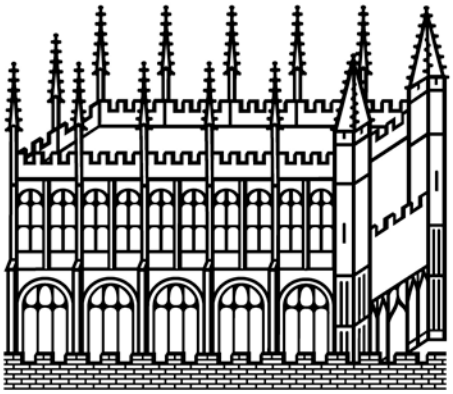

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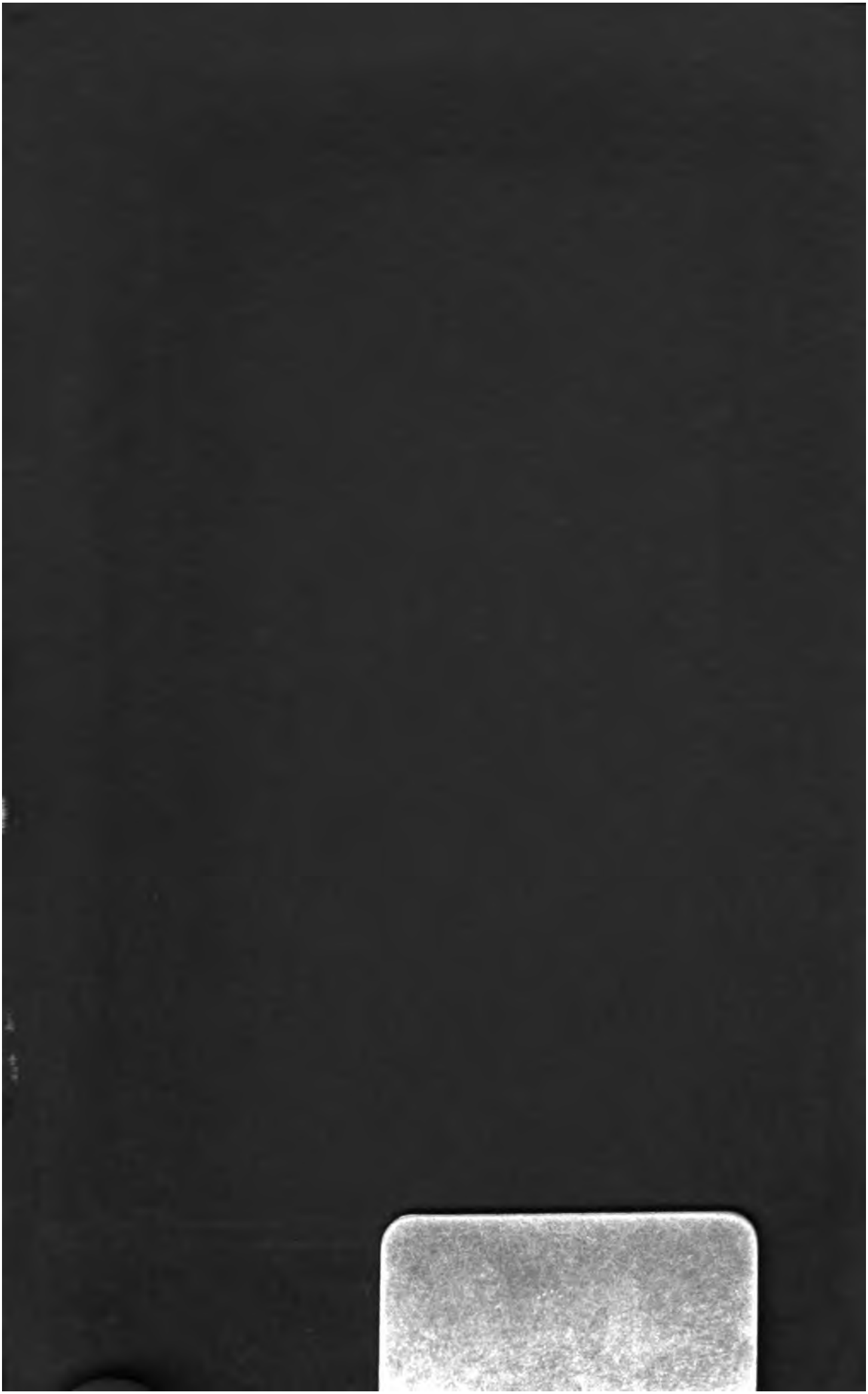

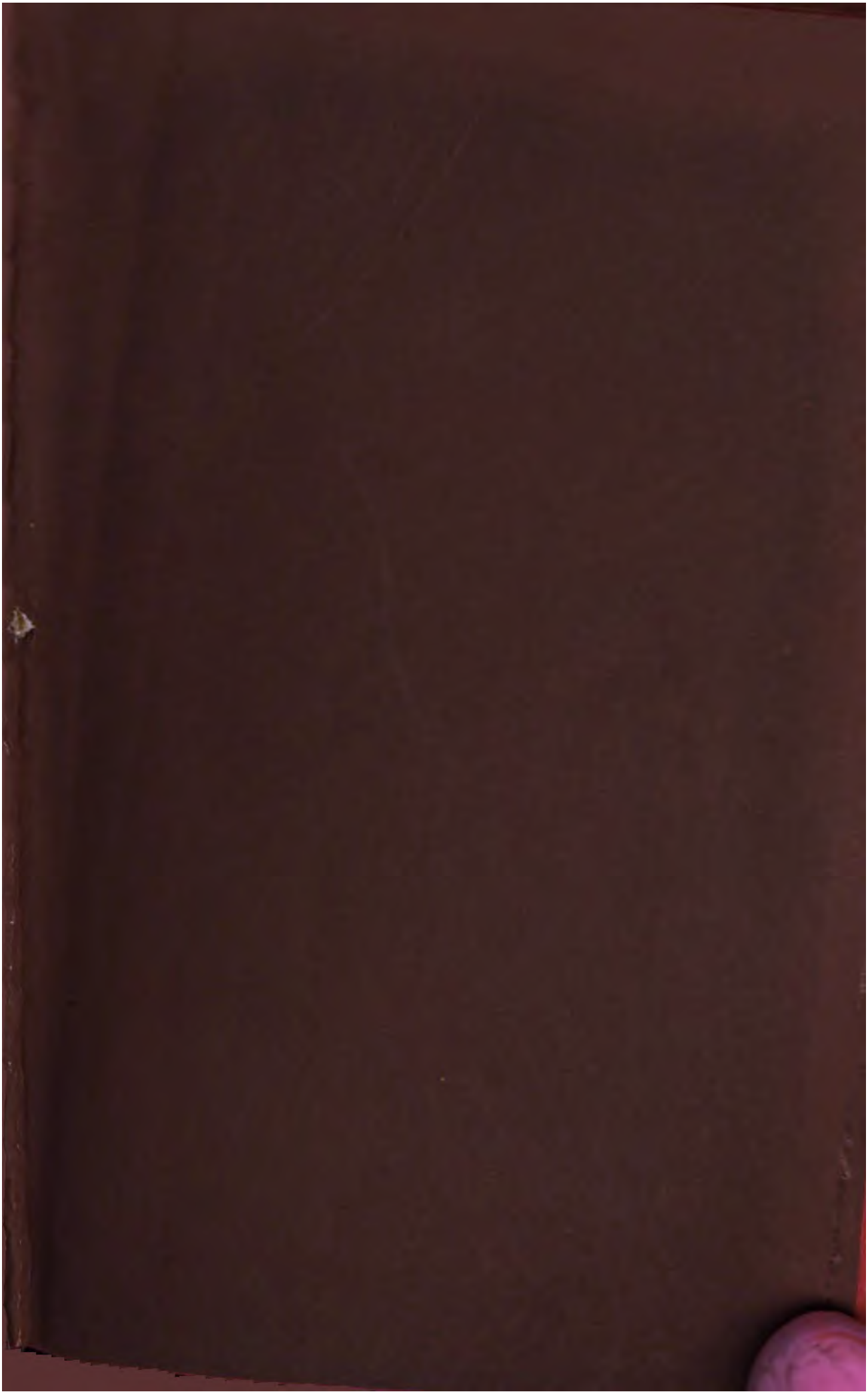

H Y M N S,

OLD AND NEW.

LONDON:
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HYMNS,

OLD AND NEW,

FOR CHURCH AND HOME,

AND FOR

TRAVEL BY LAND OR SEA.

CONSISTING OF

224 SELECTED, AND 259 ORIGINAL HYMNS.

BY

THOMAS DAVIS, M.A.,

INCUMBENT OF ROUNDHAY, YORKSHIRE.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS, AND GREEN.

1864.

147. g. 52

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

PREFACE.

THE Hymns marked thus † in this Collection have been chosen with great care out of several thousands. The others are original, except that occasionally a thought has been derived from other writers.

I hope that few subjects have been omitted that are fitted to awaken praise and thankfulness; and that the Hymns on *Christian Graces*, which, in common with several of the Psalms in Scripture, may be regarded as the language of brethren exhorting or encouraging one another to a life of holiness, may often be found appropriate and auxiliary to discourses from the pulpit. Their arrangement under different heads has been adopted more especially with a view to this use of them.

Towards the close of these pages a small number of Hymns are placed under the heading

Additional Hymns. On these it is only necessary to remark that some are inserted in deference to the popular taste, as evinced by the fact that they appear in all the best modern Hymn-books; others from a regard to the influence of custom and old associations; and some because they were composed or fell under my notice or fuller consideration after the pages preceding them had been printed.

A few Hymns that might otherwise have been introduced have been left out because they expressed sentiments exactly similar to those of several others equally good or superior; and because it appeared to me that the space they would occupy might be better employed in somewhat extending the field of thought which has hitherto been traversed in our Hymnals. Commonly, the Hymns to which preference has been given have been freer than those omitted from indifferent rhymes, from verses or lines open to exception on other grounds, and from that lack of natural sequence, connection, and unity of thought which is the prevailing fault in compositions of this order.

It may not be useless to add that no Hymns will be found here which are inconsistent with heartfelt thankfulness to God for "creation and

preservation," or which it is impossible for any congregation of worshippers to use thoughtfully and sincerely. Not one, for example, is admitted which implies that he who utters it is longing to depart at once from life. Even were this a state to be aimed at, and preferable to that of the Christian, who desires upon this, as upon everything else, to have no will but his Heavenly Father's, it is certainly a state not often attained except upon a sick or dying bed.

Next, no Hymns are here which are incompatible with unfeigned gratitude for "all the blessings of this life." It is, I apprehend, better for the heart and more acceptable to God to cultivate the habit which expresses itself thus,—

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

than to foster a very different spirit by singing some Hymns that might be adduced regarding the evils of our present condition. Perhaps it is too much forgotten how it is written for our instruction, "Because thou servedst not the Lord thy God with joyfulness and with

gladness of heart, for the abundance of all things, therefore, thou shalt serve thine enemies which the Lord shall send against thee, in hunger, and in thirst, and in nakedness, and in want of all things."

Further, all Hymns, it is hoped, are excluded which are distinguished by pretty conceits or turns of expression that either offend a pure taste or are found to have no meaning, or a false one, when subjected to strict inspection.

My best thanks are due, and are now presented, to the few living Authors whose works have contributed to these pages. If in any instance I have unintentionally inserted a Hymn which its writer would have preferred that I should omit, or have unconsciously infringed on copyright, I venture to hope that the mistake will be kindly excused. Of some Hymns in this collection the authorship is quite unknown to me; and of one or two it was not discovered till nearly the whole of the volume was printed.

Constructed in the utmost comprehensiveness of spirit, and as the result of much thought and pains, at intervals, for many years, this Hymnal is now submitted to the judgment of the Chris-

tian Church. May it be accepted or rejected precisely according to the measure of its adaptation or unfitness to promote the great end for which it is designed!

ROUNDHAY PARSONAGE (near Leeds),
April 14, 1864.

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NOTE.—*Many of the Hymns here assigned to particular seasons or occasions may be used at other times also with equal propriety.*

HYMNS.

Morning.

1 *God is Love.* L.M.

LET every voice for praise awake;
Let every heart the joy partake;
And with this truth sweet music make;
Our God is Love.

Uncounted gifts from day to day,
One great hope lighting all our way
Through His dear Son, bid each to say,
Our God is Love.

How strong these words from heaven to cheer,
To kindle love, to banish fear,
And all things high and pure endear!
Our God is Love.

O Father, when the night is nigh,
That veils for ever earth and sky,
Be this the heart's last melody;
Our God is Love.

Then, when the brief low strain is o'er,
This truth divine shall with us soar,
And make sweet music evermore;
Our God is Love.

2 *Still with Thee.* L.M.

WITH Thee, Lord, will I walk by day,
And thankful praise, and trustful pray,
Nor hope from sorrow to be free,
Save as I know repose in Thee.

To Thee, on each returning night,
My soul shall wing her peaceful flight;
And this my morning joy shall be,
That, waking, I am still with Thee:

With Thee, the Source of Life and Light,
And joys unnumbered, infinite,
Through this fair world, and all on high,
That light and deck the midnight sky.

When days and nights have passed away,
And breaks the one eternal day,
O grant me, Lord, to wake, and be
Still and for evermore with Thee.

3 † *Daily Mercies.* L.M.

NEW every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

4 *Grateful Praise.* C.M.

WITH grateful hearts let all the earth
To heaven glad anthems raise:
That God to whom they owe their birth
Let all delight to praise.

Each day His countless gifts we share;
Each day should songs renew:
The bounteous Lord who heareth prayer,
Should hear our praises too.

O ye who hope to take your parts
Where hymns celestial flow,
Far as ye may, prepare your hearts,
And some sweet notes, below.

Rejoice in God! nor less rejoice
To swell the thankful strain;
And still with praise lift up your voice
Again and yet again!

5 *Waking in Heaven.* 886886.

'TIS sweet on earth to wake at morn
Refreshed and glad, when faint and worn
We laid us down at even:
How sweet, when last we sink to rest
Pallid and spent, amid the blest,
To wake once more—in heaven!

On earth, if oft at morning's dawn
Lost strength return, that strength is gone
When evening comes again:
In heaven renewed, our angel powers
Shall yield not to a few brief hours,
But ever fresh remain.

On earth, though we may wake and smile
With new-born joy, a little while,
And tears may tell our woe:
In heaven, who once with joy awake
Shall still unceasing bliss partake,
As endless ages flow.

O Father, grant us more and more
To prize that bliss; for all in store
Whose hearts to Thee are given;
And when, at Thy well-chosen hour,
Fails utterly each mortal power,
O may we wake in Heaven!

6 *Brightening Morn.* 6565.

MORN hath brightened slowly;
Night hath passed away;
Calm, and sweet, and holy,
Be our Sabbath Day.

All around is beauty,
All within be love,
Strong for every duty,
Fixed on things above.

There is good supernal,
There alone is rest,
Sinless, sweet, eternal,
For Thy children blest.

There a morning brightens,
Which shall ne'er decline;
There a Sun enlightens,
Which shall ever shine.

O what beams resplendent,
O what visions fair,
O what joys transcendent,
Wake loud anthems there!

Lord, accept our praises
For the light we see;
And for all that raises
Our glad souls to Thee.

7 *Cast thy burden on the Lord.* S.M.

HOW kind our Father's voice!
All may draw near in prayer,
Cast down their burden at His feet,
And meekly leave it there.

His Wisdom orders all,
His Power not less controuls,
His Love makes all things work for good
To trusting, loving souls.

O bless His Holy Name
On each returning day;
And, strong to do and bear His will,
Go calmly on your way.

Sorrows, and fears, and cares,
But waste the heart and mind;
While they who humbly rest on God
Both strength and comfort find.

He grants their spirits peace,
And so He gives them power;
For still with peace comes mighty love,
Our greatest, holiest dower.

O hear, then, all His voice;
Draw near with praise and prayer;
Cast down your burden at His feet;
And meekly leave it there.

8 *Sunlight.* L.M.

O FATHER, let the beams that fall,
To light, to deck, to bless the earth,
That Sun, Thy greatest gift, recall,
Whence heavenly life derives its birth.

And warbling strains, and odours rare,
And lovely hues on field and tree,
Oft bid them chase each earthly care,
And deepen, Lord, my joy in Thee.

Let countless wonders that proclaim
The goodness, skill, and power above,
Kindle within my breast a flame
Of grateful and adoring love.

Love, holy love! the spring, the sum
Of all that now I seek or pray;
The heaven within my heaven to come,
The sunlight of my earthly day.

9 *Strength as our Days.* 7s.

AS thy days thy strength shall be:
O my soul, rejoice and sing!
This is truth divine for thee,
Long as thou to God shalt cling.

As thy days thy strength shall be:
Every fear then from thee fling!
Here each morn thy solace see
For whate'er the day shall bring.

Dread not ev'n the solemn time,
Very near, perhaps, to thee:
Still shall live this truth sublime;
As thy days thy strength shall be.

Yea, when time on earth is o'er,
At the Judgment thou shalt see,
And with rapture God adore,
As thy days thy strength shall be.

10 *Wake and Sing.* 7575.

WAKE, my spirit, wake and sing;
Cleave not to the dust;
Rise to-day on joyful wing,
In the strength of trust.

Clouds may gather, but shall not
Long the soul begloom
Stayed on God; but, God forgot,
What shall then illume?

Every good of faith is born;
Faith still maketh whole;
With its coming breaks the morn
On the sunless soul.

Follows that bright morn a noon,
Which is yet more bright;
Then rich eventide, and soon
Heaven's transcendent light.

Wake, my soul, then, wake and sing;
Cleave not to the dust;
Rise to-day on joyful wing,
In the strength of trust.

11 *Divine Care.* C.M.

MY Father kept me through the night,
Till slumber sweet was o'er;
His Hand sustained my life in sleep,
Or I had waked no more.

Now will I walk in light with Him;
His beams at home, abroad,
Shall still fresh love, fresh power reveal,
And I will praise my God.

To serve, to please Him, by His grace,
Shall be my sweet employ;
His love through Christ my constant trust,
His righteous will my joy.

So He will guard me night and day,
Till life's brief course be o'er;
And my freed spirit wake to bliss,
Thenceforth to sleep no more.

12 *Children of the Day.* C.M.

FATHER, vouchsafe us grace divine
On each returning morn,
To live as children of the day,
To noblest life new-born.

From deeds of darkness, and from words
And thoughts unmeet for light,
O grant our souls may shrink, as each
Would shrink from endless night.

And day by day, on wings of faith
And love, may all arise;
And sweetly thus foretaste the bliss,
That waits us in the skies.

Then, when prepared to know on high
The last, the heavenly birth,
With gentle hand, O Father, break
Each tie that binds to earth.

13 *Light without and within.* C.M.

I THANK thee, Lord, for every night
Of sweet refreshing rest;
And every day's rekindled Light
Without, within my breast.

The Light revealing to mine eyes
Thy glorious works around;
The Light whereby my faith descries
In all things love profound.

O grant that both, throughout this day,
By Thy benign controul,
With influence sweet may strongly sway
Toward heaven and Thee my soul.

And, brightening till I soar above,
May that within me be
A conscious pledge of deathless love
In endless bliss with Thee!

14 *Progress of Truth.* C.M.

HOW slowly, and how silently,
Behind the mountains grey,
With faint prelusive radiancy,
Mounts up the Orb of Day!

How slowly, and how silently,
  Expands the glowing light
Of day, in smiling infancy,
  Against the dying night!

Ah yes! against the dying night
  Awakes the pleasant sheen;
And spreads around till all be bright,
  As night had never been.

'Tis ever thus: no tumult tells
  The birth of mightiest force;
Nor yet its growth: it calmly swells,
  Like daylight, round its source.

Immortal Truth! it hath been so,
  And shall be so with Thee,
Till earth through all her nations know,
  And own Thy sovereignty!

15 † *Early Song.* L.M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
  Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere;
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the Light Divine,
Let thy own light on others shine;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

16 *Break of Day.* L.M.

ONCE more the morn in beauty breaks:
Once more the world from slumber wakes:
O wake my heart, my voice, my mind!
God would I praise, and bless mankind!

Accept my praise, Great Source of good!
And fill my soul with gratitude,
That now, to sow for heaven, new-born,
I greet with joy this opening morn.

And give me grace, Lord, thro' this day,
With Truth, with Thee, to hold my way;
To shun the wrong, to keep the right,
And walk midst men, a child of Light.

Then, when the last great morn shall break,
And bid Thy saints to rapture wake,
O grant me with the hosts above,
To swell the eternal songs of love.

17 † *The Waking Hour.* L.M.

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

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

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

A deeper shade shall soon impend;
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then Thy strength shall still defend;
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

That deeper shade shall break away;
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy Light shall give eternal day;
Thy Love, the rapture of the skies.

Evening.

18 † *Evening Hymn.* L.M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on Thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

19 *Departing Day.* C.M.

YET one more day is well-nigh flown:
Great God, in whom I live,
Each sin, each fault, my heart hath known,
For Jesu's sake forgive.

And when mine eyes are closed in sleep,
Do Thou watch o'er me still;
And guard me through the night, and keep
Secure from every ill.

In darkness let me strength regain
To serve Thee, Lord, in light;
And may the day's best thoughts retain
Sweet influence o'er the night.

Be dreams, if present, meet for one,
To whom the hope is given,
All sorrows past, all labours done,
Of endless rest in heaven.

And when return the morn's bright gleams,
Give me afresh to see,
O Light Divine, Thy brighter beams,
And commune still with Thee.

20 † *The Sun of the Soul.* L.M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

Abide with me from morn till eve;
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh;
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

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

21 † *Abide with me.* 10s.

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

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

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

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills lose their weight, and tears their bitterness;
Death has no sting, the grave no victory;
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

22 *Declining Day.* — C.M.

NOW, Lord, the day declineth fast;
And, ere its parting ray,
In Jesu's blood, with mercy vast,
Wash all my sins away.

Then, may I lay me down at night,
With loving, fearless mind;
At peace with Thee, my Life and Light,
At peace with all mankind!

And in the sweetness of that rest,
O grant me, Lord, to see,
With faith, and hope, and joy, how blest
Will soon be rest with Thee:

Where weariness no more is known;
Where night no more descends;
But radiant Love on burning Throne
Makes day that never ends.

23 † *Divine Guardianship.* 84848884.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;

May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high.

24 † *Self Dedication.* 868688.

LORD of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here, lowly, at the hour of prayer
Before Thy Throne I bow:
I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

O may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow!
To Thee and to Thy glory live;
Dead else to all below;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing;
Lord, teach me how to pray:
All that I have, I am, to Thee
I offer through eternity.

25 *Sunset.* D.C.M.

THE Sun goes down; his beams diffuse
No more their golden sheen;
The hills and woods their brightness lose,
The fields their pleasant green;
The flowers, the streams, they fade away;
And, as they ne'er had been,
Soon all are lost! till opening day
Renews once more the scene.

O Lord my God, Thy grace hath well
A lesson writ for me,
In vale, and plain, and upland swell,
In blossom, stream, and tree:
And may mine eyes the page outspread
By day rejoicing see;
And oft by night may all, when read,
In stillness pondered be!

So shall Thy Light, O Sun Divine!
To me yet dearer grow;
So shall my heart, lest that decline,
All sinful joys forego:
Whate'er, through grace, I feel of bliss
Thy beams shall yield below;
And heaven itself be prized for this;
They there more brightly glow.

26 † *Pardon and Protection.* 8787.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

If dread perils should surround us,
If the arrow near us fly,
Be Thy guardian arms around us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watches where His people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom!

27 † *Sabbath Evening.* 7s.

ERE another Sabbath close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, to Thee our hearts we raise,
Breathe to Thee our song of praise.

For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
God and King of earth and heaven.

Cold our services have been;
Prayers and praises marred by sin!
But Thou canst and wilt forgive!
By Thy grace alone we live!

While this path of life we tread,
May we by Thy love be led!
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last!

Let these earthly sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above;
Strengthening each, as on he tends
Toward that rest which never ends.

28 *The Starry Skies.* 6 of 8.

IF, in the brightness of the day,
A glittering world hath lured astray,
I thank Thee, Lord, that every star,
That twinkles in the skies afar,
Recalls me with its softer light
To muse upon my home at night.

To muse in faith upon a home,
Which seems to chide that I should roam
In chase of shadows here below,
As earth could aught so fair bestow;
And O! what is there, or could be,
Lovely as faith on high may see!

If all things pure I seek, the clear
Blue concave whispers, 'They are here:'
From tumult would I haste afar?
Each softly bright and beauteous star,
That smiles on me with tranquil eye,
Reminds me, 'Peace is in the sky.'

If dear as endless life be Love,
And, as with pinions of a dove,
Where'er her place of rest may be,
Thither my ravished soul would flee;
Again breathes forth each gentle light,
'It only asks an upward flight.'

O! oft at nightfall when I roam
My heart shall muse upon my home:
Still oftener shall my prayer ascend,
That Thou in mercy, Lord, wouldst lend
Each heavenly grace that may prepare
My spirit for a home so fair.

Advent.

29 † *Hark the glad sound.* C.M.

HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the riches of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

30 *Darkness and Light.* 8886.

WHEN shrouding darkness passed away,
And earth's green orb shone bright and fair,
With flowers and fruits in fresh array,
What bounteous love was there!

God saw His work of skill and might,
As all complete and pure it stood,
A world of joy in glorious light,
And He pronounced it good.

When, deeper darkness to dispel,
He gave His only Son for men,
To teach, to die, to vanquish Hell,
What boundless love was then!

And when, at that great final day,
Which earth yet waits to be renewed,
Pain, grief, death, sin have passed away,
All shall indeed be good!

31 *Kingdom of Christ.* C.M.

BEHOLD, from heaven the Prince of Peace,
Once here to serve and die,
Shall come once more to rule and live
In glorious majesty!

Around His Throne a Light shall shine,
And spread from shore to shore;
Whence all shall know Him, all shall love,
And with glad hearts adore.

One joy in every breast shall then
As one sweet tie be owned;
One Spirit, known in every soul,
Be felt a deathless bond.

So strife shall end; no accents harsh
Shall mar the peaceful days;
But sweetest melodies shall blend
In songs of love and praise.

Blest Saviour! must Thy Church still wait?
Not yet must discord cease?
O rather now all hearts prepare
To hail Thee, Prince of Peace!

32 † *Hosanna in the highest.* 88887.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let Earth, let Heaven Hosanna sing!
Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour, now with loving care
Be with us in Thy House of prayer;
Help us to breathe our wants to Thee,
And join the glorious harmony,
Hosanna in the highest!

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again,
Hosanna in the highest!

33 † *The Pilgrim's Light.* C.M.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away!

Come, blessed Lord! let every shore,
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.

Jesus! Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine:
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine!

34 † *The Prince of Life.* D.S.M.

BEHOLD! the Prince of Life,
The chosen of the Lord,
The Son beloved, at length fulfils
The sure prophetic word!
Clothed with no earthly state,
He seeks no earthly throne;
By meekness, patience, truth, and love,
His dignity is shown.

He comes, the Light of men!
His Spirit life imparts:
O may we feel His quickening power
Within our inmost hearts!
Cheered by His beams may each
Take and pursue the way
By Jesus taught, by Jesus trod,
That leads to endless day.

Prepare the song of joy,
To hail the incarnate King!
He comes! the promised Saviour comes!
Let earth with praises ring!
"Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth,
Good will to man," with angels sing,
And bless, O bless His birth!

35 *The Prince of Peace.* C.M.

COME, Prince of Peace! let war no more
Fill earth with sighs and tears;
Let men to ploughshares beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

Come, Prince of Peace! let wrath and wrong,
And hatred pass away;
And gentle, holy, happy love
Each mortal bosom sway.

Thy countless gifts, Thy deeds and words,
All bid our evils cease;
Yet wants this vexed and wearied world
Thy presence, Prince of Peace.

Then come in Thy great power and love;
Bring earth her sweet release
From every ill she mourneth still;
O come, Thou Prince of Peace!

36 *That Day.* C.M.

THE faintest trembling of the earth,
How suddenly it stills
The voice of folly, anger, mirth,
And every bosom thrills!

Not the loud thunder-clap, from skies
That blackening clouds enrobe,
Hath power to wake the wild surprise
Felt on a trembling globe.

And shall ere long the morning break
Of that tremendous day,
When earth shall to her centre quake,
Then melt in flames away?

Great God! upon the nations bend
A pitying, pardoning eye;
In mercy still Thy wrath suspend
For Him who pleadeth nigh;

Till all have sought and gained from Thee
That beauteous, spotless robe,
Which whoso wears shall fearless see
A trembling, melting globe!

37 † *Christ's Humility and Glory.* L.M.

WHEN Christ came down on earth of old,
He took our nature poor and low,
He wore no form of angel mould,
But shared our weakness and our woe.

But when He hither comes once more,
  Then shall He set the great white throne;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
  The face of Him who sits thereon.

O Son of God! in glory crowned,
  The Judge ordained of quick and dead;
O Son of Man! so pitying found
  For all the tears Thy people shed;

Be with us in that awful hour,
  And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,
By all Thy love and all Thy power,
  In that great Day of Judgment save.

38 † *The Song of Jubilee.* D.7s.

HARK! the song of Jubilee,
  Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
  When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
  God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
  Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! Hark! the sound
  From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
  All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
  Sheathed His sword: He speaks—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of the world
  Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end: beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all!

39 † *Lo! He comes!* 878747.

LO! He comes with clouds descending
Once for favoured sinners slain,
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Christ appears on earth again.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful Majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

They who loved Him and expected
Now his joy and glory share;
All His saints by man rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air!
Hallelujah!
Lo! the Son of God is there!

Yea, amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal Throne;
Saviour, bow all hearts before Thee,
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
Hallelujah!
Come, and make Thy glories known!

40 † *The Conqueror of Death.* 6 of 8.

WE sing His love who once was slain,
Yet soon from death revived again;
His love who came mankind to save,
And victory grant them o'er the grave:
O, when He comes once more, may we
His face with heavenly rapture see!

The saints who now in Jesus sleep
His own Almighty Power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright eternal day,
When death itself shall die away:
O, in that glorious morn, may we,
His face with heavenly rapture see!

What songs of joy His name shall praise,
When He with love divine shall raise
His saints from beds of silent clay
To realms of everlasting day!
O, when those songs break forth, may we
His face with heavenly rapture see!

41 † *The Judgment.* 878747.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Ye who watch for His appearing
Then shall in His glory shine:
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for Thine!

Then to those who have confessèd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessèd,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

42 † *The Coming Day.* L.M.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

O! on that day, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!
Amen.

43 † *The End of Time.* 8787887.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds: the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding.
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him!

Christmas.

44 † *The Angels' Song.* 10 of 7.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;

With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail! Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings.
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail! the Heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

45 *Birth of Christ.* 7s.

BORN to bless us, born to save!
Praise His name with joyful breath!
Sing through life, nor fear the grave!
Jesus lives to conquer death!

Every birth is changed from hence;
Each may take a pathway bright,
Reaching soon the tomb, but thence
Issuing in unfading light.

Humblest cradles now shall show,
Clearly show to loving eyes,
Oft while tears of rapture flow,
Flowerets born for Paradise.

Parents now shall sink to rest,
Hoping soon to clasp in heaven,
Lovely as a seraph blest,
Every child whom God hath given.

Parents, children, young and old,
If but strong in faith and love,
Shall, with gratitude untold,
Oft foretaste the joys above.

Lowly Babe of Bethlehem!
Glorious Lord of Life and Light!
Humble Branch of Jesse's stem!
God! Thy grace is infinite!

46 *The Infant Saviour.* 85857775.

HARK! a seraph host are singing
Sweetly in the sky;
Blissful news to mortals bringing,
Praising God on high!
'Mid their flocks the shepherds hear,
Gaze, and muse with holy fear;
Haste to Bethlehem; far and near
Spread a joyous cry!

'Tis to open sweet communion
'Twixt the Earth and Skies;
'Tis to bind all hearts in union
Christ an Infant lies!
Gaze upon that placid brow,
And, while ye admiring bow,
Holy Love to cherish vow,
Till all discord dies.

Songs of grateful adoration
Sing, rejoicing sing!
Praise aloud for the salvation
Jesus comes to bring!

Soon those Infant lips shall tell
Truth, which whoso ponders well,
And believes, shall ever dwell
With our God and King.

O! let every heart adore Him!
Peace and Love o'erflow!
Anger, Hatred, sink before Him
To your depths below!
Be no sound beneath the sky,
Be no glance from mortal eye,
Be no thought, no feeling nigh,
Brethren should not know.

7 † *Christians, awake.* 6 of 10.

CHRISTIANS awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfill'd His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy unknown before conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth and unto men goodwill.

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man;
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn;
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first Apostles of the Saviour's fame.

Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, and still His grace implore,
Till man's first-heavenly state return once more.

Then may we hope, th' angelic hosts among,
To join, redeem'd, a glad triumphant throng:
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

48 *Joy and Love.* S.M.

LINKED in the bond of peace,
Let all with sacred mirth
Lift up one song of praise and love,
While pondering Jesu's birth.

From age to age this day
Hath blest unnumbered hearts;
And still its light shall wake fresh hope,
Till all we mourn departs.

Our Fathers hailed its dawn
With praise to God above;
And some recalled the Babe Divine,
Till burnt once more their love.

And love, rekindled thus,
Was fraught with good profound;
The festal day knit heart to heart,
And spread pure joys around.

Alas! too oft 'twas stained
With evils, and is still!
But O! let us hold fast the good,
And hate and shun the ill.

Let all to-day be peace,
And love, and holy joy;
And earth's sad needs by kindly deeds
To abate, our blest employ.

49 † *The Midnight Song.* D.C.M.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
O would that every ear could hear
By faith those angels sing!

With what dark woes of sin and strife
Mankind have suffered long!
Since that seraphic strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong!
And men at war with men hear not
The love-song which they bring:
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

50 † *The ends of Christ's birth.* 886886.

IN grateful rapture to the skies
Let every heart to-day arise,
And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the time proclaim,
When Jesus from His glory came
To bless the sons of earth.

He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time
To lead us to a happier clime
Where reigns eternal day.

51 † *The Poverty of Jesus.* C.M.

O SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below;
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe!

Incarnate Word, by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our souls relief,
And to redeem us died!

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of Thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

If, pressed by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
O may Thy Spirit whisper near
How poor a lot was Thine!

Through scenes however various
From sin preserve us free;
Thou hast a mourner been with us;
May we rejoice with Thee!

52 † *No Sun need shine but He.* 868688.

THOUGH rude winds usher thee, sweet day,
Though clouds thy face deform,
Though nature's grace be swept away
Before thy sleety storm,
Even in thy sombrest wintry vest,
Of blessed days thou art most blest.

Not frigid air nor gloomy morn
Shall check our jubilee;
Bright is the day when Christ was born;
No sun need shine but He:
Let roughest winds their coldest blow,
With love of Him our hearts shall glow.

Through Him, O Father, born anew,
Thy children once again,
Each day with grace our souls endue,
That Thine we may remain,
And, angel-like, may all agree,
One sweet and holy family.

And ever, as this joyous morn
Reminds of Jesu's love,
May many a stricken heart forlorn
Draw comfort from above;
And, kindled by celestial rays,
Its sighs exchange for songs of praise.

See also Hymns 462, 463.

Epiphany.

53 *The Star.* C.M.

SWEET is the Light, whate'er it be,
That leads us to the Lord;
And sure are they, who seek His face,
To find their great reward.

A Star once led a chosen few
To gaze with raptured heart
Upon the Infant Saviour's form,
And costliest gifts impart.

More blest are we, although not led
To Him we worship thus:
The Star is gone; the risen Sun
Reveals Himself to us.

O may His beams yet dearer grow,
Till ours be that bright crown
Received where He for ever shines,
A Sun that goes not down!

54 *Gifts of the Wise Men.* L.M.

THE eastern sages sought their Lord,
While loving arms His form could fold;
And, freely as their hearts adored,
Gave myrrh and frankincense and gold.

They knew the promised Infant King,
Though mean His dwelling, and confest;
Nor would they other tribute bring
Than sweetest, costliest, and best.

And shall not we the Saviour own,
And offer gifts, when in the sky
He sits on His eternal throne,
And rules in glorious majesty ?

O Lord our God, Thy grace impart ;
And teach us alway to present,
With willing hands and grateful heart,
The best Thy bounteous love hath lent.

55 † *Divine Guidance.* 6 of 7.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light ;
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led by Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed ;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus ! every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down:
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

56 † *Past and Present Light.* C.M.

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

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

O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
To Him thy destined way.

Take thou that way as best for thee,
While grace on earth is given;
And thou shalt soon thy Saviour see,
Adore and serve in heaven.

57 † *Christ's Reign on Earth.* 76767676.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness shall flow.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing, and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of Love.

Amen.

58 *Flesh and Spirit.* 7s.

WORTHY though the spirit be
O'er the flesh to reign supreme,
Weak her sway, apart from Thee,
Saviour, who didst both redeem.

O, then, help me from above;
Yea, descend, and in me dwell,
Quickening, strengthening, until love
Each rebellious passion quell.

Ever temperate, ever pure,
Meet for Thy most holy place,
Where rejoice Thy saints mature,
Make and keep me by Thy grace.

So the soul indeed shall be
O'er the humbler flesh supreme;
And for Thee shall both be free,
Saviour, who didst both redeem.

59 *The fixed Heart.* C.M.

MY heart, O God, my heart is fixed
To do Thy holy will;
But frailties, failings, sins are mixed
With all my service still!

I see Thy precepts wise and good,
And each in mercy given;
Though to fulfil them as I should,
Too faintly have I striven.

To be approved and loved by Thee
I feel is bliss supreme;
Though tempted oft my spirit be
Of meaner joys to dream.

O Lord my God, for Jesu's sake,
Accept my better will;
And, even though all of sin partake,
Believe I love Thee still.

60 *Turn ye, turn ye.* 7s.

LORD, have any fallen so low,
That no promise can restore,
No bright hope win them to know
Light and life and joy once more?

Can there here be hearts so cold,
Not by even redeeming love
May they now be touched, controuled,
And reclaimed for bliss above?

O forbid it, gracious Lord!
Still Thy wanderers pitying see,
Thy Good Spirit's help accord,
And let each return to Thee.

Let the feeblest hence depart,
Strong once more to strive with sin,
And resolved with stedfast heart
Yet the eternal crown to win.

61 *Quench not the Spirit.* C.M.

DOWN to whatever depths of sin
Hath been thy reckless course,
If still thou hear a voice within,
O trace it to its Source!

It comes from the eternal Fount
Of pity for distress;
And fain would lead thee to the Mount
Of Calvary, and bless.

Think not of God as armed alone
His vengeance to fulfil;
But hear him say in gentle tone,
"I am thy Father still."

In the fair garden Adam heard
His voice, and, filled with dread,
He pictured Him a Judge, and, stirred
With pangs of conscience, fled.

The Prodigal, 'mid wants and fears,
Remembered he had spurned
A loving Father, and in tears
Of penitence returned.

If thou hast been the Prodigal,
In riot and excess,
O yield this day to Mercy's call,
And Mercy yet shall bless!

62 *God a Father.* S.M.

GREAT Father of our race!
A Father's heart is Thine:
Each contrite child wilt thou embrace,
Who trusts Thy Love Divine.

Thou art the Source of all
Affections sweet below:
Whate'er we fond and tender call,
From Thee alone doth flow.

And shall we doubt the Spring,
From whence all Love descends?
O, not till Reason's self takes wing,
Or Faith in darkness ends!

We will believe the word
Thy grace hath made so plain,
That none who truly seek the Lord,
Shall seek the Lord in vain.

We will draw near to Thee,
Through Thy beloved Son;
Nor dread Thine eye, though sinful we,
And Thou the Righteous One.

Great Father of our race!
A Father's heart is Thine:
Thy contrite children now embrace,
And bless with Love Divine!

63 *Habits.* 7775.

AS thy habits are, my soul,
Art thou strong for good or ill:
Firm be o'er them thy controul,
One with God's thy will.

Slowly gaineth each its might,
Like the long-enduring oak:
Then they are as armour bright,
Or a galling yoke.

O believe, through grace divine,
Ev'n the best may be thine own;
Till before the world thou shine,
Strong for good alone.

O believe that thou may'st rise,
Whatsoe'er depress thee now,
Till no seraph in the skies
Be more blest than thou.

God, in whom I move and live,
By Thy grace each day renewed,
And by all that power can give,
Make me strong for good.

64 † *Sincerity in Prayer.* D.C.M.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore:
Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share,
That is not wholly Thine:
May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it or denies.

65 † *Remember Me.* C.M.

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

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

If trials sore beset my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

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

And O! when in the hour of death
I bow to Thy decree,
Jesus, receive my parting breath:
Good Lord, remember me.

66 *The Voice within.* C.M.

DOES one small voice within thy soul
Bid thee to God return?
O bow to Mercy's soft controul,
And all that hinders spurn!

If God had yet forsaken thee,
That voice had ceased to speak;
He would not call to waken thee,
Did He no longer seek.

Then know Him gracious as He is;
Cast doubt and fear away;
He would be thine; O be thou His,
While yet 'tis called to-day!

Look up, and breathe a contrite prayer
With faith to God above:
His Love forbids thee to despair,
And yield, O yield to Love!

67 *The Intercessor.* 5 of 10.

O THAT in word, in spirit, and in deed,
Almighty Father, I could live to Thee!
O that, from sin's dark thrall for ever freed
This heart could more anticipate the meed
It hopes to reap throughout eternity!

But I am weak, and sinful, Lord, as weak;
To-day's resolve to-morrow melts away;
I need Thy help, yet all too coldly seek!
O let Thy Spirit in my bosom speak,
Revealing both my wants, and how to pray!

What shall I plead with Thee? a contrite path
Through the dark pilgrimage of future years?
If the poor mourner give Thee all he hath,
Wilt Thou not stay Thy too deservèd wrath,
And grant the prayer of penitential tears?

Jesus, I trust in Thee! that boundless grace,
Which prompted Thee to bear the sinner's part,
Now moves Thee still, before Thy Father's face,
To plead his cause: so in Thy hands I place
My prayer for holiness of life and heart.

68 *For the Heedless.* C.M.

HOW blest, if now the voice of song
Should move some heart to pray
For joys that to Thy saints belong,
And cast false joys away!

How blest, if, while our strains ascend,
Some soul should quit the dust,
And fix her hope where sorrows end,
And make the Lord her trust!

All things are possible to Thee:
A single note of praise
May wake the sleeper mightily,
On Truth sublime to gaze:

To gaze until its power be felt,
All idle dreams above;
And so the softened spirit melt
In penitence and love.

O Father! wield Thy mercy's strength,
Vouchsafe Thy grace divine,
Till each, yet heedless here, at length
Be Thine, for ever Thine!

69 *Gethsemane and Calvary.* L.M.

WHEN comes the Tempter, may mine eye,
O suffering Saviour, turn to Thee;
And clearly still by faith descry
Gethsemane and Calvary.

The drops upon Thy pallid brow,
The stream from Thy pierced side shall aid
Each firm resolve, each holy vow,
My earliest adoration made.

If Thou Thy Spirit from above
Vouchsafe me in the trying hour,
One thought on Thy remembered love
Shall nerve me with a seraph's power.

My heart to Thee shall still be true,
Shall swell with grateful love to Thee,
If Thou wilt aid mine eye to view
Gethsemane and Calvary.

70 *Holy Habits.* 7575.

SLOWLY fashioned, link by link,
Slowly waxing strong,
Till the spirit never shrink,
Save from touch of wrong;

Holy habits are our wealth,
Golden, pleasant chains,
Passing earth's prime blessing, health,
Endless, priceless gains.

Holy habits give us place
With the noblest, best,
All most Godlike of our race,
And with Seraphs blest.

Holy habits are our joy,
Wisdom's happy ways,
Yielding good without alloy,
Lengthening too our days.

Brethren, let us, night and morn,
Let us, noon and even,
Seek them, till our souls be born,
Without stain, in Heaven!

71 *Divine Goodness.* L.

IT were unmeasured bounty, Lord,
Didst Thou a life of changeless love
And faultless purity reward
With peace below and bliss above.

How weak then mortal lips to tell
The goodness that can deign to bless
A heart Thou seest oft rebel,
And all too coldly love profess!

A heart that further yet would stray,
But that a spark of love is there,
Which, lit by Thee, from day to day
Lives on by Thine unwearied care!

O Lord my God, what love is Thine!
What grace untold adorns Thy throne!
Thou pardonest whatsoe'er is mine,
And Thou rewardest but Thine own!

72 † *The Entrance into Jerusalem.* L.M.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death, and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign! *

* See also Hymn 465.

73 † *The One Refuge.* D. 7s.

JESUS, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waves around me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint;
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity!

74 *Meetness for Heaven.* 7s.

CALM, confiding, loving, pure,
Ever meet to soar above,
Thee to adore with saints mature,
Keep me, O Thou God of Love!

Much without me tempts astray ;
  Much within—yea, all is frail :
Save as Thou dost grace display,
  Every power I own must fail.

Take then, Lord, Thy rightful place
  More, yet more within my heart ;
And, through all this earthly race,
  Guide, sustain me, ne'er depart.

Ne'er depart, for Jesu's sake,
  Till this fleeting life be o'er :
Then, amidst Thy jewels make
  Me Thine own for evermore.

Many of the following hymns on the Passion are suitable for this Season.

Hymns on the Passion.

75 *The suffering Saviour.* L.M.

HEAVY and dark the clouds o'erhung
  Thy languid, agonizèd gaze,
Whom circling seraphs oft had strung
  Their harps to praise !

Around Thee were the impious jest,
  And laugh, and taunt, and look of scorn ;
Above, a God whose smile had blest,
  But left forlorn !

And didst Thou meekly yield Thy breath
In such dread loneliness for me?
Die, that I might not taste of death,
But live with Thee?

Didst Thou endure that God should hide
His face from Thee in wrath awhile,
That I might evermore abide
Beneath His smile?

O Saviour! one more boon alone
Vouchsafe now Thou art gone above;
This heart make utterly Thine own,
And fill with love!

76 *The Cross.* 7s.

WEAK, to suffer; strong, to save!
Lo, on the amazing Cross
Jesus triumphs o'er the grave,
And retrieves each human loss!

Pardon there is won for crime,
Peace for bosoms torn with strife,
For the mourner joys sublime,
For the dying blissful life!

Life, eternal as the Throne
Of the everlasting God,
Now is each believer's own,
Through the atoning precious blood.

O how strong is Love Divine!
Human praise how poor and weak!
Lord, our hearts, our souls are Thine:
Let adoring silence speak!

77 † *Rock of Ages.* 6 of 7.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

78 *Glory and Shame.* 886886.

O SAVIOUR, lend us wings of love
And faith this day to soar above,
And there enthroned behold
Thee, Lord of all in earth and skies,
With sweet and rapturous melodies
By seraph hosts extolled.

Then, let our ravished souls descend
Swift from the glorious scene, and wend
To one we less can scan;
To Calvary's sacred hill, and there,
While loud revilings rend the air,
Behold a dying Man!

Dying upon a Cross of shame
For sins of every hue and name,
That call for Heaven's dread curse!
Dying for creatures of His hands,
Who trampled on His own commands,
And stained His universe!

Dying, that men, deserving woe
None but the lost for ever know,
May freely be forgiven;
And in that deeply piercèd side
May all their sins and sorrows hide;
Then swell the songs of heaven!

Incarnate God! before Thy Cross,
And, counting all beside as loss,
We pray with strong desire,
That Thou, in Thine unmeasured grace,
Wouldst make these souls Thy dwelling-place,
And love profound inspire!

79 *The loneliness of Jesus.* L.M.

DEAR is the eye of earthly love,
And soothing oft her whispered breath,
When o'er us roll the clouds above
The vale of death.

But Heaven's bright smile, and words of grace,
Such solace to the breast convey,
They seem to gild the clouds, or chase
Them quite away.

Incarnate Lord! no cheering smile
From earth or heaven, nor soothing tone,
Thy dreary anguish might beguile:
Thou died'st alone!

Alone amidst a crowd of foes!
O Saviour! give me grace to see
Thy love unmeasured; and repose
Alone in Thee!

80 † *The Lamb of God.* C.M.

O THOU, who camest from the sky,
Thy life for us to give,
Who died'st a death of agony,
That we in bliss might live.

We cannot comprehend the woe
Thy love was pleased to bear:
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes are there.

Thy feet the path of suffering trod,
Thy hands the victory won:
What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done?

Jesu! our hearts before Thee lie,
Which Thou didst bleed to gain!
Let not Thy bitter agony
For us have been in vain.

81 † *Grateful Faith.* L.M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died;
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

82 † *Our Solemn Litany.* D. 7s.

SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
O by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy Throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of wants and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, O turn, a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God!
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

83 † *True Happiness.* D. 7s.

OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee.
Thee with loving heart to know,
Is our highest joy below;
Thee to see, the while we love,
Will be perfect bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Only from Thy love it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine:
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

84 † *Gethsemane.* 6 of 7.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring, at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay
All in solitude and gloom:
Who hath taken Him away?
"Christ is risen!" He meets our eyes;
Saviour, grant us so to rise.

85 † *The Sinner's Hope.* L.M.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride;
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, God is love;
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light:

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

86 † *God's Love to Man.* C.M.

O LORD, how good, how great art Thou,
In heaven and earth the same!
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

When glorious in the nightly sky,
Thy moon and stars I see,
O what is man! I wondering cry,
To be so loved by Thee!

To Him Thou hourly deign'st to give
New mercies from on high;
Didst quit Thy Throne with him to live,
For him in pain to die.

Close to Thine own bright seraphim
His favoured path is trod;
And all beside are serving him,
That he may serve his God.

O Lord, how good, how great art Thou!
In heaven and earth the same!
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

87 † *The Sufferings of Jesus.* 10 of 7.

BOUND upon the accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,

By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
By earth trembling at His doom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,
By Heaven promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
Breathed to Heaven in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chambers of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep,
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,

By the conquests He hath won,
By the saints before His Throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

88 † *The Man of Sorrows.* 5 of 8.

BEHOLD despised the man of grief,
Rejected and denied belief
By them whose sorrows He hath borne,
For whom He bears the bitter scorn,
The shameful robe, the scourge, the thorn.

All we like sheep have gone astray,
And turned aside from wisdom's way;
But He the path of suffering trod,
And humbly kissed affliction's rod,
To lead our stricken souls to God.

O let us cast each vice away;
Beneath the cross each passion slay;
With grateful and adoring eye
Behold the Saviour lifted high,
And strive to serve Him perfectly.

89 † *It is finished.* 878747.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary:
Blest the word, though rocks be rending,
And at mid-day dark the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

O what joy to helpless sinners
These triumphant words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us through Christ the Lord;
"It is finished!"
Let all hearts the truth record.

Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs!
Chant His praises, spread His fame;
All in earth and all in heaven
Join the triumph to proclaim:
"It is finished!"
Glory to Emmanuel's name!

90 *The Entombed Saviour.* 6 of 10.

HOW small, yet how impassable the stream
Betwixt the dead and every human foe!
One little hour, and all that hate could dream
Of ill was mingled in Thy cup of woe!
But, sweet release!
Thou sleepest now in peace!
And pain, or grief, or fear, no more shalt know.

Thou sleepest who, once in a manger laid,
O deep descent! wert shrouded by the gloom
Of the chill midnight: now Thy bed is made,
Still lower depth! within the darksome tomb:
But 'tis the last:
Each sorrow now is past:
Angels shall soon Thy lonely cell illume.

Lord, by Thy grave I would each vow renew
Yet breathed to Thee, to be for ever Thine;
Hence rise afresh to life, all good pursue,
Nor rest until Thy will be wholly mine:
O lend Thine aid
To one who is afraid
Of his own heart, and asks Thy strength divine.

See also Hymn 458.

Easter.

91 *Christ Risen.* S.M.

AWAKE, arise, and sing!
Lift up both heart and voice!
The Lord is risen! the Lord is King!
Let heaven and earth rejoice!

In vain the Cross, the Grave,
To triumph over Him:
He died to conquer, lives to save:
Raise high the rapturous hymn!

Now, Death, thy sting is gone;
Yea, changed to good sublime;
Fresh thoughts awake, bright glories dawn
Beyond the shores of time.

Immortal hopes are ours;
Our brief, light sorrows die;
Deep in the soul we feel new powers
Expanding for the sky.

There would we ever gaze
On Him whom here we know;
And there His name for ever praise,
To whom all good we owe.

O sing! adoring sing!
Lift up both heart and voice!
The Lord is risen! the Lord is King!
Let Heaven and earth rejoice!

92 † *The Triumph.* 7s.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holyday; Hallelujah!
Who did once upon the cross, Hallelujah!
Suffer to retrieve our loss. Hallelujah!

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heavenly King; Hallelujah!
Who endured the cross and grave, Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah!

By the pains which He endured Hallelujah!
Our salvation was procured: Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's King, Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing Hallelujah!

93 † *The Battle Won.* 4 of 7.

"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your songs of triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens; and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As it was, is now, shall be,
In His own eternity.—Amen.

94 *Death Conquered.* 8787.

SHALL I fear, O earth, thy bosom?
Shrink and faint to lay me there,
Whence the fragrant, lovely blossom
Springs to gladden earth and air?

Whence the tree, the brook, the river,
Soft clouds floating in the sky,
All fair things come, whispering ever
Of the love divine on high?

Yea, whence One arose, victorious
O'er the darkness of the grave;
His strong arm revealing, glorious
In its might divine to save?

No, fair earth! a tender mother
Thou hast been, and yet canst be;
And through Him, my Lord and Brother,
Sweet shall be my rest in thee.

95 † *Captivity led Captive.* 666688.

THE happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Who now accuseth them,
For whom their Surety died?
Who shall their souls condemn,
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid;
By Him our victory won:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

96 † *The Saviour Lives.* L.M.

THE Saviour lives, no more to die;
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives, eternally to save.

He lives, to still His people's fears;
He lives, to wipe away their tears;
He lives, their mansions to prepare;
He lives, to guide them safely there.

Ye mournful saints, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your unbelieving fears;
And let your hearts with joy revive,
Jesus, your Saviour, is alive.

Now to the Father, and the Son,
Who victory o'er the grave hath won,
And to the Holy Ghost be given,
All praise on earth, all praise in heaven.
Amen.

97 *The Resurrection and the Life.* 4 of 10.

AS on I pass along the crowded way,
To the one silent resting-place of all,
Thy Word, the Lamp of ever-brightening ray,
Casts a mild gleam even on the funeral pall.

Cheered by its light, my risen Lord, I trust
In Thee to raise what Thou hast died to save,
In new-born power and glory from the dust,
To which ere long 'twill moulder in the grave.

My soul believes Thy word of promise sure,
Looks oft beyond this day of mortal strife,
And sees with joy each glorious hope secure
In Thee, the Resurrection and the Life.

And shall I doubt Thy goodness to supply
My every want before I yield my breath?
Saviour, forgive the past! I will rely
On Thee alike for all in life or death.

98 † *Our Paschal Lamb.* 7s.

CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah!

He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We, too, sing for joy, and say,
Hallelujah!

He who bore all pain and loss,
Lone, forsaken, on the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry;
Hallelujah!

He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through heaven and earth it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Hallelujah!

Now He bids His church record
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we all may enter heaven.
Hallelujah!

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye,
Hallelujah!

See also Hymn 466.

99 *The Ascension.* S.M.

ASCEND, victorious Lord!
No more to grieve and die:
And strike, ye seraphs, every chord
Of sweetest minstrelsy!

Tell of His lowly life;
His suffering, dying love;
His finished work of mortal strife;
And hail your God above!

No theme that ever woke
Your praise in fields of bliss,
No light of love that ever broke
Even there, can equal this.

O crown Him King of kings!
Exalt the Mighty God!
Till Heaven's wide realm with rapture rings,
To spread His fame abroad!

Ye will behold His love,
And power, and skill prepare
Bright mansions for His saints above,
And ye shall praise Him there.

We, who on earth remain,
Will hold His memory dear,
Will wait His blest return to reign,
And we will praise Him here.

100 † *The King of Glory.* 7s.

HAIL! the day that sees Him rise, Hallelujah!
Glorious to His native skies! Hallelujah!
Christ, awhile to mortals given, Hallelujah!
Enters now the highest heaven. Hallelujah!

There the glorious triumph waits: Hallelujah!
Lift your heads, eternal gates! Hallelujah!
Christ has vanquished death and sin, Hallelujah!
Take the King of Glory in. Hallelujah!

Lo! the heaven its Lord receives! Hallelujah!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Hallelujah!
Though returning to His throne, Hallelujah!
Still He calls mankind His own. Hallelujah!

101 *Ascend, Triumphant Lord.* S.M.

TO Thine own peaceful skies
Ascend, triumphant Lord!
And with Thee let our hearts arise,
And songs in sweet accord.

Earth was no place for Thee;
No home wherein to dwell;
But war's dread field, till victory
Was won o'er Death and Hell.

Ascend, then, Lord of Life!
We joy that all is o'er;
The griefs, the pangs, the deadly strife;
But yet—return once more!

We need Thee in the skies,
To plead for us, and give
The Light Divine, whence error dies.
And truth and gladness live.

We need that Thou shouldst there,
In that bright, blissful sphere,
The promised homes for us prepare;
But, O! we need Thee here!

Dark sorrows still remain;
Dire evils scarce decrease:
Come, then, in Thy good time, to reign;
O come, Thou Prince of Peace!

102 † *The Victory Won.* 6.6.10.6.6.10

THOU who didst stoop below,
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality;
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth; passed to Thy home on high.

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

O Thou, who art our Life,
Be with us through the strife;
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed;
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

Even through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

103 † *The Crown.* C.M.

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And Heaven's eternal Light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of Heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below;
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

104 † *For the Spirit.* D.S.M.

LORD GOD, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

Like rushing, mighty wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

Spirit of light, explore
Our gloom, and chase away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.
Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our guide:
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

105 *The Comforter.* 65656665.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Mercies revealing;
Make every heart Thy home;
Quicken its feeling:
Then shall our songs ascend,
Breathing glad love, and blend
With notes that never end,
Through Heaven pealing.

Come, like the morning light,
Tranquilly beaming,
Chasing the shades of night,
Waking the dreaming:
So the sweet peace from Thee
Shall for the spirit free
Like a calm river be
Ceaselessly streaming.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Thou that delightest
Gladness to give for gloom,
And all invitest:
Let every mourner go
Where healing waters flow,
And love and pleasure know
Purest and brightest.

106 † *The Inward Light.* 7775.

HOLY Spirit, Fount of Light!
In Thy goodness infinite,
Shine upon our nature's night,
Comforter Divine!

Like the dew Thy peace distil;
To Thine own subdue our will,
Sacred Truth unfolding still;
Comforter Divine!

Daily for us intercede;
And where utterance fails us, plead,
As Thou only canst, our need;
Comforter Divine!

In us, Abba Father, cry;
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality;
Comforter Divine!

Guide us ever in the road,
Which the Saviour taught and trode,
Till we reach Thy blest abode;
Comforter Divine!

107 † *Light, Life, and Love.* 77775777.

HOLY Spirit, gently come;
Raise us to a pure estate;
Fix Thy everlasting home
In the hearts Thou didst create!
Gift of God most High!
Visit every troubled breast;
Light and Life and Love supply;
Give our spirits perfect rest!

Heavenly unction from above,
Comforter of weary saints,
Fountain, Life, and Fire of love,
Hear and answer our complaints!

Nothing will we fear,
  Though by tempests tost and driven,
While we feel Thy presence near,
  Witnessing our sins forgiven.

Come, thy quickening influence bring;
  On our spirits gently move;
Every tongue inspire to sing
  Jesu's everlasting love:
Lighten every heart;
  Chase our darkness all away;
Peace and joy to each impart;
  Lead us into perfect day.

108 † *The Source of Holiness.* 8684.

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

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

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

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

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee. Amen.

109 *Living Waters.* L.M.

O FATHER, oft from Thee we stray,
To quench our burning thirst, and grieve
No stream to find, while waters play
Around the very home we leave.

Illume our souls, in grace benign,
Till each discern with grateful eye
Beneath Thy beams, O Light Divine!
The fresh pure waters ever nigh:

Sweet streams that flow from Zion's Hill;
And life, and health, and strength impart;
Oft wakening songs where grief was still,
And smiles where suffering wept apart.

O may those streams more precious be!
More prized than in the lonely wild
The well-spring it was her's to see,
Who wept a fainting, dying child!

110 *Light of the Spirit.* 7775.

LORD, to know Thee is to live
Calmly, in a shrine of peace:
O! that Light celestial give,
And each day increase!

Lord, to know Thee is to love,
Trust, obey, admire, adore:
O! illume us from above,
Ever, more and more!

From that primal gift of grace
  Springs our sweetest good below;
And, when past this mortal race,
    Thence will rapture flow.

Where no Sun nor Moon may shine,
  Where is neither Day nor Night,
Bliss beyond all thought divine
    Comes from changeless Light.

Light then, O our Father, give;
  Earth's most holy Source of peace;
And, till in Thy heaven we live,
    Light each day increase!

111 *Praise by the Spirit.* L.M.

'TIS sweet in fervent grateful lays
  To hymn Thy mercies, Lord; and yet,
How weak must ever be the praise,
  Which flows but to increase the debt!

Not all Thy countless gifts of love
  Could these our frozen bosoms melt,
Unless Thy Spirit from above
  Came down to make that bounty felt.

We need that beams of grace divine
  Should chase the dismal shades of night;
We need not less those beams should shine
  To kindle gratitude for light.

O Lord our God, we hope to soar,
  And with Thine angels chant; and yet,
Even there, when we shall praise Thee more,
  Each song will but increase the debt!

112 † *Creator Spirit.* 6 of 8.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind,
And pour Thy joy on all mankind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples meet for Thee.

Thrice holy Fount! thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Our frailty help, our vice controul,
And calm the passions of the soul:
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for the world's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
O blessed Comforter, to Thee.

See also Hymns 439 and 467.

Trinity Sunday.

113 † *The Holy Trinity.* P.M.

HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful as Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

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

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful as Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

114 *The Holy Trinity.* P.M.

HOLY, holy, holy! Father, Son, and Spirit!
Maker, Saviour, Living Light! accept our feeble praise;
Holy, holy, holy! when we heaven inherit,
We through endless ages worthier songs will raise.

Holy, holy, holy! we in love created,
Ransomed, and illumined, would lift our hearts above:
Be all good our glory, be all evil hated,
And our grateful bosoms ever filled with love.

Holy, holy, holy! grant that we, who, seeing
Still but darkly, bow us down in deep humility,
May in light supernal, all the darkness fleeing,
See for ever clearly, glorious Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! throughout earth and heaven,
Anthems of adoring love shall to Thy throne ascend:
Holy, holy, holy! all by Thee is given,
And to Thee be rendered praises without end!

115 *Father, Son, and Spirit.* 7676.

O FATHER, our Creator,
'Tis good, 'tis blest to live,
If Thou for Jesu's merits
Thy Holy Spirit give.

O Son of God, our Saviour,
To lose this fleeting breath,
Shall yet be gain unmeasured,
If Thine we be till death.

O Spirit, Holy Fountain
Of life, o'er Death and Hell
We triumph, and for ever,
If Thou within us dwell.

Accept our thankful praises
For every good we see,
And every hope we cherish,
Most blessed Trinity!

116 *My Lord and my God.* L.M.

THOU bidd'st me, Jesus, come to Thee,
With every care my bosom knows,
As Thou mine all in all wouldst be,
My Trust, Hope, Refuge, Life, Repose.

Thy presence, to reward my love,
Thou promisest shall here be given;
To see Thee, dwell with Thee, above,
Thy word reveals to me is Heaven.

And may I come, nor doubt to find
  The peace, the rest, I crave in Thee?
Sufficing good for soul and mind,
  Through time, and through eternity?

Yes, Jesus, unto Thee I turn;
  On Thee will rest with grateful heart;
And every other trust will spurn;
  Because—my Lord, my God, Thou art!

117 † *Holy, Holy, Holy.*

ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
  Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
  Each to each th' alternate hymn.

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
  "Earth is with its fulness stored
"Unto Thee be glory given,
  "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
  Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
  "Lord of Hosts, the Lord Most High!"

With His seraph train before Him,
  With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
  Bid we thus our anthem flow.

Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
  Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
  "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

118 † *O King of Kings.* 6 of 8.

O KING of kings, before whose throne
The angels bow, no gift can we
Present that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to Thee:
Yet, in Thy grace, accept our best,
The praises of a thankful breast.

O Jesu, set at God's right hand,
With Thine eternal Father plead
For all Thy loyal-hearted band,
Who still on earth Thy succour need;
For them in weakness strength provide,
And through the world their footsteps guide.

O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath,
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade;
And grant that we through all our days
May share Thy gifts and sing Thy praise.

119 † *Father, Saviour, Spirit.* 878787.

LEAD us! Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread the earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every feeling blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

120 † *Praise to the Trinity.* 3 of 8.

O GOD of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored;
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

O holy, blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In us, O God, exalted be.

Amen.

121 † *Sinners before the Throne.* L.M.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty God, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.
Amen.

Creation and Preservation.

122 *Eden.* 6 of 8.

TO walk with Thee; to trace Thy skill,
And power, and love, in all around;
To serve Thee, praise, adore, and still
New glories trace, new praise resound;
For this in Eden's fair abode
Was man first placed when all was good.

Eden is lost; but O the love,
That doth yet more than all repair!
A happier Eden blooms above,
And Jesus calls and guides us there;
Pointing to fruits on high that grow
Lovelier than all that lured below.

O God, when scenes of beauty thrill
Our bosoms here; when we awake
At morn to mark fresh love and skill,
And joys from glorious skies partake;
O may, through all, our spirits see
That Home which needs no Light but Thee!

123 *The Lord is King.* S.M.

THE Lord our God is King;
His Rule, His Name is Love:
Let earth with Hallelujahs ring,
And heaven respond above!

His counsels He may keep
Hidden from mortal sight;
His ends may be a soundless deep;
But all He wills is Right.

Never shall wrong prevail,
Whate'er His foes may do:
His word is given, and shall not fail;
For all He saith is True.

Dread storms may mark His path;
Darkness may o'er it brood;
The round world shake as with His wrath;
But all He doth is Good:

O! Good beyond our speech!
Beyond our utmost thought!
Past all that minds seraphic reach,
In God's own temple taught!

Then sing, the Lord is King;
Sing, for His Name is Love;
Let earth with Hallelujahs ring,
And heaven respond above!

124 † *Divine Power and Goodness.* L.M.

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

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

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

Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

125 † *The Firmament.* D.L.M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What, though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

126 *Divine Bounty.* S.M.

HOW bounteous is our God!
He showers His gifts on all:
As widely as the beams of day
His various mercies fall.

The sinful, by His grace,
He would to life restore;
The righteous, to inflame with love,
He blesses more and more.

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No cares by night or day
Needs any heart to know:
Our happy part is trust in God
For all we want below.

With lips unfeigned, to Him
Let us but breathe our prayer,
And He will make our every need,
Our every hope His care.

O brethren, bless His Name
On each returning day!
Sing praise, and trust His power and love,
Long as your hearts can pray!

127 *The Divine Hand.* C.M.

THY Hand, O Father, gave me life,
And life's great work hath set;
Hath kept me through this mortal strife,
And ne'er forsaken yet.

Thy Hand my every comfort brings,
Spreads light and joy around,
And oft-times opens sweetest springs
Where else were arid ground.

Thy Hand sometimes hath chastened me,
But still in tender love;
That I the more might rest in Thee,
And prize the home above.

O let that Hand sustain me still
With ceaseless, boundless grace,
Till, safe upon Thy holy hill,
I see Thee face to face.

128 *Call to Universal Praise.* 7s.

SING, ye seraphs in the sky;
Let your loftiest praises flow;
Swell the song with raptures high,
All ye sons of men below.

With one soul, one heart, one voice,
Heaven and earth alike we call
In His praises to rejoice,
Who is past the praise of all.

Night and day His goodness tell:
Earth, and sun, and moon, and star,
Winds and waves that sink and swell,
Ceaseless spread His fame afar.

Every living thing His hands,
Which first made, sustain, supply:
Wide o'er all His love expands
As the vast embracing sky.

Sin, which strove that love to quell,
Woke yet more its wondrous blaze;
Eden, Bethlehem, Calvary, tell,
More than all beside, His praise.

Sing, ye seraphs, in the sky;
Let your loftiest praises flow;
Swell the song with raptures high,
All ye sons of men below.

129 *Praise for all good.* C.M.

ETERNAL Source of good untold,
Adored in worlds of bliss,
Let none their grateful praise withhold
For countless gifts in this.

For life and friends, for home and food,
For powers of mind and frame,
For daily, hourly earthly good,
Let each extol Thy Name.

And O! for hopes that shed the light
Of Heaven upon our way,
Like silver stars that deck the night,
Ere breaks the golden day;

For faith and love, for peace and joy,
For converse sweet with Thee;
Let praise our hearts and tongues employ
With ceaseless melody.

130 *Beauty and Joy.* L.M.

ON this fair earth sweet flowers upspring,
Bright insects sport, blithe warblers sing;
Through all the air, the sea, the ground,
Beauty and joy untold abound.

On this fair earth glad children smile,
And old and young their griefs beguile
With quenchless hope; while Heaven imparts
Pure pleasures to unnumbered hearts.

Yet, mingled with the bright and glad,
Are evils dark, and sufferings sad:
Great God! we bow with awe profound,
And wait Thy time that depth to sound!

So peace within our breasts shall dwell,
And hope, love, joy, Thy praises tell,
Until from earth our spirits soar,
To know, and therefore love, Thee more.

131 *Life the gift of God.* 7s.

LIFE, O Father, is from Thee:
All is good that Thou dost give:
Till the boon recalled we see,
We will thank Thee that we live.

Here we may grow ripe for heaven;
Grow in trust, and hope, and love;
Here partake sweet foretastes given
Of the joys past thought above.

Ties are here, too, hard to break,
Till Thy righteous will decree,
As for the green leaf to take
Flight spontaneous from the tree.

But, Thou God of Love, draw near;
Gently say—'Tis time to die;
And that whisper shall be dear
As the raptures of the sky.

132 *God is Love.* 6 of 10.

IN heavens star-lighted at the midnight hour,
In day's bright hues o'er earth, and sea, and sky,
In the fair bow athwart the falling shower,
In flowers and trees and streams; whate'er the eye
Delights to gaze upon, around, above;
One truth sublime is written, God is Love!

So all within us by His bounty given;
These hearts oft moved with beauty, perfume, song;
These spirits soaring through a gorgeous heaven,
Or diving ocean's coral caves among,
Fleeter than darting fish, or startled dove;
All, all declare the same, that God is Love!

Yet wouldst thou see, my soul, this truth displayed
In characters that wondering angels read,
And read adoring; go, imploring aid
To gaze with faith, behold the Saviour bleed!
Thy God in human form! O what can prove,
If this suffice thee not, that God is Love!

Cling to His Cross; and let thy ceaseless prayer
Be that thy grasp may fail not! and ere long
Thou shalt ascend to that fair temple, where,
In strains ecstatic, an innumerous throng
Of saints and seraphs round the throne above
Proclaim for evermore that God is Love!

133 *The Great Gift.* C.M.

O LOVE Divine! Eternal Love!
Thou Sea without a shore!
One gift I crave, all gifts above:
Be mine for evermore!

Thyself alone canst fill my heart:
O make Thy dwelling there!
Nor grieved, nor angered, thence depart;
But bear, my Father, bear!

I plead the merits of my Lord,
My Strength, my Life, my Light;
I trust the promise of Thy word,
And Goodness infinite.

Sweet hope from all the past I gain;
The present yields the same:
Thy bounties, Lord, in both are plain,
To mind, and soul, and frame.

O Love Divine! Eternal Love!
Thou Sea without a shore!
For Jesu's sake, who pleads above,
Be mine for evermore!

134 *The Heavenly Choir.* 886886.

WHAT bliss to hear the seraph strain,
Which high above, in heaven's bright fane,
Extols the King of kings!
Ten thousand times ten thousand pour
Their praises, yet would praise Him more,
Each kindling as he sings!

'Tis loud and lofty harmony;
Then—sweetest, softest, melody;
Attuned to perfect love,
And joy that sin can never mar,
And peace serene as is the star
In evening skies above.

Meet praise of Him from whom have sprung
Unnumbered happy worlds, which, hung
On His sustaining might,
That heavenly choir admiring see,
As subject to His high decree
As is the sparrow's flight.

Meet praise of One who loves to hear
Glad songs from spirits pure, and dear
To Him, the Fount of Love;
Who bears with even rebellious men,
And strives again and yet again
To draw their hearts above.

Sing on within your glorious fane!
Sing on until we join your strain!
Extol the King of kings!
And O! may we whilst here adore,
And love, and praise Him more and more,
Each kindling as he sings!

135 † *Divine Greatness.* 55556565.

O WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our shield and defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender!
Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless might!
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

136 † *Divine Goodness crowns the Year.* L.M.

AT God's command the morning ray
Smiles in the east and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruits, and drest in flowers.

The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the gardens yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And echoing hills around rejoice.

Thy works pronounce Thy power divine;
O'er every land Thy glories shine;
Through every month Thy gifts appear;
Great God! Thy goodness crowns the year!

137 † *Nature's Teaching.* 7s.

HARK, my soul, how every thing
Strives to serve our bounteous King:
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest quire,
Him with cheerful notes admire;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,
Streams too have their melody:
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring:
If Heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Wake for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and streams, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

Call whole nature to thy aid,
Since 'twas God whole nature made:
All who to one Lord belong,
Join in one eternal song.

138 † *Security.* C.M.

THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace:
O, be that refuge mine!

The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed:
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure on God.

He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine:
O child of God! O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

139 † *The Author of Life.* L.M.

ALMIGHTY Author of my frame!
To Thee my vital powers belong:
Thy praise, delightful, glorious theme,
Demands my heart, my life, my tongue.

My heart, my life, my tongue, are Thine:
O be Thy praise their blest employ!
But may that heavenly task be mine,
Nor sacred awe forbid the joy?

Yes, the great Sovereign of the skies
To mortals lends a gracious ear;
Nor the mean tribute will despise,
If offered with a heart sincere.

Great God! accept the humble praise,
And move my heart, inspire my tongue,
While to Thy name beloved I raise
My grateful, though unworthy song.

140 † *Praise for all Things.* D. 7s.

PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son:
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In this concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

141 † *The Universal Song.* C.M.

TO God let all created things
One song united raise;
The mighty God, the King of kings,
Let all rejoice to praise!

Thou glorious sun, praise Him who dwells
  Amidst transcendent light,
Where thy refulgent orb would seem
  A spot as dark as night.

Thou silver moon, ye hosts of stars,
  The universal song,
Through the serene and silent night,
  To listening worlds prolong.

Ye countless distant worlds and suns,
  From whence no travelling ray
Hath yet to us through ages past
  Had time to make its way;

Ye works of God that dwell unknown
  Beneath the rolling main;
Ye birds that sing among the groves,
  And sweep the azure plain;

Ye stately hills that rear your heads,
  And towering pierce the sky;
Ye clouds that with an awful pace
  Majestic roll on high;

Ye insects small, to which one leaf,
  Within its narrow sides,
A vast extended world displays,
  And spacious realms provides;

Ye race, still less than these, with which
  The stagnant water teems,
To which one drop, however small,
  A boundless ocean seems;—

Whate'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,
  Ye creatures great and small,
Adore the wisdom, praise the power,
  That made and governs all.

142 † *Divine Providence.* 87878787.

O HOW kindly hast Thou led me,
Heavenly Father, day by day!
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,
Given me friends to cheer my way!
Didst Thou bless me, didst Thou chasten,
With Thy smile, or with Thy rod,
'Twas that still my step might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to my God.

O how slowly have I often
Followed where Thy hand would draw!
How Thy kindness failed to soften!
How Thy chastening failed to awe!
Yet, my Father, ne'er forsake me,
In Thy grace forgive the past,
Still be with me, guide and take me,
Home unto Thyself at last.

143 † *The Universe called to Praise.* P.M.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Hallelujah.
To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing Hallelujah.
And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky Hallelujah.

They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
The blessed ones with joy the chorus swell,
Hallelujah.
The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations join and say Hallelujah.

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Hallelujah.

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing Hallelujah.

First let the birds with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say Hallelujah.
Then let the beasts of earth with varying strain
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again Hallelujah.
Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous, Hallelujah.
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus, Hallelujah.
Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Hallelujah.
Ye tracts of earth and continents reply, Hallelujah.

To God, who all Creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid: Hallelujah.
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Almighty loves: Hallelujah.
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ the King approves: Hallelujah.
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking, Hallelujah.
And children's voices echo, answer making, Hallelujah.

Now from all men be outpoured
Hallelujah to the Lord;
With Hallelujah evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
Praise be done to the Three in One.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.*

144 † *Book of Nature.* C.M.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown his holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

Thou, who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

* See end of Index.

145 *Jesus Wept.* 8886.

THERE are some hours, my Saviour, when
The truth is more than ever dear,
That Thou, who shedd'st Thy blood for men,
For men couldst shed a tear.

The drops upon Thy piercèd side
Tokens of love untold supply;
But pity is, methinks, descried
Best in Thy tearful eye.

The one proclaims that Thou couldst bear
For man the vengeance of the skies;
The other, that with human care
Thy heart can sympathise.

Thy love is like the noontide beams,
O'erpowering oft with glorious light;
Thy pity, like the softer gleams
Shed from the eye of night

Thy love illumes and cheers the soul,
That heav'nward mounts with fearless trust
Thy pity whispers to console
The mourner in the dust.

O, oft, until I soar on high,
Afar from griefs, and cares, and fears,
May faith discern with grateful eye
My Saviour moved to tears!

146 *Jacob's Well.* L.M.

BY Jacob's well, when thirsting there
Thou sat'st, a weary traveller,
Alone, neglected, on the earth,
Which owed Thee first its faultless birth;

And then, when blighted, owed Thee more
Than tongue may say, or soul explore;
O had she known, whom Thou didst tell
To give Thee of that ancient well;

That He, who meekly spake the word,
Was Jacob's King, Redeemer, Lord,
How quickly, kneeling by its brink,
Would she have proffered Thee to drink!

But ah! though seeing face to face,
She knew Thee not! She could not trace
In one so weary, lowly, lone,
A God descended from His throne:

And so she hasted not to grant
What Thou, O wondrous truth! didst want,
A cup of water from the well
Of Thine own servant Israel!

'Tis ever thus: unskilled to trace
Aright Thy greatness and Thy grace,
Ev'n yet we do not know Thee, Lord,
And so we fail to obey Thy word.

Too much we deem it, if Thou ask
Of hands Thou mad'st the lightest task:
Too great is ev'n our least to give,
To Thee in whom we move and live.

O grant us grace to know Thee well,
And we will never more rebel;
Show but Thy love with power divine,
Our hearts, souls, lives shall all be Thine!

147 † *Christ's Thankfulness.* S.M.

THE Son of God gave thanks
Before the bread He broke:
How high that calm devotion ranks
Among the words He spoke!

Thanks, 'mid those troubled men:
Thanks, in that dismal hour:
The world's dark prince advancing then,
In all his rage and power.

Thanks, o'er the bread's dark sign:
Thanks, o'er that bitter food:
Thanks, o'er the cup that was not wine,
But sorrow, fear, and blood.

And shall our griefs resent
What God appoints as best,
When He, in all things innocent,
Was yet in all distrest?

Shall we unthankful be,
With blessings all around,
When in that press of agony
Such room for thanks He found?

O shame us, Lord!—whate'er
The fortunes of our days—
If suffering, we are weak to bear;
If favoured, slow to praise.

148 *'Tis I.* C.M.

THY presence, Lord, hath been my stay
In health and strength; and when
Both fail, and life fades fast away,
O grant Thy presence then!

The voice which once in mercy said,
As o'er the billowy tide
It came, 'Tis I; be not afraid;
And fears were cast aside;

That voice beside my dying bed
Must whisper still, 'Tis I;
Or, filled with overwhelming dread,
I dare not, cannot die.

But let me those glad accents hear,
And then, though thunders roar,
And lightnings flash o'er waters drear,
Fearless I'll quit the shore!

149 *Christ Walking on the Sea.* 886886.

O SAVIOUR, when around my soul
The threatening billows darkly roll,
Preserve my heart from fear;
Give me to see that One, who saves
His own who trust Him, walks the waves,
And so my Help is near.

By day, by night, whene'er it be,
Thou bidd'st me, Jesus, come to Thee;
And should my faith be weak,
O let me feel Thine outstretched hand,
And hear that voice no storms withstand
In gentlest accents speak.

Then, Lord, my heart, no more afraid,
Shall rest, shall triumph in Thine aid,
And praise with joyful breath;
Or, should it be the last still hour,
My soul shall feel her Saviour's power,
And rise, not sink, in death.

150 *The Great Intercession.* C.M.

BY listening saints the prayer was heard,
Once offered, Lord, by Thee;
"I pray for them who through their word
Shall hence believe in me."

Lord, we believe, though weak our faith,
And in our hearts would bear,
For hope through life, for peace in death,
That sacred, gracious prayer.

Lord, we believe: our grateful love
Accepts the promise free
Of pardon, comfort, bliss above,
To all who trust in Thee.

But oh! do Thou our faith increase;
Give yet more life and light;
And pray, still pray, and never cease,
Till faith be lost in sight.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

Faith.

151 *Unsounded Depths.* 6 of 7.

IN the ocean vast, profound,
Father, of Thy Love supreme,
There are depths we cannot sound;
Where what erring mortals deem
Discords, are, and still shall be,
In sublimest harmony.

By Thy Light within, O Lord,
We descry that ocean vast;
By the faith Thou dost accord
Own that harmony; and cast
Far away each doubt that stays
Fervent and adoring praise.

God, in harmony divine,
Let Thy gifts within us dwell;
And with blended force incline
Evermore our hearts to tell,
How the depths we cannot sound
Wake but reverence profound.

152 *Solace in Faith.* 10s.

AMIDST all Truth is there no balm for thee?
Whate'er thy guilt, cast that dark fear away:
There is, there is what found and felt would be
Thy solace now, thy pledge of endless day.

There is a God: take comfort from the thought:
There is a God who loves: be soothed yet more:
His very name is Love; and He hath bought
Thee for His heaven: believe it, and adore!

For thee He gave His own beloved Son;
For thee that Son came freely down to die;
Through Him God calls thee to Himself; nor one
Was e'er rejected, who in faith drew nigh.

This word received, what joy would burst on thee!
O wake thee, mourner, and despair thou never:
Hope, pray, believe, until the shadows flee,
And Truth for thee has yielded bliss for ever!

153 *The Great Invitation.* C.M.

IF now I yield myself to be
Of sin and sorrow healed,
Shall I ere long ascend to see
Thee and Thy heaven revealed?

Lord, do I hear Thee bid me cast
My cares and fears away;
And trust and love; then soar at last
To realms of endless day?

O wilt thou bliss supreme accord
In Thine own glorious sphere,
If I but trust Thee wholly, Lord,
To make me happy here?

Then, witness all in heaven above,
That human deeds can see,
I yield with joy and praise and love
Myself, my all, to Thee.

154 *The Lilies of the Field.* 7s.

HELP me, Lord, to trust in Thee,
Mindful of the truth revealed,
That the Hand which none may see
Clothes the lilies of the field.

Though they neither spin nor toil,
Royal robes to theirs are poor;
Though they only deck the soil,
All they need through life is sure.

Man is better than the flower;
He can seek Thee, know Thee, love,
Praise, adore Thee, win the dower
Of unfading joys above.

Lord, I cast my cares away!
In the Hand that doth provide
For the flowerets of a day
I will evermore confide.

155 † *The Force of Faith.* C.M.

FAITH adds new joy to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares:
Fresh aid in every duty brings,
And tempers all our cares.

Faith mortifies the love of sin,
Kindles the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give:
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

Faith draws aside the veil of heaven,
Where unknown glories reign;
And bids us seek our portion there;
Nor bids us seek in vain.

Faith holds to view the promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps our feeble hope to lean
Upon a faithful God.

There, there unshaken may we rest,
Till this frail body dies:
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise!

156 † *Plead for me!* 8886.

O THOU, the contrite sinner's friend,
Who, loving, lov'st him to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

And when my dying hour draws near,
Then, to preserve my soul from fear,
Lord, to my fading sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

157 † *Trust in God.* S.M.

PUT thou thy trust in God;
In duty's path go on;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope;
So shall thy work be done.

Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging word,
Who heaven and earth commands.

Though years on years roll on,
His covenant shall endure;
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
The promised aid is sure.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
His power will clear the way:
Wait thou His time; the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

158 *Peace through Faith.* 8787.

FAITH alone breathes calm devotion;
Faith can see, all fear above,
Life's worst storm but sweeps an ocean
Of immeasurable love.

Doubt is fraught with care and sorrow,
Though bright gifts around may crowd:
Faith can, like the sunlight, borrow
Beauties from each earthborn cloud.

Doubt wakes fear in fairest weather;
Prompts to anxious, restless strife:
Faith and love repose together
Sweetly 'mid the storms of life.

Lord, be ours that calm devotion,
Which believes, all fear above,
Life's worst storm but sweeps an ocean
Of immeasurable love!

159 † *The Voyage of Life.* S.M.

BEFORE us lies the land
Where Jesus reigns supreme;
Thither we voyage at His command;
And let us trust in Him.

The perils of the sea,
The rocks, the waves, the wind,
Are small, whatever they may be,
To those we leave behind.

Nor have we cause to fear;
The God who rules the sea
In every danger will be near,
And our Protector be.

Then, let the tempests roar,
The billows heave and swell;
We trust to reach the peaceful shore
Where all the ransomed dwell.

And when we gain the land,
How happy shall we be!
How shall we bless the mighty Hand
That led us through the sea!

160 † *Sense and Faith.* C.M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes are ripening fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

161 † *Happiness of Trust.* 886886.

O LORD, how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,
So oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms!
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

We cannot trust Thee as we should,
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
Yet birds and flowers around us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lesson learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
Even in affliction, peace.

162 *The Brightening Path.* C.M.

LIGHT brightens o'er the narrow way,
As onward still we tend:
Sweet presage of the coming day,
When clouds and darkness end.

To thy sure Guide, my spirit, cleave
With prayer and holy strife;
And thou shalt yet to beauty weave
The tangled threads of life.

If ever, mourning darksome days,
Perplexed, in fear, thou roam,
Look upward still, and wait the rays
That light the pilgrim home.

Look upward, trust, to Jesus cleave
With prayer and holy strife;
And thou shalt yet to beauty weave
The tangled threads of life.

163 *Sorrow Healed.* 7s.

IS thy sorrow very great?
What were mortal words to thee?
Wait on God, poor mourner, wait;
Thy sole Comforter is He.

'Tis the Maker of the heart,
'Tis the Sender of the grief,
Can alone the balm impart,
Which shall yield thee sweet relief.

Tell to man thy bitter woes;
Thence may spring yet worse to bear:
Tell them unto God who knows;
It may prove prevailing prayer.

Weak to make the body whole
Of sore hurt is human skill;
But to heal the stricken soul,
It for this is weaker still.

While, so great is God above,
That to hear His Truth revealed,
And to trust its words of love;
This alone is to be healed.

164 *The Haven Won.* 6 of 8.

THOUGH life be but an ocean wide,
Where rocks and shelves unseen abound,
And rushing wind and surging tide
Our slender bark may oft surround;
Yet give us, Lord, to feel Thee near,
Yea, with us—and we will not fear.

We may not reach a distant shore;
But fail before the sweeping blast:
So be it, Lord! nor ask we more,
If Thou be with us to the last:
This, this shall chase the darkest gloom,
And timely make the earliest doom.

With Thee the voyage shall be sweet;
Yet sweeter still shall be its end;
Though lightnings flash, and thunders beat,
And waters roar, and rocks impend:
The very wreck that others shun,
To us shall be the haven won.

165 *Redeeming Love.* 8787.

CALMLY venture on the ocean
Of thy God and Saviour's love;
Yield to Him thy heart's devotion
While He calls thee from above.

To His care thyself surrender,
Meek as were an infant child
On maternal bosom tender
Folded in a darksome wild.

Seek, await, desire none other,
Thee to save from every fear;
And more kind than kindest mother
Shall thy guardian God appear.

He shall keep thee, He shall guide thee,
Never leave thee day or night;
In the dark vale watch beside thee,
In the bright world be thy Light.

166 † *Calm Trust.* 6 of 7.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow shall betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
Sure that Thou wilt choose the best,
If my spirit on Thee rest.

Thus, preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

167 † *Our Sure Defence.* D.C.M.

O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!
Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same;

A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
O God! our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come;
Be thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home!

168 *Peace through Faith.* 886886.

O SAVIOUR, calm and sweet is life,
When past the weary, restless strife
For prizes poor and vain;
And faith unfeigned delights to own,
That Wisdom, Love, and Power alone
O'er all life's changes reign.

Yet who that knows what bliss awaits
Thine own beyond the heavenly gates,
Through Thee so strong to save,
Would shun the swift-approaching close
Of earthly good, and brief repose
Within the vanquished grave?

O grant us more and more to prize
The joys transcendent of the skies,
And count all else but vain,
Compared with that immortal dower
From Thee, whose Wisdom, Love, and Power
O'er all life's changes reign.

169 *My heart is fixed.* S.M.

MY heart is fixed, O God!
My rest shall be in Thee;
My joy shall be Thy name to laud;
My hope Thy face to see.

I choose Thy will as mine,
And will all else eschew:
O Father, grant me strength divine,
Thy will to bear and do.

I need the gift I seek;
For evil still is mixed
With best resolves; and flesh is weak
Even when the heart is fixed.

Then, Lord, Thy grace impart;
Help me in tender love;
And onward guide, till home and heart
Alike be fixed above.

Amen.

170 *I would not Live alway.* 4 of 11.

I WOULD not live alway: 'tis said in the hour
When pleasure hath sated, or sorrow opprest;
The heart, scarcely knowing what thing hath the power
To yield what it longeth for, longeth for rest.

I would not live alway: 'tis said in the night
By the sufferer tossing, and wearied, and worn
With pain to which darkness seems worse than the light,
And yet he looks hopelessly onward to morn!

I would not live alway: O listen, ye gay!
And listen, ye victims of sorrow and pain!
'Tis the calm voice of faith and of love that can say,
It is blessèd to live, yet to die will be gain.

Would ye, too, as peacefully rest in the Lord?
O call ye upon Him while yet He is nigh!
Confess Him, adore Him, confide in His word:
'Twere sweet then to live, but still sweeter to die.

To live would be alway to love Him below,
And see Him though dimly from morning till even:
To die would but be to soar upward and go
Evermore to see clearly and love Him in heaven.

171 *God's Pleasure in His People.* 8787.

SHALL I yield Jehovah pleasure,
I, created of the dust,
If I prize the priceless treasure
He prepareth for the just;

If I hope in Him and fear Him,
As my Father and my Friend;
And to serve Him, please, be near Him,
Count my joy, and make my end?

Shall I yield Jehovah pleasure,
Throned amid the hosts august,
If His mercies passing measure
Peace inspire through loving trust?

Peace, the earnest sweet of heaven?
Heaven itself well nigh begun?
Trust, that morning, noon, and even,
Cloudless sees the eternal Sun?

Lord, to Thee, with spirit fervent,
I will pray—O hear my prayer!
Make and ever keep Thy servant
Meet such wondrous grace to share.

172 † *Guidance and Support.* 4 of 7.

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

Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

Lord! uphold me day by day;
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares;
Care for me in all my cares.

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

Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God!

173 *Peace through Faith.* 7s.

WOULD that ever, morn and even,
By that faith which Thou canst give,
Calmly, as an heir of heaven
Journeying homeward, I could live!

Such Thy grace, my Risen Lord,
  This Thou callest me to do:
O then now Thy help accord,
  And from day to day renew.

'Tis not Thou would'st have me fail
  Of the one sweet balm of life;
But that tempted, changeful, frail,
  Yields my soul to care and strife.

Lend me, O my Saviour, lend
  Grace divine, each morn and even,
Life, through loving trust, to spend
  Calmly, as an heir of heaven.

174 *Strength in Confidence.* 8 of 10.

THE soldier skilled in battle-fields hath learned
  That fearless courage nerves him for the fight;
And earthly laurels ever best are earned
  By them who doubt not victory, in spite
Of fierce and mighty foes; but bravely stand,
With eye unshrinking and untrembling hand,
Bent on one purpose; firm resolved to win
Through bristling spear, and hurlèd javelin.

And he who reads of Jesse's son should know,
  That strength to fight is in the warrior's breast;
That weakest weapons shall defeat the foe,
  In hands undaunted, that confiding rest,
Not in their armour, or their skill to wield,
Not in the hope the foe will quit the field;
But on a righteous cause, and faithful word,
The cause of Truth, the promise of the Lord.

Courage, ye soldiers of the Cross! be strong!
Quit you like men, and lift your banners high!
Above the din of war even now the song,
The listening ear may catch, of victory;
The song of angel witnesses around,
And soldiers with the wreath of triumph crowned:
On, champions blest! tho' mingled with the slain,
Ye cannot lose if faithful; death were gain!

175 *The Dove and the Ark.* L.M.

THE Dove from out the Ark of old
Away on fearless wings could fly,
Nor seek again that sheltering hold,
When skies were fair, and earth was dry.

Enough for her the woodlands wild,
The peaceful glade's reviving green;
And the bright sun that o'er her smiled,
As death and woe had never been.

Where'er she flew she found a home,
And there a peaceful nest could make;
And thence again could freely roam;
And everywhere sweet joys partake.

My soul! it is not so with thee!
The floods around still swell and flow:
Once from the Ark that shelters flee,
And whither, whither wilt thou go?

176 *The Everlasting Arm.* C.M.

I WILL not mourn my weakness, Lord,
Though alway felt it be;
Nor strength implore Thee to accord,
Except to cling to Thee.

Each want Thy love permits shall bless,
  Howe'er it wake alarm,
That makes me close and closer press
  Where none shall ever harm.

To go alone, in heart beguiled,
  I have too often tried;
To fall, as might some feeble child,
  That leaves its mother's side.

Or, like the tender bird that thinks
  On soaring wing to rise,
And quits the bough, but only sinks
  The farther from the skies.

Now all I seek, ere love enfold
  Beyond the reach of harm,
Is just enough of strength to hold
  The everlasting Arm.

177 *Quietness and Confidence.* D.C.M.

IN quietness and confidence,
  My spirit, is thy strength;
And who thus sow for heaven below
  Shall largely reap at length;
For Love is born of tranquil Trust,
  And, in her happy hours
Of sweet accord with Christ her Lord,
  She wields her mightiest powers.

And there is much on earth to do,
  That asks unwearied toil;
And care and haste the spirit waste,
  And of her strength despoil:

With peaceful might the orb of day
  Brings forth the fruits and flowers;
And Love's pure light with peaceful might
  All good around her showers.

In quietness and confidence
  Then grant me, Lord, to live;
And perfect love, all fear above,
  Life's sweetest pleasure, give:
So blessings shall be shed around,
  The fruit of happy hours,
And thanks abound, and praise resound,
  To Thee for all my powers.

178 *Care dismissed.* L.M.

OF all that breathes in earth or air,
  Shall man alone be vexed with care?
While feeding countless creatures wild,
Will God forget his nobler child?

Go, ask the hoary-headed sage,
How many, in his youth or age,
He hath in piteous want espied,
Who trusted Heaven would all provide:

Who trusted; yet, as Wisdom bade,
The while they trusted, toiled and prayed;
Who kept to-day's small needs in view,
But would not keep to-morrow's too.

He hath as oft, with sorrowing eye,
Beheld a starveling sparrow die;
Or, as night fell, the encircled hen
Refuse to outspread her wings again.

O Father, teach us thence to see,
How calmly all may rest in Thee;
How surely trust Thy power and love,
Till faith be lost in sight above.

179 *Trust.* L.M.

O WHO would thrust the bird away,
That from the eagle in the air
Flew to his bosom, and would stay
Her panting fears, and nestle there?

Her terror would his pity move,
If pity in his bosom dwelt;
Her confidence would waken love,
If love his bosom ever felt.

And shall we fear that He, whose breast
With tenderest love and pity glows,
Will spurn the trembler that would rest
Secure in Him from fiercer foes?

O Saviour, that were far from Thee!
Thy words, Thy deeds of love declare,
That none so safe, so blest shall be
As they who seek and trust Thy care.

180 *God seen by Faith.* 886886.

O FATHER, no dark clouds above
Can hide from faith Thy smile of love,
Nor stay the spirit's flight:
By faith ascending each may see
Thee, Lord of all, and light which Thee
Surrounds, in deepest night.

Though friendship's cordial hand be dear,
No friend at seasons may be near,
To shed around the charms
Of gladdening converse; yet the breast,
Through faith, can sweetly feel its rest;
The everlasting Arms.

O Lord my God, increase my faith
In all Thy word so clearly saith,
To guide my feet aright;
And all whereby 'twould cheer the heart,
Till every cloud for aye depart
In heaven's unchanging light.

181 *Faith in Sorrow.* 7s.

CARES, and fears, and griefs I know,
And at seasons suffer wrong;
But, through grace, shall nought below
Whelm my soul, or wound it long.

Faith but needs to ponder well
Things which none may yet discern;
And, though floods around me swell,
Peace and sweet content return.

Or, when darkest clouds arise,
Faith with fervent suit can pray,
Till her glad uplifted eyes
See them float, or fade, away.

Lord, accept my grateful praise;
All my lips or heart can pour;
And in wisdom's pleasant ways
Guide my feet for evermore.

182 *One Thing I Know.* 8886.

O SAVIOUR, if concealed the hour
When first Thy Light illumes the heart,
Enough to know, its present power
Can present peace impart.

One thing alone not seldom seems
The whole that Thy wise love reveals:
The Sun shines o'er us; for His beams
The thankful spirit feels.

Or if the clouds above us roll,
And overcast awhile the sky;
Yet faith can live to calm the soul;
Though tears bedim the eye.

O Lord, accept our grateful praise,
That, whatsoe'er in darkness be,
One thing we know; the glorious rays
Of Thy great Love we see.

183 *Trust and Rejoice.* 8585.

O MY spirit, be not faithless;
God delights to save:
Trust wakes love, and love is deathless,
Even despite the grave.

Life is love's short path to heaven:
Why should life be sad?
All things good to faith are given:
Why not thou be glad?

Life's great Author, God, is blessèd:
He regards thy lot:
Would He have one heart distressèd?
Nay, believe it not.

God is Love, and Love delighteth
Joy to shed abroad:
To all good He thee inviteth:
O, rejoice in God!

184 † *The Way, the Truth, and the Life.* C.M.

THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win
Whose joys for ever flow.

Amen.

185 † *Faith, not Sight.* 6 of 8.

WE saw Thee not when Thou didst tread,
In mortal guise, this sinful earth;
Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead,
And wake them to a second birth:
But we believe that Thou didst come,
And leave for us Thy glorious home.

We were not with Thee on the wave,
When Thou the stormy sea didst bind;
Nor saw the health Thy blessing gave
To lame and sick, to deaf and blind:
But we believe the Fount of light
Could give the darkened eyeball sight.

We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend:
But we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy faithful people bless;
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness:
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And breathe, O Lord, our praise and prayer.

186 † *The Mediator.* L.M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
And still for His redeemèd cares.

He who for man their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the weakness of our frame.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows bore a part;
Touched with the feeling of our grief,
He to the sufferer sends relief.

Then let us boldly at His Throne
Make all our wants and sorrows known;
His comfort ask, and loving care,
Nor doubt that He will hear our prayer.

187 † *Dependence on God.* C.M.

ETERNAL God! we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

Lord! let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
O, let Thy grace supply:
The good, unasked, in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

Amen.

188 *Trust in Affliction.* 886886.

WHEN all seems dark, around, above,
To trust Thy wisdom, power, and love,
And sad misgivings spurn;
O God, it is a harder task
Than in glad beams of love to bask,
And love, so felt, return.

And yet, how good each seeming ill,
Whene'er we can that task fulfil,
Nor one faint murmur raise!
Father, vouchsafe to me the power,
Nor spare, till even my darkest hour
Through trust, abound in praise.

189 *A Heavenly Solitude.* L.M.

LORD, with Thy love my soul illume,
And then, though dark be all around,
The inward joy, for outward gloom,
May only be the more profound.

The eye of faith may farther see
Into the depths of love divine;
Because the eye less strong is free
From things which dazzling, wildering shine.

The circling gloom may but exclude
Fond dreams, to brighter seasons known,
And make a heavenly solitude;
A happy soul, with God alone.

190 *Wisdom.* D.C.M.

KNOW thou thy God, and know thyself,
Mortal, that would'st be wise;
Revere thy God, respect thyself,
Nor man nor child despise;
Loving thy God, controul thyself,
And, howsoe'er thou rise,
Still trust in Jesus, not thyself:
So shalt thou win the skies.

See also Hymns 469 and 472.

191 *Heaven.* 10s.

PURER than earth enwreathed with stainless snow,
Lovelier than when her vernal blooms unfold,
Brighter than when her fields of summer glow,
More rich than autumn's mingling green and gold;—

How fair, how blest the Paradise above,
Where saints and seraphs, in the radiant light
Of their Creator's smile, on wings of love,
Yield ceaseless service with unwearied flight!

Fear comes not there, and grief no place can find;
Thro' that bright host no thought of strife is known;
For each to each sweet bonds of union bind,
And all are linked to the eternal Throne.

O God, prepare us for those bowers on high!
We too would serve Thee there: we would not roam
For ever far away; but see Thee nigh,
And know and praise Thee in that beauteous Home.

192 *The Paradise Eternal.* 7676.

O PARADISE eternal!
What bliss to enter thee,
And, once within thy portals,
Secure for ever be!

In thee no sin nor sorrow,
No pain nor death is known;
But pure glad life, enduring
As Heaven's benignant throne.

There all around shall love us,
And we return their love;
One band of happy spirits,
One family above.

There God shall be our Portion,
And we His jewels be;
And gracing His bright mansions,
His smile reflect and see.

So songs shall rise for ever,
While all creation fair,
Still more and more revealèd,
Shall wake fresh praises there.

O Paradise eternal,
What joys in thee are known!
O God of mercy, guide us,
Till all be felt our own!

193 † *The glorious Mansion.* 6 of 8.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield:
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
Our beauties are but for a day.

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
Our days of light are numberèd.

O God! O Good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

194 † *Time and Eternity.* D.C.M.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
O for the pearly gates of heaven!
O for the golden floor!
O for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
Around an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins!
O for the vesture white!
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

195 *The White Robes.* 6565.

CHRISTIAN, wait the morning;
Meekly bear the night;
Sweet will be the adorning
In the robes of white.

Trust, though sins oppress thee;
Hope, though griefs weigh down;
Mercy yet shall bless thee;
Heaven the conflict crown.

There a Sun is shining,
None as yet may know,
O'er the silver lining
Of dark clouds below.

There the soul, oft saddened
And oft trembling here,
Sinless made and gladdened,
Knows no more a fear.

Weak though her confiding
Now in Jesu's grace;
Yet, in faith abiding,
She shall see His face.

O then, wait the morning;
Meekly bear the night;
Sweet will be the adorning
In the robes of white.

196 *The Heavenly Prize.* 8s.

O PRESS toward the mark for the prize,
A crown in the kingdom above,
A home with the blest in the skies,
A spirit made perfect in love.

'Twill be high, 'twill be rapturous joy,
To ascend from these dwellings of dust,
And partake of the seraphs' employ
'Mid the glories awaiting the just.

'Twill be noble, exalted, sublime,
To be chosen co-workers with God,
Restrained by no limits of time,
In scattering blessings abroad.

O rouse thee, my brother, and live
As a saint that ere long shall be crowned;
And delight to toil freely and give,
To diffuse thy best pleasures around.

197 *Love and its Reward.* 6565.

JOYS await the holy,
None as yet may know,
Though they taste the earnest,
As they homeward go.

Yet the heart that gloweth
Most on earth with love,
Best hath learnt how blessèd
Are the saints above.

Love is here a fountain,
Sweet above all price;
Love is there a river,
Watering Paradise.

There the happy spirits,
Every sorrow o'er,
Know, through Jesu's merits,
Bliss for evermore.

Would we taste the river,
In the world of bliss,
We must prize the fountain,
Dear to them in this.

Here the love they cherished
Must within us glow;
Then the life immortal
We, like them, shall know.

198 *Liberty.* 6 of 7.

FROM the dust of earth to rise,
Walk as children of the skies,
Strong in love, and free in good,
'Midst the happy brotherhood;
This, O God, we ask of Thee,
This is noble Liberty.

Day by day to grow in light,
Joy in faith, yet hope for sight,
More and more to good incline,
Have no other will but Thine;
This, O God, we ask of Thee,
This is brightening Liberty.

Then, to calmly sink to rest;
Then, to wake amid the blest;
Then, to see Thee, love, and know,
As no mortal may below;
O, our Father, let it be!
This is heavenly Liberty!

199 *The Ennobling Aim.* 7s.

O THE very aim is blest,
To attain, through Jesu's aid,
Rank for ever with the best
Of the creatures God hath made!

It ennobles all our life;
  Makes the trivial sublime;
And, pursued with ceaseless strife,
  Gives eternal worth to time.

It enhances every joy;
  Heals the spirit vexed and torn;
And the changeless, dull employ
  Brightens, as with opening morn.

Weary, vacant hours are past,
  Never more to wake a sigh,
When, with purpose strong as vast,
  Once we set our aim so high.

Come then, all, with stedfast breast,
  Seek to win, through Jesu's aid,
Rank for ever with the best
  Of the creatures God hath made.

200 *The Christian Soldier.* D.C.M.

THOU that hast pledged thy faith to be,
  In Truth's most holy strife,
A soldier here, till victory
  Through Jesus, crown thy life;
As thou wouldst from His hands adored
  Receive the conqueror's wreath,
Strong for the combat, draw the sword,
  And throw away the sheath!

Beneath the banners of the Cross,
  High in the heavens unfurled,
And, counting every prize as loss,
  That lures a rebel world;

Fight, as the strong man armed would fight
To save his dearest hoard,
Till thou hast won the chaplet bright:
Then—throw away the sword!

201 *Rich Within.* C.M.

WHATE'ER thine outward lot or choice,
Whate'er thou lose or win,
O list and yield to Wisdom's voice!
Be alway rich within.

Nor doubt thou mayst: since time began,
Never was good more free
To quest or grasp of mortal man
Than is true wealth to thee.

Cease but to yearn for outward things;
Choose to be wise and pure;
Soar oft on faith and love's glad wings;
And count sin only poor:

Then God shall bless thy noble choice;
Thou the great prize shalt win;
And, sure as Truth is Wisdom's voice,
Be alway rich within.

202 *Joy cometh in the Morning.* 8787.

BETTER is a night of sadness,
Which the morning shall illume,
Than the brightest day of gladness
Ending in eternal gloom.

Christian, God is yet above thee,
Though He hide His face awhile;
He and circling seraphs love thee,
Though invisible their smile.

Haply, too, life's darksome billow
Sometimes shows a silver gleam;
And thy harp upon the willow
Hangs beside a pleasant stream.

Weary Labourer, though thou weepest,
Sow thy seed, and praise, and pray:
In the bright morn, when thou reapest,
Thou shalt bless the changeful day.

203 *Rest.* 8787.

THERE the wicked cease from troubling;
There the weary are at rest,
Who while here still strove with evil,
And made good their hope and quest.

'Tis our Father's peaceful heaven;
Love's pure world of perfect bliss;
Beauteous beyond thought to picture,
Though so fair to sight is this.

Yet how many youthful, mirthful,
Care not for that home of rest;
And how few, grey-haired and weary,
Journeying thitherward, are blest!

Father, grant Thy grace more largely;
Let each bosom here partake
Hopes that end in life eternal,
Cares that end in death forsake.

204 † *The Heavenly Canaan.* C.M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Lo! rising from the swelling flood,
Th' eternal hills are seen!
So Canaan's promised land was viewed,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
Afraid to launch away.

O! could we bid our doubts depart,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan of our heart,
With faith's illumined eyes;

Could we like Moses climb on high,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not death's dark waters rolling nigh
Should fright us from the shore.

205 † *The Christian a Soldier and Pilgrim.* C.M.

A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife,
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun:
Behold the Christian life!

The hosts of Satan pant for spoil:
How can our warfare close?
Lonely we tread a foreign soil:
How can we hope repose?

O! let us seek our heavenly home,
Revealed in sacred lore;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more:

Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
Beneath the Saviour's reign;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane:

The land where (suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway)
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day:

Where they who meet shall never part;
Where grace achieves its plan;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

206 † *The Dwelling-place Above.* 886886.

THERE is a dwelling-place above:
Thither, to meet the God of love,
The poor in spirit go.
There is a paradise of rest:
For contrite hearts and souls distrest
Its streams of comfort flow.

There is a voice to mercy true:
To them who mercy's path pursue
That voice shall bliss impart.
There is a sight as yet concealed:
That sight, the face of God revealed,
Shall bless the pure in heart.

There is a name in heaven bestowed:
That name, which hails them sons of God,
The friends of peace shall know.
There is a kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on high,
Who serve Him here below.

Lord, be it mine like them to choose
The better part; like them to use
Each aid Thy love hath given;
Be holiness my aim on earth;
That death be welcomed as a birth
To life and bliss in Heaven.

207 † *Heaven Anticipated.* L.M.

AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still;

So when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
That sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The hope of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves o'er trials past;
No more the unknown future fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

O Lord, on Thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay
Each toil, each suffering of the road.

208 † *Onward.* 7s.

OFT in peril, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe!
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength if great your need.

Onward then in battle move!
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

209 † *The Blissful Regions.* C.M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high:
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

Amen.

210 † *Jerusalem the Golden.* 7676.

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

I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song;
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shouts of them that triumph,
The songs of them that feast.

And they who, with their leader,
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

211 † *Future Rest.* 7676.

BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

The Lord whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall feel He is their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows pass away;
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The Home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Amen.

212 † *The Eternal City.* 7676.

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

The mention of thy glory
Is balm to the distrest,
Is medicine in sickness,
Is love, and life, and rest.

O one abiding City!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.

There shall be no more hunger;
There shall be no more thirst;
No longer aught defiling;
No longer aught accurst.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

Thy mystic wall is garnish'd
With amethyst unpriced,
The Saints thy golden fabric,
Thy corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Pure fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.

While all thine endless leisure
In sweetest music sings,
The ill that was thy merit,
The wealth that is thy King's.

213 †*The happy Home.* C.M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And gates of pearl behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And all I love in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare
For that bright home of love;
That I may see Thee and adore,
With all Thy saints above.

Amen.

214 *Earth and Heaven.* 10s.

O GOD, I bless Thee for this world so fair;
Yet more that here I may converse with Thee,
And 'midst the wonders of Thy hand prepare
To chant Thy praises in eternity.

'Tis sweet to trace Thy wisdom, power, and love
In all things here with lavish beauty fraught:
How sweet to trace them evermore above,
In scenes of glory passing mortal thought!

Scenes that awaken ever new delight;
And still fresh love, fresh gratitude inspire
In seraph hosts, that with Thy saints unite
In one loud song, and with one soul admire.

God, can it be such life shall come thro' death?
Shall more than noontide light on darkness break?
O hear my prayer! And till my latest breath
Guide me and keep me, for my Saviour's sake!

Love.

215 *God is Love.* C.M.

OUR God is Love: O sweetly sing
A glad and thankful hymn;
And with that music blend a prayer,
That thou mayst be like Him.

Our God is Love: O ponder this
In all thy darksome days;
Till clouds are touched with golden hues,
And sorrow smiles her praise.

Our God is Love: when sin shall tempt,
Let this great truth impart
A power divine; and turn away
With loathing in thy heart.

Our God is Love: when nature fails,
  Then fix thy gaze above;
And calmly wait till Heaven reveals
  How Life, Death—all is Love.

216 *Christian Union.* 6 of 8.

O THOU, who for Thine own didst pray
  That they might all the union sweet
Of christian brotherhood display,
  Till earth should worship at Thy feet;
Incline and help Thy Church to bear
In memory, Lord, that sacred prayer.

Send down Thy bright beams from above,
  Each cold, unkindly heart to melt,
Till Thine own peace and holy love
  In every breast be prized and felt;
While streams that bless where'er they go
Earth's dreariest deserts overflow.

Make all to feel one Spirit lives
  In every heart renewed by grace;
One Lord to each that Spirit gives;
  One Home ere long will each embrace:
O Saviour, let Thy will be done,
And all, as God and Thou, be One!

217 *Household Love.* 76767676.

O GOOD, which none may measure,
  All wealth, all rank above!
Sweet source of tender pleasure,
  Confiding household love!

Who drink of thy pure waters,
That ever freshly rise,
Amidst earth's sons and daughters,
Are favoured of the skies.

Mayst thou yet more be tasted
And prized in every home;
May spirits vexed and wasted
No longer vainly roam,
In quest of balm for sadness,
Where none that good shall see;
But find sufficing gladness
In holiest love and thee!

May friends to friends in union
Through darkest changes cling;
Nor fail in sweet communion
When life true joys shall bring;
And O! may all, aspiring
To perfect love, ere long
Ascend where saints retiring
Swell love's eternal song!

218 *Dwelling in Unity.* 8787.

GENTLE words and actions, telling
Day by day of holy love,
Make the humblest earthly dwelling
Image the pure heaven above.

Happy they such home possessing!
Rich, whate'er their worldly store!
For the Lord there grants His blessing,
Even life for evermore.

Linked on earth in sweetest union,
They, through grace divine, shall rise,
Soon to share the high communion
Known by Seraphs in the skies.

There, amid the bright hosts telling
Of their God and Father's love,
Memory still shall bless the dwelling,
Which once imaged heaven above.

219 † *Mutual Love.* C.M.

OUR God is love, and all His saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

Our heavenly Father, Lord, art Thou,
Thy favoured children we;
O may we love each other here,
As we are loved of Thee.

Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same;
May common aims our hearts unite,
May mutual love inflame.

So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve;
And, wondering, say, as they of old,
"See how these Christians love!"

Amen.

220 *The Spirit's Rest.* L.M.

I FEEL within a fount of love:
And whither shall its flowing be?
My spirit lifts her gaze above,
And says—To Thee, my God, to Thee!

Thou art my Portion, Refuge, Rest;
Unchanging where all else is change:
Of Thee secure, this heart were blest,
Though all beside were cold and strange.

O give me so by faith to live;
So cherish hopes and aims divine;
That one small voice may ever give
Its witness that my heart is Thine.

I ask no higher joy below;
And, when the eternal home I see,
No loftier bliss my soul shall know
Than love to Thee, my God, to Thee!

221 *Freedom.* 7s.

RISE into the life of love!
Thence, my spirit, thou art free;
Every thralling fear above,
In divinest liberty.

'Tis thy choice to do whate'er
God commandeth to be done;
Suffer all He wills; forbear
All that He would have thee shun.

Thus each moment yields thee good;
Thus each creature works thy will;
Wakening songs of gratitude,
Which not death itself shall still.

Nay, which death shall sweeter make,
  Opening those glad realms of light,
Where fresh beams shall on thee break,
  Goodness showing infinite.

O, how blest the life of love!
  O, how noble to be free!
Every thralling fear above,
  In divinest liberty!

222 *Prayer.* 8484.

THERE is a God, who heareth prayer
  Both night and day:
O pray to Him; pray everywhere;
  And ever pray.

Fervent or cold, in voice or heart,
  Still persevere;
Till every sin and grief depart,
  And every fear.

Ask God for light, for faith, for peace,
  For joy divine,
In Jesu's sacred name; nor cease
  Till each be thine.

And O! ask Him that grace to give,
  All gifts above:
He only yet has learnt to live,
  Whose life is love.

223 *Union with God.* 7s.

FATHER, for my Saviour's sake,
  Lend a gracious ear to me;
And in bonds no power can break
  Knit my spirit unto Thee.

If I breathe a vast desire,
  Lord, it speaks my nature's want;
And the prayer Thou dost inspire
  Wilt Thou not in mercy grant?

Taught, encouraged by Thy word,
  I can ask Thee nothing less;
And, my fervent suit unheard,
  Not the universe could bless.

O then, for my Saviour's sake,
  Lend a gracious ear to me;
And in bonds no power can break
  Knit my spirit unto Thee!

224 *The Highest Good.* L.M.

REDEEMED by Thee from sin and death,
  Sustained, preserved, with ceaseless care;
O Father, till my latest breath,
  This will I make my fervent prayer:

Clearly reveal to me Thy will;
  Let it be ever in my view;
And help me by Thy Spirit still
  With filial love Thy will to do:

With love that sheds its own glad light,
  Still brightening, upon wisdom's ways;
And, depths unsearchable despite,
  Holds fast calm trust, and joys in praise.

I ask of Thee no higher bliss,
  In earth beneath, or heaven above;
Sure that my only good is this,
  As that Thyself, O God, art Love.

225 *Fearless Love.* S.M.

LORD, from Thy throne above,
This prayer in mercy hear:
So fill my soul with perfect love,
'Twill have no place for fear:

For fear of ills in life,
Or life's departing breath,
Or yet, when past this mortal strife,
Of woes succeeding death.

Grant that my love to Thee,
To Thee, and all mankind,
So constant and so strong may be,
That life is peace enshrined.

Lord, 'tis a vast request;
'Tis asking heaven below;
But Thou wilt not deny the best,
From whom the best we know.

O hear then from above!
This prayer in mercy hear!
So fill my soul with perfect love,
'Twill have no place for fear.

226 *Ascending Love.* 11s.

ASCEND to the skies on the pinions of love;
Oft leaving, my spirit, each sorrow and care;
Look down on the clouds from the regions above;
And storms must beat upward to trouble thee there.

'Twas Goodness that gave her swift wings to the soul;
'Twas Goodness that told of the mansions on high;
And if the dark tempest e'er over us roll,
It is lest we forget the bright home in the sky.

Each sickness, each pain, each vexation we know,
Each keen disappointment that woundeth the breast,
Hath a voice, while the seeds of the future we sow,
To endear yet the more the sweet fields of the blest.

Soar oft then, my spirit, on pinions of love;
For the last rapid flight 'twill those pinions prepare;
And as surely will fit thee for raptures above,
As that storms must beat upward to trouble thee there.

227 *The Quenchless Light.* 7s.

NEVER, never, O my God,
Wilt Thou quench the light of love;
Nor shall souls that long to laud
Fail to laud Thy grace above.

Glows in me the sacred flame,
Kindled by Thy power divine?
Then—adorèd be Thy name!—
Life, eternal Life, is mine!

Heaven, with all its bliss untold,
Heaven, my utmost thought above,
Shall in Thy good time enfold
Every soul instinct with love.

O my Father, more impart
Of that priceless grace to me;
And for ever shall my heart
Breathe its gratitude to Thee!

228 *Let Love suffice.* C.M.

FOR man's frail heart 'tis hard to feel
Delight in things below;
Yet suffer none its love to steal
From nobler good we know.

But Thou, who hearest all who turn
To Thee, and humbly pray,
If ever heavenly joys I spurn,
Take earthly joys away.

Rather with terror let me quail
Beneath Thy dreaded wrath,
Than taste Thy goodness here, and fail
To tread the narrow path.

But O! let love, let love suffice!
Still bind my heart to Thee
With that soft chain of countless price
My Saviour bought for me!

229 *Love born of Love.* L.M.

MOURNEST thou that thy love is cold?
Too rarely, or too hardly moved?
O Christian, weigh what grace hath told;
That thou for Jesu's sake art loved:

That, through His radiant, countless host,
The Lord of all on thee looks down,
As on a child; oft blessing most
At seasons when He seems to frown.

Forget not, Love is born of Love;
And ever, when ashamed and grieved
That thine so fails to soar above,
Bethink thee—'tis of Love believed.

All else to thee is as might be
The cloudless, starlit, glorious sky
To one who ne'er looks up to see,
Or towards it turns a sightless eye.

Then breathe thou oft a fervent prayer,
Nor doubt 'tis heard, to God above,
That, come what may till death to bear,
Thy heart may ever trust His love.

230 *Conscious Love.* 7s.

FOR the conscious love of Thee,
Lord, no price too vast I know:
When that pure delight I see,
O how fades all else below!

Can it be that ever more
This frail heart, by sin beguiled,
Should not heed the priceless lore
By Thy Spirit taught Thy child?

Can the soul, once girt with light,
Bright well nigh as Eden knew,
Plunge to depths of utter night,
And the phantoms there pursue?

Lord, it can, if left by Thee,
Even to death, itself deceive:
O stretch forth Thine hand to me!
Hold me, guide me, never leave!

231 † *Christians one Family.* 7s.

LORD, we all look up to Thee,
As one flock, one family:
May all strife between us cease,
As we love Thee, Prince of Peace.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Gentle, meek, forgiving, kind,
Lowly both in thought and word,
Like Thyself, beloved Lord.

Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
Each to each by love endear;
One in faith, and hope, and fear.

Free from all that hearts divide,
Let us thus in Thee abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

232 *Communion with God.* 7s.

ONE on whom the soul may pour
Fervent, filial, reverent love;
And, while yet below, adore,
Like the spirits blest above;

One with whom in every place,
Every hour of day or night,
Though she see not yet His face,
She may commune with delight;

O! for whatsoe'er beside
These too eager bosoms pant,
This, and only this, when tried,
Find we answer nature's want.

Father, what Thy grace hath taught
Deeply grave upon my heart;
And from Thee, in deed or thought,
Never let my soul depart!

See also Hymn 439.

Humility and Confession.

233 *Humility.* C.M.

WERT Thou, to quench all mortal pride,
In state so mean on earth;
And mocked and scourged and crucified,
As one of basest worth?

Didst Thou, alike by deed and word,
So teach that all might see,
Who would be most in heaven preferred
Must here most lowly be?

Then grant, kind Saviour, who dost know
How vain our utmost strife
To achieve, unless Thou grace bestow,
Our hardest task in life;

O grant the strength divine we need,
To live as taught by Thee;
And so to win the exalted meed
Of deep humility.

234 † *The Sinner's Friend.* L.M.

WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood for sinners spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace Divine:
Think upon Jesu's woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me now; my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succour me!

235 † *All are Sinners.* C.M.

ALMIGHTY Father! God of grace!
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly from Thy paths have turned,
Each to his sinful way.

Sins of omission and of act
Through all our lives abound:
Alas! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found!

O spare us, Lord, in mercy spare:
Our contrite souls restore,
Through Him who suffered on the cross,
And man's transgressions bore.

And grant, O Father, for His sake,
That we, through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead,
To Thine eternal praise.

236 *The Indwelling Spirit.* L.M.

TWO temples doth Jehovah prize;
Nor will from either e'er depart:
One is above the starry skies;
The other is the lowly heart.

In that He dwelleth as a Sun,
Radiant with majesty divine:
In this His beams are felt; but none
May tell how He is in the shrine.

Enough, if He in very deed
His presence there in grace accord:
Enough, the lowly heart can read,
It is a temple of the Lord.

Such heart, O God, be ever mine!
Let lowliness so deep be there,
That hoping, trusting, it is Thine,
That glory it may humbly bear.

237 *Humility and Praise.* 7575.

SONS of men, Jehovah bless,
And in heart adore;
Ponder life's dark shadows less,
Its bright sunlight more.

Quench the thought of claims on Heaven:
So, for Jesu's sake,
Life's least blessing, freely given,
Gratitude shall wake.

From profound humility
Springs exalted joy,
Making loving praise to be
Man's sublime employ.

Firmly then high thoughts suppress;
Humbly God adore;
Ponder life's dark shadows less,
Its bright sunlight more.

238 *Love and Fear.* 886886.

FATHER of all, enthroned above!
May I to Thee with filial love,
Through Jesu's blood, draw near?
I come, Thou Great, Thou Holy God!
Whom earth nor heaven can duly laud,
I come, with love and fear!

O make my love the child's that knows
The sweetness of secure repose
Upon a father's breast;
My fear, the feeling pure and deep,
That prompts him watchfully to keep
Meet for that place of rest.

Nor spare Thy grace that both may grow
Within me day by day below;
Then, grant me to adore
Thee, God and Father, face to face,
Where love, in her own native place,
Reveres for evermore.

239 *Holy Fear.* 7s.

O THE bliss to cast away
Fear, that all high thought denies,
For the fear, that day by day
Lifts the spirit to the skies!

Whether in life's humblest shade,
Or its loftiest estate,
This, while other fears degrade
And enthral, makes free and great.

By the christian, as he kneels
Reverently in prayer, 'tis known;
Kindred fear the seraph feels,
As he bows before the throne.

Cherish, Lord, this fear in me;
Let it grow within my breast,
Till both fear and love shall be
Perfected where all are blest.

240 † *Mercy implored.* C.M.

O LORD, turn not Thy face from me!
I bow before Thy throne,
And own and mourn my sinful life,
And trust in Christ alone.

Thy mercy's gates were opened wide
Thro' Jesu's death for sin:
O let me, Thou long-suffering God!
O let me enter in!

No strict account demand from me
Of all my sojourn here;
For if Thou didst, my conscience knows
How vile I should appear.

Mercy, O Lord, through Jesu's blood,
This is my humble prayer;
I have no other trust or hope;
O let Thy mercy spare!

241 *The Two Dwelling-Places.* 5 of

THROUGHOUT all worlds there is a present God
Yet are not all alike His dwelling-place:
The glorious palace of the King of kings
Is where in blissful adoration sings
The seraph 'mid the radiance of His face.

There, in the peaceful element of love,
Himself its source and centre, God abides,
Ruling, sustaining, animating all,
From Heaven's archangel to the fowls that call
With nature's cry from earth's lone mountain sides

Hath God another dwelling-place He loves?
Hear, O ye Heavens! and, O Earth, give ear!
In every heart beneath the eternal dome,
Where lowly Piety hath made her home,
There is a dwelling to Jehovah dear.

Such heart, so hallowed and so blest, be mine!
Source of all good, hear Thou my suppliant cry,
And grant that gift! O grant it, Lord! 'tis all
I ask or covet, till Thy voice shall call,
And my rapt spirit hearing cleaves the sky.

Contentment and Resignation.

242 † *Thy will be done.* L.M.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
Thy will be done!

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy Good Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

243 † *Living to God.* C.M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne let this
My fervent prayer arise:

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart;
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Amen.

244 *Resignation and Praise.* C.M.

GREAT Source of Life! Eternal Sun!
Whom countless hosts adore!
I pray with them, Thy will be done,
Now, and for evermore!

Whene'er Thy beams illume my soul,
I feel how good Thou art;
Making the wounded spirit whole,
Healing the broken heart.

For every grief, for every pain,
That yet hath marked my days,
With lips, though feeble, loth to feign,
I breathe to Thee my praise.

And be the future, Lord, as Thou
Shalt deem in wisdom best:
I ask Thee still but grace to bow
With praise to Thy behest.

245 *Life is Discipline.* 7575.

ALL my life is discipline,
From my God above;
And, by His Good Spirit's help,
All shall strengthen love.

'Tis not what my heart had hoped;
But I dimly see:
Lord, 'tis better, better far;
For it comes from Thee.

Much must yet my spirit leave,
Ere she raptured rise
On seraphic pinions swift,
Meet for Paradise.

Every feeling, every thought,
All must pass away,
Which were hateful in the light
Of celestial day.

Welcome then, Thy discipline;
Never may it cease,
Till within Thy servant's soul
All be love and peace!

246 † *The Unchanging God.* 6 of 10.

WHATE'ER may change, in God no change is seen;
A glorious Sun that wanes not, nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene;
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines:
All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Father's am, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possest:
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content, while I am His, and He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love;
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But, when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more;
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

247 *God our Portion.* C.M.

I NEED a portion that shall last
When time itself expires;
Eternal as my spirit; vast
As are its best desires.

Thou, Lord, alone that portion art:
With Thee, whate'er beside
Thy grace deny me or impart,
My wants were satisfied.

Then be Thou mine! O be Thou mine,
Despite the sins that still
With even my fairest deeds entwine,
And thwart my holier will!

So, dark or bright my earthly days,
Whate'er my lot may be,
My soul with gratitude and praise
Shall sweetly rest in Thee.

248 *The Lord is Mine.* C.M.

IF thou to heaven canst lift thine eyes,
And see a Friend Divine,
Whose shalt Thou deem beneath the skies
A happier lot than thine?

Rank, riches, influence, health, renown,
To thee may never fall;
And yet, of every good the crown
Is thine—the Lord of all!

O! earth can show no direr foe
Than envy to Thy rest;
And watch, pray, strive, until thou know
'Tis quenched within thy breast.

Should e'er a thought within thee rise,
That might unchecked incline
To that dread evil, lift thine eyes,
And say—The Lord is mine!

249 *Source of Trials.* 7575.

CHANGES come from day to day,
Ordered all above:
Some may deeply shade my way:
Yet, their source is Love.

Grief, pain, wrong, whate'er I see,
Each hath ends benign;
If some dark, enough for me,
Lord, those ends are Thine.

One Thy word makes ever clear,
And the greatest, best:
Ills are sent to make me here
Meet for perfect rest.

Let them come then as they may,
Faith shall look above,
Meekly feel, and calmly say,
Yet, their source is Love.

250 *Praise in Sorrow.* C.M.

CANST thou not breathe glad praise to God
For joys that round thee throng?
Then, praise Him for the chastening rod:
'Twill be a sweeter song.

The warbling notes that greet the day,
Waked by its gladsome light,
Were never lovely deemed as they
Which cheer the gloom of night.

And grateful strains, when joys o'erflow,
Full many a heart may pour,
That in the hour of grief and woe
Can scarce resigned adore.

Then, though thou breathe not praise to God
For joys that round thee throng,
O praise Him for the chastening rod:
'Twill be a sweeter song.

251 *The Christian Pilgrim.* L.M.

FED with the Bread of Life from heaven,
Guarded and kept from morn till even;
Yet know we here enough of ill,
To mind us 'tis the desert still.

We may not 'scape the stormy blast,
Before the open wild be past;
We may not, whilst afar we roam,
Know the unbroken peace of home.

But, brethren, let us onward press,
Nor murmur in the wilderness:
With grateful hearts for good and ill,
Let good unmixed be dearer still.

And when we stand on Jordan's shore,
And haply shrink to venture o'er,
O Saviour, grant that it may seem,
If darksome, yet—a parted stream !

252 *Murmuring deprecated.* 7775.

SONS of men, awake and sing !
Wiser, holier, happier be !
Far away be murmuring,
As ye heaven would see !

In the grave is no device,
Work, nor thought of Wisdom's ways :
Will ye there for Paradise
Learn glad songs of praise ?

Lips that living did not know
How to breathe the loving breath
Of sweet praises, shall they grow
Skilled to praise in death ?

O awake ye now, and sing !
Wiser, holier, happier be !
Far away be murmuring,
As ye heaven would see !

253 *Strength in Sorrow.* 7s.

LORD, each murmur past forgive ;
Each forbidden tear or sigh ;
And vouchsafe me grace to live
Alway meekly, thankfully.

Owns my reason, owns my heart,
None may claim aught good from Thee ;
And, whate'er Thy grace impart,
Evil is deserved by me.

Yet the impatient thought will rise;
Rise despite the holier will:
Father, till I reach the skies,
Lend me strength for every ill.

Grant me faith that can survey
All through suffering won for me,
Till, upon my heavenward way,
Ceaseless praise ascend to Thee.

254 *Use of Sorrows.* L.M.

JOYS countless as the summer flowers
Jehovah shed on Eden's bowers;
Yet saw His wayward children miss
Content, and seek forbidden bliss.

To win us to Himself once more,
He sends not now a boundless store
Of good, that makes the desert sweet
As was the lovely lost retreat;

But fruits and blossoms that suffice
To mind us oft of Paradise;
With yet some thorns while here we roam,
To endear the more a fairer home.

Then let us, with a thankful breast,
Our troubles bear, and wait for rest:
If chastening, 'tis a loving Hand,
That guides us to the goodly Land.

255 *Faith in Sorrow.* 7775.

CHRISTIAN mourner, grieve no more;
Take with love what love hath given;
And on faith's strong pinions soar,
Till thou smile in heaven.

There let praises sweetly flow:
So, descending from the sky,
Thou shalt better rest below
For that flight on high;

And, from weakness gathering strength,
Up to heaven again shalt soar,
And again—until at length
Thou return no more.

Then, how sweet the perfect rest,
Following close the changeful day,
With the thought, 'mid seraphs blest,
It shall last for aye!

Christian mourner, grieve no more;
Take with love what love hath given;
And on faith's strong pinions soar,
Till thou smile in heaven.

256 *Trials Common.* 6 of 8.

ART thou from heavier sorrows free,
Though some griefs yet remain for thee?
O ponder well thy sins again!
Thy sins from earliest youth! and then,
From earth to heaven uplift thy gaze,
And breathe a fervent song of praise.

Thou art not free from every ill:
It is not yet thy Father's will:
Nor were it good for thee to be
So shielded upon earth: the tree
Fenced from the heat, the cold, the storm,
Were poor in fruit and weak in form.

But bear awhile, a brief while bear,
With trust, hope, love; and thou shalt share
The land where weary pilgrims rest,
Ineffably and ever blest:
'Tis high above this changeful dome,
The seraph's and the good man's home.

257 *Sorrows and Joys.* 7s.

IF life's sorrows keep my heart
Nearer in sweet bonds to Thee,
Shall I ask Thee to impart
Joys unmingled here to me?

No, my God, Thy will be done!
I will breathe no other prayer,
Save that, till my course be run,
This may my whole heart declare.

258 † *Divine chastening.* D.C.M.

FULL oft the clouds of deepest woe
So sweet a message bear,
Though dark they seem, 'twere hard to find
A frown of anger there.
For loving is the hand that strikes,
However keen the smart:
'Tis never raised but to expel
Some evil from the heart.

The Lord of Life in sorrow lived;
He loved, and saved us thus;
And shall the world that frowned on Him
Wear only smiles for us?

No; we must follow in the course
Our Saviour deigned to run;
We must not find a resting-place
Where He we love had none.

259 † *Christ our Pattern.* C.M.

AS to Thy Cross, dear Lord, we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

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

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

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

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

Amen.

260 † *Thy Way, not mine.* 6s.

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

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be yet the best;
Winding or straight, 'twill lead
Still on to endless rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God:
So shall I walk aright.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all!

261 † *Divine Sympathy.* C.M.

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

262 † *The Christian's Rest.* S.M.

MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline:
Thou wilt not leave me to despair;
For Thou art Love divine.

In Thee I place my trust;
On Thee I calmly rest:
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

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

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

263 † *The Manna.* 7s.

DAY by day the manna fell:
O, to learn that lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

"Day by day," the promise reads:
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna for to-day.

Lord! my times are in Thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give:
I to Thee will daily live:
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

O, to be exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

264 † *No Abiding City here.* L.M.

WE'VE no abiding city here:
Sad truth for each, were this our home!
But, let the thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here:
Then let us live as pilgrims do:
Let not the world our rest appear;
But let us hopeful onward go.

We've no abiding city here:
We seek a city out of sight;
A home where each to each is dear,
And God its everlasting Light.

O sweet abode of peace and love,
  Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
And O for pinions of a dove,
  To fly to thee and be at rest!

Ah! hush, my soul! nor dare repine:
  The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do His will be mine,
  And His to fix my time of rest!

265 † *Comfort in Sorrow.* 6 of 8.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
  And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

And O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed,—for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Amen.

266 *Present Evil sufficient.* 10s.

SUFFICIENT to the day the present ill,
Was kindly uttered by a heavenly voice;
And one, inspired to teach his Master's will,
Hath bid us alway in the Lord rejoice.

Then, darken not the present with the past;
Nor borrow shadows from a future sky:
'Tis in the present that thy lot is cast,
And there thy duties will for ever lie.

The burden of to-day each heart may bear,
That prays with faith, and is to conscience true;
But, who that knows his feebleness would dare
To take upon himself to-morrow's too?

O rather, listening to thy Lord, rejoice
To trust Him now, and now to do His will;
And, hour by hour, be mindful of the voice,
Sufficient to the day the present ill!

Joy and Thankfulness.

267 † *Divine Mercies.* C.M.

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

O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

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

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

268 *Grace to Praise implored.* L.M.

ETERNAL Source of life and light,
From whom my every blessing flows;
How shall my lips extol aright
The bounty that no measure knows!

O yet one further gift accord;
With one more boon make glad my days;
Impart Thy grace, all-bounteous Lord,
And teach me as I would to praise:

To praise Thee oft-times with my tongue;
To praise Thee ever with my heart;
And soon where heavenly praise is sung,
O let me take my blissful part!

Then, Lord, not one of all the host
That hymn Thy glory round the throne,
Howe'er exalted there, shall boast
A strain more fervent than mine own.

269 † *The Redeemer's Praise.* C.M.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
His kind, His wondrous ways!

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad
The glories of Thy name.

270 *Earthly and Heavenly Choirs.* L.M.

MAN, with silent voice and lyre,
May go mourning griefs and wrongs;
But his Lord hath yet a choir,
That delights in cheerful songs.

He hath one upon the earth,
Whose glad notes unceasing rise;
And, of higher, nobler birth,
One we hear not in the skies.

By the warbling birds around
Teach us, Lord, more happy ways;
And like them let us abound
Day by day in songs of praise.

From the seraph hosts on high,
Who in sweetest strains adore,
May we learn, ere yet we die,
Thee to praise for evermore.

271 *The Treasure within.* L.M.

WE bless Thee, Lord, that, wheresoe'er
We dwell or travel, we can bear
One good still with us day and night,
Secure, and fraught with fresh delight.

Fruit of redeeming love of old,
It is that pearl of price untold,
Which, soaring even to realms unknown,
The unbodied soul can bear alone.

Thou who, to pay its wondrous price,
Didst leave Thy blissful paradise;
Who sorrow, pangs, and death didst know,
The treasure freely to bestow;

O guard it well in every heart,
From hour to hour, till life depart;
Yea, ever, Lord, Thy servants bless
With peaceful, joyful righteousness.

272 † *Songs of Men and Angels.* C.M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels' round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive
  Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
  Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all creation join in one
  Thy goodness to proclaim;
To tell what Thou for man hast done,
  And bless Thy holy name.

273 *Not alone.* 886886.

O THOU, through whose redeeming love,
  The beams of mercy from above
  Upon my heart have shone,
I bless Thy name that solitude,
Whose power is oft in vain withstood,
  Is for Thy servant gone.

Stillness profound may reign around,
The ear may catch no earthly sound,
  No form may meet the eye;
Yet listening love can hear a voice,
That whispers comfort, and rejoice
  In One for ever nigh.

O Lord my God, accept the praise
This heart and tongue must feebly raise,
  Until the day shall dawn,
When I shall praise Thee as I would,
'Mid countless hosts, that solitude
  Is more than ever gone.

274 *Delight in God.* 7s.

LORD, I would delight in Thee;
Choose that highest, noblest part;
And Thy promise trust, to give
The desires within my heart.

Yet, how vast are those desires!
Deathless love, and endless bliss!
O my Father, can it be,
Thou wilt surely grant me this?

Shall I never, never die?
Thee, adoring, ever see?
Hear my prayer for Jesu's sake!
Fill me with delight in Thee!

Sins that quench its living source,
Make me more and more to hate;
Doubts and fears that overcloud,
In Thy mercy dissipate.

By Thy Spirit, O my God,
Let the deep calm joy be given;
And, that earnest in my soul,
I will wait the opening heaven.

275 *Seek ye My Face.* 7575.

WHO hath ever seen Thy face,
But its light would seek?
Who hath ever felt Thy grace,
But its praise would speak?

We by faith Thy face have seen;
We would alway see:
Let no darkness intervene
'Twixt our souls and Thee.

We, through Jesu's blood, have stood
In sweet mercy's rays:
Lord, with boundless gratitude
Help us now to praise.

Help us now to praise; and when
Faith is lost in sight,
Still, O Father, help; and then,
We will praise aright.

276 † *Praise to the Redeemer.* L.M.

SAVIOUR, Source of every blessing!
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
Thou, to rescue me from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I'm come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Take me to my heavenly home.

277 † *Blessedness of Trust.* C.M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they
Who in His truth confide.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all,
Who in His succour trust.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then,
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

278 *Glad Sounds ceaseless.* C.M.

O HEIRS of heaven, with heart and voice
Let your glad strains arise!
'Tis meet, 'tis right that ye rejoice
Past all below the skies.

Countless are nature's songs, though few,
Of all afar or near,
Beneath the wide o'erarching blue,
May reach the quickest ear.

Sweet melodies by day, by night,
Around the varied earth,
Rise to the Lord of life and light,
Whence came its wondrous birth.

If mute distress, and notes of woe,
Are ceaseless, yet 'tis true,
And loving hearts should joy to know,
Glad praise is ceaseless too.

Then, heirs of heaven, with heart and voice
Let your glad strains arise;
'Tis meet, 'tis right that ye rejoice
Past all below the skies.

279 *Never murmur more.* 7775.

KNOW'ST thou well the sufferer's part,
And not less complainings sore?
Take this counsel to thy heart;
Never murmur more.

Change thy murmurings into praise:
God, it may be, yet will bless
Bounteously thy future days,
For thy thankfulness.

Haply, many an evil past
Came thy pleasures to alloy;
For that countless gifts and vast
Woke few songs of joy.

O! then, whatsoe'er the days
Which yet wait thee have in store,
Meet them, as they come, with praise;
Never murmur more.

280 *Rest in God alone.* C.M.

OFT shall my song ascend to Thee
For countless gifts of grace;
And even where some might anger see
Will I Thy mercy trace.

I thank Thee, Lord, that peace serene
Hath ne'er been yielded yet
By aught on which my hopes have been
With sinful ardour set.

So be it still! whate'er my heart
Too fondly seeks below;
As it could solace sweet impart,
And all I crave bestow;

O! let it prove, that picture fair
By fancy's pencil drawn,
A fleeting gleam, a vision rare,
That lures—betrays—is gone!

Thyself, my Lord and God, alone
My Rest, my Portion be:
And ever still be rest unknown
Except when known in Thee.

281 † *Songs of Praise.* 7s.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born:
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away:
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth:
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

282 *Vain and Real Joy.* S.M.

LESS pleased by what we have
Than grieved by what we miss,
We fondly crave, and seek, and crave
Imaginary bliss.

In vain the wise essay
To impress our hearts aright:
We hardly dream awake by day
Less than asleep by night.

O God of love unknown!
Thy grace divine impart,
Till all have learnt 'tis Thine alone
To cheer, to bless the heart.

When Thou vouchsafest light,
Vain visions pass away;
And, real as Thy beams are bright,
Come joys of endless day.

Illume then, Lord, illume
Our souls with heavenly rays;
Till, gone for ever clouds and gloom,
We wake to ceaseless praise!

283 *Joy in God.* 8787.

HE on whom life's Sun is shining
Should find life a pleasant vale;
Nor in spirit know repining,
Though all lesser lights should fail.

He whose course still heavenward tendeth
Should go singing on his way,
Even though sorrow sometimes blendeth
Her notes with the cheerful lay.

O be glad and sing, my spirit!
Grateful for thy good possest:
'Tis the meekly glad inherit
Gladness in the land of rest.

God is glorified by praises;
Praises spring from joy and love;
And who here the sweet song raises,
He shall swell the songs above.

284 † *Call to Praise.* 8 of 7.

COME, O come! with sacred lays
Let us sound the Almighty's praise;
Hither bring, in true consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument.
To your voices tune the lute;
Let not tongue or string be mute;
Not a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound.

Let such things as do not live
In still music praises give:
Lowly pipe, all ye that creep
On the earth or in the deep.
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;
Sun, and moon, exalted higher,
And ye stars, augment the choir.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place;
And amid this mortal throng
Be ye masters of the song.
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round;
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting, as is He.

So shall He, from heaven's high tower,
On the earth His blessing shower;
All this vast wide orb we see
Shall one choir, one temple be.
Then our voices we will rear,
Till we fill it everywhere.
Come, O come, with sacred lays
Let us sound the Almighty's praise.

285 *Man made for God.* 7s.

MY God, I was made for Thee;
For Thee will I joy to live;
O! ever my Helper be,
And all that is needed give!

The things which around I mark
  May dazzle with transient glare;
But all in my soul is dark,
  If Thou art not present there.

No evil I know, or fear,
  All pleasures fresh joy impart,
When Thou I can feel art dear,
  And thankfulness fills my heart.

Then surely, my God, for Thee,
  It should be my joy to live;
O! ever my Helper be,
  And all that is needed give!

286 *Sun of Righteousness.* D.L.M.

O GOD, how glorious is the Light,
  That chases fear and misery!
How sweet to exchange sin's gloomy night
  For days of peace and piety!
To wake from vain and wildering dreams,
  Which but elate us to depress,
And feel the bright and brightening beams
  Shed from the Sun of Righteousness!

Grant, Lord, that all of us may flee
  Afar from sin and slavery;
May more and more the beauty see,
  And joy of holy liberty:
Then, when Thine own good time shall come
  With clearer light our eyes to bless,
O show us, in the eternal home,
  Thyself, O Sun of Righteousness!

287 † *Exhortation to Praise.* S.M.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Above all thought, all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify?

O! for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name
Henceforth for evermore.

288 † *Sing, as ye Journey.* 7s.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing with joy your Saviour's praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

Ye are travelling home to God,
In the path your fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Zion's city is in sight:
There your mansions are prepared,
There your kingdom and reward!

Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, we hear Thee, and will go,
Nor will cling to aught below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
We will joy to follow Thee.

289 † *Praise the Lord.* D.87.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

290 † *Praise, my Soul.* 878747.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring:
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

291 † *God Reigns.* L.M.

THE Lord is King! lift up your voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King!

The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King!

292 *All my Springs are in Thee.* C.M.

A CRAVING, weak, dependent thing,
Man roams a weary waste,
In quest of some refreshing spring
No eye hath ever traced.

If oft he lays him down, and dreams,
And slakes his burning thirst,
He wakes beside the fancied streams,
Still craving as at first.

O! does he learn the truth at last,
And, turning in despair
From barren sands, look up, and cast
His wants and sorrows there?

Soon does the eye of faith descry,
What cannot else be seen,
Streams in the desert, flowing high
'Twixt banks for ever green.

He stoops to drink; then kneels to bless
The Healer of his woes;
And, as he kneels, the wilderness
All blossoms as the rose!

And now, 'tis not a dream of joy;
'Tis sweet reality;
'Tis pleasure, Lord, without alloy;
His "springs are all in Thee!"

293 *Earthly and Heavenly Joys.* C.M.

THE dearest joys the heart hath known,
Awaked by things of earth,
Often, like music's sweetest tone,
Have perished in their birth.

So brief, so transient was their power,
It was but as the breath
Of fragrance from the claspèd flower,
That sweetly tells its death.

Is there a joy that ever lives?
O yes! but not of earth:
Unmeasured grace the blessing gives,
And 'tis of heavenly birth.

Sweeter than music from the lyre,
Or perfume from the rose,
Its songs are welcomed by the choir,
Whose praise for ever flows.

That God, from whose great bounty spring
Sweet sounds, sweet scents, all good;
Who gives the hosts on high to sing,
And man His angels' food;

He is its Giver, Author, Source:
O for a seraph's hymn,
To tell to all with winning force
What joy is found in Him!

294 *The Secret of the Lord.* L.M.

A VOICE of joy, and kindling eye,
May not the heart's best good disclose;
But deem not thence that gladness high
In holiest bosoms rarely glows.

The stream, that on the lonely height
With sweetest music leaps and plays,
Oft glides in silence when in sight
'Mid the low valley's travelled ways.

The secret of the Lord our God
Is but for them that fear His name;
And not till Wisdom's path be trod,
Will happiest love the soul inflame.

O deem not, then, that gladness high
In holiest bosoms rarely glows;
Though voice of joy, or kindling eye,
The heart's best treasure seldom shows.

295 † *Universal and Eternal Praise.* L.M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy Word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

See also Hymn 471.

296 *Evil of Anger.* 8787.

MEEK Redeemer! calmly bearing
Hate, reproach, contempt, and scorn!
May we all, Thy spirit sharing,
Over wrongs but pray and mourn!

Anger is not for a creature
Asking mercy day by day:
Lord, we own, each tone and feature
Should the grace we need display.

Anger harms ourselves and others;
Peace destroys or long suspends;
And the bonds of friends and brothers
Oft with reckless fury rends.

Yea, dread thought! unchecked, it renders
Worse than vain our prayers to Thee,
That, as we forgive offenders,
We should Thy forgiveness see.

O then keep us meekly bearing
All that else might waken ire;
And each heart Thy spirit sharing
With Thy heavenly peace inspire.

297 *Christ Excusing and Pardoning.* 11.4.11.4.10.12.

HOW few that, tender sympathy expecting
In gloom and dread,
Turn to their dearest friends, and there detecting
Dull sleep instead,
Remember still how frail this mortal clay,
And, tho' with swelling heart, excuse as best they may!

Still fewer they, who, when their hands have lavished
Their choicest good,
And scorn requites the boon, not bosoms ravished
With gratitude,
Freely forgive, and look with sorrowing eye
On malice, skilled to work her own sad destiny.

And where, O where, amid the hosts displaying
The Cross, are those,
Who hated, mocked, and basely wronged, are praying
For bitterest foes,
While yet before them, and, with pitying glance,
Striving to bury still their sins in ignorance?

Meek, suffering Lord! no tongue can tell Thy glory
In heaven or earth!
We read, we mark, we ponder deep the story,
Of priceless worth:
But, fading like the spangles of the night
Before the blaze of day, our minds are lost in light!

298 *The Reward of the Meek.* L.M.

IF earth be but a desert wild,
By pilgrims trod of various mood;
Yet, as they wend, the meek and mild
In secret eat of angels' food.

And here and there, through all the waste,
Are shaded fountains cool and sweet,
Whose waters they may freely taste,
And rest the while their weary feet.

Refreshed, serene, they journey on;
And, if there wake the tempest's din
Around them ever and anon,
Sweet melody is still within:

Within the heart; the lowly fane
  Where God abides in wondrous love,
Preparing each to swell the strain
  That fills His glorious courts above.

O! blessèd are the meek and mild!
  A goodly heritage is given
To them within the desert wild:
  And what shall be their rest in heaven!

299 *Forgiveness.* 886886.

AS God, my soul, commandeth thee,
  Forgive thou every enemy;
    Nor count the spirit tame,
That calmly bears the fiercest threat,
Or basest wrong, till thou forget
    Thy meek Redeemer's name.

Aspiring, too, to share above,
O imitate below, His love,
    And still with kindness strive
To quench the malice of thy foe:
Then by experience thou shalt know
    'Tis Godlike to forgive.

For God shall pardon more from thee
Than e'er thy bitterest enemy
    Could do to wake thine ire;
And thou, deserving pangs of hell,
Shalt take thy golden harp, and swell
    The everlasting choir.

300 *Long-Suffering.* 11.4.11.4.10.12.

LONG-SUFFERING Lord, we hope to dwell for ever
With Thee on high:
O! by that hope so blessèd, may we never
The grace deny
To those who wrong us, which Thyself didst show
So often upon earth to even Thy bitterest foe!

Pour down more largely on Thy Church a spirit
Of meekest love;
That all below, aspiring to inherit
A home above,
May ever from their hearts the worst forgive,
And with the best in peace and sweet communion live.

Impart to each the grace, so rare and holy,
To make for all
The best excuse he may, and ever slowly
A wrong recall;
Remembering well how vain our hope of bliss
Wert thou extreme to mark the things we do amiss.

301 † *Love for Hatred.* 7s.

LORD, forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay:
Duties I have left undone;
Evils I have failed to shun.

Pardon, Lord! and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

May I feel beneath my wrongs,
Vengeance to the Lord belongs;
Nor a worse requital dare
Than the meek revenge of prayer.

Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return:
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

302 *The Forgiving Saviour.* 11.4.11.4.10.12.

THERE are who kindly in their hours of gladness
Shed joy around;
Yet cold or wrathful in the day of sadness
Toward all are found:
Like flowers, that healthful odours in the light
Breathe sweetly forth, and yet are noxious in the night.

And there be, too, a larger unblest number,
That good return;
But wake, if wronged, like lions from their slumber,
And fiercely burn:
Shall such, Lord, bear Thy name and sing Thy praise?
O give them eyes to see, and hearts to love Thy ways!

Pardoning Thy friends, forgetful in the Garden
Of Thee forlorn;
Praying upon the Cross for foes that harden
Their hearts in scorn;
Pleading for each the one, the only plea,
That even Thy divine all-searching eye could see;—

O! never yet the angels that attending
Before Thee bow,
Beheld more wondrous hues of glory blending
Around Thy brow,
Than when, fulfilling boundless mercy's plan,
They saw their suffering Lord a meek forgiving man!

303 *Peace within.* 8884.

IF peace within, by day, by night,
Pass all without, in earth or sky,
Then do the right, and leave the right
With God on high.

Be it ten thousand foes assail
At once Thy name, and seek Thy fall,
A holy life, whate'er would fail,
Will answer all.

And meek endurance, as He taught,
Who every rule He gave obeyed,
Will prove a good past speech or thought,
When words are weighed.

Nor doubt that this, the happiest way,
Will surest prove to quell thy foes:
Fierce winds can only strength display,
If aught oppose.

Diligence.

304 *Labour our Lot here.* 10.5.10.5.

MAN in the morning to his work goes forth,
And rests at even:
Christian, forget not, labour is for earth,
Repose for heaven.

Who now sows precious seed, though it may be
Too oft with weeping,
Shall, if he patiently await it, see
A joyous reaping.

Fruit shall be gathered, whose abundant store
Shall never perish,
In fields of bliss, where God shall evermore
His children cherish.

Then scatter freely, nor withhold thy hand
Till close of even:
Earth is the place of toil; the better land
Of rest is heaven.

305 *Nobleness and Blessedness.* 7575.

NOBLE are the souls that live
For a noble end:
Blessèd that rejoice to give
Blessings to extend.

Thou mayst not the harvest see,
But believing sow;
And thy very work shall be
Joy enough below.

Ever fresh, as is the light
  Of the morning sun,
Is the labour for the right,
  Freely, rightly done.

And, if sweet be quiet rest,
  When the night descends,
O! what cometh 'mid the blest,
  When all darkness ends!

Labourer, of mortal days,
  But of aims divine,
Toil, and spend, and trust, and praise;
  Good past thought is thine!

306 *Life Sublime.* 7s.

O! IT is sublime to live,
  When, through every change we see,
Constant still, our hearts we give,
  Perfect, like our God, to be!

Each new morning brings new joy;
  For that now a task is ours,
Yielding ever fresh employ,
  Worthy of our loftiest powers.

Not the bright hosts in the skies
  Have diviner ends in view;
And to their bliss all shall rise,
  Who such good on earth pursue.

They shall go from strength to strength,
  They shall mount from height to height,
Until each appear at length
  Perfect in the realms of light.

Lord, amidst all seeming ill,
  Thy Good Spirit freely give:
So, whate'er befall us, still
  It shall be sublime to live.

307 *Calm Diligence.* D.76.

UNHASTING, yet unresting,
  Work calmly day by day;
Sow for the skies, my spirit,
  And on thy Maker stay:
Within the quiet garden
  The sweetest flowerets blow;
Within the tranquil bosom
  The loveliest graces grow.

Unhasting, yet unresting,
  Like the bright orbs on high,
The blessed saints and angels
  Spread blessings far and nigh:
Fervent, serene, unwearied,
  Still doing good, they sing,
And singing, serve for ever
  Their never-resting King.

Unhasting, yet unresting,
  Then pass thy destined time;
But, outward work esteeming,
  Count inward work sublime:
To quench each hateful passion,
  To feed the flame of love,
Be this thy prime endeavour,
  And thou shalt reap above.

308 *Work.* 7s.

LIFE is not a holiday,
But a day of hopeful toil:
'Tis the hunter takes the prey;
'Tis the warrior wins the spoil.

Even on high the perfect rest
Will be rest that souls could bear:
And would slumber please them best?
Or were stillness gladness there?

No; but work in spreading joy,
Free from care and weariness:
That were ever sweet employ;
Rest divine of souls in bliss.

Greater good not angels know
Than to love, and spread abroad
Their own ceaseless joys, which flow
From the unwearied love of God.

Come then, brethren, while we may,
Works benignant let us do:
So even earth shall day by day
Heavenly joys for us renew.

309 † *Hallowed Toil.* S.M.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see:
And what I do, in anything,
To do it as for Thee!

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend:
In all I do, be Thou the way,
In all, be Thou the end!

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

If done to obey Thy laws,
Even servile labours shine:
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

310 *Work with thy Might.* 6 of 10.

THIS mortal life, to aid our feeble sight,
Wisdom hath pictured by an eagle's flight;
His flight when swiftest, when with cleaving wing
He downward darts, like arrow from the string:
O keep, my soul, that rapid stoop in view,
And with thy might do what thou hast to do!

If fear can move thee, work while yet 'tis light;
And be not tempted to forget the night:
Treading even now so closely on the grave,
Where wisdom ceases and no arm can save,
O keep, my soul, that narrow house in view,
And with thy might do what thou hast to do!

Or if sweet hope would thee more strongly sway,
Then be not tempted to forget the day;
The day that soon shall give thee to behold
Thy home, thy Saviour, and thy harp of gold:
O keep, my soul, that blissful heaven in view,
And with thy might do what thou hast to do!

Watchfulness.

311 † *Watch.* S.M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight;
For awful is His name.

Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

Amen.

312 *Fleeting Joys.* L.M.

LIGHT be my hold, for ever light,
On all that hastens to decay;
Or suddenly, by day or night,
With life itself may fleet away.

Light as the frail and withered leaf's,
At close of autumn, on the tree:
So chastened joys, or tempered griefs,
Alone shall this world yield to me.

But strongly, firmly let me grasp
Thy gifts supreme, O Lord of all!
As the old wreathèd branches clasp,
And thence draw life, the ivied wall:

That when the joys and griefs of earth
Are, like its light and darkness, gone,
Death may but prove my spirit's birth,
And heaven's eternal morning dawn.

313 † *Watch and Pray.* D.S.M.

GREAT Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe
With holy joy or guilty dread
We all must soon appear;
Do Thou our souls prepare
For that tremendous Day,
Inspiring each with watchful care,
And waking each to pray.

To pray, and wait the hour
So certain but unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down;
The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With power the inmost soul to scan
And every secret trace.

O may we all be found
Obedient to Thy word,
Expectant of the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we now ensure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest!

314 *The Way of Peace.* 8s.

BE watchful, be sober, be calm;
Rejoice, but with gladness sublime;
Let faith for each grief be a balm;
And let hope shed a glory on time.

Be careful for nothing below;
Cast all that perplexes on God;
Nor marvel some sorrows to know
In the path the Most Holy One trod.

Blend praises, too, ever with prayer,
And a love, come what may, that endures;
So the peace which no lips can declare,
No mind understand, shall be yours.

O Father! how blest to be Thine!
When the heart from the dust can arise,
And the beams of Thy Truth on us shine,
We are well nigh at home in the skies!

315 *Readiness to Depart.* 7775.

HELP me, Lord, to walk with Thee,
Mindful of the coming hour,
Calmly, purely, lovingly,
By Thy Spirit's power.

O! it needs a mind serene,
Suddenly to soar on high
Into realms as yet unseen,
There to meet Thine eye!

O! it needs the soul should shrink
From each touch, each thought of ill,
With good hope in death to think
Of Thy holy hill!

And how blessèd then the love,
Which can "Abba, Father," say;
Foretaste sweet of joys above,
Ere yet breaks the day!

God and Saviour, lend Thine ear!
Ever still, through faith in Thee,
Peace we know, and holy fear,
Love, and purity.

So, until my latest breath,
Grant to me that faith divine:
Then, come slow or sudden death,
Lord, Thy will is mine!

316 *Youthful Life Uncertain.* 7s.

COME, ye children, mark and learn
Truth, that none too soon can know;
And which, wheresoe'er we turn,
Nature spareth not to show.

Fruits to tossing branches cling
Through a stormy summer day;
Tender blossoms in the spring
One light breeze may sweep away.

Lambs may frolic in the sun;
But how oft the pensive dams,
Circling whom they leap and run,
Long outlive the playful lambs!

Newborn rills, when summer glows,
Quickly fail to dance and sing;
But the ancient river flows
Onward still, though murmuring.

Youth! from nature, grave or gay,
Learn to flee from sin and sorrow;
Say not, tis too soon to-day,
Lest it be too late to-morrow!

317 † *Life Uncertain.* S.M.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
'Twill be by Thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!

Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thy almighty power,
The aged and the young!

One thing demands our care:
O, be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed!

To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night!

318 *Our only Rest.* 7s.

WHILE from place to place I rove,
Still to keep a tranquil breast,
And, with ever stedfast love,
Cleave unto my only Rest;

In each changed and changing scene,
Thronged or lonely, vexed or still,
Thee to commune with unseen,
And my life's great trust fulfil;

Lord, whate'er the soul design,
And howe'er resolved the heart,
This yet asks a power divine,
Which Thou only canst impart.

Grant that power, O Lord my God!
Still my Strength, my Guardian be;
And, where'er I roam abroad,
Never let me roam from Thee.

319 *The Frail Barrier.* D.L.M.

DOES but a trembling veil divide
My soul, O God, from heaven and Thee?
Drawn by a viewless hand aside,
That thin frail barrier, should I see
Thyself revealed; and, circling wide,
Thine angels blest, with saints now free
From death, who faded here and died;
One vast adoring company?

Then, ere this morning sun decline,
That glorious sight may greet mine eyes!
Nay, ere his noontide splendour shine,
My soul may as from darkness rise
Into Thy bright, yet sunless shrine!
O God! hear now my suppliant cries,
And make me, by Thy grace divine,
Meet for the marvels of the skies!

Conscientiousness and Uprightness.

320 *The Voice within.* 6565.

CONSCIENCE softly whispers;
Pleads with gentle breath:
Listen, and obey her,
O my soul, till death.

Never plead against her;
She will but be dumb:
Count her wise, revere her;
Boundless good will come:

Peace serene and holy,
Love that chases fear,
Hope of joy in heaven,
Foretastes of it here.

God too yet shall give her
More and more of light;
Till, in His good season,
Error endeth quite.

Then the ways so pleasant
Thou shalt never miss;
Every path that lures thee,
Still shall yield thee bliss.

Hour by hour, then, listen
To the gentle breath
Of the voice within thee,
O my soul, till death.

321 *Faithful Service of God.* C.M.

O TRUST and serve the Lord thy God;
Give Him thy love, my heart;
And be the path of conscience trod,
Though every friend depart.

Meekly endure reproach and wrong;
Beneath no ill repine;
Breathe day by day a thankful song;
And let God's will be thine.

Yet ever, 'mid thy utmost pains,
Thy watching, prayer, and strife,
For heavenly wisdom's present gains,
And future endless life;

Repose, with humble, grateful trust,
On mercy vast as free,
Vouchsafed through Him, the Pure, the Just,
Who lived and died for thee.

322 *Promise to the Upright.* C.M.

NO good thing shall the upright want:
O promise vast as brief!
Grant me to be of them, and grant,
Lord, in Thy word belief!

Thy grace hath taught me that repose
Can ne'er on earth be known,
Until that peace be found, which flows
From trust in Thee alone.

And life reveals that all beside
Proves, in the darksome day,
Vain as a lamp gone out, to guide,
Or broken reed, to stay.

Then give me, Thou eternal Sun,
Ever an upright heart;
Nor, till the cloudless land be won,
Let peaceful faith depart.

See also Hymns 473 and 474.

Almsgiving, Missions, etc.

323 *Charity.* C.M.

LORD, send Thy Spirit from above,
And melt each bosom cold:
Let none, for lack of higher love,
Be filled with love of gold.

Give all to see, 'mid wants around,
And ignorance, and crime,
That Pity is a good profound,
And Charity sublime.

By His great love, who, being rich,
Became on earth so poor,
To win for us that portion, which
Makes rich for evermore;—

And who, though now returned on high,
Where circling angels laud,
Still pleads for humblest saints, whose cry
Of want goes up to God;—

O! by that grace, all grace above,
Melt Thou each bosom cold:
Let none, for lack of higher love,
Be filled with love of gold.

324 *Cheerful Giving and Receiving.* C.M.

GOD wills, O man, that cheerfully
Thou shouldst to others give;
And cheerfully, His gifts to thee
Thyself receiving, live.

He loveth not the niggard hand,
That grieveth to impart;
Nor made for them the better land,
Who take with murmuring heart.

So good, so bountiful is He,
And us He loveth so,
He would we both His heaven should see,
And happily towards it go.

Go happily from day to day;
And, as we pass along,
His praises sing upon our way
To the bright home of song.

For praises are the breath of love,
And trust, and peace, and joy;
In earth beneath, in heaven above,
Our noblest, best employ.

Then, with rejoicing, loving praise,
O man, receive and give;
And thou, so blest through fleeting days,
Shalt blest for ever live.

325 † *The Poor.* D.C.M.

FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline:
What can we offer, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?
But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace;
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.

In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And, in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard.
Thyself with reverence and with love,
We in Thy poor would see;
And so, while kindly serving them,
Would do it, Lord, to Thee.

326 *Blessed to Give.* C.M.

O FATHER, by Thy Spirit make
Our hearts indeed believe,
That 'tis more blest for Jesu's sake
To give than to receive.

That truth undying words reveal:
We would the blessing know:
But oft self-love hath power to steel
The breast to others' woe.

Increase our faith in Him who came
His life itself to give,
That all, who hear and love His name,
Through His dread death might live:

Might live in peace and joy below;
And then, in worlds of bliss,
Might reap, as they once loved to sow
All good around in this.

That faith once strong will surely make
Our hearts indeed believe,
That 'tis more blest for Jesu's sake
To give than to receive.

327 † *Sympathy.* C.M.

FATHER of mercies! send Thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.

O may our sympathizing hearts,
The tender pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

Where'er the helpless sons of want
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pain to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

As Jesus lived and died for us
With pity kind and true,
May we, whom thus the Saviour loved,
Love each his brother too!

328

† *Call of the Heathen.* D.76.

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

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

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

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

329 *The Living Way.* L.M.

THERE is a path no fowl doth know,
Nor vulture's piercing eye hath seen;
And by it heart to heart may go,
Though ocean roll his floods between.

And is there not a way to Thee,
God of the wandering and astray?
Thy word reveals, and faith can see,
To heaven's high gates a Living Way.

Yet, viewless to the eye of sense,
Full many heed it not, but roam
With weary heart the desert, whence
It opens to a peaceful home.

Eternal Source of sunless light!
Fountain of never-ending day!
Disperse the dismal shades of night,
And show to all the Living Way!

330 † *The Spirit invoked for All.* L.M.

O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all the fulness of Thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations far and nigh;
The triumphs of the Cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

Amen.

331 † *Israel's Sons.* L.M.

O WHY should Israel's sons, once blessed,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disowned of Heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground?

O God of Israel! view their race,
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.

The veil of darkness rend in twain,
That hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The severed olive-branch again
To its own parent stock unite.

Haste, glorious day! expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise;
With eager feet one temple throng;
One God in holy anthems praise!

332 † *For Jew and Gentile.* L.M.

ARM of the Lord! awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice! for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesu's side.

Let Zion's time of favour come;
O, bring the tribes of Israel home:
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

333 † *For the Jews.* D.L.M.

GREAT God of Abraham, hear our prayer;
Let Abraham's seed Thy mercy share:
O may they now at length return,
And look on Him they pierced, and mourn!
Remember Jacob's flock of old;
Bring home the wanderers to Thy fold;
Thy grace, for Jesu's sake, accord,
Till Israel love and praise the Lord!

Though aliens still, estranged from Thee,
Cut off from their own olive-tree,
O let them not thus lost remain,
But spare, and graft them in again!
Lord, put Thy law within their hearts,
And write it on their inward parts;
The obscuring veil asunder smite,
Which hides Messiah from their sight.

O speed the day so long foretold,
When all mankind, one Shepherd's fold,
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
And one Redeemer's name adore.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

334 † *Rain and Snow.* 666688.

MARK thou the gentle rain,
And softly falling snow;
And ponder well the good
That each effects below:
They water earth through every pore,
And call forth all her secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence Divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

So, saith the God of grace,
My Gospel shall descend,
Almighty to achieve
The good which I intend:
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

335 † *The Reign of Jesus.* L.M.

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

People and realms of every tongue
Shall chant His love in sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Good shall abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leap to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want be blest.

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

336 † *Crown Him Lord of All.* C.M.

ALL hail the power of Jesu's name!
Ye angels, prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Of Jesse's stem extol the rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye souls redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the Fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
Around this earthly ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

337 *Farewell to a Missionary.* 7s.

BROTHER, go; your treasure bear
O'er the sea, in faith to toil:
Take, surpassing jewels rare,
Precious seed for distant soil.

Go, to scatter it abroad
With a hand and heart of love;
And an eye that looks to God
For His blessing from above.

Shall the fervent hope be vain,
Which within your bosom glows,
That the barren howling plain
Soon shall blossom as the rose?

No; for He who prompts shall hear
From the wilderness a cry;
And, for him who pleadeth near,
Shed the soft rain from on high.

Trees of righteousness shall spring,
Bloom, and bear, in genial rays;
And the wilderness shall ring
With the melody of praise.

Go then, brother, o'er the wave;
Take your priceless freight of love;
Toil endure, and danger brave;
Sweet shall be your rest above!

338 † *For Departing Missionaries.* 878747.

SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them!
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them;
Now they go to free the slaves:
Be Thou with them!
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

Friends, and home, and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
O, be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.

When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears;
Be Thou with them!
Hear their sighs and count their tears.

When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seemed before,
Bring the promised glory nearer;
Let them see that peaceful shore
Where Thy people
Rest from toil, and weep no more!

Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
There in mercy, Lord, be near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain;
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again!

In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be:
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see;

There to reap in joy for ever
Fruit that here their hands had sown:
There to be with Him who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
And with triumph
Sing a Saviour's grace alone!

339 † *School Anniversary.* 666688.

CHILDREN.

COME, let our voice ascend
In one glad song of praise;
And with the strain let each
His heart to God upraise.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise belongs,
He claims our earliest, latest songs.

CHILDREN.

Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends His Word to us and you.

CHILDREN.

Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone your praises bring;
Let old and young His praises sing.

CONGREGATION AND CHILDREN.

Lord crown our work of love,
We pray Thee, with success;
The teachers and the taught,
And all who help us bless:
So shall our praise resound to Thee,
Through time and through eternity.

340 † *School Anniversary.* 878787.

GRACIOUS Saviour, holy Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

Tender Shepherd! never leave them
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy warning love directed,

May they walk the narrow way;
Thus direct them, thus defend them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

Let Thy holy word instruct them,
Fill their minds with heavenly light,
Let Thy powerful grace constrain them
To approve whate'er is right;
Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
Let them prove Thy burden light.

Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd,
Glad thank-offerings may they bring;
Then, with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise their Lord and King.

341 † *School Festival.* S.M.

LORD JESUS, God and man,
On this our festal day,
To Thee for precious gifts of grace
Thy ransomed people pray.

We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle, holy love,
For strength to do Thy will below,
As angels do above.

We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore,
With all Thy blessèd saints.

On friends around us here
O let Thy blessing fall!
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

O joy to live for Thee!
O joy in Thee to die!
O very joy of joys to see
Thy face eternally!

Lord Jesus, God and man,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father one,
And Spirit evermore.

Amen.

342 † *Choir Anniversary.* C.M.

THROUGHOUT all earth and air and sea
Sweet sounds our Father bless,
In hymns of natural harmony
From voices numberless.

The carol shrill of joyous bird,
The hum of honey-bee,
The leaves, by summer breezes stirred,
Which whisper on the tree,—

The cataract's rush, the ocean's roar,
Unite with one accord
In ceaseless chorus to adore
Their own and Nature's Lord.

The Church, with pipes and keys combined,
And notes of varied art,
Meet utterance ever strives to find
For music in her heart.

Father, to-day accept our gift,
And by Thy presence bless
The hymns thy children here uplift,
To praise thy bounteousness.

Give glory to the Three in One,
Ye saints and heavenly host;
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost.

343 † *For a Hospital.* L.M.

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er He went Affliction fled,
And Sickness reared her fainting head.

The eye that long had rolled in night
Beheld, amazed, the Lord of light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, His praises sung.

May we by loving-kindness led,
In Jesu's steps delight to tread,
And needful aid like Him dispense,
With pure and warm benevolence.

O Thou dread Power! whose sovereign breath
Is health or sickness, life or death,
Our house of mercy deign to bless;
The cause is Thine; O grant success!

344 *Likeness to God.* 5 of 10.

IN heart and life, O God, I would be pure,
And wait on Thee with ever fervent love;
Not hoping heaven to earn, alone secure
In Thy redeeming grace, my refuge sure,
Tho' the hills shake and earth's foundations move.

But because Thou art holy, and I see
The peerless beauty of a stainless life;
And feel how sweet, how blissful it would be,
In deed and spirit to resemble Thee,
Freed from all fear, and doubt, and anxious strife.

O grant this blessedness, my God and King!
If needful, sorrow on Thy servant lay;
Yet hear, O hear, one further prayer I bring:
Let me not need the bitter chastening,
But by sweet mercy's power my spirit sway!

345 † *Nearer to Thee.* 6464664.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

Though like a wanderer
(The sun gone down)
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Some sweet memorial,
Lord, I will raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

346 *Walking at Liberty.* C.M.

LORD, I would count each moment Thine,
Would spend, be spent, for Thee;
And so, in Thy fair boundless shrine,
Would walk at liberty:

Would calmly Thy designs fulfil;
Fears, doubts, and sorrows flown;
Chased by a firm, resolvèd will
To live to Thee alone.

But ah! Thy servant's strength is frail!
The dew-drop on the flower
Might easier bear the stormy gale
Than I the Tempter's power!

The past, the past reveals how vain
Is oft my holiest vow!
And so, unless Thy grace sustain,
Will prove my purpose now.

O Lord my God, that grace accord!
In every time of need
Do Thou, a present Help, afford
Strength to a trembling reed!

347 *Strive again.* S.M.

STILL conquered, strive again;
Despair count sin, and shun:
God is for all who love the right;
So victory must be won.

Only be sure thy heart
Is single, fixed, and true;
And then fear not, but with fresh hope
Still the good fight renew.

The Lord thy efforts sees;
The Lord thy weakness knows;
And still with pity this regards,
And smiles well pleased on those.

Then pray, then strive again;
With faith the victory seek:
Who gave thee life that once wert dead,
Shall yet make strong the weak.

348 *Friends of God.* 6 of 7.

LORD of all the worlds on high,
That adorn the midnight sky,
And afar past sight extend;
King of kings, who, on Thy throne,
Sway'st the universe alone;
Wilt Thou call a man Thy friend?

Thought is weak to scan Thy ways;
With vain effort speech essays
In meet terms Thy grace to laud;
But my prayer in mercy hear;
Ever let my life appear
Worthy of a friend of God.

349 *Worldly Good Insufficient.* C.M.

MY heart aspires, my soul is vast,
And couldst Thou give me all
That skill e'er won, or toil amassed,
O world, thou art too small!

Thy best is like the morning cloud,
With hues so fair to see,
Floating in gorgeous beauty proud;
Then—dropping in the sea!

Ever it comes awakening fear,
To go bequeathing grief;
And then most fails the heart to cheer,
When most it needs relief.

Ah, vain! ah, blind! who worship thee,
And down before thee fall!
My soul through grace that sin shall flee:
O world, thou art too small!

350 *Honour from God.* S.M.

HOPE not repose on earth,
Believe 'twill ne'er be known,
Until for thee 'tis meed enough,
If God approves alone.

Who thirsts for human praise,
Let him not look for peace,
Till His way change who changes not,
Or man's to change shall cease.

O strive to please thy God:
That honour seek and prize,
Which lasts through time, survives the grave,
Delights in blissful skies.

So lust of praise shall die,
Peace beyond thought be known,
And thou shalt heavenly bliss foretaste,
Living to God alone.

Death.

351 *Dying Alone.* C.M.

MAN was not formed to live alone,
Nor yet alone to die;
Through life he needs some friendly tone,
Nor less when death is nigh.

Nor less?—O rather let me sink
To nothingness once more,
Than stand alone on Jordan's brink,
Or quit alone its shore!

In health, in bright prosperity,
I need a voice divine,
To whisper that it comes from Thee,
And that myself am Thine.

What then, uncheered from heaven, the gloom
When earthly joys are flown!
O God, preserve me from that doom!
I cannot die alone!

When comes the solemn, final strife,
The failing, fluttering breath,
Thou who hast been my Hope in life,
O be my Help in death!

352 *The Lonely Path.* 7s.

LORD, I have a path to tread,
Solemn, silent, lone, and strange:
Ere each earthly want be fled,
There must come a darksome change.

Toward that change I daily wend:
It may even now be nigh:
God, if Thou wert not my friend,
It were dread to live or die.

But with Thee to guide, sustain,
Fear shall never shake my soul;
Nay, not weakness, darkness, pain,
Shall sublimest hopes controul!

Lord, uphold me with Thy hand:
Never, never let me go!
Stayed by Thee, I firmly stand;
Left—I sink to utter woe!

353 *Death a Good.* C.M.

O DEATH! thou wert not made for man!
Come as thou wilt to one
Beloved and prized, 'tis dread to scan
Thy work of ruin done!

Or to ourselves the warning give;
With gentlest motion raise
Thy hand to smite—few, few that live
Can all unshrinking gaze!

And yet, even thou hast good for man:
O Death! 'tis bliss to feel
That all most dear in this brief span
May live for endless weal!

With us may live, with us adore
Life's Fount, the Eternal Sun;
And joy and praise for evermore
That thy dread work was done!

O glorious Victor over Death!
Give us and all we love
To share, when fails this fleeting breath,
One heaven with Thee above!

354 *Death and Faith.* 8886.

ERE yet thy hand be on my frame,
My soul, O Death! shall muse on thee;
And seek and pray that Jesu's name
May dear and dearer be.

'Twill soon be thine to quench the eyes,
To still the pulse, to stop the breath,
Steal every sense; yet faith defies
Thine utmost might, O Death!

This frail, oft dull, oft wearied frame
The soul may want, yet not deplore;
But wait till the last trump proclaim
The season to restore.

Then, robed afresh, the spirit soars:
Its own the heaven of heavens receives:
Her God she sees, draws near, adores;
And never, never leaves!

O Death! by grace divine, no ill
My faltering heart shall fear from Thee;
But breathe, when even my lips are still,
Its praise for victory!

355 *The Final Strife.* 868686.

WHEN faintly flows the stream of life
Within my failing frame;
When comes the lone and silent strife
Men shrink or shun to name;
May trust and hope, with blessings rife,
My love but more inflame!

How new, despite of all before,
My feelings then will be!
What light shall shine upon the lore
I now so dimly see,
Descending through the opening door
Of great eternity!

O Lord my God, I ever need
Thy help, Thy love, Thy smile;
For these from day to day I plead;
And still, whate'er defile
My life, would seek this highest meed,
With spirit pure from guile!

But O! how shall I need them when
The last great strife is nigh!
When all things dear to mortal ken
Fade from my fading eye!
O smile, my God, upon me then,
And let me gazing—die!

356 *To Die is Gain.* 8886.

FEAR not, my soul, the final strife:
With it may come nor grief nor pain:
But come what will, thy Light, thy Life,
Hath made to die but gain.

Not seldom, when weak nature fails,
To feel the last dread hour commence,
A kind, but viewless power prevails
To numb the mortal sense.

Not seldom, when the stream of life
But slowly, feebly, faintly flows,
Without is seen no sign of strife,
Within is sweet repose.

And oft-times converse pure and high
  Yields joy, yields rapture, in that hour,
When Death, to many a tearful eye,
  Is terrible in power.

Then fear thou not the final strife;
  With it may come nor grief nor pain;
But come what will, thy Light, thy Life,
  Hath made to die but gain.

357 † *Loss of Friends.* 668688.

FRIEND after friend departs;
  Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
  That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

  Beyond the flight of time,
  Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime
  Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

  There is a world above
  Where parting is unknown,
A long eternity of love
  Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

  Thus star by star declines,
  Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
  To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light,

358 *Departed Friends.* C.M.

OUR dead may not be far away,
Though hidden from our sight;
Not farther than the opening day
Is from the closing night.

If living friends oft nearer seem,
Because their forms we see,
The friends we miss, and distant deem,
As near in truth may be.

O Father! if it be Thy will
Our sainted lost should come,
As love may prompt, to visit still
Unseen their former home;

If now, with power to search the breast,
Not less than scan the life,
They watch with heaven-born interest
Our hopes, and fears, and strife;

O grant that they may ever see
We seek, we yearn to rise,
Until, like them, we gaze on Thee,
And share with them the skies.

359 *Immortal Love.* C.M.

THE gift all other gifts above,
Shall not be lost in death;
Too strong, too great, is holy love,
To fail with failing breath.

The light divine, that seems to die,
But sets to rise at morn;
The life, all quenched to mortal eye,
Becomes but life new-born.

Our first birth wakes a note of pain,
The next a thankful song,
The last and best a rapturous strain
'Mid heaven's immortal throng.

O Fount of Life! O Quickening Breath!
Still in our souls abide:
Then love shall chase the fear of death,
And every fear beside.

360 *Strength for the Last Hour.* 10s.

IN life's last hour, when sinking to the tomb,
Still grant me strength to look, to cling to Thee!
Light of my soul, in brightness and in gloom,
Let this remain through every change I see!

Bereft of Thee, O whither could I go?
Dreary and dark and lone, one boundless grave,
Would be the universe, did I not know
That Thou wert nigh to succour and to save.

Then be Thou mine! be now, be ever mine!
For ever let me look and cling to Thee!
And when life fails, O let Thy love divine
Light my still soul into eternity!

The Sacred Scriptures.

361 † *Holy Bible.* 7s.

HOLY Bible, Book Divine!
Priceless treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to teach Jehovah's name,
Whose I am, and whence I came.

Mine, to show His gift of love,
Every other gift above,
Jesus, His belovèd Son,
And what He for man hath done.

Mine, to tell of joys to come,
Warn me of the sinner's doom,
Make me meet, through trust and love,
For the eternal home above.

Mine, to comfort in distress,
Guide through all my life, and bless;
Then, when fails this mortal breath,
Mine, to yield me peace in death.

Father, let the Light from heaven,
Thy Good Spirit, too, be given;
And then, both the Book Divine
And all else I need is mine.

362 *The Brightening Treasure.* 85857775.

LORD, Thy Word, our brightening treasure
In life's deepest shade,
Yieldeth still increasing pleasure,
As all else doth fade;
From the wilderness it shows
How the land of promise glows
O'er the vale of sweet repose,
Where the dead are laid.

Sweet repose, until the breaking
Of that coming day,
When the holy sleepers waking
Shall their home survey:
Then not seraph's tongue may tell
'Mid what glories they shall dwell,
With what notes of rapture swell
Heaven's eternal lay.

May the Sacred Page be clearer
To our vision still:
May the good it shows be dearer,
Hated more the ill:
Grant us, Lord, the grace we need,
Light vouchsafe us as we read,
Tend us, guard, and safely lead
To Thy holy hill.

363 *Sanctifying Truth.* 8785.

SCAN the Sacred Page devoutly:
Often shall its light sublime
Break upon thee like the morning,
In the vernal time.

So thy grateful heart shall prize it,
And to thee shall be revealed
More and more the good unmeasured,
Truth when loved can yield.

Thou the liberty and beauty,
Thou the greatness shalt perceive,
Of the life in Jesus hidden,
And to Him shalt cleave.

Ways of pleasantness shall cheer thee,
Paths of peace shall soothe,
Till thy heart be meet for heaven,
Sanctified by Truth!

364 *Streams in the Desert.* 85857775.

SWEET are waters freshly flowing
In a weary land,
When to fainting travellers showing
All they crave at hand:

Sweeter, Lord, Thy word of grace,
When the anguished heart can trace
There its comfort, and embrace
All its griefs demand.

How the barren waste is brightened,
And with fruitage teems,
When the eye by Thee enlightened
Sees the living streams!
Tranquil now the soul's repose,
High and pure the hope it knows,
Fair its visions as the rose
In the morning beams!

Fairer still shall be the heaven
Soon to be descried;
Sweeter joys shall yet be given,
Lovelier scenes espied:
Lord, till every ear have heard,
Every heart to praise be stirred,
Spread the tidings of Thy word
Wide—as ocean wide! *

* For tune see end of Index.

The Lord's Day and House.

365 *God's Presence and Grace.* L.M.

O GOD, vouchsafe Thy presence here;
Incline us now to seek Thy face;
And grant that all, with love and fear,
May sing Thy praise, and ask Thy grace.

That grace yet more and more impart;
Give each this day Thy peace to share;
Thy temple, Lord, make every heart,
And dwell adored for ever there.

366 *House of Prayer.* C.M.

COME hither oft in love and fear,
Ye sorrowing Christians, come:
The mourner here God loves to cheer
With prospects sweet of home.

Come, ye in spirit strong and glad,
To breathe your worship too:
As ye would ne'er grow faint and sad,
Here joy and strength renew.

Ye aged, oft-times hither come,
To seek yet warmer love:
On earth your lips will soon be dumb;
Prepare to praise above.

Nor less, ye young, perform your parts,
And aid our sweet employ:
God loves and asks your tender hearts:
O yield those hearts with joy!

And Thou, Great Father of us all,
Yet more thy servants bless;
Fill each that here shall on Thee call
With peace and righteousness.

367 *The Lord's Day.* 7s.

CALM and sweet Remembrancer
Of the Hand Divine that drest
Earth in beauteous robes of light,
Blessèd art thou, Day of Rest!

Calm and sweet Remembrancer
Of the Lord for us opprest,
Who triumphant rose from death;
Blessèd art thou, Day of Rest!

Thou remindest too of Light
Sent from heaven to guide us there;
And that Light reveals thy worth,
Calm and sweet Remembrancer!

O may we, yet more and more
Seeking all thou shouldst confer,
Gain the rest thou shadowest,
Calm and sweet Remembrancer!

368 *Our Weekly Rest.* C.M.

FROM rest to rest how sweet to wake
One morn in every seven!
From week to week how blest to grow
More meet for rest in heaven!

We thank Thee for these tranquil hours,
This pause 'mid toil and care:
For strengthening and refreshing grace,
O Father, hear our prayer!

May every sabbath find us bent
To tread the heavenward road;
And leave us nearer than the last
To Thine own blest abode.

Then, all our weekly stages past,
And life's great journey o'er,
With gentle voice, Lord, call us home,
To see Thee, praise, adore.

369 *Grant Thy Peace.* 7s.

ALL is peaceful in the sky:
All be peaceful here below!
Father, may we feel Thee nigh,
And a holy calmness know!

On this day of sacred rest,
Now within Thy house of prayer,
Let no thought of sin molest,
Far away be worldly care.

With glad tidings from above,
With whate'er reveals Thy grace,
And should fill our hearts with love,
Doubts and fears and sorrows chase.

They who know not yet Thy peace,
Grant them, Lord, that boon to-day:
Where it dwells, the gift increase
By Thy Spirit's gentle sway.

So our earthly day of rest,
So our happy worship here,
Shall with influence strong as blest
Higher, holier courts endear.

370 *The Fixed Resolve.* 7s.

MANY hearts have here been blest,
Many moved to love and fear:
Let Thine eye in mercy rest
Now, Lord, on Thy servants here.

Oft in quiet Sabbaths past
Souls have here received new powers:
Father, in Thy goodness vast,
Let that grace to-day be ours.

Thou dost call to bliss divine;
Thou for all Thy Son didst give:
O, our gracious God, incline
All to trust in Him, and live.

Let not one amongst us leave
This Thy house of prayer to-day,
But with fixed resolve to cleave
Unto Christ, the Living Way.

371 † *Come.* 68886.

SWEET is the Spirit's strain;
In quiet moments often heard
Whispering within the bosom stirred
By conscience, and the written word;
Come, wanderers, home again!

The Bride repeats the call:
In lofty song, in lowly prayer,
By days of rest, and fostering care,
And holy rites, that all may share,
She crieth, Come! to all.

And let all come who thirst!
Freely for every child of woe
The streams of living waters flow;
And whosoever will may go
Where sweet fresh fountains burst.

There drink, and be at rest;
On Him who died for thee believe;
The Spirit's quickening grace receive;
No more the God who seeks thee grieve;
Be holy, and be blest.

372 † *The Lord of Life.* C.M.

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

O what a night was that which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a Sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death:
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
By His expiring breath.

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

And O may all both seek and pray,
That nations yet unborn
May love the Lord of life and light,
And hail His sacred morn!

373 † *Walk in Paradise.* 886886.

WELCOME, sweet day, of days the best,
The time of holy joy and rest,
When hither we repair,
To hear God's word, and see His face,
To learn His will, and sing His grace,
And breathe our praise and prayer.

This is employment all divine;
My soul, the blest assembly join,
And from the world retire;
Draw near thy heavenly Father's throne,
Thy risen Saviour's glories own,
And feed thy holiest fire.

Forget the trifles here below,
The shining dust, the gaudy show,
All worldly mirth and cares:
On wings of strong devotion rise,
Pass every cloud, pass all the skies,
And leave beneath the stars.

To God direct thy steady flight,
Thy Fount of bliss, thy Life and Light;
And there, with wondering eyes,
View every glorious marvel o'er,
And with transported heart adore,
And walk in Paradise.

374 † *Creation, Redemption, Sanctification.* D.7s.

ON this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise;
Who, creation's fount and spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.
On this day the eternal Son
Over death His triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With His gifts of living flame.

O that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the Source of life and light!

Father, who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Let my every thought be Thine!

375 † *God's Temple and Sabbath.* S.M.

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

But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is this day Thine own,
When men draw near to God.

Thy Temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of Thine eternity.

Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
There may we all our worship pay
In pure unclouded light.

376 † *Sabbaths needed.* S.M.

SING to the Lord, our might,
With holy fervour sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

This is His holy house,
And this His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near His fold,
To pity and to bless.

Then let us open wide
Our hearts for Him to fill;
And He that Israel then supplied,
Will help His Israel still.

377 † *The Power of Prayer.* C.M.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the shade of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye looks round on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angels' songs;
That love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain;
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is Prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the throne;
It moves the Hand, which moves the world,
And brings salvation down.

Old and New Year.

378 *The Closing Year.* C.M.

FROM day to day, from hour to hour,
Through all this closing year,
Thy gifts, O God, in copious shower,
Have blessed Thy children here.

Now grant that every heart may swell
With gratitude and love;
And every tongue delight to tell
What Goodness reigns above.

Nor less, O Father, hear our prayer,
That still as time shall flow,
The love our thankful songs declare
Our righteous lives may show.

By Thy Good Spirit make us pure;
Forgive, O God, the past;
Through future years keep each secure,
And then take home at last.

Through future years? O rather thus,
If such Thy will, we pray:
Yet, should but hours remain for us,
Lord, take us home to-day.

379 † *Retrospect of the Year.* D.7s.

TIME by moments steals away,
First the hour and then the day;
Small the loss of each appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years:
Thus another year is flown,
And is now no more our own,
Whatsoe'er its ill or good,
Than the years before the flood.

But each year, let none forget,
Finds and leaves us much in debt:
Favours from the Lord received,
Sins that have the Spirit grieved,
Marked by God's unerring hand,
In His book recorded stand:
Who can tell the vast amount
There set down to his account?

We have nothing, Lord, to pay;
But for Jesu's sake we pray,
Hear the souls that on Thee call,
And forgive us freely all.
If we see another year,
May we spend it in Thy fear;
All its days devote to Thee,
Living for eternity.

380 *New Year.* 7575.

DAY by day, and year by year,
Still we onward go:
Swift the course appears when past,
Oft, while passing, slow.

Countless changes, griefs and joys,
Now are left behind;
All designed in love, and yet,
All with sins combined!

Lord, we bless Thee for the good:
It was Thine alone:
In Thy grace forgive the ill:
It was all our own.

With the new year give new life:
Let its course be strewed
With Thy choicest blessings, Lord;
Wakening only good:

Moving every heart to love,
Every tongue to praise,
And with holiest thoughts and deeds
Filling all its days.

But—some may not see its close!
Lord, if that should be,
Let them see what closeth not;
Rest in heaven with Thee.

381 *Sowing for Eternity.* 7s.

MAN may sow for fruits of time
Fields and plots at seasons rare;
For the eternal fruits sublime,
When he will, and everywhere.

Lord, make this a present thought
To our hearts each day and hour
Through the new year time hath brought;
And give all to feel its power.

In the morning may we sow,
  Nor at eve withhold our hand:
Both shall yield good fruits to go
  With us to the blissful land.

Let Thy beams around us shine;
  Shed the soft dews and the showers:
Praise and glory shall be Thine;
  Joy and gratitude be ours.

We will love Thee, O our God!
  Serve, delight in Thee, adore,
Till we reach Thy blest abode;
  Then be Thine for evermore.

382 *No Work in the Grave.* 7775.

WISER, holier grow we not,
  As the swift years onward run?
And shall good, through life forgot,
  Be in death begun?

Death is silent, cold, and dark;
  Like the grave, for work unfit:
Life, the wondrous, priceless spark,
  Still for work is lit.

Death came forth from mortal sin;
  Life from love unmeasured flows;
And shall death that good begin,
  Which life never knows?

O Thou Victor over death!
  Light with truth each erring heart;
And, ere fails this fleeting breath,
  Holiest joys impart.

Seasons of the Year.

383 *Spring.* 7676.

ON this fair earth, O mortals,
Look far and wide around!
See, Spring with countless garlands
A Hand unseen hath crowned!

But late, the snows of Winter
On every side were spread;
And woods, and fields, and gardens,
Looked desolate and dead.

The Vernal sun broke on them;
And, as from death, arose
Fresh forms and hues of beauty,
Where lay the Winter snows.

Another Spring yet cometh;
A brighter Sun will break;
And lo! from tombs unnumbered
Shall saints to rapture wake!

With forms divinely moulded,
Like angels from the skies,
Shall they from death and darkness
To light and life arise.

Weak is your faith, O mortals?
With thought yet more profound,
Muse on the snows of Winter;
See Spring with garlands crowned!

Is still your faith but feeble?
O breathe a prayer!—and then,
Behold, from death and darkness,
The Light and Life of men!

384 *Spring.* 87877.

BUDS are bursting into beauty;
Flowers their first fresh hues display;
Nature fails not in her duty
Of the spring-time, day by day
Earth with garlands to array.

Lord of nature, for the blossoms
And the leaves on plant and tree,
And whatever wakes our bosoms
To the purest joys that be,
We will chant our praise to Thee.

O! it makes our journey pleasant,
Moves the dullest heart to sing,
When we see Thee, Father, present
In each bright and lovely thing,
Which returning seasons bring!

Hear our praise, Thou Sun, whose beaming
In the heaven-born spirit glows;
Thou, the wilderness redeeming,
Till with gladness it o'erflows,
And doth blossom as the rose.

We will bless Thee morn and even,
We will bless Thee noon and night,
Till from earth we soar to heaven,
And what here appeared so bright
Fades in everlasting light.

385 *Spring.* 8 of 10.

WE look around upon returning Spring,
Source of all life and beauty! and to Thee
Would turn with renovated love, and sing
The goodness that adorns each bush and tree;
But, dull our spirits, and too cold our praise!
By sin enfeebled, we essay in vain
On heavenly wings our earthly thoughts to raise,
And chant Thy glories in a worthier strain!

Would that the scene around us could impart
To us some portion of its living power;
And raise these dying feelings of the heart,
As bursts the bud of Spring and blooms the flower!
Then should the hymn of gratitude ascend
Pure as the song which seraphim might own,
And even from earth should mortal voices blend
With their's who sing for ever round the throne.

O God of nature and of grace, look down!
Thou that canst deck the dry and withered stems
With lovely hues, to which the monarch's crown
Were mean, though glittering with costliest gems!
Look down on us! Shall these proclaim Thy praise,
And we be silent? Lord, renew our powers,
And we will chant Thy love in heavenly lays,
Till nature's praises shall be poor to our's.

386 *Summer.* L.M.

BRIGHT Summer now lights up the skies:
Lord, light with love my heart and mind;
And all my powers in strongest ties
To Thy free, happy service bind.

Without such pure and priceless good,
  Peace would I neither seek nor know:
Rather be earth a solitude,
  And heaven with beauty cease to glow!

Thy grace hath taught me this to prize,
  And still to this my spirit clings;
Although too oft, alas! mine eyes
  Are lured and won by meaner things.

O then, as Summer lights the skies,
  Light Thou with love my heart and mind;
And all my powers in strongest ties
  To Thy free, happy service bind.

387 † *Summer.* 768688.

BLUE are the heavens above us,
  Soft is the summer air,
In field and garden, fruits and flowers
    Are fragrant now and fair;
And meadows, woods, and streams are rife
With various beauty, happy life.

From mountain, plain, and valley
    All nature's voices rise
To Thy great temple, Lord, and blend
    With holier harmonies;
The songs of angels, who on high
Behold Thy works in earth and sky.

Yet he, for whom Thy bounty
    Hath Earth so brightly drest,
Too often treads her flowery ways
    Unblessing and unblest:
Thy noblest work, Almighty King,
Is silent whilst all others sing.

Father, forgive our coldness;
Our best affections raise,
Till we yet more than meaner things,
Abound in songs of praise:
Let every heart delight to swell
The anthems which Thy goodness tell.

388 † *Autumn.* C.M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The Spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless Thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

389 *Harvest.* 7676.

FIRST clothing earth with beauty,
Then on his table spread,
His life and love to strengthen
Man sees his daily bread.

A few seeds from the garner
The sower strewed around,
When fast approaching Winter
Made chill the naked ground.

Yet, from the ground upspringing,
Came forth the blades of green,
And grew, till golden cornfields
Were still, or waving, seen.

Then bowed them down the reapers
Beneath the cheering sun;
And soon, with healthful labour,
The earth's best fruit was won.

O bless the God of harvests!
Ye people whom He feeds,
Who thus returns so largely
Your few dry scattered seeds.

O bless the God of harvests!
And learn, and sow, and pray,
And look for other reapers,
And a greater harvest-day.

390 *Harvest.* 6565.

THE harvest is gathered;
And now let us raise
To its Author and Giver
Loud anthems of praise.

Like all that should gladden,
It comes from above;
And the best fruit it yieldeth
Is nurture for love.

And love let it nourish,
As bread 'twill afford;
And love, as that bread
Shall remind of the Lord.

What strengthens the heart,
Be it daily to each
An emblem that sweetly
And clearly can teach.

So, while of all mercies
The Source 'twill express,
The Saviour Himself will
Be present to bless.

His smile will enlighten
Our dwellings below;
And kindness and gladness
Around us shall flow.

Nor will He forsake us,
Till, ripe for the sky,
We are taken and garnered
By angels on high.

O God of our spirits!
O Bread from above!
While feeding our bodies,
Feed ever our love!

391 † *Harvest.* 6646664.

THE God of harvest praise,
In loud thanksgiving raise
Both heart and voice:
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

The wind, the rain, the sun,
Their genial work have done:
Would'st thou be fed?
Man, to thy labour bow,
Thrust in the sickle now,
Reap where thou once didst plough:
God sends thee bread.

Thy few seeds, scattered wide,
He hath so multiplied,
That thou may'st find
Christ's miracles renewed:
With self-producing food
He feeds a multitude;
He feeds mankind.

O, bless His holy name,
And your souls' thanks proclaim
Through all the earth!
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
Go ds benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth!

392 † *Praise to the God of Nature.* 7s.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of every joy!
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use,—

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,—

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

These to Thee, O God, we owe;
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these our souls shall raise
Songs of gratitude and praise.

393 † *Harvest.* 6 of 8.

LORD of the harvest! once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet, holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time and by harvest-tide.

The bare, dead grain, in Autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings:
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy word we ask
A lesson from the reapers' task:
So shall thine angels issue forth;
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
To wind and storm exposed no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed;
Supply our fainting spirits' need!
O Bread of Life! from day to day
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay!

394 *After a scanty Harvest.* 8787.

WHAT, though fields of earth have yielded
Scant return for toilsome days,
Thou, the Lord our God, remainest,
And our lips shall chant Thy praise.

Countless gifts, too, yet surround us,
Whatsoe'er may blighted be;
And Thy best exalts our spirits,
While we can rejoice in Thee.

By that Light within, O Father,
Seeing, may we lay to heart
All Thy goodness now would teach us,
All our fields can still impart.

Toil for earth, they show, may fail us;
Best of seed in vain be strewed:
Toil for heaven hath Thine own promise,
Sure as that Thyself art Good.

Lord, vouchsafe us grace to labour
Here, as children of the skies;
Then, to gather fruits immortal
By the streams of Paradise.

395 † *After a Scanty Harvest.* D.76.

IN holy contemplation,
Give me, my God, to view
Each day thy great salvation,
And peace and love renew:
So, free from present sorrow,
My faith shall calmly say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing
But Thou wilt bear me through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear;
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;

Yet, Thou, my God, abiding,
Thy praise shall tune my voice;
And I, in Thee confiding,
In Thee will still rejoice.

396 *The Harvest past.* 10s.

PAST is the harvest, and the Summer spent!
Autumn hath gently laid upon the scene
Her vest of many hues, so softly blent,
We scarce can sigh for Summer's robe of green.

But all is fading fast! the chilly breeze
Pales night and day what is so richly clad;
And soon will sing a dirge above the trees,
Lifting their naked arms all cold and sad.

And then will come the wild and wintry blast,
Sweeping o'er woods that were so proudly dight;
And then—a dull and heavy cloud will cast
O'er the still scene one windingsheet of white!

Mortal, awake!—a voice in harvest warned,
"What thy hand soweth it shall also reap:"
Now speak the fading leaves: if they be scorned,
Who knows that thou shalt see the withered heap?

Thou may'st be hidden out of sight, ere they
Be lying on the ground 'mid winter's gloom;
And some thou gazest on may yet decay
On the green turf above thy silent tomb!

Mortal, awake! One harvest more is near,
With other reapers than have met thy sight:
O, ere it come, this voice of mercy hear:
"Rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!"

397 *Withered Leaves.* C.M.

THOUGH autumn winds have swept above,
And strewn with death the plain,
Some scattered trees in field and grove
Their withered leaves retain.

As if, despite the blast, were left
Where many an eye might scan,
The more for branches round bereft,
A warning still for man.

Mortal, awake! each withered leaf,
So lightly hung on high,
Reminds thee that thy day is brief,
And says—Prepare to die!

But, ah! do thoughts of coming death,
But gloom and sadness give?
Then hear another voice, which saith,
Awake, arise, and live!

Gaze not upon the wintry boughs,
With mournful symbols rife;
But turn thee now, while Heaven allows,
And view the Tree of Life.

Behold, how beautiful it grows!
That foliage withers never:
O pluck by faith the fruit it shows,
And eat—and live for ever!

398 † *Christ's Banner.* C.M.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

399 † *Saints on Earth and in Heaven.* C.M.

THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

One family, we dwell in Him;
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow:
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we not long on earth shall roam,
But soon must leave as they.

Lord Jesus, be our constant guide!
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And show the path to heaven.

Amen.

400 † *Departed Saints.* S.M.

FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord in view,
Learnt from Thy Holy Spirit's breath,
To suffer and to do.

For this Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

401 † *Robes of Righteousness.* C.M.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they, from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light;
And in the blood of Christ have washed
The robes which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every tongue to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With loud Hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

402 † *Saints above.* D.7s.

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they who bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master died;
Counting earthly gain as loss,
Glorying in the Crucified.

Out of great distress they came.
And their robes, by faith below,
In the life-blood of the Lamb
They have washed as white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God doth dwell among His own,
God doth in His saints delight.

He that on the throne doth reign,
Them for evermore shall feed,
With the Tree of life sustain,
To the living Fountains lead;
He shall all their griefs remove,
He shall all their wants supply;
God Himself, the God of love,
Tears shall wipe from every eye.

403 † *Earthly and Heavenly Praise.* L.M.

THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise Thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

To Thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both cherubin and seraphin,
The heavens, and all the powers therein.

The Apostles join the glorious throng;
The Prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

Thee, holy, holy, holy King!
Thee, O Lord God of hosts, they sing:
Thus earth below, and heaven above
Resounds Thy glory and Thy love.

404 *Talents wasted.* S.M.

MAN for himself may waste,
Not for the Lord of all:
Benignant Power shall good educe
From whatsoe'er befall.

The tyrant's wrath shall bless
The wrong'd that meekly bear;
Though it may yield no fruit for him
But fear, or dark despair.

The martyr's blood may seem
As water spilt in vain;
But water spilt shall rise and fall,
And blood may be as rain.

Even wealth, that feeds all vice,
Till health, strength, life depart,
May gladden many a poor man's home,
Who toils with pious heart.

O God, while none for thee
Can waste his power or pelf,
Or aught beside, preserve us each
From wasting for himself.

405 *Faith and Sight.* 10s.

FETTERED, imprisoned, in a dungeon dark,
Ye note the faithful teacher with surprise;
'Tis but the dust he heedeth not ye mark;
His spirit soars, and sings, and roves the skies.

The martyr dies, and mortals o'er him weep:
Hath God forgot the gracious word He gave?
Even while ye ask, enraptured seraphs sweep
Their golden harps above the martyr's grave.

O walk by faith! sight is a feeble power;
Nay, oft is treacherous to the hearts that trust:
While yet ye may, the viewless, endless dower
Grasp with a hand that sinks not to the dust!

406 *Ordination.* 8787.

LORD, Thy servants forth are going,
With glad tidings from above,
Wondrously to mortals showing
Thy unutterable love.

O be with them, guard and guide them;
Still, their faith, their zeal, increase;
And, whatever ills betide them,
Whisper to their spirits peace.

Make them wise to deal with folly;
Meek to bear reproach and wrong;
Shining lights, examples holy;
Through Thy Life within them strong.

Crown their labours with Thy blessing;
And, when rest at last is given,
O do Thou, Thine own confessing,
Show them their success in heaven.

407 † *Who Winneth Souls is Wise.* L.M.

GO forth to toil; to spend, be spent;
Thy joy to do Thy Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
And it must be the servant's still.

Go forth to toil: from day to day
Renew thy prayers, and toil again:
Men may not heed, men may not praise:
The Master will; and what are men?

Toil on, toil on; rebuke, exhort,
Persuade, the wanderers home to win;
Go forth into the world's high way;
Entreat, compel them to come in.

Toil on, toil on: a little while,
And rest shall come in blissful skies;
Where thou, beyond thy thought, shalt see,
That he who winneth souls is wise.

408 *Life imparts Life.* 8s.

NOT like odour from the censer,
But like perfume from the flower,
Must be truth from its dispenser,
Ere it prove a note of power.

It must live within the bosom,
Go forth living from its dwelling,
As the fragrance from the blossom,
Of its own pure birth-place telling.

Lips that art alone hath gifted,
These shall not the spirit fire;
But the souls by grace uplifted,
Living souls shall life inspire.

As then, brethren, blessed and blessing,
We would spread pure joy around us,
May we, boldly truth confessing,
Live to Him who sought and found us!

409 *Fishers of Men.* 7775.

CALM, and bold, and strong in love,
Wouldst thou ply the Gospel net?
Then, remember God above;
And thyself forget.

Now in lake, and now in river,
Now in stormy ocean toil;
And, successful, bless the Giver
Of Thy priceless spoil.

Like the fisher, patient be;
Try at morn, at even try;
Hope where thou canst nothing see;
God unseen is nigh.

Never shall the net be cast
All in vain, though cast amiss:
Wait the Great Day and the Last,
Ere thou judge of this.

O! what issues that may show
Even of thy poor toil and care!
But, till then, enough to know
Thou dost neither spare

Spend, then, and be spent in love;
In all waters ply the net;
Through all skies see God above;
And thyself forget.

410 *Teachers and Hearers.* 886886.

O FATHER, in Thy love draw near
To those who teach and those who hear,
And grant whate'er we need;
The one to speak with holy zeal,
The other to receive and feel,
And each for all to plead.

By thy Good Spirit from above,
Inspire us both with peace and love,
And still our strength renew,
To cleave to Christ, the Living Way,
And Thy most holy will obey,
With hearts resolved and true.

So, Lord, may teachers live to Thee,
Nor hearers less devoted be,
Through life's momentous days;
And then may all with rapture rise
To Thy great temple in the skies,
And still together praise!

See also Hymn 475.

Baptism.

411 *Infant Baptism.* L.M.

THE Son beloved, Thy mercy gave,
An infant came, mankind to save:
That grace unspeakable to share
An infant now to Thee we bear.

O God, a tender Father be
To *him* we dedicate to thee:
Take Thou, and guide to realms above
This feeble child with mighty love.

No other trust our hearts shall own;
No other hope but Thee alone:
The path to bliss through danger lies;
But Thou art great, and good, and wise.

Lord, hear our prayer for Jesu's sake;
As Thine own child our treasure take;
And O! to one blest home above
Conduct us all with mighty love!

412 † *Infant Baptism.* 8787.

SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen.

413 † *Baptism.* C.M.

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thy brow,
And mark thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ's conflict to maintain,
But as His soldier, manfully,
Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou, too, shalt tread
The path He travelled by;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit with Him on high;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share His crown!

414 *Adult Baptism.* D.S.M.

BAPTIZED into the name
Of my redeeming Lord;
Inspired with loftiest, holiest aim
That grace can man accord;
To Thee, my God, I raise
A spirit glad and free,
And dedicate once more my days
With firm resolve to Thee.

I bless the Love Divine,
That hath thy servant found;
And would for evermore be Thine,
And light diffuse around.
In word, in thought, in deed,
I yield me to Thy will:
O God, my purpose kindly heed,
And help me to fulfil!

See also Hymns 200, 425.

Holy Communion.

415 † *Holy Communion.* L.M.

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all!

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still!
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away!
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

416 *Holy Communion.* C.M.

BLEST emblems of redeeming love!
May all by you be fed,
In every land, who shall this day
To Jesu's feast be led!

O simple signs of truth divine!
What lessons have ye taught!
How many a heart to peace and joy
From fear and sadness brought!

O tokens of unmeasured grace!
Who can of you partake,
And not with solemn, fixed resolve
His every sin forsake?

Redeemer! by Thy dying love,
And in Thy risen might,
Make all to eat and drink in faith,
And all in good delight!

417 *Holy Communion.* C.M.

TO all Thy servants, who this day
Draw near Thy table, Lord,
More faith, more love, we humbly pray,
With every good, accord.

In those who come with spirit cold,
O wake the holy fire:
Each heart that needs to be consoled,
With comfort sweet inspire.

Strengthened, refreshed, in soul and mind,
By Thy most sacred feast,
May each thence take his path assigned,
From sins and cares released;

And onward go, a shining light
Before his fellows' eyes,
Till, soaring high with rapturous flight,
He shine beyond the skies!

418 † *Holy Communion.* L.M.

MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy goodness know.

Sweet is the feast which Jesus makes;
Communion of his flesh and blood;
Thrice happy who in faith partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

Lord, let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And O, may each salvation see,
Who here its sacred pledges tastes!

Revive Thy drooping churches, Lord;
Bid all that sleep awake and live;
And far and wide that strength afford,
Which heavenly food alone can give.

419 † *Christ's Primal Law.* C.M.

YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round His table draw,
Remember what His spirit was,
And what His primal law.

The love which His pure bosom filled
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love He lived and taught;
Inspired by love He died.

Let each His sacred law fulfil;
Like His be every mind;
Be every heart the home of love,
And every action kind.

Let none who call themselves His friends
Disgrace the honoured name;
But still by near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

420 † *Remembrance of Christ.* C.M.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord:
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The cup of blessing I will take,
And thus remember Thee.

When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary;
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And thought and memory flee;
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me! Amen.

Confirmation.

421 † *Before Confirmation.* L.M.

LOOK down, O Lord! and on our youth
Bestow Thy gifts of heavenly grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Find their young hearts a fruitful place.

Soon to appear before thy sight,
Their vow and promise to renew,
Prepare them for the solemn rite;
Bid each his heart and life review.

The cross that marked their infant brow,
May it a faithful token prove,
That they shall keep that sacred vow,
And walk as children of Thy love.

Lord! teach them to remember Thee,
Their great Creator, from their youth,
Advancing to maturity
In years, in knowledge, and in truth.

Thy sons and daughters may they be,
Confirmed and strengthened by Thy grace;
And, safe through life preserved by Thee,
In heaven behold Thee face to face.

422 *Pay that thou hast vowed.* C.M.

GREAT Father, we have made this day
To Thee a solemn vow:
O help us until death to pay
What we have promised now.

We bless Thee that in Jesu's fold
Our happy lot is cast;
That we Thy sacred truth behold,
And feel thy mercy vast.

But, Lord, that truth now prompts the song
In which Thy grace we seek:
It tells us that our foes are strong,
And that ourselves are weak:

That, though this day with hearts sincere
We have drawn near to Thee,
And evermore Thy children dear
And faithful long to be;

Yet much will tempt us all to stray,
And break our solemn vow:
Then help us, Lord, till death to pay
What we have promised now.

423 † *Our Guide and Guard.* L.M.

FATHER, Thy grace and blessing give
To us who lift our voices now,
That we from day to day may live
Regardful of our solemn vow.

Help us to follow Him who died,
And rose again, our souls to save,
To take, to trust Him as our Guide
And Guard from childhood to the grave.

Then shall not death with terror come,
But welcome as a bidden guest;
The herald of a better home,
The messenger of peace and rest.

And, when the awful signs appear
Of judgment, and the throne above,
Our hearts still fixed, we shall not fear;
God is our Trust; and God is Love.

424 † *At Confirmation.* 6 of 8.

FATHER, thy children pray to Thee;
A boon of love divine we seek:
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere hearts could feel or tongues could speak,
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee this day.

Lord, hear another suppliant cry!
When we draw near Christ's table spread,
And, tokens of His agony,
The wine partake, and broken bread,
Bless Thou, O bless, Thy children's prayer,
That they may find their Saviour there!

And O! yet hear our prayer again!
Thy children ask one blessing more:
In that fast coming day, Lord, when
Life, death, and time itself are o'er;
Grant that we all may rise and be
Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee!

425 † *Soldiers of Christ.* S.M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God.

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

See also Hymn 200.

For Children.

426 *Young and Weak.* 7575.

YOUNG and weak, yet we can all
Songs of gladness raise:
Hear, O Heavenly Father, hear,
And accept our praise.

Young and weak, yet we have hearts
Which their best can give:
Fill them, Lord, with love to Thee,
And to all who live!

Young and weak, yet we can trust,
  Serve Thee, and obey;
We can please Thee, we can shun
  Every evil way.

But we need Thy loving aid:
  Hand and heart and tongue,
All without Thy grace will fail:
  Help the weak and young!

Prayers and praises, Lord, will be
  Coldly said and sung,
But for Thy Good Spirit's power:
  Help the weak and young!

Leave us not by night or day,
  Till we dwell among
Saints and seraphs in the skies,
  Never weak, though young.

427 † *Young and Erring.* 8 of 7.

GOD of mercy, throned on high,
  Listen from Thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry;
  Guide, O guide our wandering feet.
Young and erring travellers, we
  All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
  Hardly feel the tempest blow.

Jesus, lover of the young,
  Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
  Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Day by day Thy grace implore,
In Thy love and care rejoice,
Serve and praise Thee evermore.

428 *Praise to Jesus.* C.M.

HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord:
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise;
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast thy gifts! how free!
Thy blood our life, Thy word our feast,
Thy name our only plea.

Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

429 † *Christ's Love for Children.* C.M.

WHEN Jesus left His Father's throne,
He chose a humble birth;
Like us, unhonoured and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

Like Him, may we be found below
In wisdom's paths of peace;
Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

Sweet were His words, and kind His look,
When mothers round him pressed;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom blessed.

Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie!

When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms, and strowed
Their garments on the ground.

Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing!

430 † *The Good Shepherd.* 878747.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us; Thine we are.

We are Thine; do Thou befriend us;
Be the Guardian of our way,
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus,
Hear young children when they pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

Early let us seek Thy favour;
Ever let us do Thy will:
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us: love us still.

431 † *The Guide of the Weak.* C.M.

SHEPHERD of Israel, from above
Thy feeble flock behold;
And let us never lose Thy love,
Nor wander from Thy fold.

Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near,
To guide them lest they go astray,
And keep them safe from fear.

Thy tender care supports the weak,
And will not let them fall:
Then teach us, Lord, Thy praise to speak,
And on Thy name to call.

Guide us through life; and when at last
We enter into rest,
Thy tender arms around us cast,
And fold us to Thy breast.

432 † *The Child's Trust.* L.M.

GREAT God! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

O then, through thy dear Son, my prayer
Shall win for me Thy tender care;
And Thou wilt hear the feeble praise,
Which even a little child can raise.

O Father! let me ever be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
Help me in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

From hour to hour may I depend
Upon my great, Almighty Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whate'er seems right and good to Thee.

And, O my Father! when at last
My journey here on earth is past;
Send down, and take me in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

433 † *Children's Hosanna.* 76767698.

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
The Lord to Zion came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;

Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He passed along,
He let them still attend Him,
Well pleased to hear their song.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hosanna to Jesus our King!

And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now a King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son!
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hosanna to Jesus our King!

For, should we cease proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hosanna to Jesus our King!

434 † *The Primal Marriage.* D.76.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away:
Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold prayer is said.

For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break,
Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
From out his piercèd side.

Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands;
Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

O spread Thy pure wing o'er them;
Let no ill power have place,
When onward to Thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

435 † *Marriage in Cana.* D.S.M.

HOW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day!
And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart;
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.
O Lord of life and love!
Come Thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above,
That ne'er shall pass away.

Bless, as Thou didst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy piercèd side.
Before Thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore. Amen.

436 *Wedded Love.* C.M.

AMID the bowers of paradise
Had wedded love its birth;
And still it lives, and sweetly blooms
Despite the thorns of earth.

It lives; and, with an influence blest
Beyond our thought to sound,
Makes many a spot a garden yet,
That else were desert ground.

But frail through all and delicate,
It needs that gentlest air
Around it breathe; for chills and storms
Soon spoil its beauty rare.

O happy, who have learnt its worth;
Who feel its power to bless;
And guard it well, and cherish it
With wakeful tenderness!

For them 'twill ever lovelier grow,
And sweetly yield its best;
An emblem of yet holier love,
A union yet more blest.

O Husband of Thy cherished Church!
Thy choicest blessings pour
Upon this bridegroom and this bride
Now and for evermore.

Sovereign and People.

437 *Coronation Day, or First Sunday after.* L.M.

GREAT King of kings, in mercy bless
The sovereign of our favoured land;
Clothe her with robes of righteousness,
And guard and guide with loving Hand.

Mid all the cares of royal state,
Vouchsafe to her the peace divine
Of those who love on Thee to wait,
Their strength know weak, and rest on Thine.

In all her joys, and, O our God!
May these be countless, pure, and high!
Give her their Source to mark and laud,
And sweetly feel that Source is nigh.

Her Throne keep strong by circling love;
With truth and peace her kingdom bless;
Her people teach to prize above
All else the wealth of righteousness.

Then, good and glorious King of kings,
When comes Thine own well-chosen time,
May she, may all, on raptured wings
Ascend to crowns and joys sublime!

Friendly Societies, etc.

438 † *Praise for Success.* L.M.

O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts
Each other's load to share.

O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!

Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep;
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.

God of the widow, hear;
Our work of mercy bless:
God of the fatherless, be near,
And grant us still success.

439 *The Glorious Gospel.* L.M.

THE glorious Gospel from above
Is one great utterance of love;
And Jesus, through His human birth,
Was Love embodied upon earth.

He lived, He died, to shed abroad
In every heart the love of God;
He rose, and His Good Spirit gave,
To light the world with love, and save.

That Spirit teaches all to be
As children of one family;
To wake from sin and death, and rise
The fellow-heirs of blissful skies;

Through life one faith, one hope to share,
And each his brethren's burden bear;
Till every burden at the door
Of heaven be left for evermore.

Father, we pray, in Jesu's name,
More widely spread the living flame,
Till each to each united be
In deathless bonds, and all to Thee.

See also Hymns 219, 231, 259, 325, 327.

440 *Our Help in Trouble.* 6 of 8.

WHEN sore afflicted and afraid,
We feel how vain is earthly aid;
When dangers lurk on every hand,
And deepening darkness shrouds the land,
Great God, we thank Thee that to Thee
Our hearts can still for comfort flee.

To Thee, our Trust, to Thee alone,
By whom all wants, all fears are known,
Thy sorrowing servants turn to-day;
And humbled, awed, repentant, pray
That Thou, whose anger none may bear,
Would'st now in tender mercy spare.

We own how justly might Thy Hand
More sorely yet afflict our land;
That hope for all, from shore to shore,
Who now Thy pardoning grace implore,
Were quenched, and lost in anguish dark,
Wert Thou but our deserts to mark.

But, Lord, we still to Thee draw near,
Still ask Thy kind and gracious ear;
We urge no claim; no vain excuse
We dare before Thy throne produce;
But this one prayer alone we make:
O spare us, Lord, for Jesu's sake!

441 † *God our Refuge.* D.C.M.

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call.
Our guilt we own, but grace is Thine:
O turn us not away!
But hear us, Lord, for Jesu's sake,
And help us when we pray.

Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own;
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown:
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening Hand;
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land;
With pitying eye behold our need,
As now we breathe our prayer,
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Yet in Thy mercy spare.

442 † *Pestilence.* D.C.M.

IN grief and fear, to Thee, O God,
For succour now we fly;
Thine awful judgments are abroad:
O shield us, lest we die!

The fell disease on every side
  Walks forth with tainted breath;
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
  Bestrews the land with death.

O look with pity on the scene
  Of sadness and of dread,
And let Thine angel stand between
  The living and the dead.
With contrite hearts to Thee, our King,
  We turn, who oft have strayed;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
  And let the plague be stayed. Amen.

443 † *Give Peace, O God.* L.M.

O GOD of love, O King of peace,
  Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sins' dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Amen.

444 † *War Deprecated.* 8 of 8.

WHILE war's dread sound is heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground,
To Thee we look, on Thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all;
Whose love has stamped on human kind
The image of a heavenly mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace
Has cherished all the kindred race.

O see, with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brother sheds a brother's blood;
How guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love and pity droop forlorn.

Great God, whose powerful arm can bind
The raging wave, and furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddened world to peace.
With reverence may each warring land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above,
On earth be peace, good will and love!

See also Hymn 35.

National Thanksgiving.

445 † *National Thanksgiving.* 878766667.

REJOICE to-day with one accord;
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation:
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown.
Let all his saints adore Him!

When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining:
O trust the arm, whate'er betide,
The universe sustaining:
Triumphant songs of praise
To God our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
O praise the Lord alway:
Let all His saints adore Him!

Rejoice to-day, with one accord;
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation:
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
For He is God alone,
Who hath his mercy shown:
Let all his saints adore Him!

Amen.

At Sea.

446 *Storm at Sea.* C.M.

THE floods lift up their waves, O God!
The waves in thunder fall;
The strong winds howl around; but Thou
Art mightier yet than all.

And Thou, great God, shalt be our Trust,
Alike in storm and calm:
O let Thy word now whisper peace,
And be a soothing balm!

Forbid that aught should drown its voice
For one before Thee now:
Our sins are dark: but, O our God!
With contrite hearts we bow!

We humbly bow, and pray through Him
Who died that we might live:
Hear us, Thou kind, long-suffering God!
And in thy grace forgive!

If Thou see good, O quell the winds,
And bid the waves be still!
But, come what may, for Jesu's sake,
Preserve our souls from ill!

447 † *Winds and Waves.* D.86.

THE Lord our God is full of might;
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night, your force combine:
Without His high behest
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to His car,
And sweeps the stormy skies.

Ye nations all, in reverence bend;
Ye kings, obey His word;
And bid the grateful song ascend
To praise the mighty Lord.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Sing praises, with the heavenly host,
Now, and for evermore.

448 †"'*Tis I; be not afraid.*" C.M.

WHO walks the waves in wondrous guise,
By nature's law unstayed?
"'Tis I," a well-known voice replies;
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

Thus ever, when the storm is high,
Come, Saviour, to mine aid;
Come, when no other help is nigh,
And say, "Be not afraid."

Speak, and my griefs no more are heard;
Speak, and my fears are laid;
Speak, and my soul shall bless the word,
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

When on the bed of death I lie,
And stretch my hands for aid,
Stand Thou before my fading eye,
And say, "Be not afraid."

Before Thy judgment-seat above,
Lest nature sink dismayed,
O cheer me with the word of love,
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

449 † *Peril at Sea.* 6 of 8.

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave
Nor let the swelling ocean rise,
Above its stated boundaries;
O hear us now! we cry to Thee,
In peril 'midst the raging sea!

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their billows at Thy word;
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the roar could'st sleep;
O hear us now! we cry to Thee
In peril 'midst the raging sea!

Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tum ult cease,
And give for wild con fusion, peace;
O hear us now! we cry to Thee
In peril midst the raging sea!

450 † *The only Helper.* 8 of 8.

IN sorrow's darkest, direst hour,
When conscience speaks with thrilling power,
When earthly counsel profits nought,
And human help is vainly sought,
What comfort else can life afford,
But, with the saints who love the Lord,
To fall before our Saviour's face,
And humbly seek His pardoning grace?

To lift the tearful, trembling eye
To God's great mercy-seat on high,
In hope that whispered words of peace
May come and bid our terrors cease;
That He by whose o'ermastering will
Waves sank to sleep, and winds were still,
May soothe the conflict of the breast,
And lull tempestuous woes to rest?

O God, amidst the roaring sea,
Our only trust we place in Thee:
From out the depths to Thee we call;
Our fears are great, our strength is small
Thy constant love, Thy tender care,
Alone can save us from despair:
O let us hear, through storm and shade,
Thy voice, "'Tis I; be not afraid."

451 † *The mighty Ocean.* 878777.

HAVE ye seen the mighty ocean
Spread its waters far and wide,
All its waves in ceaseless motion
Bear along the rolling tide?
When that mighty flood ye view,
Think of God's great love for you:

Love that is for ever flowing,
  Pouring mercies all around,
Neither change nor limit knowing,
  Broad and deep without a bound:
When that swelling flood ye view,
Think of God's great love for you:

Love that pardons your transgressions,
  Love that bears you on its breast,
Wafts you safe from all oppressions
  To the land of endless rest:
With that haven full in view,
Think of God's great love for you.

452 † *The Blessedness of Piety.* C.M.

HOW are Thy servants blessed, O Lord!
  How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide;
  Their help omnipotence.

From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,
  Thy mercy sets them free,
While, in the confidence of prayer,
  Their souls take hold on Thee.

When by the dreadful tempest borne,
  High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
  Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
  Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roared at Thy command,
  At Thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
  Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
  And humbly hope for more!

My life, while Thou preserv'st my life,
  Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
  Shall join my soul to Thee.

Church Dedication.

453 *A Token of Love.* 7s.

ALL unworthy though it be
  Of Thy greatness, God above,
Yet we dedicate to Thee
  This poor token of our love.

For Thine honour, Lord, 'tis reared,
  And Thy people's highest good:
Here may'st Thou aright be feared;
  Countless souls with life endued!

Here may prayer and praise ascend
  For Thy various gifts of grace;
Here may love with reverence blend;
  Thoughts of evil find no place!

Time will come when temples fall,
  Perish, and are seen no more:
Then, O Father, may we all
  In the eternal courts adore!

454 † *Consecration of a Church.* 7s.

LORD of Hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
All that lips shall here express,
Father, in Thy mercy bless.

Let the living here be fed,
With Thy Word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

Hallelujah! earth and sky,
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

455 † *The Corner-stone.* 66664444.

CHRIST is our corner-stone;
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled;
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
To Thee, our God and King;
We will proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
Thy glorious name.

Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

456 † *Blessings Implored.* L.M.

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee:
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinnèrs pray to live;
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive!

Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd Gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

And here, our Father and our King,
Accept and bless each thankful song;
And let Thine answering angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

Thy glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix Thy throne!

457 † *Blessings Implored.* C.M

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let love increase,
And each for others feel;
Here give the troubled conscience peace,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And freely here to Thee, O Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The feeling heart bestow;
And here, until we praise on high,
Let praise unfeignèd flow.

Burial of the Dead.

458 † *Divine Sympathy.* 7s.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

When the heart is sad within,
Grieved by thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

459 *Thy Will be done.* 10s.

LORD both of life and death, Thy will be done!
Enough that all is in Thy wise controul;
And that at last, when life's fleet race is run,
The grave but takes the body, not the soul.

Nor yet the body to retain it long;
For Thou hast ransomed both with boundless love;
Thy saints shall rise, shall see Thee, and with song
Their lips shall praise Thee in Thy courts above.

We bless Thee in our sorrow for the rays
No clouds can hide, Thou Everlasting Sun;
And, Thou remaining to illume our days,
Lord both of life and death, Thy will be done!
Amen.

460 *Toll, Solemn Bell.* 10s.

TOLL, solemn bell! toll for the newly dead!
Though he can hear thee not, the living may,
And haply, pondering on the spirit fled,
May mourn the past, and, looking upward, pray.

Toll, solemn bell! toll on, though I alone,
Of all that hear thee, muse upon the sound:
Enough, if from thy monitory tone
One deathless spirit gather truth profound.

What homily can touch the soul like thee?
What human tongue hath equal power to tell
How vain is all save that eternity
The dead hath entered now? Toll, solemn bell!

O that thy voice awakened for the dead,
Of sin departed, perished, were the knell!
Who would not then a tear of rapture shed,
And say with swelling heart, Toll, solemn bell!

Additional Hymns.

461 † *The True Light.* 6 of 7.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

462 † *The Angels' Song.* 8787.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in strains of joy;
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

Peace on earth, good will to mortals;
Christ the Lord is born to-day!
Wide He opes the eternal portals,
Chasing sin and death away!

Sons of men, repeat the story;
Sing the gladness of His birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth!

463 † *The Heavenly Babe.* C.M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And in the earth be peace;
Goodwill, henceforth, from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

464 † *The Name Jesus.* 7s.

JESUS! name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

Jesus! name decreed of old
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

Jesus! name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
Jesus shall His people save.

Jesus! name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

Jesus! only name that's given,
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

Jesus! name of wondrous love,
Human name of God above!
Pleading only this, we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

465 † *The King of Israel.* 7676.

ALL glory, laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.
All glory, &c.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.
All glory, &c.

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all
Created make reply.
All glory, &c.

Of old glad Zion's people,
With palms before Thee went,
And we adoring anthems
Will still, O Lord, present.
All glory, &c.

To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted,
One melody we raise.
All glory, &c.

Accept our grateful homage;
And while thy servants sing,
Be present now to bless us,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, &c.

466 † *Jesus lives.* 7s.

JESUS lives! no longer now,
Can thy terror, Death, appal us
Jesus lives! by this we know,
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Hallelujah!

Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
His will go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Hallelujah!

Jesus lives! for us He died:
Then, to Jesus alway living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Hallelujah!

Jesus lives! we know full well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Hallelujah.

Jesus lives! henceforth is death,
But the gate of life immortal,
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah!

467 † *Come, Holy Ghost.* 8s.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessèd unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both, to be but one,
That, through the ages all along,
This may be still our ceaseless song:

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

468 † *The Name of Jesus.* C.M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In each believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

469 † *Just as I am.* 8886.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

470 † *Be our Light.* 6 of 8.

O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Grant us, O Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Do more than pardon : give us joy,
  Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
  That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
  And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
Ah ! never let our works be soiled
  With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
  The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad :
  Thou art our Saviour and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

471 *The unceasing Song.* D.C.M.

THOUGH Eden's songs no longer call
  The heart to praise and love,
So bounteous is the Lord of all,
  Such mercy reigns above,
There's not a month of all the year,
  Nor hour of night or day,
But earth hath some sweet sounds to cheer
  Her pilgrims on their way.

And could we listening catch whate'er
  From hearts of holy men
Ascends to heaven 'mid all their care,
  And wants, and sorrows ; then,

By proof transporting should we know,
That good, and seeming ill,
Wake praises glad that sweetly flow,
With music never still.

Great Source benign of all that cheers
On earth, and every hope
That to the musing soul endears
The blue star-lighted cope;
Let none be mute, let all who share
Thy gifts, with voice and heart,
Made strong by love, rejoice to bear
In that blest hymn their part.

472 *The Web of Providence.* L.M.

IN humble faith, my soul, abide,
Till Love divine shall call thee hence;
And show the perfect, beauteous side
Of the vast web of Providence.

No eye beneath the vaulted skies
Can o'er that work its glance extend;
No mind, ere yet to heaven it rise,
Though it should see, could comprehend.

Enough to hope, to trust, to love,
And wait the swiftly nearing day,
When thou from glorious heights above
Shalt marvels passing thought survey.

Enough, till thou shalt join the choir
Whose burning love breathes ceaseless praise,
To feel within the kindling fire,
And oft in speechless wonder gaze!

473 *Be True.* 7775.

SOLDIER of the Cross, be true;
Truth pursue, revere, avow:
With the many or the few,
'Of the truth' be thou.

He was 'of the truth' who came
'Midst the wandering, false, and lost,
Priceless tidings to proclaim,
Knowing well the cost.

Faithful to the truth He stood,
Mocked, derided, scorned, denied;
Still through life the strife renewed;
Then triumphant died.

And will He now throned forget
Them, who, heedful of His voice,
With fixed heart the right abet,
And in truth rejoice?

Wearied man of many years,
Thou, yet fresh, whose years are few,
By thy hope when Christ appears,
At all cost be true!

474 *Truthfulness.* 8787.

SAVIOUR, on whose word reposes
All that blesses and shall bless,
Plant, preserve in every bosom
Thine own perfect Truthfulness.

Sins unnumbered, sorrows diverse,
Sprang from falsehood's dark abyss:
Peace, hope, love descend from heaven,
Truth's bright home of endless bliss.

O Redeemer, Great Deliverer
From all ills, and foes malign,
Thee with faithful hearts to follow,
Help us by Thy grace divine.

Dwell within us, love enkindle,
Which delights Thy name to bless,
And make dear as life immortal
Thine own perfect Truthfulness.

475 *Human Teachers.* C.M.

ONE perfect Teacher upon earth
Hath stood, mankind to guide,
And here none other since the dawn
Of time hath stood beside.

Yet many servants, true though frail,
By Him illumined, speak;
And while they teach, His grace divine
He gives to all who seek.

Thus feeble words of human tongues
From age to age are blest,
And ne'er shall fail for docile hearts
That still on Jesus rest.

O grant, Thou only Fount of Light,
Till Thou appear again,
Thy Truth may spread, Thy Church increase,
Through utterance weak of men.

May teachers teach, may hearers hear,
Alike with ceaseless prayer;
And each the other help and love,
And both for heaven prepare!

A Litany.

476 *For the Church.* P.M.

KING of kings, enthroned above,
We bow down before Thee!
God of mercy and of love,
Hear us, we implore Thee!
Thou, whose might is infinite,
We bow down before Thee!
Thou, whose light dispels our night,
Hear us, we implore Thee!

Father! Father!
By Thy Goodness in creation,
By Thy Pity in salvation,
We implore Thee, we implore Thee,
From every ill deliver
Thy Church, and bless for ever.

Father! Father!
By the Blood for sinners pleading,
By the Voice now interceding,
We implore Thee, we implore Thee,
From every ill deliver
Thy Church, and bless for ever.

Father! Father!
By the Grace that knows no measure,
Still diffusing life and pleasure,
We implore Thee, we implore Thee,
From every ill deliver
Thy Church, and bless for ever.

Amen.

Concluding Hymns.

477 *I.* C.M.

NOW, Father, from this house of prayer
May each Thy blessing take;
And shine within his home, and there
Do good for Jesu's sake!

Nor less may all who in them feel
Fresh hope, fresh joy awake,
Widely around with warmer zeal
Do good for Jesu's sake!

Amen.

478 *II.* L.M.

ACCEPT, Lord, ere Thy servants part,
One closing strain of praise and love;
And more and more fix every heart
On things above.

At peace with Thee, at peace with all,
May each now heavenward take his way,
Prepared, whene'er Thy voice shall call,
For endless day!

Amen.

479 † *III.* D.C.M.

ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dews of heaven descend,
And goodly growth abound.

Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundredfold
Returns of peace and joy:
O let the word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Win every soul before Thee here
To live to Thee alone.

480 † *IV.* 8787.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.

Thanks we give and adoration
For the Gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!

481 *V.* C.M

NOW, Father, grant us all Thy grace,
Yet more Thy truth to see,
Thy power and love yet more to trace,
And sweetly live to Thee:

To Thee in feeling and in deed;
To Thee in thought and word;
With prayer for every good we need,
With praise for all conferred.

Amen.

482 *VI.* 8 of 10.

LORD, rests it now with every heart to choose
The life or death to be for aye its own?
Shall none the bliss unutterable lose
Who humbly bow them down before Thy throne,
And trust in Jesu's all-prevailing Name?
O Father! kindle in our breasts a flame
Of holiest love; and let the tidings run,
Till all shall know Thy grace, and all be won.
Amen.

483 *VII.* 7575.

WANTS and yearnings that my tongue
Cannot, Lord, express,
Praise my lips have never sung,
Thou canst note and bless.

Hear, O Father, hear my heart!
Heed my uplifted gaze!
All they strive to ask impart,
And accept their praise!
Amen.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Amen.

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Blest emblems of redeeming love	416
Blue are the heavens above us	387
Born to bless us, born to save	45
Bound upon the accursed tree	87
Brief life is here our portion	211
Bright summer now lights up the skies	386
Bright was the guiding star that led	56
Brother, go, your treasure bear	337
Buds are bursting into beauty	384
By Jacob's well, when thirsting there	146
By listening saints the prayer was heard	150
Calm, and bold, and strong in love	409
Calm and sweet Remembrancer	367
Calm, confiding, loving, pure	74
Calmly venture on the ocean	165
Canst thou, my soul, not praise thy God	250
Cares, and fears, and griefs I know	181
Changes come from day to day	249
Children of the Heavenly King	288
Christian mourner, grieve no more	255
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	47
Christian, wait the morning	195
Christ is our Corner-stone	455
Christ the Lord is risen again	98
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Christ, whose glory fills the skies	461
Come hither oft in love and fear	366
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	467
Come, Holy Spirit, come	105
Come, let our voice ascend	339
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	272
Come, O come! with sacred lays	284
Come, Prince of Peace! let war no more	35
Come, ye children, mark and learn	316
Conscience softly whispers	320
Creator Spirit! by whose aid	112

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Day by day, and year by year	380
Day by day the manna fell	263
Day of judgment, day of wonders	41
Dear is the eye of earthly love	79
Does but a trembling veil divide	319
Does one small voice within thy soul	66
Down to whatever depths of sin	61
Ere another Sabbath close	27
Ere yet thy hand be on my frame	354
Eternal Father, strong to save	449
Eternal God! we look to Thee	187
Eternal Source of good untold	129
Eternal Source of life and light	268
Faith adds new joy to earthly bliss	155
Faith alone breathes calm devotion	158
Far from these narrow scenes of night	209
Father, for my Saviour's sake	223
Father of all, enthroned above	238
Father of heaven, whose love profound	121
Father of mercies, send Thy grace	327
Father, Thy children pray to Thee	424
Father, Thy grace and blessing give	423
Father, vouchsafe us grace divine	12
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	243
Fear not, my soul, the final strife	356
Fed with the Bread of Life from heaven	251
Fettered, imprisoned, in a dungeon dark	405
First clothing earth with beauty	389
For all Thy saints, O Lord	400
For man's frail heart 'tis hard to feel	228
For the conscious love of Thee	230
For thee, O dear, dear country	212
Fountain of good, to own Thy love	325
Fountain of mercy, God of love	388
Friend after friend departs	357
From all that dwell below the skies	295
From day to day, from hour to hour	378
From Greenland's icy mountains	328
From rest to rest, how sweet to wake	368
From the dust of earth to rise	198
Full oft the clouds of deepest woe	258

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Gentle words and actions telling	218
Glory to Thee, my God, this night	18
God moves in a mysterious way	160
God of mercy, throned on high	427
God, that madest earth and heaven	23
God, wills, O man, that cheerfully	324
Go forth to toil; to spend, be spent	407
Go to dark Gethsemane	84
Gracious Saviour, holy Shepherd	340
Great Father of our race	62
Great Father, we have made this day	422
Great God, and wilt Thou condescend	432
Great God of Abraham, hear our prayer	333
Great God, what do I see and hear	43
Great Judge of quick and dead	313
Great King of kings, in mercy bless	437
Great King of nations, hear our prayer	441
Great Shepherd of Thy people, here	457
Great Source of life, Eternal Sun	244
Hail the day that sees Him rise	100
Hail to the Lord's anointed	57
Hark! a seraph host are singing	46
Hark, my soul, how everything	137
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes	29
Hark, the herald angels sing	44
Hark, the song of jubilee	38
Hark, the voice of love and mercy	89
Hark, what mean those holy voices	462
Have ye seen the mighty ocean	451
Heavenly Father! to whose eye	172
Heavy and dark, the clouds o'erhung	75
Help me, Lord, to trust in Thee	154
Help me, Lord, to walk with Thee	315
He on whom life's sun is shining	283
Holy Bible, book divine	361
Holy, holy, holy! Father, Son, and Spirit	114
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty	113
Holy Spirit, Fount of light	106
Holy Spirit, gently come	107
Hope not repose on earth	350
Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn	428
Hosanna to the living Lord	32
How are Thy servants blessed, O Lord	452
How blest, if now the voice of song	68

	HYMN
How bounteous is our God	126
How bright these glorious spirits shine	401
How few that, tender sympathy expecting	297
How kind our Father's voice	7
How slowly, and how silently	14
How small, yet how impassable the stream	90
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	468
How welcome was the call	435
I feel within a fount of love	220
I need a portion that shall last	247
I praised the earth, in beauty seen	193
I thank Thee, Lord, for every night	13
I will not mourn my weakness, Lord	176
I would not live alway: 'tis said in the hour	170
If earth be but a desert wild	298
If in the brightness of the day	228
If life's sorrows keep my heart	257
If now I yield myself to be	153
If peace within, by day, by night	303
If thou to heaven canst lift thine eyes	248
In grateful rapture to the skies	50
In grief and fear, to Thee, O God	442
In heart and life, O God, I would be pure	344
In heavens star-lighted, at the midnight hour	132
In holy contemplation	395
In humble faith, my soul, abide	472
In life's last hour, when sinking to the tomb	360
In quietness and confidence	177
In sleep's serene oblivion laid	17
In sorrow's darkest, direst hour	450
In the ocean, vast, profound	151
In token that thou shalt not fear	413
Is thy sorrow very great	163
It came upon the midnight clear	49
It were unmeasured bounty, Lord	71
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Jerusalem the golden	210
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	92
Jesus lives no longer now	466
Jesus! name of wondrous love	464
Jesus, Refuge of my soul	73
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	335
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts	415

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Joys await the holy	197
Joys countless as the summer flowers	254
Just as I am, without one plea	469
King of kings, enthroned above	476
Know'st thou well the sufferer's part	279
Know thou thy God and know thyself	190
Lead us! Heavenly Father, lead us	119
Less pleased by what we have	282
Let every voice for praise awake	1
Life is not a holiday	308
Life, O Father, is from Thee	131
Light be my hold, for ever light	312
Light brightens o'er the narrow way	162
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart	33
Linked in the bond of peace	48
Lo! He comes, with clouds descending	39
Long-suffering Lord, we hope to dwell for ever	300
Look down, O Lord! and on our youth	421
Lord both of life and death, Thy will be done	459
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	480
Lord, each murmur past forgive	253
Lord, forgive me day by day	301
Lord, from Thy throne above	225
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	104
Lord, have any fallen so low	60
Lord, I have a path to tread	352
Lord, in this sacred hour	375
Lord, I would count each moment Thine	346
Lord, I would delight in Thee	274
Lord Jesus, God and man	341
Lord of all the worlds on high	348
Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise	454
Lord of my life, whose tender care	24
Lord of the harvest! once again	393
Lord, rests it now with every heart to choose	482
Lord, send Thy Spirit from above	323
Lord, Thy servants forth are going	406
Lord, Thy Word, our brightening treasure	362
Lord, to know Thee is to live	110
Lord, we all look up to Thee	231
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	64
Lord, with Thy love my soul illume	189

	HYMN
Man for himself may waste	404
Man in the morning to his work goes forth	304
Man may sow for fruits of time	381
Man with silent voice and lyre	270
Man was not formed to live alone	351
Many hearts have here been blest	370
Mark thou the gentle rain	334
Meek Redeemer! free from ire	296
Morn hath brightened slowly	6
Mournest thou that thy love is cold	229
My Father kept me through the night	11
My God, and is Thy table spread	418
My God, I was made for Thee	285
My God, my Father, while I stray	242
My heart aspires, my soul is vast	349
My heart is fixed, O God	169
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My spirit on Thy care	262
Nearer, my God, to Thee	345
Never, never, O my God	227
New every morning is the love	3
Noble are the souls that live	305
No good thing shall the upright want	322
Not like odour from the censer	408
Now, Father, from this house of prayer	477
Now, Father, grant us all Thy grace	481
Now, Lord, the day declineth fast	22
O death! thou wert not made for man!	353
O Father, by Thy Spirit make	326
O Father, in Thy love draw dear	410
O Father, let the beams that fall	8
O Father, no dark clouds above	180
O Father, oft from Thee we stray	109
O Father, our Creator	115
O for a thousand tongues to sing	269
O God, I bless Thee for this world so fair	214
O God, how glorious is the Light	286
O God of life, whose power benign	120
O God of love, O King of peace	443
O God, our Help in ages past	167
O God, vouchsafe Thy presence here	365
O good, which none may measure	217
O heirs of heaven, with heart and voice	278
O how kindly hast Thou led me	142

	HYMN
O! it is sublime to live	306
O King of kings, before whose throne	118
O Lord, how good, how great art Thou	86
O Lord, how happy should we be	161
O Lord, turn not Thy face from me	240
O love divine! eternal love	133
O my spirit, be not faithless	183
O paradise eternal	192
O praise our God to-day	438
O press toward the mark for the prize	196
O Saviour, bless us ere we go	470
O Saviour, calm and sweet is life	168
O Saviour, if concealed the hour	182
O Saviour, lend us wings of love	78
O Saviour, when around my soul	149
O Saviour, whom this holy morn	51
O Spirit of the living God	330
O that in word, in spirit, and in deed	67
O the bliss to cast away	239
O the very aim is blest	199
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows	65
O Thou, the contrite sinner's friend	156
O Thou, through whose redeeming love	273
O Thou, who camest from the sky	80
O Thou, who for Thine own didst pray	216
O trust and serve the Lord thy God	321
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O why should Israel's sons, once blessed	331
O worship the King	135
Object of my first desire	83
Of all that breathes in earth or air	178
Oft in peril, oft in woe	208
Oft shall my song ascend to Thee	280
Once more the morn in beauty breaks	16
One on whom the soul may pour	232
One perfect Teacher upon earth	475
On this day, the first of days	374
On this fair earth, O mortals	383
On this fair earth sweet flowers upspring	130
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Our dead may not be far away	358
Our God is love, and all His Saints	219
Our God is love, O sweetly sing	215
Past is the harvest, and the summer spent	396

	HYMN
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	290
Praise the Lord, His glories show	140
Praise the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him	289
Praise to God, immortal praise	392
Purer than earth enwreathed with stainless snow	191
Put thou thy trust in God	157
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	166
Redeemed by Thee from sin and death	224
Rejoice to-day with one accord	445
Ride on ! ride on, in majesty	72
Rise into the life of love	221
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	77
Round the Lord in glory seated	117
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	26
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	430
Saviour, on whose word reposes	474
Saviour, Source of every blessing	276
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Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding	412
Scan the Sacred Page devoutly	363
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Shall I yield Jehovah pleasure	171
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Sing to the Lord, our might	376
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Slowly fashioned, link by link	70
Soldier of the Cross, be true	473
Soldiers of Christ, arise	425
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Sons of men, awake and sing	252
Sons of men, Jehovah bless	237
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Stand up and bless the Lord	287
Still conquered, strive again	347
Sufficient to the day the present ill	266
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear	20
Sweet are waters freshly flowing	364
Sweet is the Light, whate'er it be	53
Sweet is the Spirit's strain	371
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The dearest joys the heart hath known	293

	HYMN
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The eastern sages sought their Lord	54
Thee we adore, eternal Lord	403
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The floods lift up their waves, O God	446
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The God of harvest praise	391
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The harvest is gathered	390
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The Lord our God is full of might	447
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There are who kindly in their hours of gladness	302
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There is a God, who heareth prayer	222
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There is an eye that never sleeps	377
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There is a safe and secret place	138
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The soldier skilled in battle-fields hath learned	174
The Son beloved, Thy mercy gave	411
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The voice that breathed o'er Eden	434
This mortal life, to aid our feeble sight	310
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Thou bidd'st me, Jesus, come to Thee	116
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Though Eden's songs no longer call	471
Though life be but an ocean wide	164
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Throughout all worlds there is a present God	241
Thy hand, O Father, gave me life	127
Thy presence, Lord, hath been my stay	148
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To all Thy servants, who this day	417
To God, let all created things	141
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To Thine own peaceful skies	101
To walk with Thee; to trace Thy skill	122
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Wants and yearnings that my tongue	483
Weak, to suffer; strong, to save	76
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Welcome sweet day, of days the best	373
We look around upon returning spring	385
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What though fields of earth have yielded	394
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When Jesus left His Father's throne	429

	HYMN
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While shepherds watch their flocks by night	463
While war's dread sound is heard around	444
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Who hath ever seen Thy face	275
Who walks the waves in wondrous guise	448
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Ye followers of the Prince of Peace	419
Ye servants of the Lord	311
Yet one more day is wellnigh flown	19
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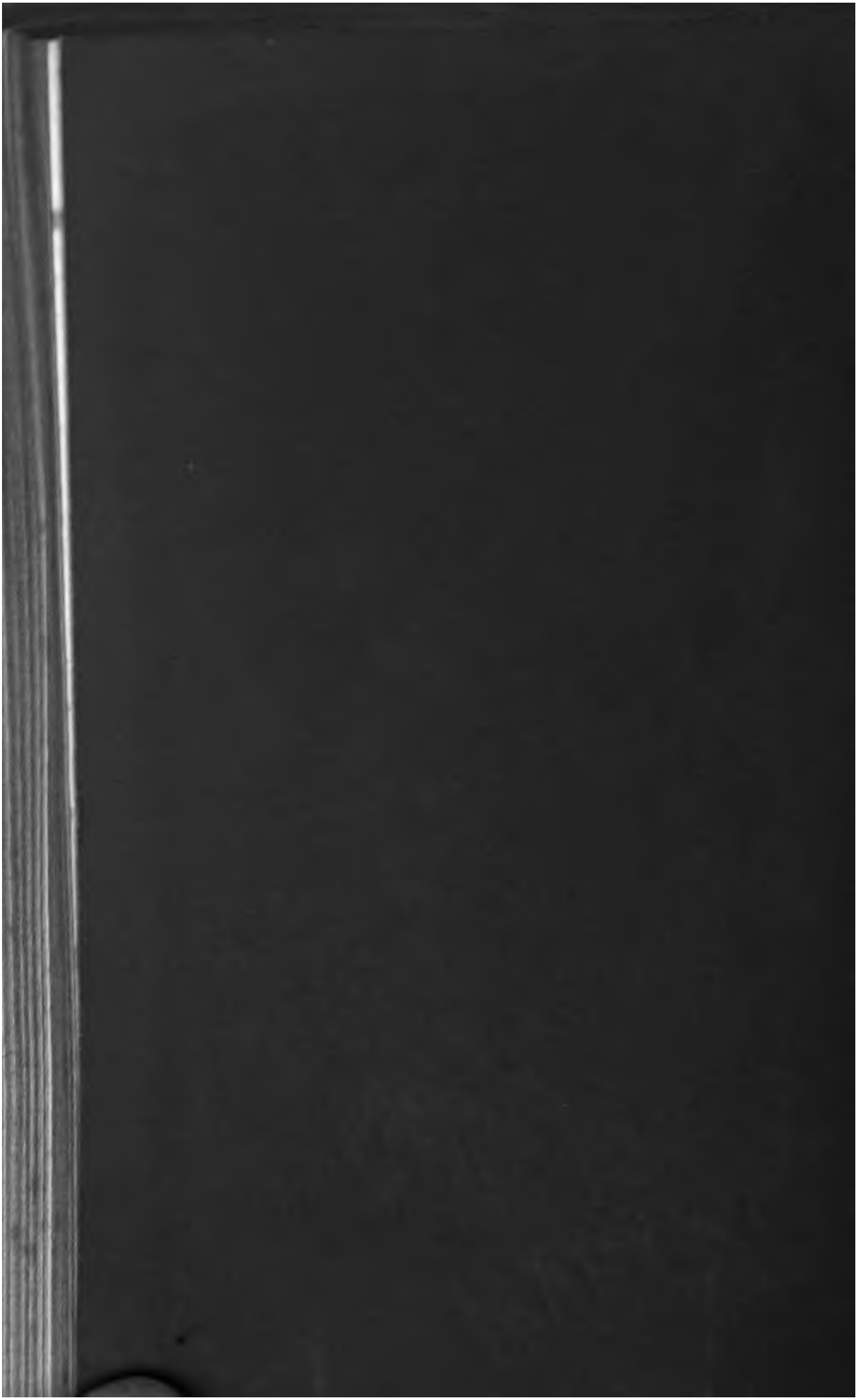
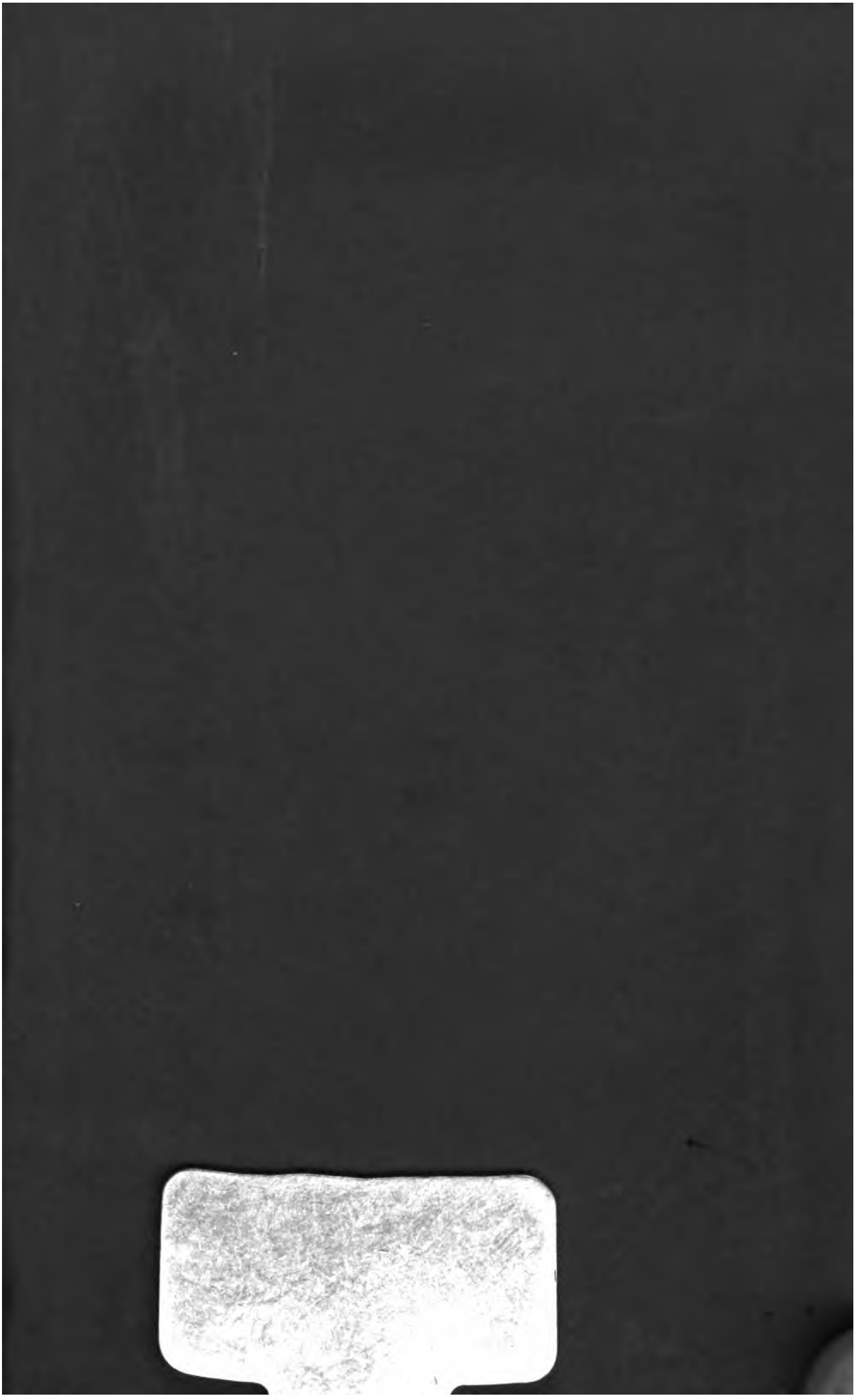
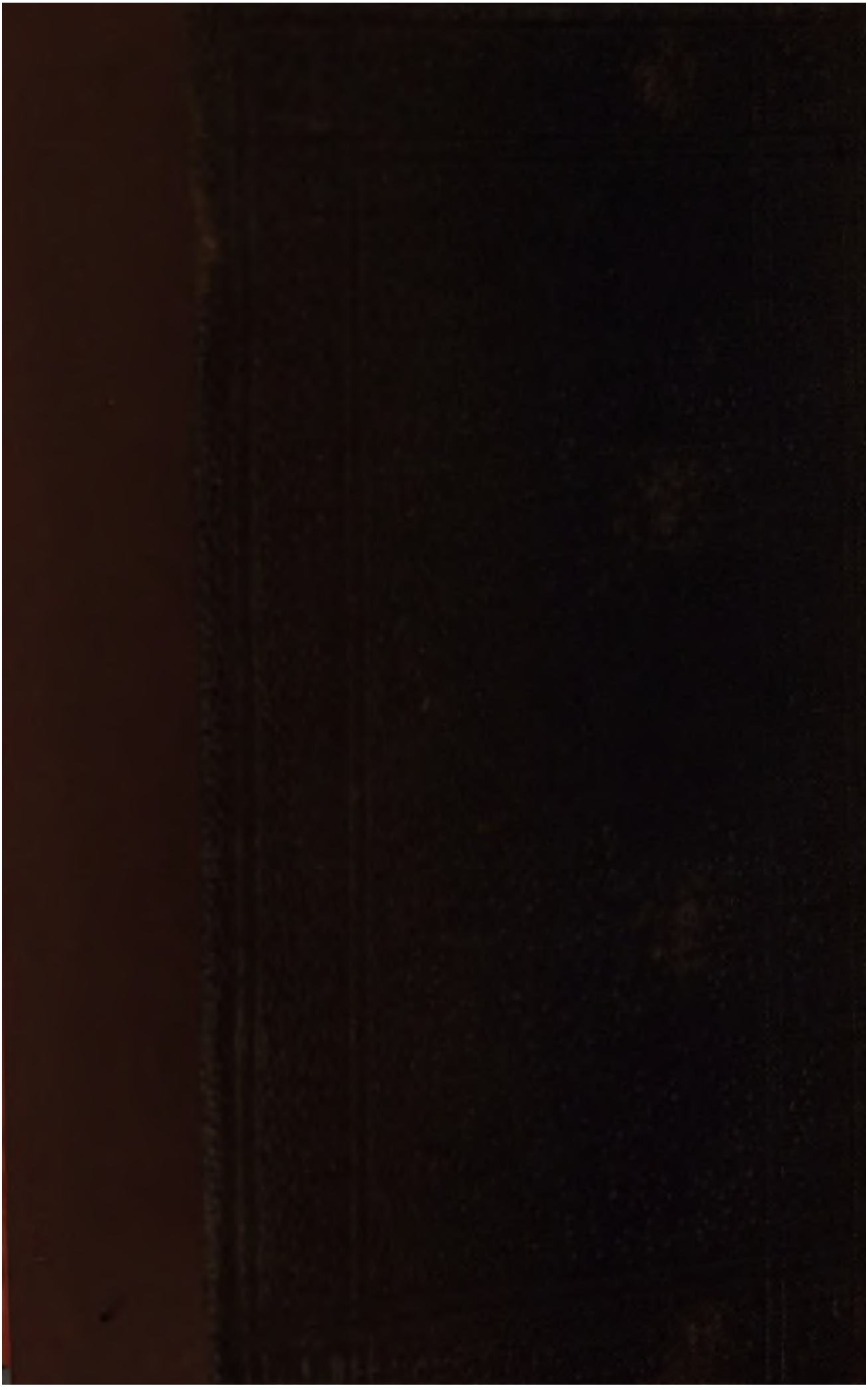
NOTE.—The Hymn for Christmas Day, No. 46, has been set to music by the Rev. W. H. Havergal. (Hart, Hatton Garden.) The same music is suitable for Hymns 362 and 364.

The original and most suitable melody for Hymn 143 is procurable at Novello's, price 3*d.*

For Hymn 105, the tune is *The Spanish Chant.*

Should this Hymnal be favourably received, it is intended to publish ere long a Book of Tunes for the whole Collection. Meanwhile, suitable tunes for a large portion of these hymns will be found in the Tune Books for *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and the *Church Psalter and Hymn Book*, by the Rev. W. Mercer.

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