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M. M. Watson

from F. W. L. -

... 1892 -

Easter verses
from Sister Helen
to me. - - - - -

In the garden
of your heart
May Friendship's flowers
grow,

For Friendship is
the sweetest gift

The human heart
can know. -

F. W. L.

1927 — May 8th
Peggy's Mother's Day verses
sent to me. —

Mother. —
The birds sing sweetly in
the trees,
I hear the buzz of bees,
The sky is blue, the sun shining clear,
For this is Mother's Day so dear.

Flowers so pretty, nod their heads
And little flower border
their beds
Green things every where
Nothing can smother
All come out in her honor
for Mother. —

th
" 13
H A M P T O N

H Y M N A L

car,
heads
AND

S C H O O L S E R V I C E .

H A M P T O N , V A . ,
N O R M A L S C H O O L P R E S S ,

1892.

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1892

H Y M N S

1

(Nicaea P. M.)

R. Heber.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise
to thee,
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.
- 2 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 shall be.
- 3 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.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth
and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

4

HAMPTON HYMNAL.

2

(Faben, 8s, 7s, D)

R. Mant.

1 LORD, thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fullness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Heaven is still with anthems ringing ;
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 Holy, holy, holy, singing,
 Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

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

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fullness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Thus thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt the angels' cry,
 Holy, holy, holy, blessing
 Thee, the Lord our God most high !

3

(Lowry. L. M.)

T. Ken.

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

- 2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.
 - 3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
 - 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
 - 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
-

4

(Mendon. L. M.)

- 1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord omnipotent is King!
- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care?
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.
- 3 The Lord is King! exalt your strains,
Ye saints, your God, your Father reigns
One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns,—and life and death are yours.

- 4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,—
The Lord omnipotent is King.
-

(Rockingham. L. M.)

I Watts.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 5 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.
-

(Louvan. L. M.)

O. W. Holmes.

- 1 LORD of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

- 2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine !
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.
-

7

(Hendon. 7s.)

Milton.

Psalm 136.

- 1 LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind.
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God,
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state.

- 2 All his creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
He his mansion hath on high,
' Bove the reach of mortal eye;
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

(Evening Hymn. L. M.)

T. Ken.

Psalm 17: 8.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 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 judgment day.
- 4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Be thou my guardian while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

HAMPTON HYMNAL.

9

- 6 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care :
'Tis heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love !
-

9

(Carthage, 8s, 7s.)

Anon.

- 1 CHRIST, above all glory seated !
King eternal, strong to save !
To thee, Death, by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.
- 2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In thy Father's power to reign.
- 3 We, O Lord ! with hearts adoring,
Follow thee above the sky ;
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to thee on high.
- 4 So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shall shine,
We thy flock shall stand before thee,
Owned for evermore as thine.
-

10

(Lyons, 10s, 11s.)

C. Wesley.

Rev. 7: 19

- 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have ;
The great congregation his triumph shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son ;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the
Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might ;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

—

Psalm 148.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him !
Praise him, angels in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light !
- 2 Praise the Lord—for he hath spoken ;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord—for he is glorious ;
Sin and death shall not prevail,
God hath made his saints victorious,
Never shall his promise fail ;

- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

(Hebron. L. M.)

I. Watts.

12

- (1) THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 ~~Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home,
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.~~
- (3) I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 ~~Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.~~

(Invitation. C. M.)

J. G. Whittier.

13

- 1 WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.
- 2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet still Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

- 3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.
- 4 Through him the first fond prayers are said,
Our lips of childhood frame ;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are buidened with his name.
- 5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine !
-

14

(Holley, 7s.)

G. W. Doane.

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away :
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

15

(Segur. 8s, 7s, 4s,) *Oliver Williams. 1771.*

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
 - 2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.
 - 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death ! and hell's Destruction !
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.
-

16

(Manoah. C. M.)

W. Cowper.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings, on your head.
 - 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
 - 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
 - 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.
-

17 (Brattle Street, C. M. D.) *H. M. Williams.*

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.
-

18

(Addison L. M. D.)

J. Addison.

- 1 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,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 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.

- 3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found,—
In reason's ear they all rejoice.
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,—
“The hand that made us is divine.”

Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s, C. Wesley.

- 1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise :
Father ! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.
- 2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword ;
Our prayer attend ;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success :
Spirit of holiness !
On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter !
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour :
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power !
- 4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore !
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

20

(Wilmot, 8s, 7s.)

F. Bowring.

Perfection.

1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

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

21

(Antioch C. M.)

Psalm 98.

Watt. 1716.

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

- 2 Joy to the world, the Savior reigns;
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
 plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground:
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.]]

22

(Christmas, C. M.)

Luke 2.

Tate Brady.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
 by night,
 All seated on the ground;
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
- 2 "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,
 The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign;—

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heavens to
men
Begin, and never cease!"

23

(Lischer H. M.)

Acts I:II.

Stennett.

1 COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame:

Tell all above,	The debt of love
And all below,	To him you owe

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:

What he endured	To save our souls
No tongue can tell,	From death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose—
 The mansion of the dead,
 And thence his mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led;
 Up through the sky | And reigns on high
 The conqueror rode, | The Saviour—God

4 From thence he' ll quickly come—
 His chariot will not stay—
 And bear our spirits home
 To realms of endless day:
 There shall we see | And ever be
 His lovely face, | In his embrace.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall;
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.
-

25

(Ortonville. C. M.)

Cant. 5: 10-16.

Stennett.

- 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow:
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress.
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joy I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.
-

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me,
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

27 (God's Love. 7s. 6s.) D. *W. F. Sherwin.*

- 1 GRANDER than ocean's story,
Or songs of forests trees—
Purer than breath of morning,
Or evening's gentle breeze—
Clearer than mountain echoes
Ring out from peaks above—
Rolls on the glorious anthem
Of God's eternal love.
- 2 Dearer than any lovings,
The truest friends bestow;
Stronger than all the yearnings,
A mother's heart can know;
Deeper than earth's foundations,
And far above all thought;
Broader than heaven's high arches—
The love that Christ has brought.
- 3 Richer than all earth's treasure,
The wealth my soul receives;
Brighter than royal jewels,
The crown that Jesus gives;
Wondrous the condescension,
And grace beyond degree!
I would be ever singing
The love of Christ to me.

(Old Hundredth L.M.)

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 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.
- 3 We are his people, we his care —
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with all her thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 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.

29

(Harwell. 8s. 7s. D)

Heb 1:6.

Kelly.

- 1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the notes of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 King of glory! reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine
own;—
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
- 3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps' we'll sing,—
Glory, glory to our King!"

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!—
Mount of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Eben-ezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

31

(Zephyr. L. M.)

Browne.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above,
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.
 - 2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart
That we from God may ne'er depart.
 - 3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
 - 4 Lead us to God our final rest,
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy forever there!
-

(Hamburg. L. M.)

32

Galatians 6: 14.

Watts.

- 1 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.

2 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.

3 See, from his head, his hand, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

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

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure'
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide;

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

34 (More Love. 6s. 4s.) *E. P. Prentiss.*

1 MORE love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be, —
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

Faber.

1 THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

36

(Messiah. 7's. 8's.)

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day:
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Lo! he rises, mighty king!
Where, O Death! is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his native sky!
Grave! where is thy victory?

2 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God forever made:
With our risen Saviour rise;
Claim with him the purchased skies,
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day
Our triumphant holy-day
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

[Fountain C. M.]

Zech. 13: 1.

Cowper. 1779.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's vein;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E're since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

(Horton, 7's.)

Barbault

38

Matt 11: 28

- 1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
 - 2 Thou, who homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.
 - 3 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace, that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.
-

(Woodsworth, L. M.)

C. Elliott

39

John 1: 29

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2 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! I come!

- 3 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! I come!
- 4 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! I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
-

- 1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
Nearer my home, to-day, am I
Than e'er I've been before.

- 2 Nearer my father's house,
Where many mansions be ;
Nearer to-day the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.
- 4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.
- 5 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.
- 6 Father, perfect my trust !
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

(Siloam, C. M.)

Cowper.

41

Gen. 5; 24

- 1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

(Winborne, L. M.)

I. Watts.

42

Eph. 6: 14

- 1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy Great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Savior nailed them to the cross,
And sang the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

(Iowa S. M.)

C. Wesley.

43

Mar. 13: 37

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

(Christmas, C. M.)

Doddridge.

44

Phil. 3:14

- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye

- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.
-

45 Christmas, C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.
-

Dennis, S. M.

Doddridge

46

1 Peter 5: 7

- 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7's.

Cennick

47

Isaiah 35: 8-10

- 1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow the e.

48 (Come Ye Disconsolate, 11's. 10's.) *T. Moore.*

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish:
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish;

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the stray-
ing,

Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flow-
ing

Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above;

Come to the feast of love—come, ever
knowing

Earth has no sorrow but heaven can re-
move.

Mercy, 7's.

R. Hill.

49

1 Peter 5: 7

1 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His unchanging faithfulness.

- 2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.
 - 3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfil
All the pleasure of his will.
 - 4 Jesus ! guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock;
Make us, by thy powerful hand,
Firm as Zion's mountain stand.
-

50

Webb, 7's 6's. D.

Waring

- 1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

- 2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.
-

51 Yarmouth, 7's. 6's. D. *G. Duffield.*

- 1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high the royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus !
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
“Ye that are men, now serve him”
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up !—stand up for Jesus !
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up !—stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long:
This day, the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally !

52 Portuguese Hymn, 11's: *G. Keith.*

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath
said,—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
- 2 “Fear not, I am with thee, Oh, be not dis-
mayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 “When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 “When through fiery trials thy pathway is
laid,
My grace all-sufficient shall give thee its
aid,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
fine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall
prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

53 Pass me not. 8's. 5's. *F.C. Van Alstyne.*

1 Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

- 3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.
- 4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?
-

54 Austria, 8's. 7's. D. *Montgomery.*

- 1 Call Jehovah thy Salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.
- 2 From the sword, at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

- 3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.
-

Goshen, 11's.

Montgomery.

55

Psalm 23,

- 1 The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I
know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters
flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when
oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear,
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my
stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter
near.

- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread,
With blessings unmeasured my cup run-
neth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my
head;
Oh! what shall I ask of thy providence
more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful
God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers
trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy
kingdom of love.
-

Park Street, L. M.

J. Edmeston.

56

Colossians 1: 19.

- 1 Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee?—
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.
- 2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried,
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

- 3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes,—
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.
-

57 Loving Kindness, L. M. *S. Medley.*

- 1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all:
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy veil;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness, in the skies!

58

Selvin, S. M.

A. M. Toplady,

1 If, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

(Heber, C. M.)

Newton.

59

1 Peter 2 ; 7.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 4 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.
- 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

(Greenwood, S. M.) *C. Winkworth.*

60

John 14 : 3.

- 1 SINCE Jesus is my friend,
And I to him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.
- 2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find him near;
- 3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.
- 4 My heart for gladness springs ;
It cannot more be sad ;
For every joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.
- 5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love ;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

61

(Ellesdie, Bs. 7s.D.)

Newton.

Proverbs 18 : 24.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

(Ellesdie 8s. 7s. D.)

Lyte.

62

Luke 9 : 23.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be !
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own !

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!—
Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me,
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.
- 4 Go then earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster scorn and pain;
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather
All shall work for good to me.

- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care,
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;—
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
- — —

(Lyte, 6s. 4s)

J. G. Deek!

63

1 John 4 : 19.

- 1 JESUS, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

- 2 Thou blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus my Lord !
Oh, how great is thy love
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord !
- 3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord :
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near ?
Jesus, my Lord !
- 4 Soon thou wilt come again !
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord !
Then thine own face I' ll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord !

— — —

(Olivet, 6s, 4s.) *Ray Palmer.*

64

Isaiah 45 : 22.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine !

- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul !

(Maitland, C. M.)

Allen.

65

Luke 9 : 23.

- 1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

- 2 This consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.
- 4 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.
- 5 Oh, precious cross ! oh, glorious crown !
Oh, resurrection day !
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

— — —
(Holley, 7s.)

Havergal.

- 1 Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
- 2 Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my voice and let me sing
Always--only for my King.

- 3 Take my lips and let them be
Fill'd with messages for thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I with.
- 4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect and use
Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

(Maitland, C. M.) *J. H. Gurney.*

67

John xiii. 15.

- 1 Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for Heaven.
- 2 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.

- 3 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.
- 4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.
- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heaven.

(Ariel. C. P. M.) *S. Medley.*

68

1 Peter 2 : 7.

- 1 OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine !
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine !
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face :
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.
-

Stockwell, 8s. 7s.

T. Hastings.

69

Zeal rewarded.—Ps. 126 : 6

- 1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.
- 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine :
Precious fruit will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy ;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

- 4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening !
See the rising grain appear ;
Look again ! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

70 (Love Divine, 8s. 7s. D) *C. Wesley.*

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus ! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every troubled heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every trembling breast !
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest :
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive !
Speedily return, and never,
Nevermore thy temples leave !
- 3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be :
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee !
Changed from glory into glory,
Till we in heaven we take our place ;
Till cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

71

(Byefield, C. M.)

Montgomery,

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters Heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their song rejoice,
And cry—"Behold he prays!"
- 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord teach us how to pray.

72

(Duke Street, L. M.)

J. Keble,

Self-denial.—Luke 9: 22.

- 1 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.
- 2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 3 The trivial round and common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 4 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.

73

(Woodstock, C. M.)

Brown.

Luke 10: 38—43.

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

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempest driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.
-

74

(Evans, C. M.)

Anon

1 John 5:14

- 1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky ;
That ear is filled with angel songs ;
That love is throned on high,
 - 4 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.
 - 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high
Through Jesus, to the throne:
And moves the hand which moves the
world,
To bring Salvation down.
-

(Cooling, C. M.)

H. F. L.

75

Security—Psalm 91 : 1.

- 1 There is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace :
Oh, be that refuge mine !
- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
Herests recure in God.

- 3 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!
- 4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!
-

76

(Athens, C. M. D.)

Bonar

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast !"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.
- 2 I hear the voice of Jesus say,—
"Behold I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live !"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
 And all thy day be bright !"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till all my journey's done.
-

(Aletta, 7s.)

77

Eph. 6: 18.

- 1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer ;
God is present everywhere.

78

(Retreat, L. M.)

Stowell

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides more sweet ;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

(Brown, C. M.)

Watts.

79

Assurance.—2 Peter 1 : 10.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all !—
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

(Laban, S. M.)

Heath,

80

Watchfulness.—Matt. 26 : 41.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray !
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down ;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.
-

(Reden 6s, 4s.)

C. S. Robinson

81

Isaiah 42 : 16.

- 1 SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.
- 2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Caused my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"
- 3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent,
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

- 4 Saviour ! I long to walk
 Closer with Thee ;
 Led by thy guiding hand,
 Ever to be ;
 Constantly near thy side,
 Quickened and purified,
 Living for him who died
 Freely for me !
-

(ewett, 6s. D.)

Sh amlock.

82

Mark 14 : 36.

- 1 My Jesus, as thou wilt !
 Oh ! may thy will be mine ;
 Into thy hand I of love
 I would my all resign ;
 Through sorrow, or through joy,
 Conduct me as thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, thy will be done !
- 2 My Jesus, as thou wilt !
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear :
 Since thou on earth hast wept,
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with thee,
 My Lord, thy will be done !

- 3 My Jesus, as thou wilt !
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee :
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done !
-

(Dennis, S. M.)

J. Earwett.

83

Rom. 12 : 5.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love :
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathetic tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.
-

84

(Martyn, 7s. D.)

C. Wesley

- 1 JESUS ! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
Oh, receive my soul at last !
- 2 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.

- 3 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,
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.
-

85

(Naomi, C. M.)

Steele

- 1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

- 3 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.
-

Morning Prayer.

86

(105,)

J. Ellerton.

- 1 SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise;
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease;
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way,
With thee began, with thee shall end the day,
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming
night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.
- 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict
cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

87

(Lux Benigna)

J. H. Newman.

1 Lead kindly light ! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on,

Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Should lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on,

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen ; o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

(Shepard, 8s. 7s.) *D. A. Thrupp.*

88

John 21 ; 15.

- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us :
Much we need thy tender care ;
In thy pleasant pasture feed us,
For our use thy fold prepare ;
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.
 - 2 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 ;
Early let us seek thy favor,
Early help us do thy will ;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour !
With thy grace our bosoms fill.
-

89

(Toplady, 7s.) *A. M. Toplaay.*

- 1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.
 - 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !
 - 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my 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.
-

- 1 TAKE my heart, O Father ! take it ;
Make and keep it all thine own ;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

- 2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
- 3 Ever let thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.
- 4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

91

Psalm 46.

Watts.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world--
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troub'ed ocean roar.—
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
'Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through.
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.
-

92

The Age of Gold. C. M. D. *E. H. Sears.*

- 1 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 man,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever, o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

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

4 For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold !
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing !

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

- 2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store ;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love me more !
 - 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,—
Christian, love me more than these !
 - 4 Jesus calls us ! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all !
-

94

Missionary Chant, L. M.

- 1 YE Christian heralds ! go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name ;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,—
Meet, with the blood bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all !

95

Missionary Chant. L. M.

Watts.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be said,
And praises throng to crown his head :
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning-sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

96

Spanish Hymn. 7s D.

Bowring.

- 1 WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are ;—
Traveler ! o'er yon mountain height,
See that glory-beaming star !—
Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell ?—
Traveler ! yes ; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel :—

- 2 Watchman ! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;—
Traveler ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends !—
Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?—
Traveler ! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth !—
- 3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;—
Traveler ! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn;—
Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home !—
Traveler ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
Lo ! the Son of God is come !
-

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode :
On the Rock of Ages founded,—
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See ! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near !
He who gives them daily manna,
He who listens when they cry,—
Let him hear the loud hosanna,
Rising to his throne on high.
-

- 1 ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine ;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine ;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine !
- 2 Every human tie may perish ;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heaven and earth at last remove :
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

- 3 In the furnace, God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee—
God thine everlasting light.
-

99

Bethany. 6s, 4s.

S. F. Adams.

- 1 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!
- 2 Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!
- 5 Or, if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer to thee!
-

- 1 Saviour! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.
- 2 With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.
- 3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy ;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe ;
Singing till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

101

Flemming- 8s, 6s.

C. Elliott.

1 O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll not repine ;
For, as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

4 Tho' far from home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here have I found a place of rest ;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
Because I cling to thee.

5 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

6 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee !

102

Henley 108.

Anon.

- 1 WE would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life ;
We would see Jesus our weak faith to
strengthen,
For the last weariness—the final strife.
- 2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock Founda-
tion,
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace ;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.
- 3 We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see ;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy and willingness come with the
sight ;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night !

103

Missionary Hymn 7s, 6s. D.

Heber.

- 1 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.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 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!

104

Amsterdam 7s, 6s.

Seagrave.

- 1 RISE, my soul ! and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place :
Sun and moon and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul ! and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source ;
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly me, riches ! fly me, cares !
While I that coast explore ;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more :
Pilgrims fix not here their home :
Strangers tarry but a night ;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.
- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims ! cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies !
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given ;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

105

Shining Shore, P. M.

D. Nelson.

- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over ;
And just before, the Shining Shore,
We may almost discover !
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever ;
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever !
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over ;
And just before, the Shining Shore
We may almost discover !

106

Rest for The Weary 8s, 7s. D. *Harmer.*

1 IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary :
There is rest for the weary ;
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you !

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand ;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

3 Death himself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn ;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed !
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, etc.

4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory !
Shout your triumph as you go ;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through,
There is rest, etc.

107

Miriam 7s, 6s. D,

Bernard.

1 JERUSALEM, the glorious ;
The glory of the elect,—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect !
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern :
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn !

2 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise ;—
Jerusalem ! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore !

3 O sweet and blessed Country !
Shall I e'er see thy face ?
O sweet and blessed Country !
Shall I e'er win thy grace ?—
Exult, O dust and ashes !
The Lord shall be thy part ;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be and thou art !

108

Webb 7s, 6s. D.

S. F. Smith.

- 1 The morning light is breaking ;
The darkness disappears ;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears ;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above ;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation !
Pursue thine onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay ,
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home ;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—" The Lord is come !"

109

Laban, S. M.

Montgomery.

"FOREVER with the Lord !"
Amen !, So let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word :
'Tis immortality.

- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam :
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
 - 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul ! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear !
 - 4 " Forever with the Lord !"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word
Ev'n here to me fulfil.
 - 5 So, when my latest breath,
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
 - 6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
" Forever with the Lord !"
-

110

Tappan, C. M.

Stennett.

- 1 ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight !

- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
5. When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Rhine, C. M.

Dickson.

111

- 1 O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
- 3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

- 4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!
-

112

Bernard 7s, 6s. D.

Bernard.

- 1 For thee, O dear, dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep:
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;—
O one, O only, mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And bliss has no alloy.
- 2 Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up the fabric,
The corner-stone is CHRIST!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
- 3 They stand, those hills of Zion,
Conjubilant with song;
And bright with many an angel,
With many a martyr-throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

113

Stockwell 8s. 7s. D.

- 1 FATHER! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal,
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he, who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

114

Evan, C. M.

- 1 As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.
- 2 Father in heaven, to thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.
- 3 We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

- 4 For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray thee, God of love.
- 5 We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay ;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.
-

115

Louvan, L. M.

Longfellow.

- 1 AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls ;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.
- 2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace ;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.
- 3 O God, our Light ! to thee we bow ;
Within all shadows standest thou ;
Give deeper calm than night can bring ;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain ;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell !
-

116

Emmelaar, 6s, 5s.

S. Baring-Gould

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

- 2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
 - 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.
 - 4 Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
 - 5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.
-

117

Hursley, L. M.

Keble,

- 1 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.
- 2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!
- 3 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.

- 4 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.
- 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant slumbers, pure and bright.
- 6 Be 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.

118

Sweet Hour, L. M. D. *W. W. Walford.*

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known ;
In seasons of distress and grief ;
My soul has often found relief ;
||: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :||
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace.
||: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer ! :||

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share.
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
||: And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :||

119

Old, Old Story, 7s, 6s. D. *Miss K. Hankey.*

1 Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Cho.—Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin;
Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

- 3 Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me the Story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
- 4 Tell me the same Old Story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
-

P. M,

120 I gave my life for thee. *Miss F. Havergal.*

- 1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?
- 2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,—
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell ;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me ?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love ;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me ?

121

Hark, P. M.

F. W. Faber,

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

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Chorus—

- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
King Shepherd, turn their weary steps to
thee.

Chorus—

- 4 Angels sing on ! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep-
ing,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless
love.

Chorus—

122 . There is a green hill far away. *Mrs. Alexander.*

- 1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall ;
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
CHO.— Oh dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him, too ;
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.
- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear ;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heav'n,
Saved by His precious blood.

- 4 There was no other good enough,
To pay the price of sin ;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heav'n and let us in.
-

123

St. Gertrude, (s, 5s. D. *S. Baring—Gould.*

- 1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go !
CHO.—Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
- 2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

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

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join the happy throng.
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud and honor,
Unto Christ the King,
This thro' countless ages
Men and angels sing.

124

Precious Promise.

N. N.

1 PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
REF.—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by ;
Let this promise still be cherished,
" I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die;
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
" I will guide thee with Mine eye."

125

Home of the Soul,

Mrs. E. H. Gates.

1 I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering
strand,
While the years of eternity roll,
While the years of eternity roll ;
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering
strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 Oh ! that home of the soul in my visions and
dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see ;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
|| : Between the fair city and me, : ||
Till I fancy, etc.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
|| : And he holdeth our crown in his hands : ||
The King, etc.

- 4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain ;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our
hands,
|| ; To meet one another again. : ||
With songs on, etc.
-

126

In The Sweet Bye And Bye.

- 1 THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar ;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

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

- 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
- 3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

127

Stephanos. P. M.

J. M. Neal, Jr

- 1 Art thou weary, art thou languid.
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to me saith One, and coming,
Be at rest.
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.
- 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed.
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes."

128

Ewing. 7s, 6s. D.

Bernard.

- 1 JERUSALEM, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest:
I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.
 - 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Con 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 decked in glorious sheen.
 - 3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever, and forever,
Are clad in robes of white.
-

129

All Saints, C. M. D.

Heber.

- 1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?

- 2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.
- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save :
- 4 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 ?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And marked the cross and flame.
- 6 They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in His train.

130

Beulah Land.

E. P. Stites.

- 1 I'VE reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine ;
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on the highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home for evermore !

- 2 The Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with His hand,
For this is heaven's border land.
 - 3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever vernal trees,
And flow'rs that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.
 - 4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.
-

131

Blumenthal. 7s. D.

Bonar.

- 1 HOLY Father, hear my cry;
Holy Saviour, bend thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come thou nigh;
Father, Savior, Spirit, hear!
Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;
Father, Son, and Spirit, save!
- 2 Father, let me taste thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!
Father, Son, and Spirit—thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God!

132

Old Hundreth, L. M., *T. Ken. 1697.*

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 !

133

Old Hundreth, L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 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.
 - 2 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.
-

134

Pilot. 7s. 6l.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea ;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal ;
Chart and compass came from thee :
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild ;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still !"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

- 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"
-

135

Westminster, 8s, 7s.

- 1 FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.
- Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.
- 3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!
-

136

Holy Night.

- 1 Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child!
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night ! Holy night !
 Shepherds quake at the sight !
 Glories stream from heaven afar,
 Heavenly Hosts sing Alleluia !
 CHRIST, the SAVIOUR is born !

3 Silent night ! Holy night !
 Son of God ! love's pure light
 Radiant beams from Thy Holy Face
 With the dawn of redeeming grace,
 Jesus, Lord, at Thy Birth !

137

Orient. 118, 108.

Heber.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morn-
 ing !
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !
- 3 Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
 ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
 mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure :
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
-

138

Hymn, C. M.

Sears.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

139

Caskey, 7s, 5s. D,

Cowper.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings :
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bring us 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.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

140

Ware. L. M.

Watts.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.
 - 2 Thus we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
-

141

Halle. 7s, 6l.

T. Hastings.

- 1 NOW, FROM labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with thee:
Oh! behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.
- 2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice:
Lord! forgive--thy grace restore,
Make me thine forevermore.
- 3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,—
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh! accept my songs of praise.

142

St. Bede, C. M., 61. *Anna L. Waring.*

- 1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portion'd out for me;
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 3 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
'To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.
- 4 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free:
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

143

Wesley. 118, 108.

T. Hastings.

- 1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
 - 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
 - 3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
 - 5 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.
-

144

Miriam. 78, 68, D. *John of Damascus.*

- 1 THE day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

- 2' Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light ;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail !" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.
-

145

Mendebras, 7s, 6s. D. C. *Wordsworth.*

- 1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright ;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.
- 2 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

- 3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.
-

146

Woodworth, L. M.

- 1 My God ! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening fair,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer ?
- 2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.
- 3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.
- 4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.
- 5 Lord ! till I reach that blissfull shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

147

St. Ann's C. M. *H. K. White*

- 1 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.
 - 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
 - 3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine ;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
 - 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
 - 5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend ;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.
-

148

Repose, 7s, 6l.

J. Newton.

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

- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?
 - 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;—
Let me thus with thee abide,
Thou my Father, Guard, and Guide.
-

149

St. Thomas, S. M.

Watts.

- 1 COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.
-

150 Christian Endeavor Parting Hymn *J. E. Rankin.*

- 1 God be with you till we meet again!
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again!

CHO.—Till we meet! Till we meet!
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet! Till we meet!
God be with you till we meet again!

- 2 God be with you till we meet again!
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

- 3 God be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His loving arms around you;
God be with you till we meet again!

- 4 God be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!

151

Greenville, 8s, 7s, 4s.

Burder Shirley.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.
 - 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.
 - 3 Then, when e'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day !
-

152

Great Heart, P. M. *Rev. Gerard Moultrie.*

- 1 WE march, we march to victory,
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the
sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us,
His holy arm spread o'er us.

- 2 We come in the might of the Lord of light,
A joyful host to meet Him;
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the sons of the day may greet Him,
The sons of the day may greet Him.
We march, we march, &c.
- 3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Zion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, &c.
- 4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from
above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, &c.
-

- 1 I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love, that God is love.

- 2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love, for God is love.
 - 3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love, that God is love.
 - 4 Yes, God is love;—a thought like this,
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss,
For God is love, for God is love.
-

154

Mark 14: 36.

J. Bowring.

- 1 "THY will be done!" In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
"Thy will be done."
- 2 "Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine:
"Thy will be done."
- 3 "Thy will be done!" Tho' shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one
Is ours; to breathe, while we adore,
"Thy will be done."

155

C. M.

Eliza Scudder.

- 1 THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,—
O love of God most free!
- 2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O love of God most wise!
- 3 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,—
O love of God most strong!
- 4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,—
O love of God most kind!
- 5 And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to thee!

156

Nightfall, 11s, 5s.

C. Winkworth, tr.

- 1 Now God be with us for the night is closing;
The light and darkness are of his disposing,
And 'neath his shadow here to rest we
yield us,
For he will shield us.

- 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us;
In soul and body thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.
- 3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'er-
takes us,
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning
wakes us;
All sick and mourners, we to thee commend
them,
Do thou befriend them.
- 4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
But thee, O Father! who thine own hast
made us;
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.
- 5 Praise be to thee, through Jesus our Salvation,
God, three in one, the Ruler of creation:
High throned, o'er all thine eye of mercy
casting,
Lord everlasting!

157

Troyte 10's—Luke 24 : 29.

Lyte

- 1 ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens--Lord with me abide!
When o'er helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!
- 2 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!

- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
 power?
 Who, like thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with
 me!
- 4 Not for brief glance I long, a passing word,
 But as thou dwell'dst with thy disciples,
 Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

158

11's 5's.

J. Bowring

- 1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
 Our humble prayer ascends; O Father
 hear it,
 Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meek-
 ness!
 Forgive its weakness!
- 2 We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports
 us!
 We hear thy voice; it counsels and it courts
 us:
 And then we turn away; and still thy kind-
 ness
 Forgives our blindness.
- 3 Oh, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou de-
 lightest
 To win with love the wandering; thou in-
 vitest,
 By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
 Man from his errors.

- 4 Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.
- 5 Then place them in thine everlasting gar-
dens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the ward-
ens;
Where every flower escaped through death's
dark portal,
Becomes immortal.

L. M.*C. Elliott.*

159

- 1 MY GOD, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"
- 2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"
- 3 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, thy will be done!"
- 4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

- 5 Renew my will from day to day ;
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 The sin that makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done, thy will be done !"
- 6 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, thy will be done !"
-

1. O Jesus, Thou art standing
 Out-side the fast-closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting
 To pass the thres-hold o'er;
 Shame on us, Christian brethren,
 His Name and sign to bear;
 O shame, thrice shame upon us,
 To keep Him standing there.
2. O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
 And lo! that hand is scarr'd,
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,
 And tears Thy face have marr'd:
 O love that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait!
 O sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate.

3. O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accent meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

161

Rialts, S. M.

Anon.

- 1 For me to live is Christ,
To die is endless gain;
For him I gladly bear the cross,
And welcome grief and pain.
- 2 A pilgrimage my lot,
My home is in the skies;
I nightly pitch my tent below,
And daily higher rise.
- 3 I fare with Christ my Lord;
His path the path I choose;
They joy who suffer most with him—
They win who with him lose.
- 4 The dawn on distant hills
Shines o'er the vales below;
The shadows of this world are lost
In light to which I go.
- 5 My journey soon will end,
My scrip and staff laid down:
Oh, tempt me not with earthly toys—
I go to wear a crown.

6 Faithful may I endure,
And hear my Saviour say,
Thrice welcome home, beloved child,
Inherit endless day!

1. Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee:
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
2. Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love:
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
3. Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou dost choose.
4. Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart: It is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store:
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all, for Thee!

163 O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED.

RICHARDS. 7's, 6's

Rev. Herbert B. Turner.

Rev. John Ernest Bode.

1. O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend :
I shall not fear the battle,
If Thou art by my side ;
Nor wander from the pathway,
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2. O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
O, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

164 PLEDGE OF THE SOLDIERS OF
CHRIST.

Pledge, C. M.

Cardinal Manning

I promise Thee, sweet Lord, that I
Will never cloud the light
Which shines from Thee within my soul
And makes my reason brigh.

2. Nor ever will I lose the power
To serve Thee by my will,
Which Thou hast set within my heart
Thy precepts to fulfil.
 3. Oh, let me drink as Adam drank,
Before from Thee he fell;
Oh, let me drink as Thou, dear Lord,
When faint by Sychar's well.
 4. That from my childhood pure from sin
Of drink and drunken strife,
By the clear fountains I may rest,
Of everlasting life.
-

156

SPIRIT OF PEACE.

WRITTEN FOR INDIAN CITIZENSHIP DAY, FEB. 8, '91.

Keller's American Hymn,

Helen W. Ludlow.

- 1 Spirit of Peace, we have waited thee long,
Fold thy white wings on war's
tent-whitened plain;
Sadly we hear, as we list for thy song,
Sighs of the wounded, lament for the slain,
Cry of our people lamenting the slain.--
"Trust ye in in God and your hearts shall be
strong,
Darkness be light and the rough places
plain;
Comfort and peace to his children belong."

*Must write Mr. Dett, or some
one at Hampton, to have Helen
W. Ludlow's name in full in the
hymn book. over her
founders*

HAMPTON HYMNAL. Hymn 143

Brothers, we come, at your altar to pray:
All have we left for your Master so fair;
See His lost sheep in the wilderness stray,
Seeking a shepherd "lo here,
and "lo there;"
Will the Good Shepherd go seek for them
there?—

"Thus saith the Lord to the needy that pray;
'I am your refuge, your hope in despair!'
Out of the desert He maketh a way."

- 3 Spirit of Love, to thy temples draw nigh,
Fly to our hearts like the dove to her nest;
Then the long tumult of warfare shall die,
Brother by brother no more be oppressed;
Then shall the wand'ring and weary
have rest.
Sing O ye Heavens. and earth shall reply,
Gather His people from east and from west;
Spirit of Love, to thy temple draw nigh.

Chants and Responses.

1 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS,

- 1 Glory be to | God on | high, || and on earth |
peace, good | will towards | men.
- 2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship |
thee, || We glorify thee, we give thanks to |
thee for | thy great | glory.
- 3 Oh Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the
| Father | Almighty !
- 4 Oh Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus |
Christ : ||
Oh Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the |
Father.
- 5 Thou that takest away the | sins of the
world, || have mercy | upon | us.
- 6 Thou that takest away the | sins of the |
world, || have mercy | upon | us.
- 7 Thou that takest away the | sins, of the |
world || receive our | prayer.
- 8 Thou that sittest | at the right hand of |
God the | Father, || have mercy | upon | us.
- 9 For thou | only art holy. || Thou | only | art
the Lord.
- 10 Thou only O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost ||
art most high in the | glory of | God
the | Father. || A- | men.

2

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

- 1 We praise thee, | O—God; || we acknowl-
edge | thee to | be the | Lord ||
All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the
Father | ever- | last— | ing. ||
- 2 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud, || the heav-
ens, and | all the | powers there- | in.
To thee cherubim and seraphim, con- | tinual-
ly do | cry, || Holy, holy, holy, Lord |
God of | Sabba- | oth; ||
- 3 Heaven and earth are full of the majesty | of
thy | glory. || The glorious company of the
apostles praise thee. The goodly fellow-
ship of the | prophets | praise— | thee. ||
The noble army of martyrs | praise | thee. ||
The holy church throughout all the |
world doth ac- | knowledge | thee. ||
- 4 The Father, of an | infi-nite | majesty; || thine
adorable | true and | only | Son; ||
Also the Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter. ||
Thou art the King of glory, O Christ, thou
art the everlasting | Son of the | Fa— |
ther. ||
- 5 When thou tookest upon thee to de | liver |
man, || thou didst humble thyself to be |
born— | of a | virgin. ||
When thou hadst overcome the | sharp-
ness of | death, || thou didst open the
kingdom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers. ||

6 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the |
glory of the | Father. || We believe that
thou shalt | come to | be our | judge.
We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants
|| whom thou hast redeemed | with thy |
precious | blood. ||

7 Make them to be numbered | with thy |
saints, || in | glory | ever- | lasting. ||
O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine |
heritage ; || govern them, and | lift them |
up for | ever. ||

8 Day by day we | magnify | thee, || and we
worship thy name ever, | world with- |
out— | end. ||
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this | day with-
out | sin ; || O Lord have mercy upon us,
have | mer-cy up- | on | us ||

9 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us, as
our | trust | is in | thee. ||
O Lord, in | thee have I | trusted ; || let me
| never | be con- | founded. || A- | men. ||

3 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1 OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed |
be thy | name ;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on |
earth, as it | is in | heaven.

- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread ;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we for-
give | them that | trespass · a- | gainst us,
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de-
liver | us from | evil ;
For thine is the kingdom, and the powe
and the | glory, · for- | ever. · A- | men
-

4

PSALM XXIII.

- 1 THE LORD *is* my shepherd ; I shall not want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green past-
ures ; he leadeth me beside the still waters.
- 3 He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for thou *art*
with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies ; thou anointest my
head with oil ; my cup runneth over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the
house of the LORD for ever.

12 RESPONSES AFTER PRAYER.

1 Hear our prayer,
O Heavenly Father,
Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer !

2 Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me ;
Hear the petitions we offer before thee ;
Hear our prayer, hear our prayer.

3 Thou, from whom we never part,
Thou whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

4 God that madest earth and heaven, dark-
ness and light,
Who, the day for toil, hath 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.

5 Holy Father, hear our cry,
Holy Saviour, bend thine ear,
Holy Spirit, come thou nigh,
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear !

- 6 My Jesus, as thou wilt !
Oh, may thy will be mine ;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign ;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
"My Lord, thy will be done !"
-

Henley, 11s, 10s.

Mrs. Esling.

- 7 Come unto Me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed;
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto Me and I will give you rest.
-

Litany,

P. M.

Anon.

- 8 Jesus who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer,
Hear us, holy Jesus. — *Amen.*
-

- 9 The Lord be merciful unto us and bless us
and cause his face to shine upon us. *Amen.*

NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC HYMNS.

1

Julia Ward Howe:

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord ;

He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored ;

He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his
terrible swift sword ;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred
circling camps ;

They have builded him an altar in the evening
dews and damps ;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps ;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows
of steel :

"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal ;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
judgment seat ;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant,
my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me :
As He died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
While God is marching on.

2 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen ;
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
O save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

3

GOD EVER GLORIOUS.

Russian Hymn.

God ever glorious !
Sovereign of nations,
Waving the banner of peace o'er our
land ;
Thine is the victory,
Thine the salvation ;
Strong to deliver,
Own we Thy hand.
Still may thy blessing rest,
Father most holy.
Over each mountain, rock, river and
shore ;
Sing Hallelujah ! Shout in hosannas !
God keep our country
Free evermore.

4

S. F. Smith

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee we sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above,

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our Father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us with thy might,
Great God, our King!

5 THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

A roar like thunder strikes the ear,
Like clang of arms or breakers near,
Rush forward for the German Rhine!
Who shields thee, dear beloved Rhine?
Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stand firmly here!
Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need'st not
fear,
Thy watch, thy Rhineland watch stand
firmly here!

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,
The flash darts forth from ev'ry eye,
For Teutons brave, inured by toil,
Protect their country's holy soil.
Dear Fatherland, &c.

When heavenward ascends the eye,
Our heroes' ghosts look down from high;
We swear to guard our dear bequest,
And shield it with the German breast.
Dear Fatherland, &c.

We take the pledge, the stream runs high,
Our banners proud are wafting high;
On for the Rhine, the German Rhine,
We'd all die for our native Rhine,
Hence Fatherland, be of good cheer, &c.

6

Rouget DeLisle.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!

Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary;
Behold their tears and hear their cries,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding!

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms ye brave!
The patriot sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treach'rous kings confederate raise:
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our walls and cities blaze! :||
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruining?
To arms, &c.

O liberty!—can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whip thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield—
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, &c.

7 THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-
lantly streaming;
While the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting
in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was
still there;
Oh say, does the Star-Spangled Banner yet
wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of
the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the tower-
ing steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half dis-
closes ?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; Oh long may it!
wave,

O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave !

Oh thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and foul war's deso-
lation ;

Blest with vict'ry and and peace, may the Heav'n
rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and pre-
served us a nation ;

Then conquer we must, when our Cause is so
just,

And this be our motto,—“ In God is our trust ; ”
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall
wave,

O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave !

THE ENLISTED MEN.

While recruiting and drilling the 9th Regiment, U. S. Colored Troops, at Benedict, Maryland, in the winter of 1863-4, the men gathered around the camp fire would sing by the hour the melodies of the plantation slave life that they had just left—not always very melodiously; but late one evening I was startled by a magnificent chorus from nearly a thousand black-soldiers, that called me from my tent to listen to its most inspiring strains, and I called it the "Negroes' Battle Hymn."

S. C. Armstrong.

Hark! listen to the trumpeters,
They call for volunteers;
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount
Behold the officers.

Chorus.

They look like men,
They look like men,
They look like men of war,
All armed and dressed in uniform,
They look like men of war.

Their horses white, their armor bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Canaan's land.—*Chorus.*

It sets my heart quite in a flame
A soldier thus to be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.—*Chorus.*

We want no cowards in our band,
That will their colors fly;
We call for valiant hearted men,
Who 're not afraid to die.—*Chorus.*

To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear!
All armed and dressed in uniform,
They look like men of war.—*Chorus.*

They follow their great General,
The great eternal Lamb,
His garment stained in his own blood;
King Jesus is his name.—*Chorus.*

The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
They drive the host of hell;
How dreadful is our God to adore,
The great Emmanuel!—*Chorus.*

S. C. A.

Alice M. Bacon.

- I Into the fight where the bullets flew thick—
est—
Leading his dusky troops, fire in his eye—
On with the bravest—ahead with the quick—
est—
For God and freedom's sake ready to die.
Forward! his only thought,—
Forward, till all is wrought!
Freedom the end he sought—
Freedom for slaves.

- 2 Battles all ended now—silent the clamor,—
Freedom for one and all—never more
slave—
No more the auction block—no more the
hammer—
Ransom that paid it all, blood of the brave.
Still "Forward," is his cry;
"Forward! be men or die!
"Forward, with purpose high;
"Manhood is yours."
- 3 Heading still dusky troops, leading them on-
ward,
Upward from slavehood's curse—up
toward the light;
Out of their darkest hour, heavenward and
sunward—
Strong as of old his voice, eye still as
bright.
See, now the battle's fought!
Look, here the end he sought—
Look, here the work he wrought—
Manhood for slaves!
- 4 Borne by his dusky troops, lovingly, slowly--
Toll bell; droop, banner, droop over our
dead;
Gather around his bier, scorned ones and
lowly;
Learn from the life he gave, lead where he
led.
He rests—his work well done;
He rests—his battle won;
Never let freedom's sun
Set o'er his grave!

FORWARD BE OUR WATCHWORD.

St. Boniface.

Rev. Henry Alford.

1. Forward be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined ;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind :
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head ;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led ?
Forward through the desert,
Thro' the toil and fight :
Jordan flows before us,
Sion beams with light !
2. Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth ;
Till each yearning purpose,
Spring to glorious birth :
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day ;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night ;
Forward, thro' the darkness,
Forward, into light !

3. Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth ;
That fair home is ours :
Flash the walls with jasper,
Shine the streets with gold ;
Flows the gladd'ning river,
Shedding joys untold ;
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might :
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light !

Responsive Readings.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE BEATITUDES.

Math. v. 3—12

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Exodus xx: 3-17

First.—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Second.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Third.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Fourth.—Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day: and hallowed it.

Fifth.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Sixth.—Thou shalt not kill.

Seventh.—Thou shalt not commit adultery,

Eighth.—Thou shalt not steal.

Ninth.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Tenth.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Matt. xxii: 37—40.

THOU shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

1 Cor. xii.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become *a* s sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have *the gift of* prophecy and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up;

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether *there be* prophecies, they shall fail; whether *there be* tongues, they shall cease: whether *there be* knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part but then I shall know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

Psalm. 121.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help *cometh* from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord *is* thy keeper: the Lord *is* thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

Psalm XIX.

1 THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3 *There is* no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

5 Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth *is* from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord *is* perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord *is* sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord *are* right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord *is* pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord *is* clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord *are* true *and* righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired *are they* than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: *and* in keeping of them *there is* great reward.

12 Who can understand *his* errors? cleanse thou me from secret *faults*.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins*; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

Psalm ciii.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits;

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The LORD executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his way unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The LORD is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

12 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth *his* children, so the LORD pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we *are* dust.

15 *As for* man, his days *are* as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the LORD *is* from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

19 The LORD hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

20 Bless the LORD, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

21 Bless ye the LORD, all *ye* his hosts; *ye* ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

22 Bless the LORD all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the LORD, O my soul,

Psalm xxiv.

THE earth is the LORD'S and the fulness thereof the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD? or who shall stand in his holy place.

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the LORD, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in

8 Who is this King of glory? The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The LORD of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Psalm XLVI.

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved; he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The LORD of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

8 Come, behold the works of the LORD, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The LORD of host is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Isaiah LV.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for *that which* is not bread? and your labor for *that which* satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye *that which* is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, *even* the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him *for* a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation *that* thou knowest not, and nations *that* knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the LORD while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8. For my thoughts *are* not your thoughts, neither *are* your ways my ways, saith the LORD.

9 For *as* the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater :

11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth : it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper *in the thing* whereto I sent it.

12 For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace : the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap *their* hands.

13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree : and it shall be to the LORD for a name, for an everlasting sign *that* shall not be cut off.

Rev. xxii.

AND he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

2 In the midst of the street of it and on either side of the river, *was there* the tree of life, which bare twelve *manner of* fruits, *and* yielded her fruit every month : and the leaves of the tree *were* for the healing of the nations.

3 And there shall be no more curse : but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it ; and his servants shall serve him :

4 And they shall see his face : and his name *shall be* in their foreheads.

5 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

6 And he said unto me, These sayings *are* faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.

7 Behold, I come quickly: blessed *is* he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.

Rev. xxii.

11 He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

12 And, behold I come quickly, and my reward *is* with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

13 I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

14 Blessed *are* they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

15 For without *are* dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

16 I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, *and* the bright and morning star.

17 And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.
And let him that heareth say, Come. And let
him that is athirst come. And whosoever will,
let him take the water of life freely.

John xiv.

LET not your heart be troubled : ye believe in
God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions :
if *it were* not so, I would have told you, I go to
prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I
will come again, and receive you unto myself ;
that where I am, *there* ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye
know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not
whither thou goest ; and how can we know the
way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the
truth, and the life : no man cometh unto the
Father, but by me.

7 If ye had known me, ye should have known
my Father also : and from henceforth ye know
him, and have seen him.

8 Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the
Father, and it sufficeth us.

9 Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long
time with you, and yet hast thou not known me,
Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the
Father ; and how sayest thou *then*, Shew us the
Father?

10 Believest thou not that I am in the Father,
and the Father in me? the words that I speak

unto you I speak not of myself : but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

11 Believe me that I *am* in the Father, and the Father in me : or else believe me for the very works' sake.

12 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also ; and greater *works* than these shall he do ; because I go unto my Father.

13 And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

14 If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do *it*.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

16 And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever ;

17 *Even* the Spirit of truth ; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him : but ye know him : for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

18 I will not leave you comfortless : I will come to you.

19 Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more ; but ye see me ; because I live, ye shall live also.

20 At that day ye shall know that I *am* in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

21 He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me : and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

PRAYERS.

1 GENERAL CONFESSION.

Almighty and most merciful Father; We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us miserable offenders. Spare thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore thou those who are penitent: according to thy promises declared unto mankind, in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous and sober life, to the glory of thy holy name, Amen.

2 GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving kindness to us, and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but, above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and

that we may show forth thy praise, not only with our lips but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days, through Jesus Christ, our Lord; to whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

3 PRAYER OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time, with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt grant their requests; fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. Amen.

4

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit; that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

5

Almighty God, the fountain of all wisdom, who knowest our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking; we beseech thee to

have compassion upon our infirmities ; and those things which for our unworthiness we dare not and for our blindness we cannot ask, vouchsafe to give us, for the worthiness of thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

6

O God, who knowest the weakness and corruption of our nature and the manifold temptations which we daily meet with ; we humbly beseech thee to have compassion on our infirmities, and to give us the constant assistance of thy Holy Spirit ; that we may be effectually restrained from sin and excited to our duty. Imprint upon our hearts, such a dread of thy judgments, and such a grateful sense of thy goodness to us, as may make us both afraid and ashamed to offend thee. And above all, keep in our minds a lively remembrance of that great day in which we must give a strict account of our thoughts, words and actions ; and, according to the works done in the body, be eternally rewarded or punished, by him whom thou hast appointed the Judge of the quick and the dead, thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

7

COLLECTS.

Almighty God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves, keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls ; that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and

from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

8

O Almighty God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men; grant unto thy people, that they may love the thing which thou commandest, and desire that which thou dost promise; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

9

O Lord, from whom all good things do come; grant to us thy humble servants, that by thy holy inspiration we may think those things that are good, and by thy merciful guiding may perform the same, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

10

O God, the protector of all that trust in thee, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy; increase and multiply upon us thy mercy; that thou being our ruler and guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal. Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our Lord. Amen.

11

Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us

the armor of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when he shall come again in his glorious majesty to judge both the quick and dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through him who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen.

Grace Before Meals.

1

Ps. v; 3.

Anon.

1 COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2

THOU art great and thou art good,
And we thank thee for this food.
By thine hand must we be fed,
Give us Lord our daily bread.

3

T. Hastings.

For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour;
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful songs to thee we raise,
Oh! accept our songs of praise.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR
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Hampton Institute.

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Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do: that I will pray to Him and read the Bible every day, and that just as far as I know, throughout my whole life, I will endeavor to lead a Christian life. As an active member, I promise to be true to my duties; to be present and take some part, aside from singing, in every meeting, unless hindered by some reason I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. If obliged to be absent from the monthly consecration meeting, I will, if possible, send an excuse for absence, to the Secretary.

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W. W. M. M.

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