

H Y M N S

G. RAWSON

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HYMNS, VERSES,

AND

CHANTS.

BY ✓

GEORGE RAWSON.

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—
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PSALMS.

B

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I.

PSALM I.

BLESSED is the faithful heart
Who all wicked counsel flees,
Nor with sinners takes a part,
Nor with scorers sits at ease.

God's great law is his delight ;
Mighty words that came from heaven
Comfort him in silent night,
Are his daily portion given.

Thus his soul is like a tree
By unfailing rivers seen ;
Fruit it bears abundantly,
Every leaf is living green.

But the godless are not so ;
Where can be their trust or stay ?
Like the chaff the wild winds blow,
In the storm they're swept away.

Therefore in the judgment time
The ungodly shall not stand,
Never join, in bliss sublime,
The redeemed at God's right hand.

Lord ! Thou watchest every day
O'er the good man's path of light,
But the sinner's darkening way
Perisheth in silent night.

II.

PSALM XXIII.

THE God of love my Shepherd is,
 To watch me and to feed ;
I shall not want, for I am His,
 He careth for my need.

His gentle goodness leadeth me,
 And makes me down to lie
In greenest pastures fearlessly
 The quiet waters by.

And so restoreth He my soul :
 And when I go astray
He brings me back with sweet control
 Into the rightful way.

When darkness comes and death is near
I feel my Shepherd's rod,
And so I quite forget my fear
And lean upon my God.

Thy bounties, amid all my foes,
My life, my spirit bless,
My cup of comfort overflows
With tender faithfulness.

Goodness and mercy, peace and love,
Shall fill my earthly days,
Till the eternal house above
Shall witness to my praise.

III.

PSALM XXIII.

My Shepherd is the living Lord,
So I can never need ;
In pastures green
Still streams between
I lay me down to feed.

And thus doth He restore my soul,
And leads me evermore,
All for His praise,
In righteous ways,
Going Himself before.

Yea ! through the vale of darkling death
I pass, and fear no ill ;
Thy staff and rod,
Thyself, my God,
My sure protection still.

In presence of my foes restrained,
My table is outspread ;
Thy hand fills up
With joy my cup,
Thine oil anoints my head.

Goodness and mercy all my life,
My Lord will show to me ;
Then through His love,
His house above
My dwelling-place shall be.

IV.

PSALM XXIII.

THE God of love my Shepherd is,
My gracious constant Guide ;
I shall not want, for I am His :
In all supplied.

In His green pastures do I feed,
And there lie down at will ;
He leads me in my thirsty need
By waters still.

His tenderness restores my soul,
When sick and faint I roam ;
Shews the right path and makes me whole,
Bearing me home.

Yea! the dark valley when I tread
No evil will I fear ;
Thy rod and staff dispel the dread :
I feel *Thee* near.

Thy grace astounds my demon foes ;
True oil of joy is mine ;
My cup of mercy overflows
With care divine.

Goodness and mercy all my days,
My daily song shall be,
Till heavenly anthems fill with praise
Eternity.

V.

PSALM XXIX.

GIVE to the Lord, ye mighty ones,
The majesty of might !
Ascribe to Him almightiness ;
Ye know it is His right.

Give holy worship to His name,
Then, radiant from His shrine,
The beauty of His holiness
Resting on you shall shine.

Hark to His voice ! The crashing peal
Rolls o'er the waters wide ;
The God of glory thundereth,
Startling the ocean tide.

Voice of the Lord ! In majesty ;
Voice of the Lord ! in power ;
Cedars of sky-girt Lebanon
Shivered and hurtling cower.

Voice of the Lord ! The mountains flee ;
Like their wild herds they leap !
The quivering flames of lightning rush
Divided from the steep.

Voice of the Lord ! The oaks, all scathed,
Tremble with frightened scare ;
The wilderness, it howls in dread !
The forests are laid bare.

There is an answer, sweet and calm !
The song that upward swells,
When in His temple every soul
The Lord's great glory tells.

O'er the wide deluge He of old
Sat like a King to reign ;
So sits for ever ! whilst the storms
And mad floods rage in vain.

Safe then His people : shielded well
By love that cannot cease :
Their strength is His omnipotence,
Their blessing is His peace.

VI.

PSALM XLVI.

God is our refuge ; God our strength,
Our ever present aid !
The great deeps roar
With trouble sore ;
Our souls are not afraid.

Tho' it is night, grim fearful night,
And desolations fall,
His Israel boasts,
The Lord of hosts
Remaineth King o'er all.

Distress and darkness scare the world ;
Wild tempests are abroad ;
Let mountains flee
To distant sea ;
Zion is safe in God.

A hidden river maketh glad
The city where we dwell,
Our holy place
Of shielding grace,
And trust unspeakable.

God in our midst, gives us the peace
No storm can take away ;
Soon morning light
Will chase the night,
And all His love display.

VII.

PSALM LXXII. (THE DOXOLOGY.)

BLEST be our God! The King of kings!

Blessed be God our Lord!

Who only doeth wondrous things;

Who us in Christ restored.

Amen. Let earth resound His praise;

His glory heaven adore;

Amen: all blessed be His name

In all worlds evermore.

VIII.

PSALM LXXIII. (v. 23—26.)

LORD, I am ever near to Thee
In clinging, humble trust ;
Long Thy right hand hath holden me,
Thy feeble child of dust.

Still help me in the mortal strife,
And strength divine afford ;
Guide by Thy counsel all my life,
Then take to glory, Lord !

Whom can I have in heaven but Thee ?
Or whom desire beside ?
Where else on earth, Lord, can I flee ?
Or in whose love confide ?

This heart must fail, this flesh lie down,
But God in Christ, shall be
My soul's blest portion, life, and crown,
Throughout eternity.

IX.

PSALM LXXXIV. (PART OF.)

BEAUTIFUL, desired, and dear,
Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings here !
How we long for Thine abode,
How our spirits faint for God !
Birds are happy in their nest,
So Thy people find their rest
In their Father's house of prayer ;
Blessed are the dwellers there.

Blessed are the ways of them
Seeking loved Jerusalem ;
On, with eager joy they press,
Cheerful make the wilderness,
Easy, the divided length ;
So they go from strength to strength,
Till they stand before Thy shrine,
In the presence all divine.

Lord of Hosts, we too draw near ;
Through our Great Anointed, hear ;
Shew through Him Thy love untold,
For His sake no good withhold.
God in Christ ! be shield and sun,
Grace and glory here begun ;
And these courts the witness be
Blessed all that trust in Thee !

X.

PSALM LXXXVII.

UPON the holy mountains high
Are His foundations still !
Though silent, sad, and desolate
Is Zion's ruined hill :
God hath a lofty city, where
His standard is unfurled,—
His one Church reared on faithful hearts
That rise above the world !

Beyond earth's mists, its turrets stand
In the clear light of heaven ;
And there Jehovah dwells in power,
There is His Spirit given.
Jehovah loves His children's homes,
But more His own abode :
All glorious is thy destiny
O city of our God !

The Highest shall establish thee
To glorify His name,
All nations soon shall flocking press
In thee a place to claim.
Within thy safe and beauteous walls
The song shall never cease,
In thee are all our springs of joy,
The fountains of our peace.

XI.

PSALM XCIX.

God the Lord is King!—before Him,
Earth with all thy nations wait!
Where the cherubim adore Him,
Sitteth He in royal state.

HE IS HOLY.

Blessed only Potentate!

God the Lord is King of glory!
Zion, tell the world His fame,
Ancient Israel, the story
Of His faithfulness proclaim:

HE IS HOLY.

Holy is His awful name.

In old times when dangers darkened,
When, invoked by priest and seer,
To His people's cry He hearkened—
Answered them in all their fear:

HE IS HOLY.

As they called they found Him near.

Laws divine to them were spoken
From the pillar of the cloud ;
Sacred precepts, quickly broken !
Fiercely then His vengeance flowed :
HE IS HOLY.
To the dust their hearts were bowed.

But their Father God, forgave them
When they sought His face once more ;
Ever ready was to save them,
Tenderly did He restore :
HE IS HOLY.
We, too, will His grace implore.

God in Christ is all forgiving,
Waits His mercy to fulfil,
Come, exalt Him all the living ;
Come ascend His Zion, still !
HE IS HOLY.
Worship at His holy hill.

XII.

PSALM CX.

ALL heaven was hushed. Our risen Lord
Passed by, where angels stand ;
And then Jehovah spake the word—
“ Sit Thou at My right hand.

“ Be Thou The Mediator King,
And wear Thy glory-crown,
Till to Thy name, each haughty thing
In earth and heaven bows down.

“ Redeeming love Thy strength shall be,
Thy gospel quell Thy foes,
The whole world's fierce malignity
Shall all in vain oppose.”

Lord, let Thy day of power be known,
Thy people be confessed ;
Eager and valiant—priests each one,
In holy garments dressed.

Countless they shine, as dews from heaven
When eastern skies grow bright—
More glorious than those dews are given,
Sparkling in morning light.

And Thou art High-Priest over all !
'Twas thus Jehovah swore,
King, Priest, and Warrior mystical,
And Thou shalt go before.

On to the victory ! Who shall stay
Omnipotence in wrath ?
Bow earthly kingdoms to His sway !
Why will ye cross His path ?

Jesus, my Priest, my soul is Thine,
My spirit owns Thy power ;
Jesus, my King ! Thy right divine
I worship from this hour.

XLIII.

PSALM CXXI.

Our eyes we lift unto the hills
From whence comes all our aid,
And say, Jehovah be thy help
Who heaven and earth hath made.

Oh, shielded well! for faithful watch
He ever o'er thee keeps,
And He that keepeth Israel
Nor slumbereth nor sleeps.

God is thy Keeper; God thy shade,
Throughout thy pilgrim way;
Fear neither blighting moon by night
Nor scorching sun by day.

Thy going out and coming in,
As days and years shall roll,
The Lord preserve from evil safe;
The Lord preserve thy soul.

XIV.

PSALM CXXX.

Out of the depths ! the gulfs ! the night !
Dark with despair, or strangely bright
 With lightning gleams abroad ;
Wild the storm-voices rise on high ;
Above them all, I send my cry—
 My soul's cry to my God.

Out of the depths ! Lord, hear my voice !
And bid the very deeps rejoice
 In Thy delivering love !
O let Thine ear consider well
The cry of Thy poor Israel,
 And help him from above !

Yea, *in* the depths ! with doom so near !
To teach a deeper, wondering fear
 Forgiveness is with Thee !
When sin Thou markest, who can stand ?
But One Divine lifts piercèd hand :—
 “ The guilt was borne by me.”

He is my ransom, He can free !
Infinite mercy is for me,
 Plenteous redemption stored !
With strong right hand He lifts me up,
I hear His voice of cheering hope,—
 “ Trust thy redeeming Lord.”

I trust, I watch, I humbly wait—
Night wanes : around the Eastern gate
 Faint gleams of dawn I see ;
Bright streaks are creeping o'er the dark ;
My soul is rising, like the lark—
 Lord, it mounts up to Thee !

XV.

PSALM CXXXI.

My heart, Lord, is not haughty now,
But leaving things too high to know
 Rests on eternal love :
It clings no more to old self-will,
The carnal and the visible ;
But, hushed and quieted and still,
 Waits on the will above.

My soul is like a weanèd child,
Weaned from its mother ; reconciled
 To a divine accord :
Deep, humble trust—the angels' lore—
I'm learning now, as ne'er before ;
From henceforth and for ever more
 My hope is in THE LORD !

XVI.

PSALM CXLVIII.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! immortal quire,
 In heavenly heights above,
With harp and voice and souls of fire,
 Burning with perfect love.

Shine to His glory, worlds of light !
 Ye million suns of space,
Fair moons and glittering stars of night,
 Running your mystic race !

Ye gorgeous clouds, that deck the sky
 With crystal, crimson, gold,
And rainbow arches raised on high,
 The Light of Light unfold !

Lift to Jehovah, wintry main,
 Your grand white hands in prayer ;
Still summer seas, in dulcet strain
 Murmur hosannas there !

Do homage, breezy ocean floor,
With many-twinkling sign ;
Majestic calms, be hushed before
The Holiness Divine.

Storm, lightning, thunder, hail and snow,
Wild winds that keep His word,
With the old mountains far below,
Unite to bless the Lord.

His name, ye forests, wave along !
Whisper it, every flower ;
Birds, beasts, and insects, swell the song
That tells His love and power.

And round the wide world let it roll !
Whilst man shall lead it on ;
Join every ransomed human soul
In glorious unison !

Come, aged man ! Come, little child !
Youth, maiden, peasant, king,
To God in Jesus reconciled,
Your hallelujahs bring.

The all creating Deity !
Maker of earth and heaven !
The great redeeming Majesty,
To Him ! the praise be given.

XVII.

PSALM CL.

ALLELUIA! God we bless:
Praise Him in His holiness:

Alleluia!

Praise shall fill this lower place
Of His sanctity and grace;
Praise shall scale His heavenly tower;
Yea! His firmament of power!

Alleluia!

For magnificence of love,
Noble acts all thought above,
Praise be mighty! like His might;
Lofty! like His grandeur's height.

Alleluia!

Soar, all rescued souls, on high,
With your notes of jubilee!

Alleluia!

Horns and trumpets, raise your voice !
Organs, solemnly rejoice !
Harp and lute and psaltery sweet,
Lay your music at His feet.

Alleluia !

All that breathe ! to Him always
Breathe forth all, adoring praise—

Alleluia

XVIII.

PSALM CL.

PRAISE ye our Jehovah, in His temple singing,
Yea, round the firmament let His praise be ringing,
 And His deeds of might
 Blazoned in glory-light,
Towering and exulting thro' the heavens be winging.

With the horns and trumpets thrilling and far sounding,
With great organ harmonies leaping and rebounding ;
 Sweet now as the lute,
 More tender than the flute,
Measured and magnificent be the song resounding.

In triumphant chorus, earth her lauds be telling,—
Chorus, that can triumph even to His dwelling.
 All that breathe ! always
 Breathe forth His holy praise !
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! all worlds through, be swelling.

GOD AND HIS WORSHIP.

XIX.

THE FATHER, SON, AND SPIRIT : ONE GOD.

O God the Father, all we are
And have, by Thee is given,
And Thine own Son Thou didst not spare
To raise us up to heaven.

Brother of man ! Lord Christ most high ;
Our Saviour ! God the Son ;
By Thee, for us, the victory
O'er sin and death was won.

O God, the Holy Ghost ! man's soul
Grows holy by Thy light ;
Man's sorrows know Thy sweet control
And comfort infinite.

So we return, obey, confide,
And find our deep wound healed ;
Eternal wisdom justified,
Eternal love revealed ;

Love thrice revealed ! and therefore we
The mystery adore,
Which is, which was, which is to be,
One God for evermore.

XX.

GOD REVEALED.

TRANSCENDENT mystery unknown !

O God unsearchable !

O still receding, towering Light,

Incomprehensible !

What can we know ? Things that are seen

Are faint reports of Thee,—

Meagre upliftings of the veil

Of Thine Immensity.

In Thy creation, filled with awe,

Thy wondrous hand we trace ;

Nay, but the hiding of Thy power,

Divine Almightyness !

How grand Thy glowing rainbows are,
Thy skies and stars how bright !
Eternal loveliness ! they gleam
But shadows of Thy light.

Thou art revealed ! for in the Son,
O Father, we see Thee,
Holy Compassion, Love Divine,
In our humanity !

Redeeming Goodness ! for Thy grace
To rescued souls how dear !
The Infinite Long-suffering
Has cast out all our fear.

So we look up, Thy little ones,
To Thy majestic state ;
Our comfort is, Thou art so good
And that Thou art so great.*

* Some of these lines of mine were introduced into my variations of Faber's Hymn, No. 4, published in Dr. Henry Allon's "Supplemental Hymns" (1868), p. 3.

XXI.

FAITH WITH PATIENCE.

My Father, it is good for me
To trust and not to trace,
And wait with deep humility
For Thy revealing grace.

Lord, when Thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense,
I love Thee in the mystery,
I trust Thy providence.

I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode ;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

So faith and patience ! wait awhile !
Not doubting, not in fear ;
For soon in heaven my Father's smile
Shall render all things clear.

Then Thou shalt end Time's short eclipse,
Its dim uncertain night ;
Bring in the grand apocalypse,
Reveal the perfect light.

XXII.

INTO THE HOLIEST. (HEB. X.)

EACH soul a priest, O God ! we dare to bring
 Before Thine eyes,
The atoning blood of Christ, our offering,
 Our sacrifice,
Into the holiest by faith : and claim
The full remission through this mighty Name.

Accept us ; and let conscience be at rest ;
 The accuser dumb ;
The Holy Spirit speak within each breast ;
 The Witness come,
To train us as the children of Thy love,
For service in our Father's house above.

XXIII.

ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD, AND HE WAS NOT, FOR GOD TOOK HIM.

WALKING with Thee, my God,
Saviour benign,
Daily confer on me
Converse divine ;
Jesus ! in Thee restored,
Brother and Holy Lord,
Let it be mine !

Walking with Thee, my God,
Like as a child
Leans on his Father's strength,
Crossing the wild,
And by the way is taught
Lessons of holy thought,
Faith undefiled.

Darkness and earthly mists
How do they flee
Far underneath my feet
Walking with Thee !
Pure is that upper air,
Cloudless the prospect there,
Walking with Thee !

Walking in reverence
‘ Humbly ’ with Thee,
Yet from all abject fear
Lovingly free ;
E’en as a friend with friend,
Cheered to the journey’s end,
Walking with Thee !

Then Thy companions here
Walking with Thee
Rise to a higher life—
Soul liberty ;
They are not, here to love,
But to the home above
Taken by Thee.

Gently translated, they
 Pass out of sight ;
Gone ! as the morning stars
 Flee with the night ;
Taken, to endless day !—
So may I fade away
 Into Thy light.

XXIV.

REJOICE AND SING PRAISE.

With gladness we worship,
Rejoice as we sing,
Free hearts and free voices
How blessed to bring.
The old thankful story
Shall scale Thine abode,
Thou King of all glory,
Most bountiful God.

Thy right would we give Thee—
True homage Thy due,
And honour eternal
The universe through :
With all Thy creation,
Earth, heaven, and sea,
In one acclamation
We celebrate Thee.

Renewed by Thy Spirit,
Redeemed by Thy Son,
Thy children revere Thee
For all Thou hast done.
O Father, returning
To love and to light,
Thy children are yearning
To praise Thee aright.

Our souls mount aspiring
To reach the Divine ;
Partaking Thy nature
In Christ—even Thine !
Ascending and soaring
With Him in accord,
We triumph adoring,
We joy in the Lord.

We join with the angels,
And so there is given
From earth Hallelujah
In answer to heaven.
Amen ! Be Thou glorious
Below and above,
Redeeming, victorious
And Infinite Love.

XXV.

“INVISIBLE THINGS OF HIM UNDERSTOOD BY THE THINGS THAT
ARE MADE.” (ROM. I.)

O WORLD of wonders ! loud proclaim
The all-creating Will ;
The might of the Almighty name,—
Magnificence of skill !

To the All-Pure, your standards white
Lift, ye snow mountains high !
Stars ! tell of His far holier light,—
Radiance of sanctity.

Bright sunsets ! speak His gentle grace ;
And calm still nights above,
Whisper His holy tenderness,—
Infinitude of love !

THE
LORD JESUS CHRIST.

XXVI.

“ THAT HE MIGHT BE GLORIFIED.”

HE was God ! with God was He,
Ever Blessed Deity !
Yet the Christ came down to earth
To submit to mortal birth,—
As a wailing infant cried,
That He might be glorified.

Being man, how humble He
In His homeless poverty !
All this blinded world calls great,
Hated Him, with perfect hate :
Ah ! they scorned Him in their pride
That He might be glorified.

Few His followers, yet they fled ;
By a faithless terror led ;

And He felt the bitter smart
Of the false betrayer's dart ;
By His own, He was denied,
That He might be glorified.

He was made a cursèd thing,
In the darkness suffering ;
Raised His God-forsaken cry,
In heart-broken agony ;
On a cross, an outcast died !
That He might be glorified.

And they took the dead form down
In its mocking thorny crown,
And they laid Him in the tomb,
Silent, shrouded,—in the gloom,
From all sight of men to hide,
That He might be glorified.

Now, that form for evermore
All the highest heavens adore !
Pattern, pledge, triumphant sign
Of the human, made divine !
God's own Lamb ! so sorely tried,
As the Lamb is glorified.

XXVII.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

IN the old days on Sinai,
 Were tempests and dark cloud,
And God was there, in lightning,
 Thunder, and trumpet loud :—
Upon a fairer mountain,
 Where pure snows lay congealed;
Stood Jesus in His glory,
 The very Christ revealed.

His raiment white and glistening,
 White as the glistening snow ;
His form a blaze of splendour,
 The like, no sun can show ;
His wondrous eyes resplendent
 In ecstasy of prayer ;
His radiant face transfigured
 To heaven's own beauty there.

Deep shadows are the edging
Of that short transient peace,
For spirit-forms come warning
Of the fore-doomed decease.
Words from the cloud give witness
“ This, my Beloved Son ; ”—
When the dread voice is ended
Jesus is found alone.

All passed, to lonely silence:—
Not so, our hope is cast,
Our blest transfiguration
Eternally shall last ;
The manifested glory
Of our great Lord to see
Shall change us to His likeness !
As He is, we shall be.

O vision all surpassing,
Filling the heavenly height !
The Lamb once slain ! transfigured
In the throne-rainbow's light.
There for the endless ages
All glorified is He,
And His eternal glory
Shall ours for ever be.

XXVIII.

NEARING THE CROSS.

“ Rise, let us be going.” (Matt. xxvi.)

VAIN now to sleep: each sense command:
Hark! to the trampling armèd band;
Lo! the betrayer is at hand;
Rise, let us be going.

Priests mutter in the midnight air;
The flickering torches wildly glare
On shield and spear; prepare, prepare!
Rise, let us be going.

No time is this, for shrinking fears;
The lurid cross its shadow rears:
The death, for man's redemption nears.
Rise, let us be going.

As His life only, *could* suffice
He wills to pay the mighty price—
Welcomes the great self-sacrifice !
Rise, let us be going.

His great prayer heard, He urges on,
Straightened, until His work be done :
The joy before Him shall be won !
Rise, let us be going.

Have *we* not too a death to die ?
Through the lone river silently
Struggling for immortality ?
Rise, let us be going.

Fear not, the misty darkness now,
The waves have learnt a calmer flow,
A heavenly message sweet and low,—
“ Rise, let us be going.”

The Christ is there, to say to thee,
“ I died, to win thy victory ;
Come, trusting soul, to be with me,
Rise, let us be going.”

XXIX.

“HE SHALL DRINK OF THE BROOK BY THE WAY.” (PSALM CX.)

How did He conquer ? The hard common way,
Steadfast He kept.

No labour and no suffering shunned, each day ;
No duty left :

“I thirst,” He often said ; but there was near
The wayside brooklet running, limpid, clear.

It was His holy Father’s gracious smile,
Approving look ;

When human weariness He must beguile,
He drank this brook ;

And He was strengthened ! lifted up His head,
And conquering and to conquer, on, He sped.

Faint ye, O brothers, in the scorching ray,
The burning sun ?

Can ye not drink this same brook by the way ?
And so press on,

Until the crystal river gleams before,
And each can, resting, say, “I thirst no more.”

XXX.

HEB. V. 8.

O PERFECTED through suffering,
That mystery teach me,
To learn by things of chastening
Obedience like Thee.

“Even so, Father,” saying,
“It seems good in Thy sight,”
Therefore in mine: still bringing
For holier, clearer light.

XXXI.

FOR EASTER EVEN.

O PALLID, gentle, grief-worn face,
O sacred Body!—faith can trace
Thy darksome, solitary place.

Alleluia !

The homeless with a home is blest ;
No pangs disturb the sufferer's breast ;
The man of sorrows is at rest.

Alleluia !

The wounded side, hands, feet, and brow,
Lie undisturbed and painless now ;
The grave doth no tormentor know !

Alleluia !

His work of agony is done ;
Safely behind the sealèd stone,
As is appointed, He sleeps on.

Alleluia !

My Lord lies in His tomb for me,
That from His death, my life may be—
My life, my immortality !

Alleluia !

XXXII.

EASTER MORNING. (MATT. XXVIII.)

NIGHT nears dawn. The great stone sealèd
Rolling back is heard
In the darkness ; yet no watcher
Dares a word.

Moved by a bright form celestial
Is that mighty stone :
Taking station, lo! he sitteth
Calm thereon.

O the lightning of that visage !
Robes like dazzling snow !
Well, may earth with mighty quaking
Tremble now.

Well may the stern Roman soldiers
Like to dead men be ;
Guard Imperial ! be awaiting,
Christ set free.

Hark the password ! Jesus goes forth !
The salute of heaven,—
Only challenge, in the darkness—
Low is given.

Comes with dawn, a voice angelic,
“ Women, have no fear !
Jesus, whom ye seek, is risen !
Is not here.

“ Empty is the tomb He laid in ;
Ye may search the place ;
Christ is risen ! joyful shall ye
See His face.”

XXXIII.

EASTER MORNING.

“When it was yet dark.”

WHILST it is dark yet, and misty, and drear,
Full of uncertainty—restless with fear,
Lovingly anxious—eager to know,
Whilst it is dark yet, she hastens to go.

Sleeping within the tomb, still does He stay?
Or is the holy form taken away?
Can those strange words of His, prove to be vain
“In three days this temple raise I again”?

Was He not wondrous, transcendent, divine?
Is death to hold Him,—the Master confine?
Hope, love, and mystery over Him yearn,
Whilst it is dark yet, she hastens to learn.

O spirit world ! in like darkness are we ;
In a dark mirror, thy wonders we see !
Weird forms, darkly passing, shrinking from view
If seen, only riddles, shrouding the true ;

Reflected enigmas, vanishing fleet
From darkness to darkness ! silent their feet ;
Upon their lips silence ; silent their eyes ;—
“ Shadows, what mean ye ? ” There come no replies.

Lord, it is dark yet, and mystery here !
Our fallen blind nature is groping in fear !
Hast Thou not risen, to end all our night ?
Soon let the dawn cry, “ Behold it is light ! ”

XXXIV.

THE ASCENSION.

THE King of glory ! lo, He soars ;
Open, ye everlasting doors !
Before His wondrous majesty
Sing sweetly, all ye spheres on high,
Alleluia !

Once, man of sorrows here below,
He soars, the King of glory now !
Bearing aloft beyond the stars
His human love, His human scars.
Alleluia !

The martyred Baptist to those skies
Gone on before, with rapture cries,
“ Make straight His way from earth’s low sod ;
Angels ! Behold the Lamb of God.”
Alleluia !

Prostrate, triumphant love they own,
At the right hand, upon the throne ;
The principalities and powers
Bow down, before their Lord and ours.

Alleluia !

Then, trumpet, harp, and seraph-voice,
From myriads make the song rejoice,
“ He that descended,” so it rings,
“ Ascendeth now to fill all things.”

Alleluia !

As the notes reach, their upward flight,
The glorious wings, dilate their height,
Waving in homage ; and the lay
Is choral thunder, when they say,

Alleluia !

Great Sufferer of the death renowned ;
Jesus the Crucified, the Crowned !
Jesus our Brother ! Saviour ! King !
With grateful souls we join to sing,

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

XXXVI.

SACRAMENTAL.

In remembrance of the Master,
 Founder of this tender rite,
Of the furnished upper chamber,
 Of the sad betrayal night ;
Of the twelve in their presumption,
 And their hard unseemly strife,
And the wondrous prayer high-priestly,
 As He set apart His life.

In remembrance of the Kedron,
 And His strange desertion there,
Sweat of blood and soul-crushed anguish,
 Needing the strong angels' care ;—
Falling on His face, and praying
 For deliverance divine,
And the perfect self-surrender,—
 “ Father, not my will, but Thine.”

In remembrance of the darkness
Over all the noontide sky,
On the cross, the Christ uplifted,
And His taunted dying cry ;
Hands and feet by nails distended,
Side deep pierced, though of the dead ;
For our sakes His body broken ;
See it broken in this bread !

In remembrance, great Sin-bearer,
Of Thine agonies unknown,
And the bitter lone forsaking
Whilst our guilt was made Thine own :
Quailed in death the human spirit,
And the broken heart the sign :
Lord, Thy life-blood is before us,
Lord, with thanks we drink the wine !

XXXVII.

SACRAMENTAL.

Is He not here? Lifting His pierced hands :

“ Remember Me ! ”

Here ! and the deep scar on His side, commands

“ Remember Me ! ”

“ I, like this bread, was broken in your stead,
And, like this wine outpoured, for you I bled.”

Hark to the voice beneath that crown of thorn,

“ Remember Me !

I bore for you the mockery and scorn,

Remember Me !

I died for you, upon the cross abhorred ;

Believe, each soul, and cry, ‘ My God ! my Lord ! ’ ”

Lord, we believe ! Our unbelief help Thou !
Remembering Thee ;
Our Jesus ! we, with true hearts yearning, now
Remember Thee ;
Pray to be faithful to our latest breath :
Are we not Thine, the purchase of Thy death ?

Until Thou come, Thy Church's stay shall be,
Remembering Thee ;
Now, but reflections in a glass we see,—
How darkly see !
Then, face to face ! Thy majesty revealed,
And all the radiant infinite unsealed.

XXXVIII.

SACRAMENTAL.

“He spared not His own Son.”

Now let these simple elements bring near,
 With sweet control,
The blessing of the suffering Saviour, clear
 To every soul ;
Believing rest ; the dread dispersed away ;
The loving trust ; the hope of endless day.

Behold ! God’s own Lamb offered in our stead !
 His Lamb from heaven ;
See here, the body broken, the blood shed,
 The pardon given :
Who shall condemn ? God spared not His Son !
He loves to own the great redemption won.

Jesus ! the Father's tender love reveal
 To each changed heart ;
The old hard thoughts and dark rebellions heal ;
 Thy mind impart,
Like Thee obedient, and through Thee restored,
Our elder Brother ! and redeeming Lord !

XXXIX.

SACRAMENTAL.

SAVIOUR, to Thee, because by Thee released,
Ourselves we owe.
This is our jubilee ; we keep Thy feast,
Thy ransom show ;
To Christ, our blesséd Hope, we raise the voice ;
In Christ, our Peace, exulting we rejoice.

Peace passing understanding, Lord, art Thou !
The soul's deep rest ;
The hope of glory in us, Lord, be now ;
The foretaste blest,
Of the inheritance, divinely bright,
Which Thou hast purchased for Thy saints in light.

XL.

SACRAMENTAL (CONCLUDING).

LAMB upon Mount Sion,
For this earthly board
We give thanks adoring.
Great ascended Lord !
Lamb of our redemption !
Pledge of our release !
Crown this blest remembrance
With Thy perfect peace.

Thou that art our Brother,
By a human birth !
Only Thou wert holy
On this evil earth ;
Tried by human suffering,
Perfected thereby,
Son of man for ever !
Hear our human cry.

From the heavens descending—
 Son of God! Thy name,—
Brightness of His Glory,
 God's unspotted Lamb!
Only expiation
 That these souls could win!
Only thou wert holy,
 Bearer of our sin.

Holy, Holy, Holy,
 Crucified to save;
Holy, Holy, Holy,
 Buried in our grave;
Rising and ascending,
 On the throne sat down,
Holy, Holy, Holy,
 Worthy of Thy crown.

Lamb upon Mount Sion,
 Blessed, wondrous sign
Of accepted offering!
 Sacrifice divine!
Manifested Glory
 Of triumphant love,
Oh to swell Thy triumph
 In that mount above!

XLI.

SACRAMENTAL (CONCLUDING).

HOLY Spirit, give
Christ in us to live !
Christ, whose death we now are showing ;
Let *His* Life in us be growing ;
Hope of glory, He
Will our meetness be.

Help us to press on !
Let the mark be won !
Eagerly the prize securing
And the hardness well enduring,
Till the crown is given
By the Lord from heaven.

XLII.

JOHN XX. 28, 29.

BLESSED are they who have not seen,
And yet the Christ receive,
In spirit cry "My Lord! my God,"
And with free heart believe.

Blessed, who "feel their quiet way,"
In faith and not in sight;
Who lean upon His unseen grace,
And trust His unseen might.

THE HOLY GHOST.

XLIII.

“YE ARE THE TEMPLE OF GOD.” (1 COR. III. 16.)

How shall the mighty God
Whom heaven cannot contain
A temple and a fit abode
Within me ever gain ?

Come, Spirit of the Lord !
Teacher and Heavenly Guide !
Be it according to Thy word :
In my poor heart reside.

Enter, O Holy Ghost !
Pervade this soul of mine ;
In me renew Thy Pentecost ;
Reveal Thy power divine !

Make it my highest bliss
Thy blessed fruit to bear,
Thy joy, love, peace, and gentleness,
Goodness and faith to share.

Let me in deepest fear
Thy Holiness to grieve,
Walk in the Spirit, even here,
And in the Spirit live.

Now, let me live in Thee
My inner life of love ;
So best shall I preparing be
For spirit-life above.

XLIV.

“GROANINGS WHICH CANNOT BE UTTERED.”

My heart is earthly, cold, and dead,
The heavens seem brass, and hope is fled,
Yet will I struggle with my doom
A little longer in the gloom.

My Saviour Lord ! Thy love untold
To my bewildered faith unfold !
Say to the soul that prostrate lies,
“ Be of good comfort, and arise.”

Once more I pray; not now, alone :
There is in every feeble moan
Pleading, imploring Deity ;
For God the Spirit prays in me !

Unutterable groanings tell
The holy mind God knows so well :
Wrestling Omnipotence is there.
Spirit of God ! God grants Thy prayer.

XLV.

“THE SPIRIT HELPETH OUR INFIRMITIES.”

LORD, let me pray. I know not how,
Nor what to pray for ; Thou must show !
The darkest, feeblest, need the most
The praying in the Holy Ghost.

What can man do, if left alone,
Beyond a faithless, useless moan ?
Helper of man's infirmity,
O God the Spirit, help Thou me.

Descend, O Purity Divine,
And stoop to sins and wants like mine ;
Humble Thyself to all my need,
And in me, for me, with me, plead.

Spirit of holiness, control,
Dilate, inspire, pervade, my soul ;
Make it a harp from whose poor strings
Thy hand the suppliant music brings ;

Make it a voice for heavenly thought,
Spirit of power, by Thee inwrought :
Love of the Spirit, to my heart
Thy might of tenderness impart.

Then God will hear : He loves right well
Thy yearnings deep no words may tell ;
All interceding grace is there :
Spirit of God, pray Thou the prayer.

XLVI.

COME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.

We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord,
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford,
Lost—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

Orphans are our souls and poor,
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

Like the dew Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast ;
There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.

With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

In us " Abba, Father " cry ;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

Search for us the depths of God !
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

XLVII.

“HE SHALL GLORIFY ME.”

In the dungeon of our sinning,
When in fetters strong we pine,
Glorify the entering Angel,—
Christ, with His delivering sign ;
Shed Thy glory
On His rescue all divine.

In the glooms of earthly sorrow
Glorify the Lord to sight,
Through shut doors—with “Peace unto you,”
With His sympathy and light ;
Let the glory
Turn our tears to rainbows bright.

Glorify the pallid Sufferer
On the cross uplifted high,
Shrouded still in deepest shadow,
To the listless human eye ;
Flood Thy glory
On the Love that came to die.

Glorify a world of darkness
With the gems it hides away,
Let the Christ wake up their lustre
And souls sparkle in His ray :—
So give glory
To the Sun of heavenly day.

XLVIII.

“GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT.”

GRIEVED, neglected, gone,
Patient Holy One !

Weary hearts for Thee are yearning ;
Let them know Thy dear returning ;
Grant the long lost peace,
Let the silence cease.

Speak the word of power !
Free us, in this hour,
From the world and all its feigning,
From the flesh and all its chaining :
Slave-like we bow down,
So, we lose our crown.

Ah ! Satanic might
Oft usurps Thy right ;
Help us, Lord ! do Thou defend us,
And almighty succour send us ;
Come, Divinest Breath !
Breathe away, our death.

If Thy life Thou give,
Then these souls shall live !
Strengthened with Thy great restoring,
Broken wings shall soon be soaring
To pure heights above,
O forgiving Love.

EVENING HYMNS.

XLIX.

WE bless Thy name, O holy Jesus,
For evening hours and silent night,
For day's decline, that gently frees us
From all the burdens of the light.

Thou hast on earth been often weary,
Pity our weakness from above ;
The darkness then, no longer dreary,
Is but the shadow of Thy love.

To Thy belovéd, in their sleeping,
Thou givest rest, sweet rest of heart :
Lord ! take us to Thy holy keeping,
And all Thy peace, untold, impart.

L.

“LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS.”

God the Father, be Thou near,
Save from every harm to-night,
Make us all Thy children dear,
In the darkness be our light.

God the Saviour ! be our peace,
Take away our sins to-night,
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light.

Holy Spirit, deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night ;
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Then our darkness shall be light.

Holy Trinity, be nigh,
Mystery of love, adored !
Help to live and help to die,
Lighten all our darkness, Lord !

LI.

FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
 Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this day,
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
 Bless us to-night !

Jesus Immanuel !
Come in Thy love to dwell
 In hearts contrite.
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And on Thy word believe :
 Bless us to-night !

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove !
 Shed forth Thy light ;
Heal every inward smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart,—
 Bless ús to-night !

LII.

FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of Thy mercy large and free ;
Through the day Thy love has fed us,
Through the day Thy care has led us,
With divinest charity.

This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour !
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
Envy, pride, and vanity ;
From the world, the flesh, deliver,
Save us now and save us ever,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary.

From enticements of the devil,
From the might of spirits evil
 Be our shield and panoply ;
Let Thy power this night defend us,
And a heavenly peace attend us,
 And angelic company.

While the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
 From Thine own Infinity !
Softly let the eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
 Ever blessed Trinity.

LIII.

THOU who hast known the careworn breast,
The weary need of sleep's deep balm,
Come, Saviour, ere we go to rest,
And breathe around Thy perfect calm.

Thy presence gives us childlike trust,
Gladness, and hope without alloy,
The faith that triumphs o'er the dust,
And gleamings of eternal joy.

Stand in our midst, dear Lord, and say,
"Peace be to you, this evening hour,"
Then all the struggles of the day
Vanish before Thy loving power.

Blest is the pilgrimage to heaven,
A little nearer every night;
Christ, to our earthly darkness given,
Till in His glory, there is light.

BLESSED DEPARTURES.

LIV.

FALLEN ASLEEP.

HE "fell asleep" in Christ his Lord,
He gave to Him to keep
The soul His great love had redeemed,
Then calmly went to sleep :
And as a tired bird folds its wing,
Sure of the morning light,
He laid him down in trusting faith
And did not dread the night.

He fell asleep in Jesu's love ;
So, on its mother's breast,
The little child is comforted
When there it goes to rest.
His was a childlike confidence,
And as he closed his eyes
The whisper was within his soul,
" To-day in Paradise."

Now, is the spirit with the Lord,
And soon the mouldering frame
Shall put on immortality,
And rise in Jesu's name !
A house from heaven, of radiant light
A shrine for the blest soul
To worship in, rejoice, and serve,
While the great ages roll.

LV.

REV. XIV. 13.

Lo ! a voice from heaven hath said,
Henceforth blessed are the dead
Dying in their risen Lord,
Trusting His redeeming word !

Blessed ! for their work is done :
Home they went at set of sun ;
They were weary, it was best
To lie down and take their rest.

Blessed ones ! they calmly sleep,
Leaving us to wake and weep ;
Still to bear our fleshly pains,
Sins, and doubts, and spirit-chains.

Blessed ! they have done with tears,
Sickness, darkness, death, and fears ;
And the soul's long conflict past,
Victory is theirs at last.

Theirs is the eternal peace,
Growing with divine increase ;
Theirs eternal rest above,—
Rest in the Eternal Love.

Dwelling in the Light of Light,
They possess the Infinite !
Every mystery unsealed
And the glory all revealed.

LVI.

CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry,
We bless Thee for our comrade true,
Now summoned up to Thee.

We bless Thee for his every step
In faithful following Thee,
And for his good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.

We thank Thee that the wayworn sleeps
The sleep in Jesus blessed ;
The purified and ransomed soul
Hath entered into rest.

We bless Thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard ;
We bless Thee for his blessedness,
And for his rich reward.

LVII.

YE principalities and powers
That never tasted death,
Witness from off your heavenly towers
Our act of Christian faith.

Though tears will fall and hearts are stirred,
We know in whom we trust,
And confident in His sure word,
We bear the "dust to dust."

We sow this seed in earth to die,
In the great Master's name,
Type of decay and vanity,
In weakness and in shame.

It shall arise a holy shrine
Of glory, beauty, might,
Fit for a spirit made divine,
All purity, all light.

Thanks be to God, there is no death
For all that trust His word,
Thanks be to God, for victory
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

LVIII.

GIVE dust to dust, and here we leave
The earthly seed to die,
That so this mortal may receive
Its immortality.

Spirit, to spirits purified !
And *his* hath soared on high,
Hath joined the members glorified,
The brethren in the sky.

Saviour, Thy love unites us all,
The living and the dead,
'Tis but one body mystical,
And but one glorious Head.

Keep us in fellowship of soul
 With the dear saint that's gone,
Make us in worship, service, love,
 Like those before the throne.

And now to Him that conquered death
 United praise be given,
Amidst the parting tears of earth,
 The welcome-palms of heaven.

LIX.

Who are these salvation singing
To our God and to the Lamb,
And in long white robes are bringing
Each one, in his hand, the palm ?
Say, whence came they here on high ?
Why these signs of victory ?

Out of fearful tribulation,
They are come this joy to gain,—
Come from every land and nation,
In their robes no earthly stain ;
Cleansed in the atoning blood,
All appear before their God:

Therefore stand they in the glory
Of the rainbow round the throne,
And to angels tell the story
Of the Christ they joy to own,
There they serve Him day and night,
And with them He dwells in light.

Hunger they no more for ever,
For redeeming Love shall feed !
Thirst not : to the great Life-river
Love, by trees of life shall lead ;
And the tears of earth's short day,
God Himself shall wipe away.

LX.

“ CALL all who love Thee, Lord, to Thee
Thou knowest how they long
To leave these broken lays and aid
In heaven’s unceasing song.” *
Earth is the place of severance,
Sin, danger, and defect ;
Call all who love Thee, Lord, to Thee,
Accomplish Thine elect !

Father, the whole creation groans,
Till in Thine own abode,
Complete in number and in bliss,
Shine all the sons of God ;
Let them be manifested, Lord,
One countless sacred host,
From every world and bygone time,
From every clime and coast.

* Bailey’s Festus.

Prophets, apostles, martyrs, kings,
The sage, the little child,
Confessing through one wondrous death
They all are reconciled.
Lord, finish soon the mystery
Of human death and sin ;
Let time be ended, and the bright
“ Eternity begin.” *

* Bailey's Festus.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LXI.

ALL SAINTS.

YE that put on the heavenly crown
And sing with seraphim,
Brethren in glory, bend ye down
And aid our faltering hymn.

Come let us praise the one Great Head,
The selfsame power to save,—
Ye, who in bliss are perfected,
And we, so near the grave !

Glory to Him, who tasted death,
Life to us all to give !
Ye in His presence—we by faith,
In, through, and to Him live.

Glory to Him, who won the strife,
For you gone up on high !
The Resurrection and the Life,
By whom we never die.

Glory from us, who think Him long,
And for His coming wait,
And glory from your palmy throng
Within the pearly gate.

When wilt Thou be at once adored
By one Church, in one home ?
Hasten the time ; delay not, Lord—
Lord Jesus, quickly come.

LXII.

ALL SAINTS.

SAVIOUR, with saints made perfect,
We on this earth adore Thee,
And would make one
Communion
Of worship rise before Thee ;
With poor and faint hosannas
On this side of the river,
We join the song
Which they prolong
For ever and for ever.

For in that song, salvation
To God in Christ all render,
To the Lamb slain
All souls to gain,
Unspotted, holy, tender.

Hark ! the archangel trumpets
Sustain the blended voices ;
The rapture flows,
God's rainbow glows,
And the great Heaven rejoices.

LXIII.

FOR CHILDREN.

O THOU good Shepherd, who Thy life
Gav'st to redeem Thy sheep,
Call us, by name, among the lambs,
And near Thee safely keep.

Here, may we know and love Thy voice,
And from the "stranger" flee ;
Hereafter, in the heavenly fold,
Safe gather us to Thee.

There hunger shall we know no more,
Thy gentle hand shall feed ;
There shall we thirst no more,—Thou wilt
To living fountains lead.

And there shall be no night, no cloud,
But one eternal day ;
And God Himself from every eye
Shall wipe all tears away.

LXIV.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

SOUL, thy week of toil is ended,
And a voice, whilst world-cares fly,
With the closing hours is blended,—
“Rest is coming—rest is nigh.”

Nearing Sabbath, how I bless thee !
Let thy calmness fill my breast,
Let me, even now, possess thee,
And anticipate thy rest.

Is my journey full of sadness,
Through a desert wild and drear ?
Be to me a well of gladness,
Bid me quite forget my fear.

Clouds on clouds, my way may darken
But thy rainbow gleams above,
And the storms and wild winds hearken
To thy still small voice of love.

So, when life's long week is over,
Blessed it will be to die,
Angels whispering as they hover,
"Rest is coming—rest is nigh."

Then the heavenly rest to enter,
In Thy mercy, Lord, be mine ;—
Rest of God ! The sun and centre
Of the bliss that is divine.

LXV.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

SPIRITS of light and glory,
Peers of the heavenly home,
Pure, radiant, and holy,
In all your primal bloom !
Unfallen, steadfast, loyal,
Meek, humble, loving, true,
St. Michael and all angels,
We bless our God for you !

Steadfast, and yet progressing,
Expanding every hour
In reverence and fervour,
In tenderness and power ;
Therefore, are ye more eager,
On God and man to wait :
St. Michael and all angels,
Ye keep your first estate !

How did ye watch creation
Answer the stars' first song !
Weep when our world's Redeemer
Endured our world's great wrong !
When glorified as human
He passed you to the throne,
St. Michael and all angels,
Your Lord, you loved to own.

Deeply ye feel the changes
Of this poor earth of ours,
The crimes, the tears, the follies,
The spite of demon powers :
When seas and skies shall mingle
In the wild final blaze,
St. Michael and all angels,
In sorrow ye will gaze.

Unwearied, ye endeavour
To help us in our fall,
Unthought of, unrequited,
Ye minister to all ;
Hedless, and often wayward,
We're borne by you above :
St. Michael and all angels,
We do not know your love.

Your service shall be crownèd !
For we shall be restored,
Gathered in one, for ever,
With you, through Christ the Lord ;
For He who took our nature
Hath to His brethren given,
St. Michael and all angels,
The right to share your heaven.

LXVI.

THE DAY-BREAK.

WHAT of the night, O brothers!—the long night
Heavily brooding o'er these vales below?—
The mountain tops seem clearer to the sight,
Sharper in outline, crisper in the snow.

Colder below, and darker! Watch the heights!
In silence are the fringes lifting there!
The angel of the dawn, midst clouds, alights;
The pale streaks glisten with his presence fair.

The birds awake! the singing has begun!
Day-spring, and stirring of the endless day!
Break forth in glory, uncreated Sun!
All "former things" of darkness, flee away!

LXVII.

THE MISSIONARY SOLDIER ORDAINED.

THOU who Thyself didst sanctify
And set Thyself apart,
Thy servant's purpose ratify,
The purpose of his heart.

In reverence he himself would yield
To be Thy soldier true,
In the high places of the field
Thy glorious work to do.

Captain Divine ! his name enrol :
In token, let him feel
The fire from heaven within his soul,
The ever burning zeal !

Give him his armour, all of light,
And with unfaltering breath,
Lord, make him Thy great battle fight,
And faithful be, to death !

He that o'ercometh, Lord, with Thee
The morning star shall own,
The robe and palm of victory
And the immortal crown.

LXVIII.

ORDINATION.

REAPER ! behold the fields are white
 With the great harvest of the world ;
Soldier ! seek thou the thickest fight,
 Thy Captain's standard is unfurled.

Wise to win souls,—exhort, reprove,
 And watch the flock redeemed by blood ;
Warn with thy tears, preach in deep love
 The gospel of the grace of God.

Toil on, in the appointed way,
 The precious fruit shall soon appear ;
Work thou thy work, whilst it is day ;
 The shadows lengthen—night is near.

Soon shalt thou hear the Master's voice
 The welcome cry, " Behold I come ;"
Within the pearly gates rejoice,
 And rest thee in thy heavenly home.

LXIX.

REV. XI.

Voices of the deep blue night,
Moons and stars with beckoning light,
In sphere-chorus all unite,—
Come up hither !

Trumpet voices ! hear them roll
O'er the concave, O my soul !
Winning, and with sweet control :
Come up hither !

Voices, when day's glare is done,
And cloud-glory is begun,
From pearl islands near the sun :
Come up hither !

Voices, from the angel powers,
Heard in lonely silent hours,
When earth's sky most darkly lowers :
Come up hither !

Voices sweet, from dear ones gone,
Perfect now before the throne,—
Urging, eager is the tone :

Come up hither !

Come ! from sickness, toil, and fear,
Doubt, dismay, and scalding tear ;
No soul bondage fetters here,

Come up hither !

Come ! it is eternal day,
Sin and death have no more sway,
Former things are passed away,

Come up hither !

To the presence all Divine ;
Where our Father's glories shine ;
Manifested love, the sign :

Come up hither !

Jesus, draw me ! lifted high
In redeeming majesty ;
Cross and throne have but one cry,—

Come up hither !

LXX.

PHIL. III. 12 AND 15.

“He charged us, if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of His, to be as ready to receive it as any truth by his ministry; for he was very confident the Lord had more light and truth yet, to break forth out of His Holy Word.”—*Pastor Robinson to the Pilgrim Fathers.*

WE limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind,
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial, and confined;
No, let a new and better hope
Within our hearts be stirred,—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

Who dares to bind to his dull sense
The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
And all the ages given ?
That universe ! how much unknown,
That ocean ! unexplored—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

Darkling, our great forefathers went,
The first steps of the way ;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
And grow it shall ; our glorious Sun
More fervid rays afford—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

The valley's passed ; ascending still
Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
On all the bygone time.
Upward we press—the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

O Father, Son, and Spirit, send
 Us increase from above,
Enlarge, expand all Christian souls,
 To comprehend Thy love ;
And make us to go on, to know,
 With nobler powers conferred,—
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
 To break forth from His word.

LXXI.

PILGRIMAGE.

A WILDERNESS we traverse,
Soul-hungered, worn, and weary,
Sick, thirsty, faint
With serpent taint,
And the black tents so dreary ;
Long watches end our patience ;
At night the wild winds howling ;
By day, the sand
On every hand
Is burning, blinding, scowling !

Look upward ! in the distance
A holy light is beaming ;
See, drooping eye,
In yonder sky
The golden turrets gleaming !

Listen ! in evening silence
For the far heavenly river,
Then, thou mayst hear
The crystal clear,
That floweth on for ever.

Leader and mighty Saviour !
Who, for the joy before Thee,
Sustained all loss,
Died on a cross,
And now all worlds adore Thee !
Give us Thy faithful courage,
Then, true to Thy confession,
The rest, the crown
For all Thine own,
Shall soon be in possession.

PROSE CHANTS,
PREFACES, AND RESPONSE CHORUSES,
COMPILED FROM SCRIPTURE AND OTHER
SOURCES,
FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Congregational Chanting would be greatly improved—

1st. By shortening the lines: so that each word and syllable may be easily, accurately, and reverently given by unpractised voices.

2nd. By the frequent introduction of the chorus; which might be made both devotional and heart-stirring,—most gladsome for joy, most solemn for mourning.

The choruses and general chants here printed in ordinary type are to be sung by the whole congregation.

The prefaces and portions printed in italics are to be sung by the choir only, or by parts of the choir.

In many cases a simpler arrangement will be for the women only to sing the prefaces, whilst the men and congregation at large sing the chorus.

Try this in the old Easter Hymn, “Jesus Christ is risen to-day,” with the grand old tune; let the women sing the preface lines, and the men and general congregation sing only the “Alleluia;”—the effect is thrilling.

LXXII.

SONG OF CREATION.

1. *All | things and | beings,*
All | sou-ls, | minds, and | spirits,
All | works of the | Lord
In | a-ll | Hi-s | worlds,
Bless | ye the | Lord,
Praise and exalt | Him above | all for | ever.

2. *O blue | firma | ment!*
O blessed | light! O | welcome | darkness!
Sun and moon, | stars and | planets,
Rainbows, | clouds, and | skies of | glory,
Bless | ye the | Lord,
God over | a-ll | blessed for | ever.

3. *O ice and snow! O | fire and | heat!*
Summer and | winter, | spring and | autumn;
Ye seasons | as ye | change,
And | night and | day al | ternate,
Bless | ye the | Lord,
Praise and exalt | Him above | all for | ever.

4. *Ye winds of | God and | tempests,*
Soft | breezes and | grea-t | calms,
Wild lightnings and | dee-p | thunders,
Hills and | valleys and | grea-t | mountains,
 Bless | ye the | Lord,
 God over | a-ll, | blessed for | ever.
5. *Palms, cedars, and | a-ll | trees,*
Fruits, | flowers, and | herbs and | mosses ;
O wheat and grain ! O | vines and | olives !
All ye | gree-n | things of | earth !
 Bless | ye the | Lord,
 Praise and exalt | Him above | all for | ever.
6. *O wells, fresh | springs, and | brooklets,*
Rain and | de-w, | lakes and | glaciers,
Seas, oceans, and | mighty | floods,
Rivers of earth and | rivers of | God a | bove it,
 Bless | ye the | Lord,
 God over | a-ll, | blessed for | ever.
7. *Beasts, insects, and | flying | fowl,*
Reptiles, | fishes, and | great sea | creatures,
All that | live and | move,
All man | ki-nd | every | where,
 Bless | ye the | Lord,
 Praise and exalt | Him above | all for | ever.

8. *Ye sons of | God on | high,
 Angels, archangels, | cheru|bin and|seraphim,
 Peers and | powers ce | lestial
 And spirits of | ju-st | men made | perfect,
 Bless | ye the | Lord,
 God over | a-ll, | blessed for | ever.*
9. *Ye children of | God be | low,
 Men and | women re | newed, re | stored!
 Priests of earth! | loved of the | Father,
 Redeemed by the | Son, led | by the | Spirit;
 Bless | ye the | Lord,
 Praise and exalt|Him above|all for|ever.*
10. *Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
 And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
 One God, the only God, | God a | lone,
 God over | a-ll, | blessed for | ever.*

[The basses, altos, and tenors of the choir can alternate in giving the prefaces 1—7.]

Throughout these chants, vary the tune for the choruses from that used for the prefaces, etc., wherever appropriate. Try for horn or trumpet accompaniment to the choruses, in addition to the organ, where the congregation is large.

LXXIII.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1. *O give thanks unto the Lord ; for | He is | good :*
For His | mercy en | dureth for | ever.
2. *O give thanks unto the | God of | gods : [B]*
For His | mercy en | dureth for | ever.
3. *O give thanks to the | Lord of | lords : [D]*
For His | mercy en | dureth for | ever.
4. *To Him who alone | doeth great | wonders : [C]*
For His | mercy en | dureth for | ever.
5. *To Him that by wisdom | made the | heavens : [B]*
For His | mercy en | dureth for | ever.
6. *To Him that stretched out the earth a | bove the |*
waters : [D]
For His | mercy en | dureth for | ever.
7. *To Him that | made great | lights :*
For His | mercy en | dureth for | ever.

8. *The sun to | rule by | day :* [c]
For His | mercy en | dureth for | ever.
9. *The moon and stars to | rule by | night :*
For His | mercy en | dureth for | ever.
10. *Who remembered us in our | low es | tate :* [B]
For His | mercy en | dureth for | ever.
11. *And hath redeemed us | from our | enemies :*
For His | mercy en | dureth for | ever.
12. O give thanks unto the | God of | heaven :
For His | mercy en | dureth for | ever.

B, basses of choir. C, altos of choir. D, tenors of choir.
No letter, all the choir. Or the women only can sing the
prefaces, and the men and congregation give the chorus.

Each choir to vary the suggested alternations according to
their own preferences throughout these chants.

LXXIV.

LORD'S DAY MMORNING AND EASTER DAY.

1. CHRIST is risen | from the | dead,
And become the first | fruits of | them that |
slept :
2. For since by | man came | death,
By man came also the resur | rection | of
the | dead.
3. *If | we be | lieve* [c]
That Jesus | died and | rose a | gain, [c]
4. *Even so them also which | sleep in | Jesus* [B]
Will | Go-d | bring with | Him. [B]
5. Christ being raised from the dead | dieth no |
more,
Death hath no more do | minion | over | Him ;
6. For in that He died, He died unto | si-n | once,
But in that He liveth, He | liveth | unto |
God.

7. *Likewise reckon ye also yourselves | dead unto | sin,* [D]
But alive unto God through | Jesus | Christ
our | Lord. [D]
8. *Set your affection on | things a | bove,* [C]
Not on | thi-ngs | on the | earth ; [C]
9. For | ye are | dead,
 And your life is | hid with | Christ in | God.
10. When Christ who is our life | shall ap | pear
 Then shall ye also ap | pear with | Him in | glory.

B, basses. D, tenors. C, altos of choir.

LXXV.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

1. THANKS be | unto | God
For | His un | speakable | gift.
2. *Unto us a | Child is | born,* [C]
Unto | us a | Son is | given; [D]
3. And His name shall be called Wonderful, | Coun-
sel | lor,
The mighty | God, the | Prince of | Peace.
4. *Begotten, not made; by whom all | things were |*
made; [B]
Who for us men and our sal | vation | came
down from | heaven. [B]
5. *Behold the | Lamb of | God* [C]
Which taketh a | way the | sin of the | world.[C]
6. Great is the mystery of | God-li | ness :
He who was | manifested | in the | flesh,

7. Was justified | in the | Spirit,
Se | en of | a-n | gels,
8. Preached unto the Gentiles, believed on | in the |
world,
Received up | into | glo- | ry.

B, basses of choir. C, altos. D, tenors.

LXXVI.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

1. *Behold the | Lamb of | God* [C]
Which taketh a | way the | sin of the | world. [C]
2. *Who His own self | bare our | sins* [B]
In His own | body | on the | tree. [B]
3. Whom not having | seen we | love,
In whom be | lieving | we re | joice
4. With joy un | speaka | ble
And | full of | gl-o | ry.
5. Unto Him that | loveth | us
And hath washed us from our | sins in | His
own | blood,
6. And hath made us kings and | priests unto | God,
To Him be glory | and do | minion for ever.
Amen.

B, basses of choir. C, altos.

LXXVII.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

1. GLORY be to | God on | high,
And on earth | peace, good | will towards | men.
2. *We praise | Thee, we | bless Thee,* [C]
We worship, we | glori | f-y | Thee, [D]
3. *We give thanks to Thee for | Thy great | glory,* [B]
O Lord God, heavenly King, | God the | Father
Al | mighty.
4. *O Lord, the only begotten Son | Jesu | Christ,* [C]
O Lord | Go-d, | Lamb of | God,
5. *That takest away the | sins of the | world,* [B]
Have | mercy | o-n | us.
6. *Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world,* [D]
Re | cei-ve | ou-r | prayer.
7. *Thou that sittest at the right | hand of the | Father,* [B]
Have | mercy | c-n | us :

8. *For Thou | only art | holy.* [c]

O | La-mb | o-f | God

9. That takest away the | sins of the | world,

Grant | u-s | Th-y | peace.

B, basses. C, altos. D, tenors of choir.

LXXVIII.

SONG OF PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

1. *God so | loved the | world*
That He gave His | only be | gotten | Son,
2. *That whosoever believeth in Him | should not |*
perish,
But | have ever | lasting | life.
3. *Therefore with angels | and arch | angels,*
With spirits of | ju-st | men made | perfect,
4. *And with all the | company of | heaven,*
We laud and magni | fy Thy | glorious | name,
5. *Ever more | praising | Thee*
And saying, Holy, holy, holy | Lo-rd | God
of | hosts,
6. *Heaven and earth are | full of Thy | glory,*
Glory be to | Thee O | Lord most | High.

LXXIX.

THE ONLY SAVIOUR.

1. THE Almighty Lord, who is a most | stro-*ng* |
tower
To all them that | put their | trust in | Him,
2. Be now and | ever | more
Ou- | r de- | fence and | refuge,
3. *And make us to | know and | feel*
That there is none other name by | whom | and
through | whom
4. *We may receive health and sal | vation*
But only the name of | Jesus | Christ our |
Saviour.
5. In whom we have redemption | through His |
blood,
Even | the for | giveness of | sins.
6. *Unto you therefore | which be | lieve*
He is | precious. | Alle | luia !

LXXX.

SONG OF PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

1. CHRIST hath once | suffered for | sins,
The just for the unjust, that | He might |
bring us to | God,
2. *He is able to save to the | utter | most*
Them that | come to | God by | Him,
3. *Seeing He | ever | liveth* [C]
To make | inter | cession | for them. [C]
4. *By Him therefore, our only Savi | our,* [B]
And in Him and | with Him and | to Him, [B]
5. Be to | Thee, O | Father Al | mighty,
And to Thee, O | Holy | Ghost,
6. One God, the only God, | God a | lone,
All honour | and glory for | ever. Amen.

B, basses of choir. C, altos of choir.

LXXXI.

THE ASCENSION.

1. No man hath ascended | up to | heaven
But He that | ca-me | down from | heaven,
2. Even the | Son of | man
Which | i-s | i-n | heaven.
3. *Lift up your heads | O ye | gates,* [c]
And be ye lift up ye | ever | lasting | doors, [d]
4. *And the | King of | glory,* [B]
The King of | glory | shall come | in.
5. *Who is this | King of | glory?* [c]
The Lord strong and mighty, the | Lo-rd |
mighty in | battle.
6. *Who is this | King of | glory?* [c]
The Christ ascending, | He is the | King of |
glory.

7. Thou hast as | cended on | high,
Thou hast | led cap | tivity | captive ;
8. Thou hast received | gifts for | men,
That the Lord | God might | dwell among |
them.

C, altos, or single voice. B, basses of choir. D, tenors of choir.

LXXXII.

ALLELUIA.

1. *He that spared not | His own | Son,* [B]
But delivered | Him up | for us | all, [B]
How shall He not | with Him | also [D]
Freely | give us | a-ll | things ? [D]
Alleluia !

2. *Who is He | that con | demneth ?* [C]
It is Christ that died, yea rather | that is | risen
a | gain, [D]
Who is even at the right | hand of | God,
Who also maketh | inter | cession for | us.
Alleluia !

3. *Who shall separate us from the | love of | Christ ?* [C]
Neither | dea-th | no-r | life,
Nor angels, nor principalities, | no-r | powers,
Nor things present, | no-r | things to | come.
Alleluia !

4. Nor height, nor depth, nor any | other | creature
Shall be | able to | separate | us
From the | love of | God
Which is in | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.
Alleluia !

B basses. C, altos. D, tenors of choir.

LXXXIII.

THE SECOND COMING.

John Milton.

1. *Thy kingdom is | now at | hand,*
And Thou art | standing | at the | door :
Come | for-th | therefore,
O Thou that hast the seven | stars in | Thy
right | hand.
2. Come forth out of Thy | royal | chambers,
O Prince of | all the | kings of the | earth ;
Put on the | visible | robes
Of Thy im | perial | majes | ty.
3. Take up that un | limited | sceptre
Which Thy Almighty Father | hath as | sured
to | Thee ;
For now the voice of Thy | bri-de | calls Thee,
And all creatures | sigh to | be re | newed.

4. *And at | mi-d | night*

There | was a | cr-y | made :

“ Behold, the | bridegroom | cometh ;

*Go ye | out to | mee-t | Him.”**

* Matt. xxv.

LXXXIV.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

1. THE grace of | God hath ap | peared,
Teaching us that, denying ungodli | ness and |
worldly | lusts,
2. We should live soberly, | righteous | ly,
And godly | in this | present | world ;
3. *Looking for the | blessed | hope,* [C]
Even the glorious appearing of | the great | God [D]
4. *And our Saviour, | Jesus | Christ,* [B]
Who is the blessed and | only | Poten | tate, [D]
5. The King of kings and | Lord of | lords,
Who only hath | immor | tali | ty,
6. *Who is and who was and who | is to | come,*
The | Al | mighty.
7. Behold He | cometh with | clouds,
And every | eye shall | s-ee | Him.

B, basses of choir. C, altos of choir. D, tenors of choir.

LXXXV.

FOR A DEPARTURE.

1. WE all do | fade as a | leaf,
Our days on | earth are | as a | shadow ;
Man dieth and | wasteth a | way, [D]
Yea, man giveth up the | ghost and | where is |
he? [B]
2. As a flower of the field | so he | flourisheth ;
For the wind passeth over | it and | it is |
gone,
And the place thereof shall | know it no | more.
If a man die | shall he | live a | gain? [C]
3. *The silver cord is loosed, the golden | bowl is |*
broken,
The pitcher | broken | at the | fountain,
The wheel broken | at the | cistern :
If a man die | shall he | live a | gain? [C]

4. The | trumpet shall | sound,
 And the dead shall be raised incorruptible, |
 and we | shall be | changed.
 For this corruptible must put on | incor | ruption,
 And this mortal must | put on | immor | tality.
5. *Then shall be brought to pass the saying | that is |*
written, [B]
 Death is swallowed | up in | victory.
 O death, | where is thy | sting?
 O grave, | where is thy | victo | ry?
6. Thanks be | unto | God,
 Which giveth us the victory through our |
 Lor-d | Jesus | Christ,
 Who hath a | bolished | death
 And brought light and immor | tali | ty to |
 light.

B, basses of choir. D, tenors of choir. C, altos, or single voice.

LXXXVI.

A SONG OF DEPARTURE.

1. BLESSED | are the | dead
Which | die in the | Lord from | henceforth :
2. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may | rest from
their | labours ;
And their | works do | follow | them.
3. *What are these which are ar | rayed in | white robes, [C]*
And | whe-nce | ca-me | they ? [C]
4. These are they which have | washed their | robes
And made them white in the | blood of the |
Lamb.
5. *Therefore are they before the | throne of | God, [B]*
And serve Him | day and | night in His | temple : [B]
6. And He that sitteth | on the | throne
Shall | dwell a | mo-ng | them.
7. *They shall | hunger no | more, [D]*
Neither | thir-st | any | more ; [D]

8. *Neither shall the sun light on them, nor | any |*
heat : [D]

For the Lamb which is in the | midst of the |
throne shall | feed them,

9. And shall lead them unto living | fountains of |
waters ;

And God shall wipe a | way all | tears from
their | eyes.

B, basses. D, tenors of choir. C, altos, or single voice.

SOLITARY MUSING.

LXXXVII.

SWEET gloaming time,
Thy hush sublime
 Of holy calmness bring,
While the soft breeze
O'er moonlit seas
 Just lifts its balmy wing.

Stars watch to crown,
As dews falls down,
 Each sparkle in its bower,
Night odours come
From hawthorn bloom,
 And from each sleeping flower.

Quietudes deep
Stealthily creep
 Beneath, around, above :
Rest, soul of mine,
With peace divine
 In the Eternal Love.

O, still small voice,
My heart rejoice
 With hope ecstatic given,
Then shall I raise
Unspoken praise—
 The silences of heaven.

At Lynmouth.

LXXXVIII.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

THIS the old world's day of rest
At the great creation blest !
With what deep divine repose
Would the first sweet Sabbath close,
Ere the working days of man
With their toils and cares began !

Ancient patriarchs, to-night,
Rested from each solemn rite ;
And when dews on Zion's hill
Told the Temple-songs were still,
Sweet and calm this evening fell
Upon the hosts of Israel !

This the night, when deepest gloom
Compassed once a wondrous tomb :
Though the place be guarded well
By stone, and seal, and sentinel,
Love may enter ! There *He* lies,
The Mystery of mysteries !

Piercèd side and wounded brow
Feel no more the torture now,
And beside the winding sheet
At the Sleeper's head and feet
White-robed angels have their place,
Gazing on the silent face.

I would gaze—till faith shall be
Life and immortality !
'Tis for me, my Lord lies dead
On this lonely darksome bed,
Soon to rise ! that I may rise,
And with Him ascend the skies.

LXXXIX.

2 THESS. II. 17.

IN the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
My Saviour, comfort me.

When the hoard of many years
Like a fleet cloud disappears,
And the future's full of fears,
My Saviour, comfort me.

When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
My Saviour, comfort me.

Thou who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide ;
My Saviour, comfort me.

Comfort me, I am cast down,
'Tis my Heavenly Father's frown ;
I deserve it all I own :
My Saviour, comfort me.

In these hours of sad distress,
Let me know He loves no less,
Bid me trust His faithfulness :
My Saviour, comfort me.

Not unduly let me grieve,
Meekly the kind stripes receive,
Let me humbly still believe :
My Saviour, comfort me.

So, it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
My Saviour, comfort me.

XC.

A CLOUDED MIND : A SACRAMENT.

My soul was a ruined cottage
On a rocky dangerous shore,
Around it the lightning went flashing,
And the thunderings loved to roar.

One night of murkiest darkness,
When storms careered in my sky,
And the great winds rose in their fury,
And raised their wild voices on high ;

'Twas then ! there stood in the doorway
A form I had seen before,
So suppliant, wayworn, and patient,
Bent down by the sorrows He bore.

He knocked ; and He stood imploring—
A strange love He had for me :
In my gloom I could hear Him saying,
“ May I enter and sup with Thee ? ”

I lifted the latch in silence.
Before us was bread and wine :
He blessed them : His countenance beaming
With tenderness all Divine.

He brake ; and my eyes were opened—
The eyes of my faith so dim :
I knew Him—My Saviour and Master !
At once I remembered Him !

He vanished ! The clouds returning,
Soon shrouded my soul anew ;
But there comes a grand restoration,
When all things will He subdue.

And so my mind's night grows calmer :
I wait for a heavenly day,
Surely soon, will the dawn be stirring ;
These shadows have passed away.

XCI.

“MR. DESPONDENCY’S DAUGHTER WENT THROUGH THE RIVER
SINGING.” (‘PILGRIM’S PROGRESS.’)

MYSTERIOUS dark river,
With unknown further shore,
Thy stream of deathly silence
In darkness I pass o’er :
Misty, wild, and infinite !
The threatening billows roll ;
I sink in the deep waters,
And they engulf my soul.

Behold ! they gleam with glory !
There bears me through the tide,
One with the death-marks on Him,
For He Himself hath died.
“ Be of good cheer,” He whispers ;
“ ’Tis I, be not dismayed ;
Let not your heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid.”

My Lord ! My God ! I trust Thee !

My weakness is made strong ;
Now shall my trembling spirit
Pass onward with a song :
Almighty Love supports me,
While all things mortal fade,
My heart shall not be troubled,
Nor shall it be afraid.

Hark ! how the heavenly trumpets
Sound on the further side :
The angels greet with music
The newly glorified.
There is a joyful answer
By the redeemed one made,
“ No more my heart is troubled ;
No more is it afraid.”

XCII.

IN MEMORIAM. THOMAS BINNEY.

“ HE has outsoared the shadow of our night : ”
There is no fleshly chain
His spirit to restrain
In the Eternal Light—the pure Eternal Light.

He has outsoared, where earthly voices cease,
Where our disputes have flown,
Our janglings are unknown,
In the Eternal Peace—the sweet Eternal Peace.

He joins the Service of the Song above ;
And there with seraphim,
He sings the rapture-hymn,
To the Eternal Love—the blest Eternal Love.

See his “Service of Song,” and his hymn, “Eternal Light.”

XCIIL.

COMFORTINGS DIVINE.

Suggested by Faber's Hymn, No. 55.

LIKE the voiceless star-rays falling
On the darkness of the night,
Like the dewdrops formed at gloaming,
Gleaming forth the tenderest light ;
So there come to hearts in sorrow
Comfortings divine and bright.

Thus the Holy Spirit answers
Our poor weeping on our knees,
Grants us healings, sweetly hidden
Like the fragrance on the breeze—
Soul restoring, soul entrancing,
Fresh from the eternal seas !

They are not like earthly comforts,
 Bear no taint of this low earth,
They are peacefuller than slumber,
 They are cheerfuller than mirth ;
They're the dawn,—the morning glimpses
 Of the day of the new birth.

They are sudden rainbow flashes
 Of unknown celestial things,
From the golden throne proceeding,
 Wafted down to us on wings ;
Silences let down from heaven,
 With angelic whisperings.

They dispel the forms of terror
 Stalking round this weird abode ;
They suffuse with holiest sunbeams
 Life's uncertain, weary road ;
They entrance with spirit-music,
 They are presences of God.

XCIV.

THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

Suggested by Geo. Herbert.

RISE, heart! thy Lord arose
With the first morning ray;
Leave far below thy cares and woes,
It is the rising day.

Rise! with a spirit's love
Follow the Master's way,
And seek the things that are above;
Try to ascend to-day.

Mount! in the holy light,—
Up! to the calm serene,
To heavenly places take thy flight
Where Christ the Lord is seen.

Soar thou where angels soar,
Pray with them side by side,
And with the white robed church adore
Thy Saviour glorified!

XCV.

In Memoriam:

E. C. H.,

Born July 14, Died August 4, 1863.

FOR HIS MOTHER.

INTO my room so lonely,
That sadly silent place,
Come, from the land of glory,
Come, for a little space,
Unto thy weeping mother,
With pale and shaded brow,
Come, spirit of my baby,
And be my comfort now.

Do not I need thee, darling,
To still my throbbing heart?
To teach my faithless tenderness
It was thy gain to part?—
Something divinely soothing,
Seems dimly tending near,
Oh! spirit of my baby,
I feel that thou art here.

I feel a resting quiet,
A gentle self-control;
A cheering, strengthening presence;
A holy hush of soul;
A breathing of the heavenly,
Calm of the upper sky,
Oh! spirit of my baby,
Thou liftest me on high.

What of the first transition
Seemed it a little while ?
And were the angels tender ?
And did the Saviour smile ?
What of the wondrous river ?
And of the sea of glass ?
Oh ! spirit of my baby,
Didst thou not by them pass ?

Canst thou not tell me, darling ?
Art thou too young to say ?
But thine's a life expanding
Through an eternal day ;
No limit to the nature
Which now to thee is given :
Oh ! spirit of my baby,
How wilt thou grow in heaven !—

Grow, in thy Saviour's favour,
And in His likeness shine,
A bright and fair Immortal
Increasingly divine.
In might of adoration,
In ever radiant love :
Oh ! spirit of my baby,
Thou shalt be great above.

When I depart, my darling
Me in that bliss shall own,
Shall teach me all the service,
Before the jasper throne,
And be my reverend elder
On the celestial hill ;
But, spirit of my baby,
I'll be thy mother still.

Meanwhile, as is my duty,
I thank God for thy birth ;
Sunbeam of hope ! most beautiful—
Too beautiful for earth :
So I resign thee humbly
Into His perfect joy,
Oh spirit of my baby,
My glorious, heavenly boy.



