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Hymns for a Week

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HYMNS FOR A WEEK.

MORNING AND EVENING

Hymns for a Week.

BY

THE LATE MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT,

Author of "Just as I am."

=====
FIFTIETH THOUSAND.
=====

London :

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HYMNS FOR A WEEK.

Sunday Morning.

“Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness
arise with healing in his wings.”—Mal. iv. 2.

THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
On this day risen to set no more,
Shine on me now to heal and bless,
With brighter beams than e'er before.

Shine on thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there :
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make thy garden fresh and fair.

Shine on thy pure eternal word,
Its mysteries to my soul reveal ;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
O let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

Shine on the temples of thy grace ;
In spotless robes thy priests be clad ;
Unveil the brightness of thy face ;
And make thy chosen people glad.

Shine on those unseen things displayed
To faith's illuminated eye ;
And let their splendour cast a shade
On every earthly vanity.

Shine on the hearts of those most dear,
Disperse each cloud 'twixt them and thee :
Their glorious havenward prospects clear ;
"Light in thy light," oh, let them see !

Shine on those friends for whom we mourn,
Who know not yet thy healing ray :
Quicken their souls, and bid them turn
To thee, "the life, the truth, the way."

Shine on those tribes no country owns,
On Judah once thy dwelling-place ;
“ Thy servants think upon her stones,”
And long to see her day of grace.

Shine on the missionary's home,
Give him his heart's desire to see :
Collect thy scattered ones who roam ;
One fold, one Shepherd, let there be !

Shine, till thy glorious beams shall chase
The blinding film from every eye !
Till every earthly dwelling-place
Shall hail the day-spring from on high !

Shine on, shine on, Eternal Sun !
Pour richer floods of life and light,
Till that bright Sabbath be begun—
That glorious day which knows no night.



Sunday Evening.

“I was in the Spirit on the Lord’s-day.”—REV. 1. 10.

THE Sabbath-day has reach’d its close !
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace thy love bestows—
Smile on my evening hour !

Oh, heavenly Comforter, sweet guest !
Hallow and calm my troubled breast,
Weary I come to thee for rest—
Smile on my evening hour !

If ever I have found it sweet
To worship at my Saviour’s feet,
Now to my soul that bliss repeat—
Smile on my evening hour !

Let not the Gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be lost again ;
Let heavenly dews descend like rain—
Smile on my evening hour !

Oh, ever present, ever nigh,
Jesus, on thee I fix mine eye :
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh—
Smile on my evening hour !

My only intercessor thou,
Mingle thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer and every vow—
Smile on my evening hour !

And oh, when life's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend—
Smile on my evening hour !



Monday Morning.

“Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow
out.”—CANT. iv. 16.

NOW let our heavenly plants and flowers
Diffuse a fragrance more Divine ;
Refreshed by the sweet Sabbath showers,
With richer beauty they should shine.

We have been wafted for a while
Far, far away from this low scene ;
Been cheered by our Redeemer’s smile,
Been suffered on his breast to lean.

What has he taught us ? what should be
The fruit of intercourse so blest ?
O should not all around us see
His image on our souls imprest ?

Within his ivory palace fair

We entered a much-favoured train :
Myrrh, aloes, cassia, filled the air,
Our garments should the scent retain.

And we should pass along the earth,
Like birds that live upon the wing ;
Rise to the country of our birth,
And on our way its anthems sing.



Monday Evening.

“Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.”

HEB. iv. 16.

THERE is a spot of consecrated ground,
 Where brightest hopes and holiest
 joys are found :
 'Tis named (and Christians love the well-
 known sound)
 The throne of grace.

'Tis here a calm retreat is always found :
 Perpetual sunshine gilds the sacred ground ;
 Pure airs and heavenly odours breathe
 around
 The throne of grace.

While on this vantage-ground the Christian
stands,
His quickened eye a boundless view com-
mands ;
Discovers fair abodes not made with hands—
Abodes of peace.

Terrestrial objects, disenchanting there,
Lose all their power to dazzle or ensnare ;
One only object then seems worth our care—
To win the race.

This is the mount where Christ's disciples see
The glory of the incarnate Deity ;
'Tis here they find it good indeed to be,
And view his face.

A new creation here begins to rise ;
Fruits of the Spirit, flowers of Paradise,
Watered from heaven, in full and sure
supplies,
By streams of grace.

Towards this blest spot the Spirit bends his
ear,

The fervent prayer, the contrite sigh to hear ;
To bid the mourner banish every fear,
And go in peace.

Here may the comfortless and weary find
One who can cure the sickness of the mind ;
One who delights the broken heart to bind—
The Prince of Peace.

Saviour! the sinner's friend, our hope, our
all!

Here teach us humbly at thy feet to fall ;
Here on thy name, with love and faith to call
For pardoning grace.

Ne'er let the glory from this spot remove,
Till, numbered with thy ransomed flock
above,

We cease to want, but never cease to love
The throne of grace.

Tuesday Morning.

“Let us run with patience the race that is set before us.”

HEB. xii. 1.

IMMORTAL spirit ! wake, arise !
 Think of thy home beyond the skies ;
 Think of the work thou hast to do ;
 Think of the heavenly prize in view.

Shall thy poor tenement of clay
 Curtail thy flight, obstruct thy way ?
 And shall the free and heaven-born soul
 Yield to the body's base control ?

Oh, thoughtless slumberer, wake, arise !
 To God, to heaven, lift up thine eyes ;
 Eternity's vast ocean see,
 And but a step 'twixt it and thee.

A clear, unerring chart is given
To guide the traveller's feet to heaven ;
With humble heart there seek thy way—
None led by that can go astray.

It will point out a holy path,
Of self-denial, love, and faith ;
But strait and arduous though it be,
My God, it leads to heaven and thee.

Saviour ! for mine this path I take,
Through thee alone the choice I make ;
Nor one step onward can I go,
Till thou both will and power bestow.

To thee I now commit my way,
My wants, my dangers, through the day,—
Wilt thou my every want supply,
And be in every danger nigh ?

Oh, let thy smile my solace be !
'Tis more than ought in life to me ;
Permit me not to slight thy grace,
Or cause thee once to hide thy face.

That blessed Spirit's aid impart,
Who can transform and cleanse my heart ;
Make the polluted fountain clear,
Whose streams in words and acts appear.

Teach me this day to keep in view
The prize thy followers should pursue ;
To adorn thy doctrine, and to shed
Fragrance and light where'er I tread.

Saviour ! I give myself to thee ;
My strength, my light, my guardian be :
My earthly days thus let me spend,
Till time, and life, and warfare end.



Tuesday Evening.

“ Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.”
ROM. xiii. 11.

NOW one day's journey less divides
Me from the world where God resides ;
If I have walked by faith, in fear,
A stranger and a pilgrim here :

I've one day less my watch to keep,
My foes to fear, my falls to weep :
I've one day less to see within,
Conflict, defeat, remorse, and sin.

And, oh ! reflect, my fainting soul,
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the goal :
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the shore,
Where thou wilt grieve for sin no more.

If the sweet presence of thy God
To-day has cheered and blest thy road,
Think what must be that glorious place,
Where he will never hide his face.

If thou hast oft been led astray,
And mournfully review'st the day,
Still strive the more that rest to attain,
Where thou wilt never sin again.

If thou hast mourned for friends endeared,
Whose converse once thy journey cheered ;
Think that in heaven no cause will sever
The bond which reunites for ever.

Let every gift by God bestowed,
Each kind refreshment on my road ;
Let every sorrow, hope, and fear,
Incite my soul to persevere.

And thou my only help and guide,
Than whom I have no help beside ;
Whose eye beholds me when I fail,
Whose arm supports when I prevail ;

Oh, hear me ! grant what I implore ;
And if on earth I wake no more,
Think on my last, my dying prayer ;
Hear it in heaven, fulfil it there !

Since I on thee alone depend,
Oh, guide me to my journey's end ;
Then bear my soul o'er death's dark wave,
To realms of joy beyond the grave.

•



Wednesday Morning.

“ Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.”
MATT. xxvi. 41.

“ **C**HRISTIAN ! seek not yet repose ; ”
 Hear thy guardian angel say ;
 Thou art in the midst of foes—
 “ Watch and pray ! ”

Principalities and powers,
 Mustering their unseen array,
 Wait for thy unguarded hours—
 “ Watch and pray ! ”

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
 Wear it ever, night and day ;
 Ambush'd lies the evil one—
 “ Watch and pray ! ”

Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All, with one sweet voice exclaim—
“ Watch and pray ! ”

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart his word—
“ Watch and pray ! ”

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down—
“ Watch and pray ! ”



Wednesday Evening.

“ Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees. —HEB. xii. 12.

○ FAIN'T and feeble-hearted !
Why thus cast down with fear ?
Fresh aid shall be imparted,
Thy God unseen is near.

His eye can never slumber,
He marks thy cruel foes ;
Observes their strength, their number,
And all thy weakness knows.

Though heavy clouds of sorrow
Make dark thy path to-day,
There may shine forth to-morrow
Once more a cheering ray.

Doubts, griefs, and foes assailing,
Conceal heaven's fair abode ;
Yet now faith's power prevailing
Should stay thy mind on God.



Thursday Morning.

“He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his life.”
PROV. xiii. 3.

GUARD well thy lips ; none, none can know
 What evils from the tongue may flow ;
 What guilt, what grief may be incurred
 By one incautious, hasty word.

Be “slow to speak ;” look well within,
 To check what there may lead to sin ;
 And pray unceasingly for aid,
 Lest unawares, thou be betrayed.

“Condemn not, judge not,”—not to man
 Is given his brother’s faults to scan ;
 One task is thine, and one alone,—
 To search out and subdue thine own.

Indulge no murmurings ; oh, restrain
Those lips so ready to complain !
And, if they can be numbered, count
Of one day's mercies the amount.

Shun vain discussions, trifling themes ;
Dwell not on earthly hopes or schemes ;
Let words of wisdom, meekness, love,
Thy heart's true renovation prove.

Set God before thee ; every word
Thy lips pronounce by him is heard ;
Oh, could'st thou realise this thought,
What care, what caution would be taught !

Think on thy parting hour : ere long
Th' approach of death may chain thy tongue,
And powerless all attempts be found,
To articulate one meaning sound.

“ The time is short ”—this day may be
The very last assigned to thee :
So speak that, should'st thou ne'er speak more,
Thou may'st not this day's words deplore.

Thursday Evening.

“In everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.”

—PHILIP iv. 6, 7.

MY God! is any hour so sweet,
 From blush of morn to evening-star,
 As that which calls me to thy feet—
 The hour of prayer?

Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
 And blest that hour of solemn eve,
 When on the wings of prayer upborne,
 The world I leave.

For then a day-spring shines on me,
 Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
 And richer dews descend from thee
 Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven ;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
 With hopes of heaven.

Words cannot tell what blest relief
Here for my every want I find ;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief ;
 What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt—gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
And e'en the penitential tear
 Is wiped away.

Oh, till I reach yon peaceful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
 In prayer to thee !

Friday Morning.

“ Acquaint thyself with him, and be at peace.”
JOB xli. 21.

ART thou acquainted, oh my soul !
With such a Saviour, such a Friend,
Whose power can all events control,
And from all evils can defend ?

Why art thou then opprest with fears ?
Knowledge of him should give thee peace ;
Should check these often-flowing tears,
And bid these sad misgivings cease.

Is it the *past* that gives thee pain ?
Transgressions, falls, dost thou deplore ?
The atoning blood pleads not in vain,
Thy God remembers them no more.

Do *present* troubles vex thy mind ?
Sufferings of body, mental care ?
In God a refuge thou wilt find ;
And oh, what sweet relief in prayer !

Dost thou o'er friends much valued weep,
Who seem in hopeless fetters bound ?
Christ will seek out his wandering sheep—
Those who seem lost will then be found.

Dost thou the unknown *future* dread ?
Thy passage through death's awful vale ?
E'en there shall light around be shed
Thy God's sure promise cannot fail.

Dost thou with dread still greater, shrink
From pain for those on earth most dear ;
And oft with sickening anguish think
On all they yet may suffer here ?

Oh faithless, unbelieving heart !
So slow to trust the tenderest Friend :
Who then will needful strength impart,—
Who "loving, loves unto the end."

No longer doubt, nor fear, nor grieve,
Nor on uncertain evils dwell :
Past, present, future, calmly leave
To him who will do all things well.



Friday Evening.

“Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.”—PHILIP I. 23.

LET me be with thee where thou art !
 My Saviour, my eternal rest !
 Then only with this longing heart
 Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with thee where thou art !
 Thy unveiled glory to behold ;
 Then only will this wandering heart
 Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

Let me be with thee where thou art !
 Where spotless saints thy name adore ;
 Then only will this sinful heart
 Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with thee where thou art !
Where none can die, where none remove ;
There neither life nor death will part
Me from thy presence and thy love.



Saturday Morning.

Who is this that engaged his heart to approach unto
me ?"—JER. xxx. 21.

THIS is the day to tune with care
Each unseen chord within :
Would we for Sabbaths well prepare,
To-day we should begin.

Before the Majesty of Heaven
To-morrow we appear ;
No honour half so great is given,
Throughout man's sojourn here.

Yet if his heart be not prepared,
His soul not meetly drest,
In vain that honour will be shared,—
No smile will greet the guest.

We must beforehand lay aside
Our own polluted dress,
And wear the robe of Jesu's bride,—
His spotless righteousness.

We must forsake this world below,
Forget all earthly things ;
Strive with a seraph's love to glow,
And soar on angel wings.

The altar must be cleansed to-day,
Meet for the offered Lamb ;
The wood in order we must lay,
And wait to-morrow's flame,

Lord of the Sacrifice we bring,
To thee our hopes aspire ;
Our Prophet, our High-Priest, and King,
Send down the sacred fire.



Saturday Evening.

"Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still"—Ps. lv. 4.

ANOTHER portion of the span
Assigned to transitory man
Has now for ever flown ;
And ere I taste the sweet repose
My heavenly Guardian's care bestows,
I kneel before his throne.

God of my life ! to thee I pray ;
The passing pilgrim of a day,
Soon, soon to sleep in death,—
Let me not spend unthinkingly,
These moments that so quickly fly,
Shortened by every breath.

Ere yet that hallowed morn appear,
Given to recruit the soul and cheer—
Pour down thy light divine ;

That while my progress I retrace,
Since last I hailed the day of grace,
Its beams within may shine.

Oh, has that rapid, ceaseless tide,
Of which the waves so noiseless glide,
Borne me towards heaven, my home ;
As surely as each day, each hour,
Has borne me with resistless power,
On to the silent tomb ?

Have my affections soared above ?
And has my Saviour's wondrous love
Constrained me, day by day,
For him to act, to think, to speak ?
His glory as my end to seek,
His Spirit to obey ?

Have I his constant influence felt ?
And has his holy word so " dwelt
Richly " my heart within,
That outward faults have been subdued,
And inward hidden thoughts renewed,
Cleansed from the taint of sin ?

Lord ! if my only answer now
Must be these silent tears that flow,
 For days not given to thee ;
Still let a holier life begin—
A life not thus defaced by sin—
 If I to-morrow see.

Then let thy word its power exert,
To quicken, cleanse, transform my heart,
 Within thy house of prayer ;
Or if that boon be still denied,
With me in solitude abide,
 And make my wants thy care.

Now let me peacefully lie down,
Cleansed, pardoned, numbered with
 thine own,
 While strengthening sleep is given ;
Then let the auspicious Sabbath bring
Peace, gladness, healing on its wing,
 And rest like that of heaven !

January, 1906.

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