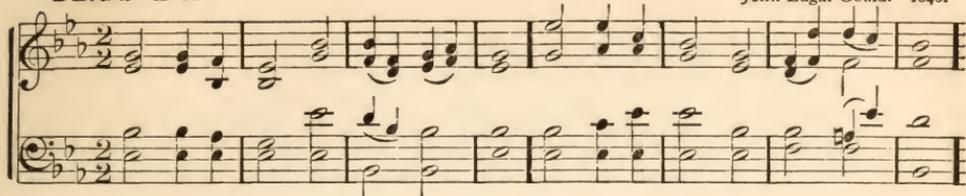
43. *True Length of Life.*

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass;
And, while we gaze, their forms are gone.

O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie!
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

J. Taylor.



44. "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 wandering thoughts 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.

T. W. Higginson. 1847.

45.

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.

Hymns and Tunes.
Samuel Longfellow.

46.

Prayer.

LORD, may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew !

May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne !

Caroline Gilman.

47.

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 received, —

Our spirits' 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.

N. L. Frothingham.

48.

Universal Worship.

O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
 Whom kings adored in song sublime,
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue! —

Not now on Zion's height alone
 Thy favored worshipper may dwell;
 Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
 Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer —
 The incense of the heart — may rise
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.

O Thou to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of prophet-bards was strung! —
 To thee, at last, in every clime,
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

John Pierpont. 1824.

49.

Our Guide and Stay.

FOR mercies past we praise thee, Lord, —
 The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven,
 Thy helping arm, thy guiding word,
 And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.

Whene'er we tread on danger's height,
 Or walk temptation's slippery way,
 Be still, to lead our steps aright,
 Thy word our guide, thine arm our stay.

Anon.

50. *To be made perfect in Divine Love.*

Oh that my heart was right with thee,
 And loved thee with a perfect love!
 Oh that my Lord would dwell in me,
 And never from his seat remove!
 Father, I dwell in mournful night,
 Till thou dost in my heart appear:
 Arise, propitious Sun, and light
 An everlasting morning there.

Oh, let my prayer acceptance find,
 And bring the mighty blessing down;
 Eyesight impart, for I am blind,
 And seal me thine adopted son!

A. M. Toplađy. 1759.

51. *"Oh, who like Thee?"*

How beautiful 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. Cox. 1840.

52. *Jesus preaching the Gospel.*

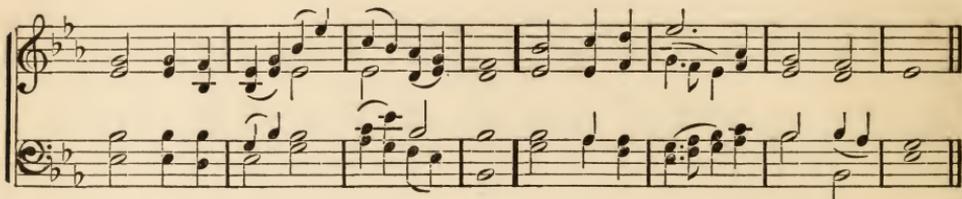
How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gathered round,
 And joy and reverence filled the place!

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
 Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obej thee, love thee, and be blest.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

John Hatton. 1790.



53. *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, 'tis a strait 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.

Isaac Watts.

54. *Seeing the Invisible.*

ETERNAL and immortal King !
Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.

Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see ;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regard, great God, to thee.

O ever conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire !
Behold, it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

This one petition would it urge, —
To bear thee ever in its sight ;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight !

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

55. *Supplication.*

GREAT God, the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

Oh, grant thy blessing here to-day !
Oh, give thy people joy and peace !
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

Henry Ware, Jr.



56.

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.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
Before thy ever-blazing throne [love !
We ask no lustre of our own.

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. 1860.

57.

God is Good.

OUR God is good : in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."

The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

I hear it in the rushing breeze :
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is good."

Yea, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued ;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

John Hampden Gurney. 1838.

58.

Christian Resolves.

MAY I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward !

Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways !
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

Anne Steele.

59. *Christ's Universal Kingdom.*

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

60. *Song of Faith.*

SING to the Lord, and loud proclaim
His mighty and his loving name !
Oh, may he not be named alone,
But by our sure experience known !

Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer ;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That it hath sought its God in vain.

What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same ?

To thee our souls in faith arise ;
To thee we lift expectant eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

Philip Doddridge.

61. *The Besetting God.*

WITHIN thy circling arms I lie,
O God ! in thine infinity :
My soul in quiet shall abide,
Beset with love on every side.

Within thy circling power I dwell,
The power that doeth all things well ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Isaac Watts. 1794.

62. *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:
Thine was the strength that nourish'd ours;
The soldiers of the cross are thine.

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.

O. B. Frothingham. 1847.

63. *The Love of God.*

O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss, [brood;
Where worlds on worlds unnumbered
We know thee truly but in this, —
That thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh, grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

Bestow on every joyous thrill
A deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

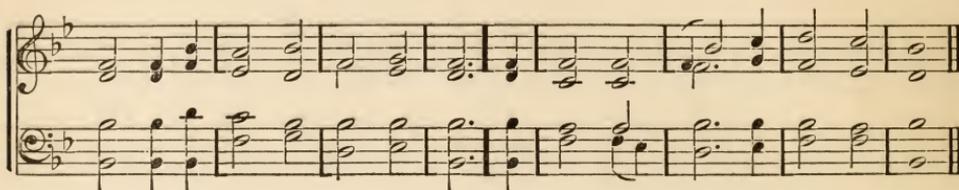
John Sterling. 1839.

64. *Manna.*

THY bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and barren wilderness;
And thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

Do thou thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul can live;
And grant thy children, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

65. *An Independent and Happy Life.*

How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill ;
Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath ;
Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend ;
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

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.

66. *"Creator Spirit."*

O SOURCE of uncreated light,
By whom the worlds were rais'd from night :
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.

Thrice holy Fount ! thrice holy Fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
Aid us to live as we believe.

John Dryden.

67. *God's Word.*

THERE is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thy holy word
That all our raging fear controls
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Isaac Watts.

The image shows two systems of musical notation. The first system is for 'The Harvest-Call' and the second is for 'For Inspiration'. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with chords and single notes.

68.

The Harvest-Call.

ABIDE not in the realm of dreams,
O man, however fair it seems ;
But with clear eye the present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands :
From duty's claims no life is free, —
Behold, to-day hath need of thee !

While the day lingers, do thy best !
Full soon the night will bring its rest ;
And, duty done, that rest shall be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

William H Burleigh.

69.

For Inspiration.

MYSTERIOUS Presence, Source of all, —
The world without, the soul within !
Fountain of life, oh, hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in !

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower ;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the Psalmist's trembling lyre ;
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar fire.

That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word ;
And, vocal in each waiting heart,
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

Seth Curtis Beach. 1866.

70.

The Voice of God in the Heart.

HATH not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power ?

It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart ;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, oh, yet be near !
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace ;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

Stephen G. Bulfinch.

GERMANY. L. M.

Beethoven.

71. *Morning. — Prayer for Protection.*

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

Oh, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head!

John Hawkesworth. 1773.

72. *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 for ever dwell!

S. Longfellow. 1864.

73. *"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.

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.

Samuel Longfellow.

74.

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.

Bishop Thomas Ken. 1697 and 1709.

75.

Evening Hymn.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings !

Be thou my guardian while I sleep ;
Thy watchful station near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

Lord, let my heart for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care :
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

Bishop Thomas Ken. 1697 and 1709.

76.

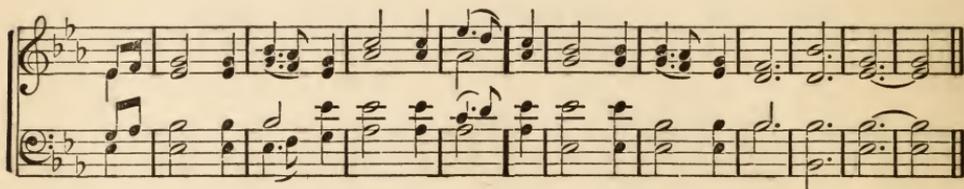
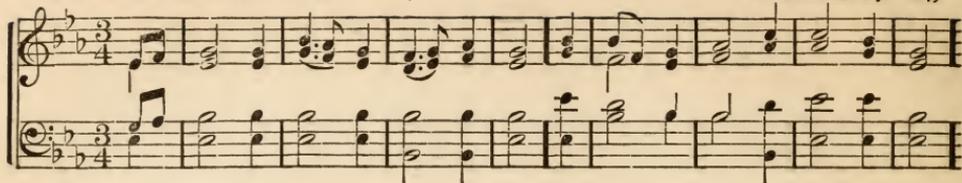
The Departure of Day.

ANOTHER fleeting day is gone :
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

Another fleeting day is gone ;
But soon a fairer day shall rise, —
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.

Another fleeting day is gone :
In solemn silence rest, my soul !
Bow down before his awful throne
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

William Bengo Collyer. 1812.

77. *"I will go unto my Father."*

JUST as I am, — without one plea
But that thy love is seeking me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee, —
O loving God! I come.

JUST as I am, — though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without, —
O loving God! I come.

JUST as I am, — thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe, —
O loving God! I come.

Hymns of the Spirit.

78.

Love Divine.

O LOVE Divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou
know'st:

Wide as our need thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

John G. Whittier.

79.

Daily Consecration.

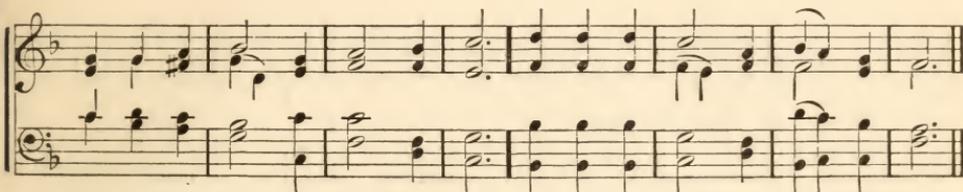
O GOD, I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give, —
For sunny skies and air and light:
O God, I thank thee that I live.

That life I consecrate to thee:
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee
To thank thee for another morn.

Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God.

Another day to do, to dare;
To use anew my growing strength;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer;
And so win life and thee at length.

Caroline A. Mason.



80.

Evening Worship.

O HOLY Father, 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We lift to thee our solemn psalm,
To praise thy goodness and thy power.

For over us, and over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall thy children call
On thee, their Father and their Friend.

Kept by thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour;
Night o'er us, with its stars, — we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore.

W. H. Burleigh.

81.

"Abide with us."

'Tis gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,
Fast fading from my wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul! Thou Father dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

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.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble. 1827.

82.

Walking with God.

THROUGH all this life's eventful road,
Fain would I walk with thee, my God,
And find thy presence light around,
And every step on holy ground.

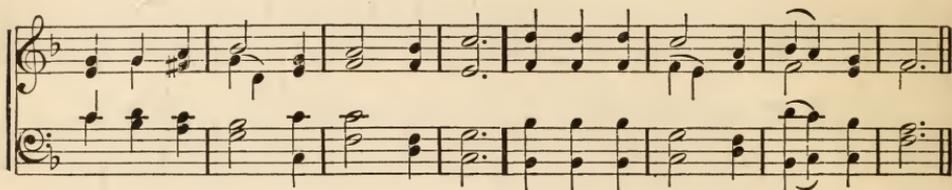
Each blessing would I trace to thee,
In every grief thy mercy see;
And through the paths of duty move,
Conscious of thine encircling love.

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

William Gaskell.

HURSLEY. L. M.

Francis Joseph Haydn. 1798.
Arr. by William Henry Monk. 1861.



83.

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.

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.

'Tis 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!

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. John Wesley. 1738.

84.

God a Refuge.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

Bishop Reginald Heber. 1827.

85.

Submission to God's Will.

HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower;
Alike they're needful to the flower:
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine!
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath,
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done.

Sarah F. Adams.

86.

Living to God.

OH, draw me, Father, after thee !
 So shall I run and never tire ;
 With gracious words still comfort me ;
 Be thou my hope, my sole desire :
 Free me from every weight ; nor fear
 Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

From all eternity, with love
 Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,
 Thy tender mercies me pursued :
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on every side !
 In suffering be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thy love my power ;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 My God, in that important hour,
 In death as life be thou my guide,
 And bear me thro' death's whelming tide.

Moravian.

87.

The Peace of God.

O FATHER, lift our souls above,
 Till we find rest in thy dear love ;
 And still that peace divine impart
 Which sanctifies the inmost heart,
 And makes each morn and setting sun
 But bring us nearer to thy throne.

Help us with man in peace to live,
 Our brother's wrong in love forgive,
 And, day and night, the tempter flee
 Through strength which comes alone from
 Thus will our spirits find their rest, [thee !
 In thy deep peace for ever blest.

Anon.

88.

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.

Father, 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.

Charles Wesley.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. Oliver. 1832.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Federal Street'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

89.

Trust and Submission.

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

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

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

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

Andrews Norton.

90.

"Under his Wings shalt thou trust."

FATHER, beneath thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring;
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good, whose tidal flow
The motions of thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The life divine which all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,
And so thy perfect peace to win;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from that, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves, to guide:
The grace that yields so rich a store
Will grant us all we need beside.

William H. Burleigh.

91.

Blessedness of the Pious Dead.

OH, stay thy tears! for they are blest
Whose days are past, whose toil is done:
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

Oh, stay thy tears! the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love:
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

Andrews Norton.

92. *The Righteous blessed in Death.*

How blessed the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around, —
 A calm which life nor death destroys :
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How bless'd the righteous when he dies !"

Anna L. Barbauld.

93. *The Parting here, the Greeting there.*

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.

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. 1872.

94. *Why seek ye the Living among the Dead ?*

AH ! why should bitter tears be shed
 In sorrow o'er the mounded sod,
 When verily there are no dead
 Of all the children of our God ?

Let living faith serenely pour
 Her sunlight on our pathway dim,
 And death can have no terrors more ;
 But holy joy shall walk with him.

G. S. Burleigh.

95.

The Divine Spirit.

SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
 And make our hearts thy home :
 Descend with all thy gracious power, —
 Oh, come, great Spirit, come !

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

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

Andrew Reed. 1843.

96.

The Divine Will.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God !
 And all thy ways adore ;
 And every day I live, I long
 To love thee more and more.

He always wins who sides with God,
 To him no chance is lost :
 God's will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that God blesses is our good,
 And unblest good is ill ;
 And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be his dear will !

I have no cares, O blessed Will !
 For all my cares are thine :
 I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
 Hast made thy triumphs mine.

Frederick W. Faber. 1849.

97.

Prayer for Prudence and Wisdom.

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

Thy heavenly wisdom from above
 Abundantly impart,
 And let it guard and guide and warm
 And penetrate my heart,

Till it shall lead me to thyself,
 Fountain of bliss and love ;
 And all my darkness be dispersed
 In endless light above.

Smart.

98.

The Universal Prayer.

FATHER of all, in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, or by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

What conscience dictates to be done
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me, more than hell, to shun,
 That more than heaven pursue.

If I am right, thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart
 To find the better way.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 The mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

This day be bread and peace my lot,
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou knowest if bestowed or not,
 And let thy will be done.

Alexander Pope.

99.

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 grace,
 To every heart of man ;
 Thy peace and joy and righteousness
 In all our bosoms reign, —

The 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 powers of godliness,
 The omnipotence of love.

Charles Wesley.

100.

The Indwelling God.

O 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.

Thou shalt not wait for company
 Nor pitch thy tent alone,
 The indwelling God will go with thee,
 And show thee of his own.

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

F. L. Hosmer.

101. *I will sing of thy Power and thy Mercy.*

OUR Father, God ! thy gracious power
 On every hand we see :
 Oh, may the blessings of each hour
 Lead all our thoughts to thee !

If, on the wings of morn, we speed
 To earth's remotest bound,
 Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
 Thy love our path surround.

Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
 And reaches to the skies ;
 Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
 Thy goodness never dies.

In all the varying scenes of time,
 On thee our hopes depend ;
 Through every age, in every clime,
 Our Father and our Friend !

James Thomson.

102. *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 !

Isaac Watts. 1719.

103. *Te Deum.*

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

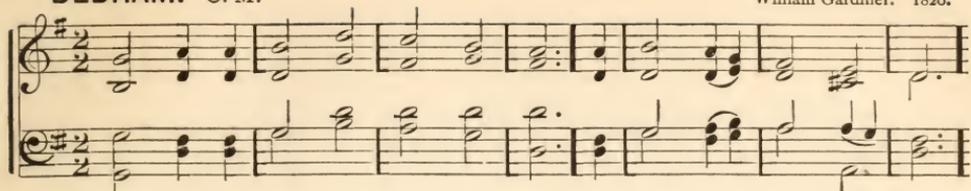
To thee all angels cry aloud ;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry, —

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 eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty !

St. Ambrose. 380-90.
Tate and Brady. 1703.

104. *Homage and Devotion.*

With sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

Thee we adore ; and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay :
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing ;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

105. *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.

Jervis.

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.

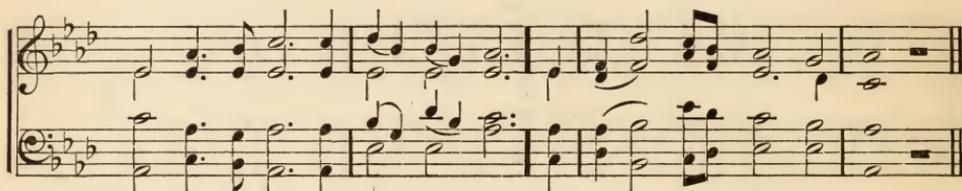
106. *Pure Worship.*

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

My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee ;
If thy pure spirit touch my brest
With its own purity.

Oh, may that spirit warm my heart,
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above !

Sir John Bowring.



107.

Morning.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray ;
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.

This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.

Anna L. Barbauld.

108.

One Fellowship.

IN one fraternal bond of love,
 One fellowship of mind,
 The saints below and saints above
 Their bliss and glory find.

Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
 Thy statutes are their song ;
 There, through one bright, eternal age,
 Thy praises they prolong.

James Montgomery.

109.

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 !"

Edmund Hamilton Sears. 1835.

I I O. *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,
Crown with his peace his own blest day,
And guard his people's sleep.

John Ellerton. 1870.

I I I. *Prayer for the Fruits of Worship.*

O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest ;
Whose word, like manna showered from
Is planted in our breast ! [heaven,

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

Though buried deep or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply :
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

Bishop Reginald Heber. 1827.

I I 2. *Need of Help.*

NOR 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.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'AZMON'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music is in common meter (3/2 time) and features a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

I I 3. *Invoking God's Aid.*

FATHER in heaven, to thee my heart
Would lift itself in prayer :
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.

Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of my Lord ;
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear me on to God.

Oh, help me break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown,
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown !

O Father, kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name.

William Henry Furness. 1822.

I I 4. *Sincere 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, —

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.

Henry Alford.

I I 5. *The Right must Win.*

GOD'S glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways ;
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul !
Muse, and take better heart ;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Frederick W. Faber. 1849.

I 16.

The Penitent Son.

OH, richly, Father, have I been
 Blest evermore by thee!
 And morning, noon, and night thou hast
 Preserved me tenderly.

And yet the love which thou shouldst claim
 To idols I have given;
 Too oft have bound to earth the hopes
 That know no home but heaven.

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.

William H. Furness.

I 17.

The Way to the Heavenly City.

SING, ye redeemed of the Lord —
 Your great Deliverer sing;
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.

A hand divine shall lead you on
 Through all the blissful road,
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,
 And see your Father, God.

Philip Doddridge.

I 18.

Hymn for Christmas.

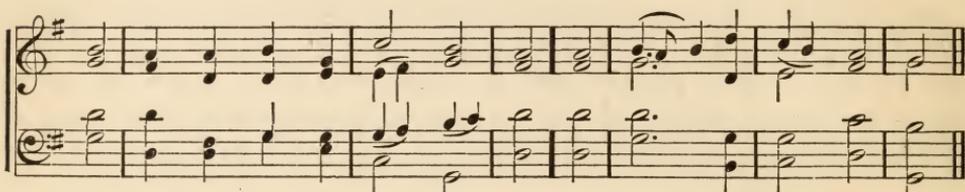
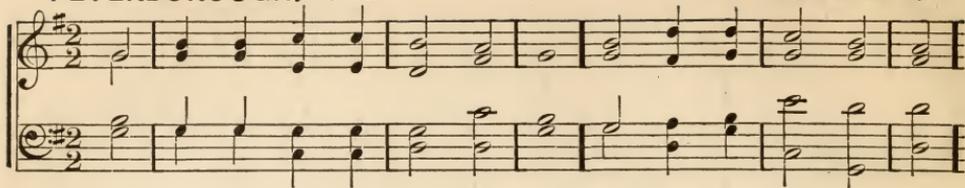
Now gird your patient loins again,
 Your wasting torches trim!
 The chief of all the sons of men,
 Shall we not welcome him?

Fill all his courts with sacred songs,
 Aud from the temple wall
 Wave garlands o'er the joyful throngs
 That crowd his festival!

And still more freshly in the mind
 Store up the hopes sublime
 Which then were born for all mankind,
 So blessed was the time;

And, underneath these hallowed eaves,
 A Saviour will be born
 In every heart that him receives,
 On his triumphal morn.

William Crowell. 1844.



I 19. *Walk in the Light.*

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away;
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

Bernard Barton.

I 20. *Joy in the Presence of God.*

SHINE on our souls, eternal God;
With rays of beauty shine:
Oh, let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine!

Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain:
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense at thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

I 21. *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 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.

Frederick W. Faber. 1849.

BOARDMAN. C. M.

Devereux.
Arr. by George Kingsley. 1853.

I 22. *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 need that sends me to thy breast

For what is most mine own.

My heart is resting, O my God !

My heart is in thy care ;

I hear the voice of joy and praise

Resounding everywhere.

Anna L. Waring. 1850.

I 23.

Joy in God.

O LORD, I would delight in thee,

And on thy care depend :

To thee in every trouble flee,

My best, my dearest Friend !

When all created streams are dried,

Thy fulness is the same ;

May I with this be satisfied,

And glory in thy name !

O Lord, I cast my care on thee ;

I triumph and adore :

Henceforth my great concern shall be

To love thee more and more.

John Ryland. 1777.

I 24.

Rejoicing in God.

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,

Who makes your cause his own :

The hope that's built upon his word

Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,

And feeble is your arm,

Your life is hid with Christ in God,

Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,

Or, fainting, shall not die ;

For God, the strength of every saint,

Will aid you from on high.

John Newton.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

Deodatus Dutton, Jr. 1829.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'WOODSTOCK. C. M.' by Deodatus Dutton, Jr. (1829). The score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The music is in common meter (3/4 time).

125.

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.

Frederick L. Hosmer. 1876.

126.

Secret Prayer.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all his promises to plead
 Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day !

P. H. Brown. 1824.



127.

Prayer.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death :
He enters heaven with prayer.

O Thou by whom we come to God, —
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery. 1819.

128.

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 !

Hymns of the Spirit.

129.

God our Guide.

IN secret paths, God leads us on
To his divine abode,
And shows new wonders of his love
Through all the heavenly road.

The ways most rugged and perplexed
He renders smooth and straight :
Through all the paths, I'll sing his name,
Even unto heaven's gate.

Anon.

130. *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.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began ;
And all her signs and voices shame
A prayerless heart in man.

J. G. Whittier.

131. *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 encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

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.

John Keble

132. *The Love of Christ.*

JESUS, thine all-victorious love,
Shed in my heart abroad ;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

My steadfast heart, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move ;
But God be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

Charles Wesley.

I 33. *Influence.*

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power ;
There's fruit in each windwafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

Work on, despair not ; bring thy might
Nor care how small it be ;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Anon.

I 34. *Words and Deeds.*

BENEATH the thick but struggling cloud,
We talk of Christian life ;
The words of Jesus on our lips,
Our hearts with man at strife.

Traditions, forms, and selfish aims
Have dimmed the inner light ;
Have closely veiled the spirit-world
And angels from our sight.

Strong souls and willing hands we need,
Our temple to repair ;
Remove the gathering dust of years,
And show the model fair.

We slumber while the present calls,
But darkness grows with rest ;
Wouldst thou see truth? To action
Do the divine behest. [wake, —
Anon.

I 35. *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.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Thomas A. Arne. 1744.

I 36. *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.

Richard C. Trench.

I 37. *God's Care.*

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Joseph Addison. 1712.

I 38. *Goodness of God.*

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess ;
Thy goodness we adore, —
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

Sun, moon, and stars thy love declare
In every golden ray :
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields ;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.

But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
In human hearts is seen ;
There, like a son, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

Thomas Gibbons.

139. *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.

140. *Jesus of Nazareth.*

THE loving Friend to all who bowed
 Beneath life's weary load,
 From lips baptized in humble prayer,
 His consolations flowed.

The faithful Witness to the truth,
 His just rebuke was hurled
 Out from a heart that burned to break
 The fetters of the world.

No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,
 His piercing glance could bear;
 But longing hearts which sought him found
 That God and heaven were there.

Samuel Longfellow.

141. *The Inner Calm.*

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
 While these hot breezes blow;
 Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
 Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
 Which storms assail in vain;
 Moving unruffled through earth's war,
 The eternal calm to gain.

Horatius Bonar.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M.

Ignace Pleyel. 1791.
Arr. by Nahum Mitchell. 1812.

The image shows a musical score for 'Brattle Street' in common time (C.M.). It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music is written in a style typical of early 19th-century hymnals, with clear note heads and stems, and some use of slurs and ties.

142. "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 thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

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.

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 gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen Maria Williams. 1786.

143. *Divine Peace.*

THOU, Lord, whose never-changing might
Doth rule the changing day,
Thy life shines in the morning light,
And glows in noon-tide's ray ;
Quench thou in us the flames of strife,
Bid heats of passion cease ;
From fears and perils guard our life,
And keep us in thy peace !

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'VARINA. C. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with chords and moving lines in both hands.

I 44.

Humble Reliance.

My God, my Father, blissful name,
 Oh, may I call thee mine?
 May I with sweet assurance claim
 A portion so divine?
 This only can my fears control,
 And bid my sorrows fly;
 What harm can ever reach my soul
 Beneath my Father's eye?
 Whate'er thy providence denies,
 I calmly would resign,
 For thou art good and just and wise:
 Oh, bend my will to thine!
 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
 Oh, give me strength to bear;
 Still let me know my Father reigns,
 And trust his tender care.
 Thy sovereign ways are little known
 To my weak, erring sight;
 Yet let my soul adoring own
 That all thy ways are right.
 My God, my Father, be thy name
 My solace and my stay:
 Oh, wilt thou seal my humble claim,
 And drive my fears away?

Anne Steele. 1760.

I 45.

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;
 The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
 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.

Samuel Longfellow.

I 46.

Lift up the Heart.

OH! ever on our earthly path
 Some gleam of glory lies;
 And heaven is all around us now,
 If we but lift our eyes.
 Lift up the heart, lift up the mind!
 Until the grace be given,
 That, while we travail yet on earth,
 Our hearts may be in heaven.

Anon.

I 47. "My Times are in Thy Hand." Ps. xxxi. 15.

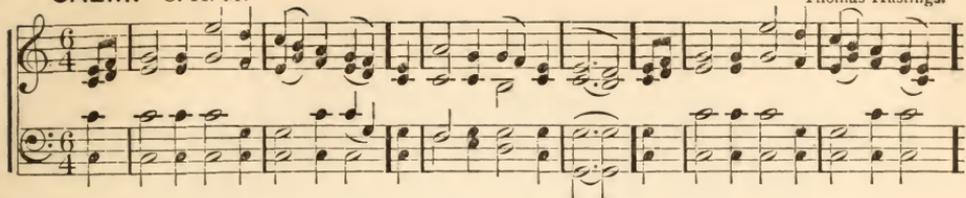
FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me :
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see.
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.
I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.
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.
Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I want a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

Anna L. Waring.

I 48. For Daily Strength.

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.
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.
Briers and thorns beset our 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.
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.



149.

Looking unto God.

I LOOK to thee in every need,
 And never look in vain ;
 I feel thy touch, eternal 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.

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 ledest me by unsought ways,
 And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Samuel Longfellow.

150. "*Blessed are ye that sow beside all Waters.*"

OH, be not faithless ! with the morn
 Cast thou abroad thy grain !
 At noontide faint not thou forlorn,
 At evening sow again !
 Blessed are they, whate'er betide,
 Who thus all waters sow beside.

Thou knowest not which seed shall grow,
 Or which may die or live ;
 In faith and hope and patience, sow !
 The increase God shall give,
 According to his gracious will, —
 As best his purpose may fulfil.

Oh, could our inward eye but view,
 Our hearts but feel aright,
 What faith and love and hope can do,
 By their celestial might,
 We should not say, till these be dead,
 The power of miracle is fled !

Bernard Barton.

PRAYER. C. M.



151.

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 always ?
 And dost not even wait until
 I urge my steps to thee ;
 But in the darkness of my life
 Art coming still to me.

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.

John W. Chadwick. 1876.

152.

"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.

John W. Chadwick. 1876.

153.

God ever near.

GOD 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 shepherds every thought ;
 We find him not by seeking long,
 We lose him not, unsought.

William C. Gannett.

I 54.

The Whole Armor.

OH, speed thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling ;

With girded loins the call obey,
That grace and mercy bring !

There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run ;
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

Oh, faint not, Christian ! for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne :
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

Anon.

I 55.

"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.

Horatius Bonar. 1857.

I 56.

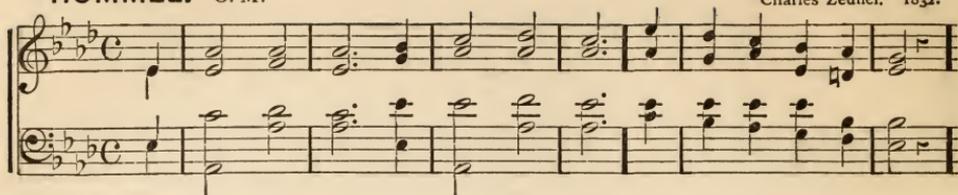
For Devout Fervor.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers :
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers :
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts. 1719.



157.

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.

Samuel Johnson.

158.

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!

Samuel Longfellow,

159. *The Mysteries of 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 fraught with mercy and will break
In blessings on your head.
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. 1779.

160. *The Guide of Life.*

I CANNOT walk in darkness long,
My Light is by my side ;
I cannot stumble or go wrong
While following such a guide.
He is my stay and my defence,
How shall I fail or fall ?
My keeper is Omnipotence ;
My Ruler ruleth all.
The powers below and powers above
Are subject to his care ;
I cannot wander from his love,
Whose love is everywhere.

Caroline A. Mason.

161. *The Morning.*

WE wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By his almighty power.
We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the day-light springs,
Till he shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on his wings.
And even now, amid the gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.
We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God be thine !
Oh, guide us till our night is done !
Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting sun,
Art shining evermore !

John Mason Neale.
Snmuel Longfellow. 1848.

162. *The Mission of Christ.*

HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long :
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.
He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.
Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge. 1735.

CAROL. C. M.

Richard Storrs Willis.

163.

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!

ANTIOCH. C. M.

From G. F. Handel.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1836.



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.

Edmund Hamilton Sears. 1850.

164.

The Mission of Christ.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come :
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns :
Let men their songs employ, [plains
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground :
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts. 1719

165.

The Guiding Star.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

But, lo! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode :
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

Oh, haste to follow where it leads !
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads
The Christian's destined way.

Oh, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given !
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

Harriet Auber. 1829.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line. The piece concludes with a double bar line in the final measure of the second system.

I 66. *"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."*

O LOVE! O Life! our faith and sight
 They presence maketh one :
 As, through transfigured clouds of white,
 We trace the noon-day sun, —

So to our mortal eyes subdued,
 Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
 We know in thee the fatherhood
 And heart of God revealed.

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.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
 What may thy service be ?
 Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
 But simply following thee.

John G. Whittier

I 67.

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.

168.

Example of Christ.

IN duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace :
As he hath done, so would I do,
Sustained by heavenly grace.

Inflamed with zeal, 'twas his delight
To do his Father's will ;
May the same zeal my soul excite
His precepts to fulfil !

Meekness, humility, and love
Through all his conduct shine ;
Oh, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine !

Benjamin Beddome. 1813.

169.

Christ our Example.

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear ;
Like thee to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine ;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
" Father, thy will be done."

Anon.

170.

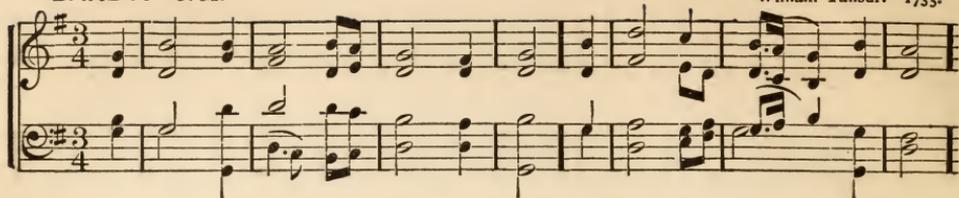
The Bond of Love.

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.

Samuel Longfellow.



I 71. *Star of Bethlehem.*

As shadows, cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One!
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten, and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

O Father, may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

William Cullen Bryant. 1874.

I 72. *Praying for Divine Help.*

Oh, 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.

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

Henry H. Milman.

I 73. *The Kingdom come.*

O God, the darkness roll away,
Which clouds the human soul:
And let the bright, the perfect day
Speed onward to its goal.

Let every hateful passion die,
Which makes of brethren foes;
And war no longer raise its cry,
To mar the world's repose.

Let faith and hope and charity
Go forth through all the earth;
And man, in heavenly bearing, be
True to his heavenly birth.

Yea, let thy glorious kingdom come,
Of holiness and love;
And make this world a portal meet
For thy bright courts above.

William Gaskell.

I 74. *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.

'Tis God's all-animating voice

That calls thee from on high ;

'Tis 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.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

I 75.

On the Lord's Side.

GOD'S trumpet wakes the slumbering
world :

Now, each man to his post !

The red-cross banner is unfurled :

Who joins the glorious host ?

He who, with calm, undaunted will,

Ne'er counts the battle lost,

But, though defeated, battles still, —

He joins the faithful host !

He who is ready for the cross,

The cause despised loves most ;

And shuns not pain or shame or loss, —

He joins the martyr host !

Samuel Longfellow.

I 76.

The Reformers.

O PURE Reformers ! not in vain

Your trust in human kind ;

The good which bloodshed could not gain,

Your peaceful zeal shall find.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad

By every wind and tide ;

The voice of nature and of God

Speaks out upon your side.

Press on ! and, if we may not share

The glory of your fight,

We'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,

God's blessing on the Right.

John G. Whittier.



177.

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.

178.

Shepherd of Israel.

SHEPHERD of Israel, hear my prayer,

And to my cry give heed ;

Shepherd of Israel, lead me where

Thy flocks in safety feed.

Whether upon the barren hills,

Or in the desert bare,

Strike but thy rod, the purest rills

And greenest herbs are there.

The shadow of a mighty rock

Is in that weary land ;

And heavenly dews fall on the flock,

Protected by thy hand.

Lead me, oh ! lead me to thy fold ;

Earth has no rest beside :

Shepherd of Israel, known of old,

Be thou my only guide.

Sarah Ellis. 1833.

179.

Through Cross to Light.

BEAR on, my soul ! the bitter cross

Of every trial here

Shall lift thee to thy heaven above,

But shall not enter there.

Bear on, my soul ! on God rely ;

Deliverance will come :

A thousand ways the Father hath

To bring his children home.

Hymns of the Spirit.

180. *Rejoice in the Lord.*

Now to our loving Father, God,
A gladsome song begin ;
His smile is on the world abroad,
His joy our hearts within.

We need not, Lord, our gladness leave,
To worship thee aright ;
Our joyfulness for praise receive !
Thou mak'st our lives so bright !

We turn to God a smiling face,
He smiles on us again ;
He loves to see our cheerfulness,
And hear our gladsome strain.

The pure in heart are always glad ;
The smile of God they feel ;
He doth the secret of his joy
To blameless hearts reveal.

Hymns and Tunes.

181. *Faith in Providence.*

Thy way is on the deep, O Lord !
E'en there we'll go with thee ;
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea.

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt him so ?
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet should go.

Come, Lord of peace, our griefs dispel,
And drive our fears away :
'Tis thine to order all things well,
And ours to bless the sway.

Martineau's Coll. 1840

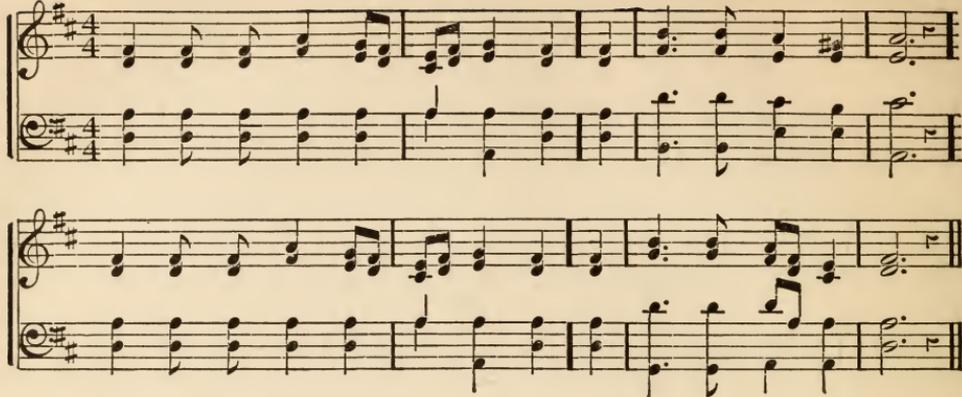
182. *Our Father.*

FATHER! the dearest, holiest name
That men or angels know !
Fountain of life, that had no fount
From which itself could flow !

From thee are drawn the worlds of life,
From thee our living souls ;
And undiminished still thy sea
Of calmest glory rolls.

All wills are held within thy will,
All things in thee possessed ;
To labor for thee is our work,
To think of thee our rest.

F. W. Faber.



183.

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.

184.

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.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

185.

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.

A. A. Livermore.

186. *I humbled my Soul with Fasting.* Ps. xxxv. 13.

Out of the depths I cry to thee,
 Lord God: oh, hear my prayer!
 Incline a gracious ear to me,
 And bid me not despair.

My hope I rest on thee, O Lord!
 My works I count but dust:
 I build not there, but on thy word,
 And in thy goodness trust.

Martin Luther.

187. *Alone in Death.*

Thou must go forth alone, my soul, —
 Thou must go forth alone,
 To other scenes, to other worlds,
 That mortal hath not known.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
 To tread the narrow vale;
 But He whose word is sure hath said
 His comforts shall not fail.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
 To meet thy God above;
 But shrink not, — he hath said, my soul,
 He is a God of love.

His rod and staff shall comfort thee
 Across the dreary road,
 Till thou shalt join the blessed ones
 In heaven's serene abode.

Jevons.

188. *"Blessed are they that mourn."*

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

Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed
 A noble faith succeeds;
 And life, by trials furrowed, bears
 The fruit of loving deeds.

How rich, how sweet, how full of strength,
 Our human spirits are,
 Baptized into the sanctities
 Of suffering and of prayer.

Yes, heavenly wisdom, love divine,
 Breathed through the lips which said,
 "O blessed are the hearts that mourn,
 They shall be comforted."

William H. Burleigh.

189.

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.

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.

Hymns of the Spirit.

190.

Prayer.

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.

John A. Wallace.

191.

Walk with God.

WALK with your God, along the road
 Your strength he will renew ;
 Wait on the everlasting God,
 And he will work with you.

Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,
 Made in the spirit strong ;
 Each task divine ye still shall hail,
 And blend it with a song.

T. H. Gill

192. *All as God wills.*

ALL as God wills ! who wisely heeds
 To give or to withhold,
 And knoweth more of all my needs
 Than all my prayers have told.
 Enough, that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track ;
 That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
 Thy chastening turned me back ;
 That more and more a providence
 Of love is understood,
 Making the springs of time and sense
 Sweet with eternal good ;
 That death seems but a covered way
 Which opens into light,
 Wherein no blinded child can stray
 Beyond the Father's sight.
 No longer forward or behind
 I look, in hope or fear,
 But grateful take the good I find,
 God's blessing, now and here.

John G. Whittier.

193. *Close of Life.*

My soul is full of whispered song,
 My blindness is my sight ;
 The shadows that I feared so long
 Are all alive with light.
 The while my pulses faintly beat,
 My faith doth so abound,
 I feel grow firm beneath my feet
 The green, immortal ground.
 That faith to me a courage gives,
 Low as the grave to go :
 I know that my Redeemer lives,
 That I shall live, I know.
 The palace walls I almost see
 Where dwells my Lord and King :
 O grave, where is thy victory !
 O death, where is thy sting !

Alice Cary. 1870.

194. *Angels.*

OH, not when the death-prayer is said,
 The life of life departs ;
 The body in the grave is laid,
 Its beauty in our hearts.
 At holy midnight, voices sweet,
 Like fragrance, fill the room ;
 And happy ghosts, with noiseless feet,
 Come brightening through the gloom.
 We know who sends the visions bright,
 From whose dear side they came :
 We veil our eyes before thy light,
 We bless our Father's name !
 This frame, O God, this feeble breath
 Thy hand may soon destroy :
 We think of thee, and feel in death
 A deep and holy joy.

John Wilson. 1816.

195. *Death of the Righteous.*

BEHOLD the western evening light !
 It melts in deepening gloom :
 So calm the righteous sink away,
 Descending to the tomb.
 The winds breathe low ; the yellow leaf
 Scarce whispers from the tree ;
 So gently flows the parting breath,
 When good men cease to be.
 How beautiful, on all the hills,
 The crimson light is shed !
 'Tis like the peace the dying gives
 To mourners round his bed.
 How mildly, on the wandering cloud,
 The sunset beam is cast !
 So sweet the memory left behind,
 When loved ones breathe their last.
 And lo ! above the dews of night
 The vesper star appears :
 So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
 Whose eyes are dim with tears.

William B. O. Peabody.



196.

The Sabbath.

LORD, in this sacred hour,
 Within thy courts, we bend,
 And bless thy love, and own thy power,
 Our Father and our Friend !

But thou art not alone
 In courts by mortals trod,
 Nor only is the day thine own
 When man draws near to God.

Thy temple is the arch
 Of yon unmeasured sky ;
 Thy sabbath, the stupendous march
 Of grand eternity.

Lord, may that holier day
 Dawn on thy servants' sight ;
 And purer worship may we pay
 In heaven's unclouded light !

Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch.

197.

This is the Love of God.

BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,
 That taught us this sweet way,
 Only to love thee for thyself,
 And for that love obey.

O thou, our souls' chief hope !
 We to thy mercy fly :
 Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
 Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
 To thee we both resign ;
 By night we see, as well as day,
 If thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
 Both we submit to thee ;
 In death we live, as well as life,
 If thine in death we be.

John Austin. 1668.

198. *The Fountain of Living Waters.* — Jer. ii. 13.

THE fountain in its source
 No drought of summer fears ;
 The farther it pursues its course,
 The nobler it appears.

The cisterns I forsake,
 O Fount of Life, for thee ;
 My thirst with living waters slake,
 And drink eternity.

Madame Guion. 1689.

Tr. William Cowper. 1782.

199.

The Day of Rest.

THIS is the day of light !
 Let there be light to-day ;
 O dayspring, rise upon our night,
 And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest !
 Our failing strength renew ;
 On aching brow 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.

John Ellerton. 1867.

200.

The Hour of Prayer.

It is the hour of prayer :
 Draw near and bend the knee,
 And fill the calm and holy air
 With voice of melody !

O'erwearied with the heat
 And burden of the day,
 Now let us rest our wandering feet,
 And gather here to pray.

Oh, blessed is the hour
 That lifts our hearts on high !
 Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
 Prayer to the soul is nigh ;

Though dark may be our lot,
 Our eyes be dim with care,
 These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
 This holy hour of prayer.

Anon.

201. "*Oh, send out thy Light and thy Truth.*"

O EVERLASTING Health !
 Flow through life's inmost springs ;
 The heart's best bliss, the soul's best wealth,
 What life thy presence brings !

O everlasting Love !
 Wellspring of grace and peace ;
 Pour down thy fulness from above,
 Bid doubt and trouble cease !

Horatius Bonar. 1861.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

William Tansur. 1743.

202. "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 !

John Johns. 1837.

203. *Brotherhood.*

COME, brothers, let us go !
Our Father is our guide ;
And if our way be bright or dark,
He's ever at our side.

Our spirits he will cheer
With sunshine of his love ;
He guards us, and we need not fear,
With such a friend above.

The strong be quick to raise
The weaker when they fall :
Let love and peace and patience bloom
In ready help for all.

Come, brothers, let us go !
We travel hand in hand :
Each with his brother walks in joy
Through this dear Fatherland.

From the German.

204. *The New Life.*

How glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And thro' thy Spirit's quickening power
Of the new life partake !

Born of thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy Spirit may we share !
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
And place thine image there.

Stephen G. Bulfinch.

205.

The Reformer's Vow.

GOD of the earnest heart,
 The trust assured and still,
 Thou who our strength for ever art, —
 We come to do thy will !
 Upon that painful road
 By saints serenely trod,
 Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
 Would we go forth, O God !
 'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
 In human hearts to strive,
 That all may learn to love and bear,
 To conquer self, and live ;
 To draw thy blessing down,
 And bring the wronged redress,
 And give this glorious world its crown,
 The spirit's Godlikeness.

Samuel Johnson. 1846.

206.

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

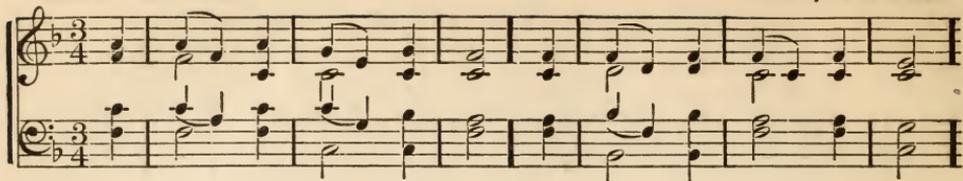
207.

The Voice of Conscience.

GIVE forth thine earnest cry,
 O conscience, voice of God !
 To young and old, to low and high,
 Proclaim his will abroad.

Within the human breast
 Thy strong monitions plead ;
 Still thunder thy divine protest
 Against the unrighteous deed.

Show the true way of peace,
 O thou our guiding light !
 From bondage of the wrong release,
 To service of the right.



208. "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.

His bounty will provide!
Ye shall securely dwell;
The hand that bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.

Oh, why should anxious thought,
Press down your weary mind?
Come, seek your heavenly Father's face,
And peace and gladness find.

His goodness stands for all,
Unchanged from day to day;
We'll drop our burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

209. *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 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.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

210. "My Times are in thy Hand."

"My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be,—
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

"My times are in thy hand!"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

Anon

2 I I. *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. 1849.

2 I 2. *Safety in God.*

My spirit, on thy care,
Blest Father, I recline :
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art Love divine.

In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest :
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform :
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me ;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

2 I 3. *God our True Life.*

THE world can never give
The rest for which we sigh :
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

In thee we end our quest :
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

James Montgomery.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'OLMUTZ. S. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The music is arranged for voice and piano accompaniment. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

214.

Universal Praise.

THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth for ever stands.

Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

Isaac Watts.

215.

"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.

George Herbert.†

216.

Glorious Liberty.

OH, come, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within ;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin !

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.

Charles Wesley.

DEDICATION. S. M.

English Tune.

217. *For Heavenly Thoughts.*

COME to me, thoughts of heaven,
My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning given,
Up to celestial air.

Away, far, far away,
From thoughts by passion given,
Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,
O blessed thoughts of heaven !

Come in my tempted hour,
Sweet thoughts, and yet again
O'er sinful wish and memory shower
Your soft, effacing rain ;

Waft me where gales divine
With dark clouds ne'er have striven,
Where living founts for ever shine,
O blessed thoughts of heaven !

Felicia Hemans.

218. *"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, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

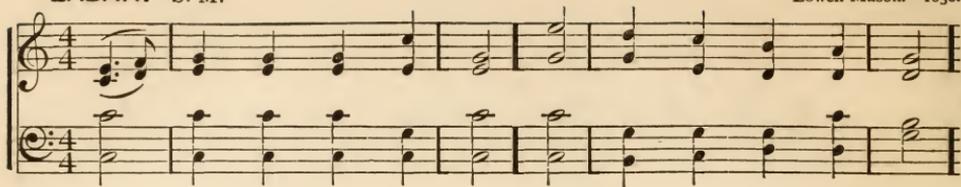
James Drummond Burns. 1856.

219. *Never-ceasing Worship.*

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

'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to thy name.

John Ellerton. 1867.

220. *"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.

221. *"Thy Kingdom come."*

THY kingdom come ! for here
Our path through wilds is laid ;
We watch, as for the dayspring near,
Amid the breaking shade.

Hark ! herald voices near
Lead on thy happier day ;
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear !
We wait to strew thy way.

Come, as in days of old,
O God of grace and power !
Gather us all within thy fold,
And let us stray no more !

Harriet Martineau.

222. *The Sower.*

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land !

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock !

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

James Montgomery. 1825.

223. *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
Of faith's victorious shield ;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Ye'll surely win the field.

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.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

224. *The Christian Encouraged.*

GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed :
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and
He gently clears thy way : [storms,
Wait thou his time ; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve his might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command :
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong his hand.

Thou comprehend'st him not :
Yet earth and heaven tell
God sits as sovereign on the throne ;
He ruleth all things well.

Paul Gerhardt. 1659.
Tr. John Wesley. 1739.

225. *For ever with the Lord.*

FOR ever with the Lord !
 Amen, so let it be :
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis 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 !

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

"For ever with the Lord !"
 Father, if 'tis thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to me fulfil.

James Montgomery. 1835.

226. *Psalm ciii.*

OUR days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower :
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour :

But thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure ;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

227. *"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 fulfil :
 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 !

Charles Wesley.



228. *God working in the Soul.*

'Tis God the spirit leads
 In paths before unknown :
 The work to be performed is ours ;
 The strength is all his own.

'Tis he that works to will ;
 'Tis he that works to do :
 His is the power by which we act ;
 His be the glory too.

Christian Psalmist.

229. *"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. 1819.

230. *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.

Methodist Coll.

231. *Vision of St. John.*

REJOICE, O weary soul !
 The day will surely rise,
 When this thy earth new-born shall roll
 Through new-created skies.

The glory of God's throne
 Shall then make all things new ;
 Eternal love shall reign alone,
 And heaven be full in view.

God's love shall end all fears :
 From every weeping eye
 His hand shall wipe away the tears,
 And death itself shall die.

Charles T. Brooks.

232.

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 streameth :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Everywhere his glory shineth :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring.

233.

He careth for us.

YES, for me, for me He careth
 With a father's tender care ;
 Yes, with me, with me he shareth
 Every burden, every fear.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
 Ceaseless watcheth, night and day ;
 Yes, even me, even me he snatcheth
 From the perils of the way.

Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
 Joys unearthly, love and light ;
 And to cover me he spreadeth
 His paternal wing of might.

Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth ;
 I in him, and he in me :
 And my empty soul he filleth,
 Here and through eternity.

Horatius Bonar.

234.

Safety in God.

CALL the Lord thy sure salvation,
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
 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 thro' 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.

James Montgomery.

235. *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.

236. *God is Love and Love Alone.*

LORD and Father, great and holy,
 Fearing naught, we come to thee ;
 Fearing naught, though weak and lowly,
 For thy love has made us free.

By the blue sky bending o'er us,
 By the green earth's flowery zone,
 Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus,
 "Thou art love and love alone."

Though the worlds in flame should perish,
 Suns and stars in ruin fall,
 Trust in thee our hearts should cherish,
 Thou to us be all in all.

And though heavens thy name are praising,
 Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone,
 Than the strain our hearts are raising, —
 "Thou art love and love alone."

PILGRIM. 8. 7.

Arr. from Mozart.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. The first system has two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The second system also has two staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment. It includes a double bar line with the word 'End.' written below the bass staff, and a 'D.S.' (Da Capo) marking at the end of the piece.

237. *Divine Worship.*
 HOLY Father, thou hast taught me
 I should live to thee alone ;
 Year by year, thy hand hath brought me
 On through dangers oft unknown.
 When I wandered, thou hast found me ;
 When I doubted, sent me light ;
 Still thine arm has been around me,
 All my paths were in thy sight.

I would trust in thy protecting,
 Wholly rest upon thine arm,
 Follow wholly thy directing,
 Thou mine only guard from harm !
 Keep me from mine own undoing,
 Help me turn to thee when tried,
 Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
 Keep me ever at thy side !

238. *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 !

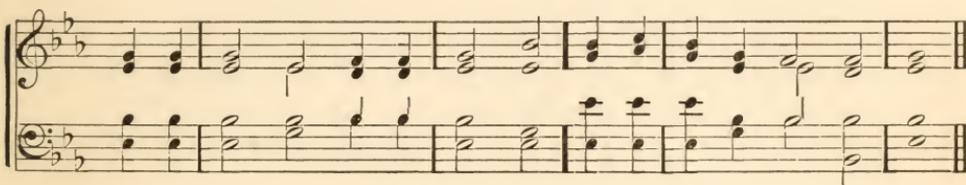
Let that love, which knows no measure,
 Now in quickening showers descend,
 Bringing us the richest treasure
 Man can wish or God can send ;
 Hear our earnest supplication ;
 Every struggling heart release ;
 Rest upon this congregation,
 Spirit of untroubled Peace.

Anon.

239. *Trust in God.*
 OH, how kindly hast thou led me,
 Heavenly Father, day by day ;
 Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,
 Furnished friends to cheer my way !
 Didst thou bless me, didst thou chasten,
 With thy smile, or with thy rod,
 'Twas that still my step might hasten
 Homeward, heavenward, to my God.

Anon.

Oh, how slowly have I often
 Followed where thy hand would draw !
 How thy kindness failed to soften !
 How thy chastening failed to awe !
 Make me for thy rest more ready,
 As thy path is longer trod ;
 Keep me in thy friendship steady,
 Till thou call me home, my God.



240.

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.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1833.

241.

Sunset of Life.

Down toward the twilight drifting,
 Hover now the shadows fast :
 Lo! the evening clouds are rifling,
 And the storm is overpast.
 One by one the stars are peeping
 Gently from the azure deeps ;
 Loving angels round are keeping
 Watch and ward while nature sleeps.

Memory to the heart is calling
 Happy visions that had fled ;
 While, like dew around me falling,
 Comes the presence of the dead.
 Hush! the solemn midnight tolleth ;
 Morn is breaking from on high ;
 God away the darkness rolleth, —
 Light! and immortality!

Samuel D. Robbins.

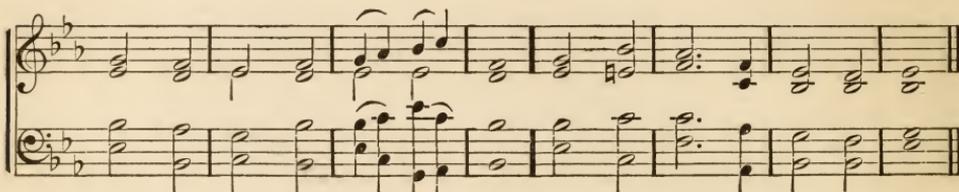
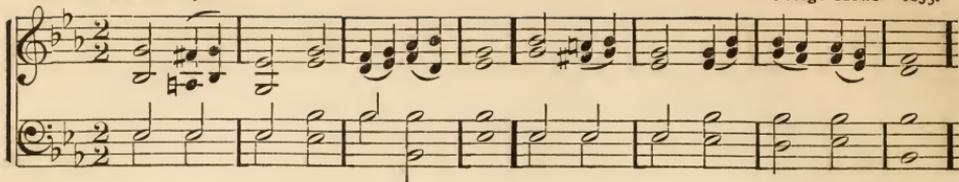
242.

Waiting for Death.

Only waiting, till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown ;
 Only waiting, till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown ;
 Till the light of earth is faded
 From the heart once full of day ;
 Till the stars of heaven are breaking
 Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting, till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown ;
 Only waiting, till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown.
 Then, from out the gathered darkness
 Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
 By whose light my soul shall gladly
 Tread its pathway to the skies.

Frances L. Mace. 1852.



243.

Morning Hymn.

IN the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day ;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, oh, shine !

Show me, if I tempted be,
Needed strength to find in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from hidden snares,
And my eyes, O God, from tears ;
Every step thy grace attend,
And my soul from death defend.

William Henry Furness. 1840.

244.

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 from us the light of day
Shall on earth have passed away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

G. W. Doane. 1824.

245.

Supplication.

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

With the peace thy word imparts
Be the taught and teacher blessed ;
In our lives and in our hearts,
Father, be thy law impressed.

Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above, —
Charity for all mankind,
Trusting faith, enduring love.

Thomas Gray. 1833.

DALLAS. 7.

From M. L. Cherubini.

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 !

Hymns of the Spirit.

247.

Humble Worship.

WHEN before thy throne we kneel,
 Filled with awe and holy fear,
 Teach us, O our God, to feel
 All thy sacred presence near.

Check each proud and wandering thought,
 When on thy great name we call :
 Man is naught, is less than naught ;
 Thou, our God, art all in all.
 Oh, receive the praise that dares
 Seek thy heaven-exalted throne !
 Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
 Infinite and Holy One !

Sir John Bowring.

248.

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 stars 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.

W. H. Furness. 1840.

HERFORD. 7.

English Tune.

249.

Praise the Lord.

ALL ye nations, praise the Lord !
 All ye lands, your voices raise !
 Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
 Praise the Lord, for ever 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. 1822.

250.

Thanksgiving.

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.

251.

The Fields are white.

WORD of Life, most pure, most strong !
 Lo ! for thee the nations long ;
 Spread, till from its dreary night
 All the world awakes to light.

Lo ! the ripening fields we see :
 Mighty shall the harvest be ;
 But the reapers still are few ;
 Great the work they have to do.

Lord of harvest, let there be
 Joy and strength to work for thee,
 Till the nations far and near
 See thy light, thy law revere.

From the German.

INNOCENTS. 7.

Thibaut. 1254.



252.

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.

253.

Even-Song.

LORD ! a happy child of thine,
Patient through the love of thee,
In the light, the life divine,
Lives and walks at liberty.

Leaning on thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright :
Fervent was my morning prayer,
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Father, Guardian true !
All my life is thine to keep ;
At thy feet my work I do,
In thine arms I fall asleep.

Anna L. Waring. 1850.

254.

Parting.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now 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.

John Newton. 1779.

NUREMBERG. 7.

Johann Rudolf Ahle. 1664.

255.

For the Holy Spirit.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart :
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way ;
Fill my soul with joy divine ;
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

John Stocker. 1776.

256.

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.

W. H. Furness.

257. *"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.

GOTTSCHALK. 7.

Arr. from Gottschalk.

258. *Engagedness in Devotion.*

LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear :
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.

Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels ;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares :
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

John Taylor.

259. *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 !

Frederic Henry Hedge.

260. *He shall give his Angels Charge over thee.*

THEY, who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh ;
Lo, his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

Vain temptation's wily snare ;
They shall be the Father's care :
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep ;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and love can never fear.

The image shows a musical score for 'Horton. 7.' arranged by Dr. Mason. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/8. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

261.

Seeking God.

THIRSTING 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.

262.

Invitations of Jesus.

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

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

Sinner, come ; for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound,
 Peace that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna L. Barbault.

263.

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.



264.

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?

Blessèd 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.

William Henry Furness.

265.

"Forgive us our Trespases."

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.

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

John Taylor

HENDON. 7.

C. H. A. Malan. 1830.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Hendon. 7.' by C. H. A. Malan, 1830. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with clear note values and rests.

266. *"I will that Men pray 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, in 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 woes of life prevail,
'Tis 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.

267. *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.

James F. Clarke.

268. *Deliver us from Evil.*

HEAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie !
Through the desert when I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.

Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame, —
Father ! glorify thy name.

Josiah Conder

CHATHAM. [SEYMOUR.] 7.

From C. M. von Weber.
Arr. by H. W. Greatorex. 1849.



269. "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.

270. "Father, I have sinned."

LOVE for all ! and can it be ?
Can I hope it is for me ?
I, who left my Father's home,
In forbidden ways to roam !

I, who spurned his loving hold ;
I, who would not be controlled ;
I, who would not hear his call ;
I, the wilful prodigal !

To my Father can I go?—
At his feet myself I'll throw :
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

See ! my Father waiting stands ;
See ! he reaches out his hands ;
God is love : I know, I see
There is love for me, — even me.

Samuel Longfellow.

271. *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 !

Henry F. Lyte. 1834.

The image shows a musical score for Ignace Pleyel's No. 7. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with many chords and single notes.

272. *It is God who worketh in you.*

HUMAN soul, to whom are given
 Holy hungerings after heaven,
 Faithful to the end endure ;
 Make thy heavenly calling sure.

God, to keep thee safe from harms,
 Spreads his everlasting arms,
 Feeds with secret strength divine,
 Waits to whisper, thou art mine.

Gently will he lead the weak ;
 Bruised reeds he ne'er will break ;
 He will bless thee with his peace,
 Fill with all his righteousness.

Wesley's Hymns.

273. *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 for ever 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 !"

Briggs's Coll.

274. *The only Refuge.*

HOLY Father, heavenly King !
 O'er me spread thy guardian wing ;
 When by trembling fears distressed,
 Let me flee to thee and rest.

Call me, keep me by thy side,
 Teach me there alone to hide :
 Where for safety should I flee,
 If my footsteps strayed from thee ?

Warn me with thy gentle voice :
 Point my path, and guide my choice ;
 Let me, Lord, in thee possess
 Wisdom, peace, and righteousness.

SOLITUDE. 7.

L. T. Downes.



275.

Aspiration.

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, for ever free.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine !
Gladden thou this heart of mine ;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well ! for ever spring."

Charles Wesley.
Samuel Longfellow.

276.

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 !

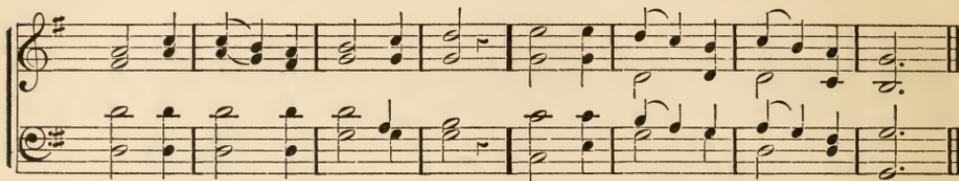
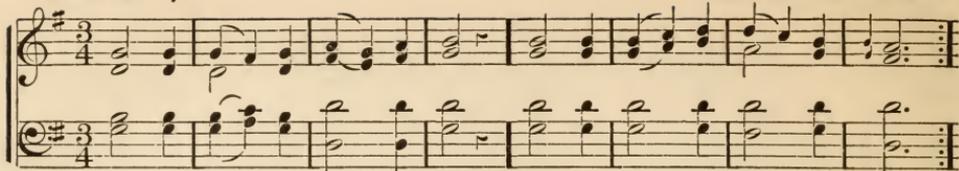
Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined :
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind !

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 !

Samuel Johnson.



277. "Our Father who art in Heaven."

HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
 In the highest heaven adored,
 Dwelling in the loving heart,
 Surely thou our Father art:
 From thy love our spirits came;—
 Father, hallowed be thy name!
 In our spirits may we feel
 Filial love, thy Spirit's seal;
 Then, in all our want or wealth,
 Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
 Still our prayer shall be the same;—
 Father, hallowed be thy name!

Living near to thee always,
 Thy command may we obey,
 Gladly by thy hand be led,
 Seek from thee our daily bread,
 While our daily prayer we frame,—
 Father, hallowed be thy name!

Anon.

278. "Oh, give Thanks unto the Lord!"

OH, give thanks to Him who made
 Morning light and evening shade!
 Source and Giver of all good,
 Nightly sleep and daily food!
 Quickener of our wearied powers,
 Guard of our unconscious hours!

Oh, give thanks to nature's King,
 Who made every breathing thing!
 His our warm and sentient frame;
 His the mind's immortal flame;
 Oh, how close the ties that bind
 Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

Oh, give thanks with heart and lip
 For we are his workmanship,
 And all creatures are his care;
 Not a bird that cleaves the air
 Falls unnoticed;— but who can
 Speak the Father's love to man!

Josiah Conder.

279. Future Glory of the Church.— Ps. lxxvii.

ON thy Church, O Power Divine!
 Cause thy glorious face to shine,
 Till the nations from afar
 Hail her as their guiding star;
 Till her sons from zone to zone
 Make thy great salvation known.

Then shall God, with lavish hand,
 Scatter blessings o'er the land;
 Earth shall yield her rich increase
 Every breeze shall whisper peace,
 And the world's remotest bound
 With a voice of praise resound.

Spirit of the Psalms.

TOPLADY. 7.

Dr. Thomas Hastings. 1830.

The image shows a musical score for 'TOPLADY. 7.' by Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1830. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef and a bass clef, both in 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The second system is similar, but the bass line is marked 'D.C.' (Da Capo). The score ends with 'End.' in the first system.

280.

Prayer for Grace.

GRACIOUS spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would gracious be,
And, with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal ;
And with actions bold and meek
Christ's own gracious spirit speak.

Truthful spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear ;
And with actions brotherly
Follow Christ's sincerity.

Mighty spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail ;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good ;
And whatever I can be
Give to him who gave me thee.

Thomas Toke Lynch. 1855.

281.

"Thy Kingdom come."

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of thy face ;
Shine upon us, Father, shine,
Fill us with thy light divine ;
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise thee, Lord !
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

282.

God is Love.

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance, —
All around, below, above,
Hath this record : God is Love.

All the tender hopes that start
From the fountain of the heart ;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies ; —
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering : God is Love.

Anon.

SPANISH HYMN. 7.

Spanish Melody.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a series of chords and single notes, ending with a fermata and the word 'End.' written below the staff.

The second system of musical notation also consists of two staves in the same key signature and time signature as the first system. It continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a fermata and the initials 'D.C.' written below the staff.

283.

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. 1795.

284.

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.

285.

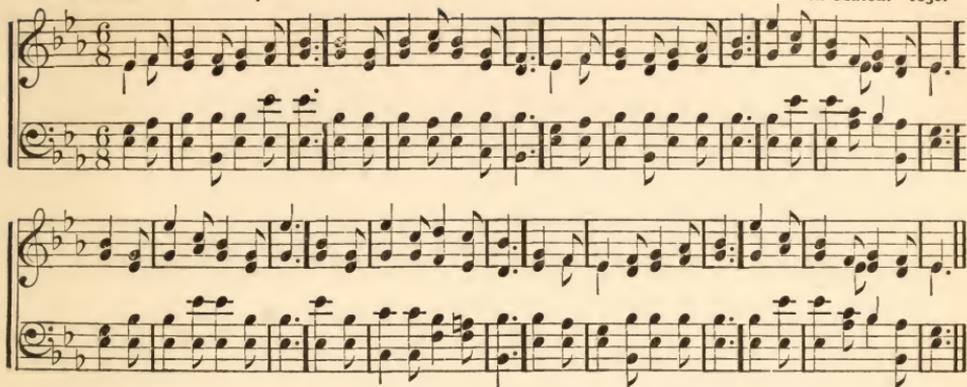
The Everlasting Arms.

EVERLASTING arms of Love
Are beneath, around, above;
God it is who bears us on,
His the arm we lean upon:
He, our ever-present Guide,
Faithful is, whate'er betide;
Gladly, then, we journey on,
With his arm to lean upon.

Anon.

WATCHMAN. 7.

Lowell Mason. 1830.



286.

For Advent or Christmas.

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.

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. 1825.

287.

All from God.

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

Every sun of splendid ray ;
 Every moon that shines serene ;
 Every morn that welcomes day ;
 Every evening's twilight scene ;
 Every hour which wisdom brings,
 Every incense at thy shrine,
 These, and all life's holiest things,
 And its fairest, — all are thine.

And, for all, my hymns shall rise
 Daily to thy gracious throne :
 Thither let my asking eyes
 Turn, unwearied, righteous One.
 Through life's strange vicissitude,
 There reposing all my care ;
 Trusting still, through ill and good,
 Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

Sir John Bowring.

288. *The Spread of the Gospel.*

THE morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears ;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.
 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour ;
 Each cry to heaven going
 Abundant answers brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.
 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay :
 Stay not, till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home ;
 Stay not, till all the holy
 Proclaim the Lord has come.

Samuel F. Smith. 1831.

289. *Lo! He cometh.*

GOD comes, with succor speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
 He comes to break oppression,
 And set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
 He shall come down, as showers
 Upon the thirsty earth ;
 And joy and hope, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth.
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall Peace, the herald, go,
 And Righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.
 To him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows, ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever ;
 His great, best name of Love.

James Montgomery. 1822.†

The image shows two systems of musical notation. The first system is for 'Jerusalem, the Golden' and the second is for 'Heavenly Love'. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with block chords and simple melodic lines.

290. *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, strong and faithful,
 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!

Bernard of Cluny. 1145.
 Tr. John Mason Neale. 1851.

291. *Heavenly Love.*

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.
 Green 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. 1850.

292.

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.

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.

293.

Close of Worship.

To thee, the Lord Almighty,
 Our noblest praise we give,
 Who all things hast created,
 And blestest all that live :
 Whose goodness, never failing
 Through countless ages gone,
 For ever and for ever
 Shall still keep shining on.

William Gaskell. 1837.

294.

Missionary Hymn.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, —
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ?
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown :
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Anon.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high, —
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation, O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

Bishop Reginald Heber. 1819.

295. "Go forward, Christian Soldier."

Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Beneath his banner true :
 The Lord himself, thy Leader,
 Shall all thy foes subdue.
 His love foretells thy trials,
 He knows thine hourly need ;
 He can, with bread of heaven,
 Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 Till Satan's host is vanquished
 And heaven is all possest ;
 Till God himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armor by,
 And wear, in endless glory,
 The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the gathering night :
 The Lord has been thy shelter,
 The Lord will be thy light.
 When morn his face revealeth,
 Thy dangers all are past ;
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue
 May keep thee to the last !

Laurence Tuttiert. 1854.

296. One Fold and One Shepherd.

Now is the time approaching,
 By prophets long foretold,
 When all shall dwell together,
 One shepherd and one fold.
 Now Jew and Gentile, meeting
 From many a distant shore,
 Around one altar kneeling,
 One common Lord adore.

Let all that now divides us
 Remove and pass away,
 Like shadows of the morning
 Before the blaze of day.
 Let all that now unites us
 More sweet and lasting prove,
 A closer bond of union,
 In a blest land of love.

O long-expected dawning,
 Come with thy cheering ray :
 When shall the morning brighten,
 The shadows flee away ?
 O sweet anticipation,
 It cheers the watchers on
 To pray and hope and labor,
 Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick. 1863.†

MELTON. 10.

The image shows a musical score for two systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is written in a 3/2 time signature. The first system contains 10 measures of music, and the second system contains 10 measures. The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and dynamic markings.

297.

Imploring Divine Light.

O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides !
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest :
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend, —
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

298.

My Heaven in Thee.

FATHER divine, this deadening power control,
Which to the senses binds the immortal soul ;
Oh, break this bondage, Lord ! I would be free,
And in my soul would find my heaven in thee.

My heaven in thee ! — O God ! no other heaven,
To the immortal soul, can e'er be given :
Oh, let thy kingdom now within me come,
And as above, so here, thy will be done !

My heaven in thee, O Father ! let me find, —
My heaven in thee, within a heart resigned ;
No more of heaven and bliss, my soul, despair ;
For where my God is found, my heaven is there.

299.

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.

300.

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.

301.

The Father of Spirits.

O FATHER Spirit, who with gentlest breath
 Dost calm and teach, dost comfort or reprove,
 Who givest us all joy and hope and faith,
 Through whom we live at peace with all in love !

Now shed thy mighty influence abroad
 On souls that would their Father's image bear ;
 Make us as holy temples of our God,
 Where dwells for ever calm, adoring prayer.

From the German.

The image shows a musical score for two systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is primarily homophonic, with chords in the treble and single notes or simple chords in the bass. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system also ends with a double bar line.

302.

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.

Samuel Johnson. 1847.

303.

"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 !

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.

Theodore Parker.

304.

Pure Worship and Undefined.

Oh, he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken
That holier worship, which God deigns to bless,
Restores the lost, and heals the spirit-broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother !
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there :
To worship rightly is to love each other ;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow, with reverent steps, the great example
Of him whose holy work was doing good ;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

John G. Whittier.

305.

The Unity of the Spirit.

(Repeat the first two lines 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 !

John White Chadwick. 1864.

306.

"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.

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.

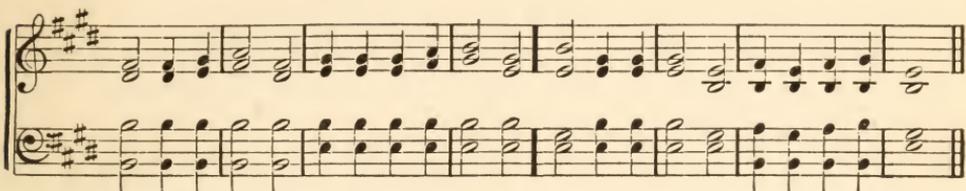
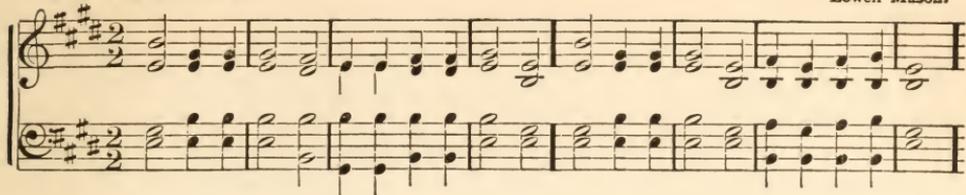
307.

"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.

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.

308.

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 homes to waken,
 Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths 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 the 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.

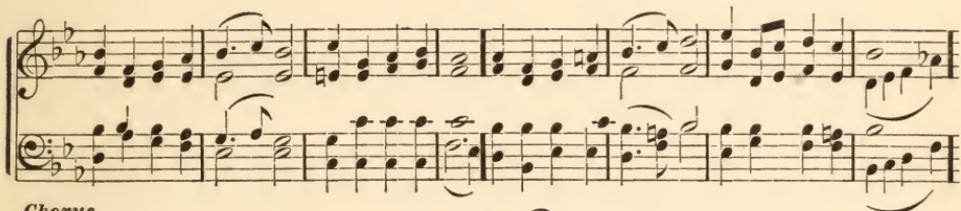
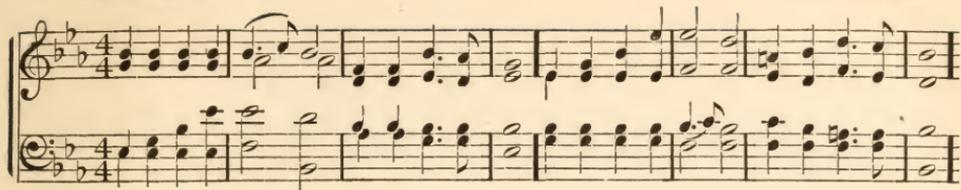
309. "Forward into Light." Ex. xiv. 15.

FORWARD! be our watchword,
 Steps and voices joined;
 Seek the things before us,
 Not a look behind.
 Burns the fiery pillar
 At our army's head:
 Who shall dream of shrinking,
 By our Captain led?
 Forward, out of error,
 Leave behind the night;
 Forward through the darkness,
 Forward into light!
 Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love him
 One day to be shared.
 Eye hath not beheld them,
 Ear hath never heard;

Nor of these hath uttered
 Thought or speech a word.
 Forward, marching eastward
 Where the heaven is bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight!
 Far o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers,
 Where our God abideth:
 That fair home is ours.
 Flash the streets with jasper
 Shine the gates with gold;
 Flows the gladdening river
 Shedding joys untold.
 Thither, onward thither,
 In the Spirit's might,
 Pilgrims to your country,
 Forward into light!

SULLIVAN.

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.

*Chorus.*310. *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. Onward, &c.

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 and doctrine,
 One in charity. Onward, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain ;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail. Onward, &c.

Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song ;
 Glory, laud, and honor
 Unto God our King ;
 This through countless ages,
 Men and angels sing. Onward, &c.

Sabine Baring Gould. 1865.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.

Fine.

D.S.

311.

Prayer.

SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!

In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:

And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

W. W. Walford. 1846.

312.

Trust in God.

O LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread;
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near.

On thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.

O. W. Holmes.

HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.

313.

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.

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 'tis my God that leadeth me.

He leadeth me, &c.

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 'tis my God that leadeth me.

He leadeth me, &c.

J. H. Gilmore. 1859.

314.

At Home with God everywhere.

MY Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
To me remains nor place nor time:
My country is in every clime.
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But, with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Madame Guion. 1702.
Tr. William Cowper. 1782.

SHINING SHORE. 8. 7.

George F. Root. 1856.

315.

The Shining Shore.

My days are gliding swiftly by ;
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly, —
 Those hours of toil and danger.
 For, oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand ;
 Our friends are passing over ;
 And, just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our distant home discerning :
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning.
 For, oh ! we stand, &c.

Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing :
 That perfect rest nought can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing.
 For, oh ! we stand, &c.

Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
 Each chord on earth to sever :
 Our King says come, and there's our home,
 For ever, oh ! for ever.

For, oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand ;
 Our friends are passing over ;
 And, just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

David Nelson. 1835.

316.

Feed my Lambs.

Ho ! ye that rest beneath the Rock
 On pastures greenly growing,
 Or roam at will, Christ's favored flock,
 By waters gently flowing :
 Hear ye, upon the desert air,
 A voice of woe come crying,
 While, cold upon the barren moor,
 Christ's little lambs are dying.

"Go, feed my lambs !" the Shepherd's call
 Comes down from realms of glory, —
 "Go, feed my lambs, and bring them all
 From moor and mountain hoary !"
 Fast falls the night, the bleak winds blow
 Across the desert dreary :
 Great Shepherd, at thy call we'll go,
 And bring the wanderers weary.

SWEET BY-AND-BY. P. M.

Jos. P. Webster.

There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far ;

For the Father waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwelling-place there.

Chorus.

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore,

In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

by-and-by, by-and-by, by-and-by,

317.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

In the sweet by-and-by, &c.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

In the sweet by-and-by, &c.

HOMEWARD BOUND. 10. 4.

Arr. from Revival Melodies.

318.

Homeward Bound.

OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride :
 We're homeward bound.
 Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
 We're homeward bound.
 Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
 Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
 Promise of which on us each he bestowed :
 We're homeward bound.

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars :
 We're homeward bound.

Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores :
 We're homeward bound.

Steady, O pilot ! stand firm at the wheel ;
 Steady ! we soon shall outweather the gale ;
 Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail :
 We're homeward bound !

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide :
 We're home at last.

Softly we drift on its bright silver tide :
 We're home at last.

Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er ;
 We stand secure on the glorified shore.
 Glory to God ! we will shout evermore :
 We're home at last.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

R. Lowry.
Royal Diadem, by per. Biglow & Main.



319.

I need Thee every Hour.

I NEED thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord :
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.
I need thee, — oh, I need thee !
Every hour I need thee ;
Oh, bless me now, my Father !
I come to thee !

I need thee every hour,
Stay thou near by :
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh. *Refrain.*

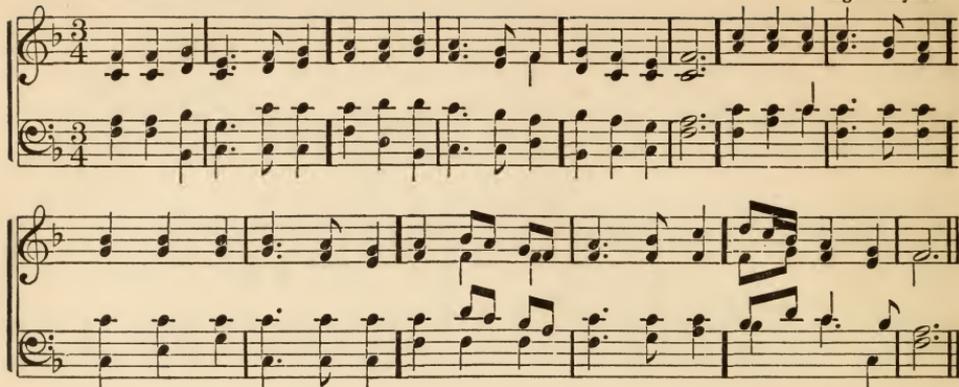
I need thee every hour
In joy or pain :
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain. *Refrain.*

I need thee every hour.
Teach me thy will ;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfil. *Refrain.*

I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One :
Oh, make me thine indeed
Like thy dear Son. *Refrain.*

AMERICA. 6. 4.

English Hymn.



320.

National Hymn.

My country, 'tis 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.

Samuel F. Smith.

321.

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 fathers' 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!

AULD LANG SYNE.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef staff with a melody of eighth and quarter notes, and a bass clef staff with a chordal accompaniment of eighth and quarter notes. A repeat sign with a double bar line and a colon is placed at the end of the first system. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line and the word 'Fine.' written above the treble staff. The letters 'D.S.' are written at the end of the second system.

322. *Auld Lang Syne.*

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind ;
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And songs of auld lang syne ?
 For auld lang syne we meet to-night,
 For auld lang syne,
 To sing the songs our fathers sang
 In days of auld lang syne.

We've passed through many varied scenes,
 Since youth's unclouded day ;
 And friends and hopes and happy dreams
 Time's hand hath swept away ;
 And voices that once joined with ours,
 In days of auld lang syne,
 Are silent now, and blend no more
 In songs of auld lang syne.

But when we cross the sea of life,
 And reach the heavenly shore,
 We'll sing the songs our fathers sing,
 Transcending those of yore :
 We'll meet to sing diviner strains
 Than those of auld lang syne ;
 Immortal songs of praise, unknown
 In days of auld lang syne.

Anon.

323. *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.

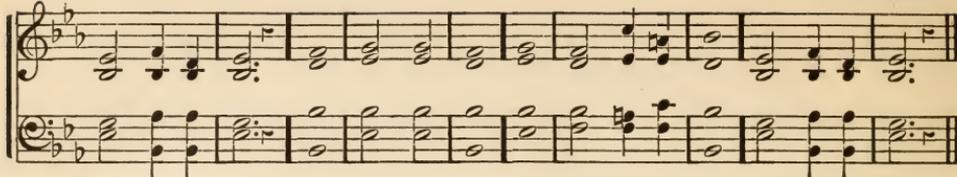
'Tis hard to take the burden up,
 When these have laid it down :
 They brightened all the joy of life,
 They softened every frown.
 But, oh ! 'tis good to think of them
 When we are troubled sore ;
 Thanks be to God that such have been,
 Although they are no more !

More likeliest 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 !

John W. Chadwick.

CHANT. No. 1.

Lowell Mason.



324. "Thy Will be done."

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.

325. Teach us to pray.

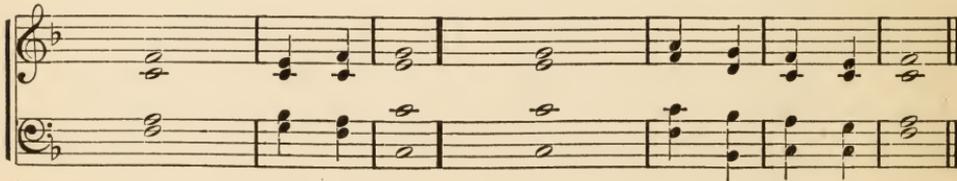
TEACH us to pray !
O Father, we look | up to | thee,
And this our one request shall be, |
Teach us to pray !

Teach us to pray !
A form of words will | not suf- | fice, —
The heart must bring its sacrifice : |
Teach us to pray !

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

Anon.

CHANT. No. 2.



326. The Lord's Prayer.

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.

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Again as evening's shadow falls	72	Come, said Jesus' sacred voice	262
Again the Lord of life and light	107	Come, thou Almighty King	7
A holy air is breathing round	185	Come to me, thoughts of Heaven	217
Ah ! why should bitter tears be shed	94	Come unto me when shadows darkly gather	308
All around us, fair with flowers	16	DAY by day the manna fell	269
All as God wills ! who wisely heeds	192	Down toward the twilight drifting	241
All ye nations, praise the Lord	249	EARTH with her ten thousand flowers	282
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Approach not the altar with gloom in thy soul	18	Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round	305
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As shadows, cast by cloud and sun	171	FATHER, beneath thy sheltering wing	90
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Awake, my soul ; stretch every nerve	174	Father divine, this deadening power control	298
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Glory to thee, my God, this night	75	I cannot walk in darkness long	160
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