

BOOK OF HYMNS FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DEVOTION

by Samuel Longfellow

A hymnal collection for public worship and private devotion, including many hymns in uncommon metres. The collection features both well-known and lesser-known hymns, some already set to music for congregational use.

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1. S. M. *Emily Taylor. Invitation.

1 Come to the house of prayer, O ye afflicted, come! The God of peace shall meet you there, He makes that house His home.2 Come to the house of praise, Ye who are happy now; In sweet accord your voices raise, In kindred homage bow.3 Ye aged, hither come, For ye have felt His love; Soon shall ye lift a holier song In fairer courts above.4 Ye young, before His throne, Come, bow; your voices raise; Let not your hearts His praise disown, Who gives the power to praise.5 Thou, whose benignant eye In mercy looks on all; Who seest the tear of misery, And hear'st the mourner's call;6 Up to Thy dwelling-place Bear our frail spirits on, Till they outstrip time's tardy pace, And heaven on earth be won.

2. P. M. H. Ware. Call to Prayer.

1 To prayer, to prayer! -- for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes;
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love:
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer. 2 To prayer! -- for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its solemn rest;
It speaks of creation's early bloom, --
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb:
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours. 3 Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength,
To join Christ's holy band at length;
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise;
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given,
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

3. S. M. *Watts. Cheerful Worship.

1 Come, ye who love the Lord!

And let your joys be known;

Join in a song with sweet accord,

And thus surround His throne. 2 The sorrows of the mind

Be banished from this place!

Religion never was designed

To make our pleasures less. 3 The sons of God have found

That heaven begins below:

Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,

From faith and hope may grow. 4 Then let our sorrows cease,

And every tear be dry;

We're travelling through the paths of peace

To fairer worlds on high.

4. L. M. Anonymous. The House of God.

1 Be still! be still! for all around,
On either hand, is holy ground:
Here in His house, the Lord to-day
Will listen, while His people pray. 2 Thou, tost upon the waves of care,
Ready to sink with deep despair,
Here ask relief, with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is here. 3 Thou who hast laid within the grave
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
Believe their spirits now are near,
For angels wait while God is here. 4 Thou who hast dear ones far away,
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here. 5 Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near;
The troubled spirit meets Him here.

5. 7s. M. Seeking God.

1 Thirsting for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come. 2 Glorious hopes our spirit fill,
When we feel that Thou art near:
Father! then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear. 3 Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown. 4 Make us beautiful within
By Thy spirit's holy light:
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might!

6. L. M. Heber. The Sanctuary.

1 Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek Thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away. 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away.

7. C. M. Springfield Coll. The Sabbath of the Soul.

1 O Father, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be Thine to-day. 2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at Thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple Thine. 3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn. 4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of the soul.

8. 8 & 7s. M. Wesleyan. Love Divine.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Father! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart. 2 Breathe, O, breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!

9. 8 & 7s. M. J. Taylor. Seeking God's Presence.

1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and fond desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies. 2 Who may share this great salvation? --
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds His care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of His throne. 3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still Thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to Thy laws,
Lord! with favor still attend us,
Bless us with Thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

10. L. M. Gaskell. |It is Good to be Here.|

1 Unto Thy temple, God of love,
Once more we come with willing feet,
To raise our thoughts this world above,
And Thy paternal blessing meet. 2 May all Thy purest presence feel,
And silent keep each vain desire;
With humble hearts before Thee kneel,
And unto holier strength aspire. 3 May all be bound in bonds more true
To Thee, who art our life and light,
That through each path which we pursue,
We still may keep Thy love in sight. 4 And may we, when the day shall close,
Review its course without a fear;
And, nearer heaven than when it rose,
Feel it is good to have been here.

11. 7s. M. J. Taylor. Acceptable Offerings.

1 Lord! what offering shall we bring,
At Thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow: 2 Willing hands, to lead the blind,
Heal the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store. 3 Teach us, O thou Heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to Thee and all mankind.

12. S. M. Anonymous. The Place of Prayer.

1 Here, in this place of prayer,
Father! Thy face we seek:
Grant us that blessed peace to share,
Known to the pure and meek. 2 Come then to holy prayer,
Souls that seem lost in night;
Leave to the Lord your heavy care,
Who giveth life and light. 3 Come with a trusting prayer,
Though fears press down your souls;
The Saviour's promise, "I am there,"
Each saddening fear controls. 4 Here, in this place of prayer,
Let hearts in union meet:
Come, cast the load you cannot bear
Low at the Saviour's feet. 5 Then from this house of prayer
Shall mingling praise be given,
And angels, 'mid the holy air,
Shall bear the notes to heaven.

13. L. M. Anonymous. The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

1 Lo! God is here; let us adore,
And humbly bow before His face;
Let all within us feel His power,
Let all within us seek His peace. 2 Lo! God is here; Him day and night
United choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring. 3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will. 4 More of Thy presence, Lord! impart;
More of Thine image may we bear:
O, fix Thy throne in every heart,
And reign without a rival there.

14. 7s. M. Bowring. The Temple.

1 In Thy courts let peace be found,
Be Thy temple full of love;
Here we tread on holy ground,
All serene, around, above. 2 While the knee in prayer is bent,
While with praise the heart o'erflows,
Tranquillize the turbulent!
Give the weary one repose! 3 Be the place for worship meet,
Meet the worship for the place;
Contemplation's blest retreat,
Shrine of guilelessness and grace! 4 As an infant knows its home,
Lord! may we Thy temples know;
Hither for instruction come,
Hence by Thee instructed go.

15. 7s. M. Gray. Supplication.

1 Suppliant, lo! Thy children bend,
Father, for Thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
We are weak, almighty Thou! 2 With the peace Thy word imparts
Be the taught and teacher blessed;
In our lives, and in our hearts,
Father! be Thy laws impressed. 3 Pour into each longing mind,
Light and knowledge from above:
Charity for all mankind,
Trusting faith, enduring love.

16. H. M. *Watts. How Amiable are Thy Tabernacles.

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God. 2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal
To rise and dwell
Among Thy saints. 3 O happy souls that pray
To Him that heareth prayer!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there! They praise Thee still;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill. 4 They go from strength to strength,
Though oft through pain and tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat!
Our God and King

Shall thither bring

Our willing feet.

17. 7s. M. J. Taylor. Devotion.

1 Lord, before Thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that Thou art near. 2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels. 3 At the portals of Thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares;
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

18. L. M. Watts. Hundredth Psalm.

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,
Gave life to 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 her ten 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.

19. C. M. Bowring. The Heart's Worship.

1 The offerings to Thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart be there. 2 Upon Thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere, --
The tribute of the good. 3 Our offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by Thee;
If Thy pure spirit touch the breast
With its own purity. 4 O, may that spirit warm each heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

20. P. M. Barton. Worship in Spirit.

1 Our God is a spirit, and they who aright
Would offer the worship He loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek with delight
The spirit the Father approveth. 2 This, this is the worship the Saviour made known
When she of Samaria found him
By the Patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noontide around him. 3 He having once entered hath shown us the way,
O God! how to worship before Thee,
Not with the vain forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore Thee.

21. 7s. M. Wesleyan. The Light of Life.

1 Light of life, seraphic fire!

Love divine, Thyself impart:

Every fainting soul inspire;

Enter every drooping heart:

Every mournful spirit cheer,

Scatter all our doubt and gloom;

Father, in Thy grace appear,

To Thy human temples come! 2 Come in this accepted hour,

Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;

Fill us with Thy glorious power,

Rooting out the seeds of sin:

Nothing more can we require,

We can rest in nothing less:

Be Thou all our heart's desire,

All our joy and all our peace.

22. 7s. M. Bowring. Every Good Gift from the Father.

1 Father! Thy paternal care

Has my guardian been, my guide:

Every hallowed wish and prayer

Has Thy hand of love supplied:

Thine is every thought of bliss,

Left by hours and days gone by;

Every hope Thine offspring is,

Beaming from futurity. 2 Every sun of splendid ray;

Every moon that shines serene;

Every morn that welcomes day;

Every evening's twilight scene;

Every hour which wisdom brings;

Every incense at Thy shrine;

These, -- and all life's holiest things,

And its fairest, -- all are Thine. 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise

Daily to Thy gracious throne:

Thither let my asking eyes

Turn unwearied, righteous One!

Through life's strange vicissitude

There reposing all my care;

Trusting still, through ill and good,

Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

23. L. M. Frothingham. For Spiritual Influences.

1 O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, Thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love. 2 That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirit's light, Thy spirit's grace. 3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free;
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with Thee. 4 Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

24. L. M. H. Ware. Coming Together in the Name of Jesus.

1 Great God! the followers of Thy Son,
We bow before Thy mercy-seat,
To worship Thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at Thy feet. 2 O, grant Thy blessing here to-day!
O, give Thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of Thy love display,
And favor, that shall never cease. 3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed. 4 May faith, and hope, and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, from day to day, be found
Children of God, and heirs of heaven.

25. L. M. Bowring. Evening Worship.

1 How shall we praise Thee, Lord of light!

How shall we all Thy love declare!

The earth is veiled in shades of night,

But heaven is open to our prayer, --

That heaven, so bright with stars and suns,

That glorious heaven which has no bound,

Where the full tide of being runs,

And life and beauty glow around. 2 We would adore Thee, God sublime,

Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,

Are greater than the round of time,

And wider than the bounds of space.

Help us to praise Thee, Lord of light!

Help us Thy boundless love declare;

And, while we fill Thy courts to-night,

Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

26. L. M. W. H. Burleigh. Evening Worship.

1 O Holy Father! 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We would lift up our solemn psalm
To praise Thy goodness, and Thy power
For over us, and over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall Thy children call
On Thee, our Father and our Friend! 2 Kept by Thy goodness though the day,
Thanksgiving to Thy name we pour;
Night o'er us, with its stars, -- we pray
Thy love, to guard us evermore!
In grief, console; in gladness, bless;
In darkness, guide; in sickness, cheer;
Till, in the Saviour's righteousness,
Before Thy throne our souls appear!

27. P. M. Anonymous. |Teach Us To Pray.|

1 Teach us to pray!

O Father, we look up to Thee,

And this our one request shall be,

Teach us to pray! 2 Teach us to pray!

A form of words will not suffice,

The heart must bring its sacrifice:

Teach us to pray! 3 Teach us to pray!

To whom shall we Thy children turn?

Teach Thou the lesson we would learn,

Teach us to pray! 4 Teach us to pray!

To Thee alone our hearts look up,

Prayer is our only door of hope,

Teach us to pray!

28. S. M. Montgomery. [After This Manner Pray Ye.]

1 Our Heavenly Father, hear

The prayer we offer now:

Thy name be hallowed far and near,

To Thee all nations bow. 2 Thy kingdom come; Thy will

On earth be done in love,

As saints and seraphim fulfil

Thy perfect law above. 3 Our daily bread supply,

While by Thy word we live;

The guilt of our iniquity

Forgive as we forgive. 4 From dark temptation's power

Our feeble hearts defend;

Deliver in the evil hour,

And guide us to the end. 5 Thine, then, forever be

Glory and power divine;

The sceptre, throne, and majesty

Of heaven and earth are Thine.

29. C. M. C. Wesley. [Thy Kingdom Come.]

1 Father and God of all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise Thy love. 2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign. 3 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Now to our souls bring in: 4 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of Love.

30. 7s. M. *Conder. |Give Us Our Daily Bread. |

1 Day by day the manna fell;
O, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread. 2 "Day by day," the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day. 3 Lord, our times are in Thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to Thine. 4 Thou our daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee we live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not our own, our Father's will. 5 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Glowing yet with gratitude!

31. C. M. *Montgomery. A Prayer.

1 God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With humble, prayerful hearts;
Give what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts: 2 Give deep humility; the sense
Of holy sorrow give:
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear Thy voice and live: 3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay. 4 Give these, -- and then Thy will be done!
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, in the spirit of Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

32. C. M. Montgomery. A Prayer.

1 What shall we ask of God in prayer?

Whatever good we want;

Whatever man may seek to share,

Or God in wisdom grant. 2 Father of all our mercies, -- Thou

In whom we move and live!

Hear us in heaven, Thy dwelling, now,

And answer, and forgive. 3 When harassed by ten thousand foes,

Our helplessness we feel,

O, give the weary soul repose,

The wounded spirit heal! 4 When dire temptations gather round,

And threaten or allure,

By storm or calm, in Thee be found

A refuge strong and sure. 5 When age advances, may we grow

In faith, in hope, and love;

And walk in holiness below

To holiness above.

33. 11 & 10s. M. * For Divine Strength.

1 Father, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of Trust and Strength and Calmness from above. 2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt
and sorrow, And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, --
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done. 3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides, and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, -- O, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still! 4 Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;
Now make us strong, we need Thy deep revealing
Of Trust and Strength and Calmness from above.

34. L. M. Gaskell. Seeking Strength.

1 O God! who knowest how frail we are,
How soon the thought of good departs;
We pray that Thou wouldst feed the fount
Of holy yearning in our hearts. 2 Let not the choking cares of earth
The precious springs of life o'ergrow;
But, ever guarded by Thy love,
Still purer may their waters flow. 3 To Thee, with sweeter hope and trust,
Be every day our spirits given;
And may we, while we walk on earth,
Walk more as citizens of heaven.

35. C. M. Anonymous. Drawing Near to God.

1 From every fear and doubt, O Lord,
In mercy set us free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Our hearts draw near to Thee! 2 In all our trials, struggles, joys,
Teach us Thy love to see,
Which by the discipline of life
Would draw us unto Thee. 3 Our lives, devoted to Thy will,
Our sacrifice shall be,
And then will death, whene'er it come,
But draw us nearer Thee.

36. L. M. W. Scott. The Pillar and Cloud.

1 When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame. 2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow. 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray! 4 And, O, when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

37. C. M. Smart. Prayer for Wisdom.

1 Father of light! conduct our feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Us nearer to our God. 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be our guide;
And when we go astray,
Recall our feet from folly's paths
To wisdom's better way. 3 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate each heart; 4 Till it shall lead us to Thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all our darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

38. L. M. Mrs. Cotterill. Living to the Glory of God.

1 O Thou, who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To know no other will but Thine. 2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and Thee. 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise. 4 And while we to Thy glory live,
May we to Thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls Thy willing servants home.

39. L. M. Anonymous. The Peace of God.

1 O Father! lift our souls above,
Till we find rest in Thy dear love;
And still that Peace divine impart
Which sanctifies the inmost heart,
And makes each morn and setting sun
But bring us nearer to Thy throne. 2 May we our daily duties meet,
Tread sin each day beneath our feet,
And win that strength which doth Thy will
And seeth Thee, and so is still;
And fixed on Thy sustaining arm,
Find daily food and know no harm. 3 Help us with man in peace to live,
Our brother's wrong in love forgive,
And day and night the tempter flee
Through strength which comes alone from Thee!
Thus will our spirits find their rest,
In Thy deep Peace forever blest.

40. 6 & 10s. M. Mrs. Hemans. The Heart's Inspiration.

1 Father, who art on high!

Weak is the melody

Of harp or song to reach Thy gracious ear,

Unless the heart be there,

Winging the words of prayer

With its own fervent faith, or suppliant tear. 2 O, let Thy spirit move

O'er those who bend in love,

Be Thou amidst them as a heavenly guest;

So shall our cry have power

To win from Thee a shower

Of healing gifts for every wounded breast. 3 O, let Thy breath once more

Within the soul restore

Thine own first image, Holiest and Most High!

As a clear lake is filled

With hues of heaven instilled,

Down to the depths of its calm purity.

41. C. M. H. Ware, Jr. For God's Presence.

1 Father in heaven, to whom our hearts
Would lift themselves in prayer,
Drive from our souls each earthly thought,
And show Thy presence there. 2 Each moment of our lives renews
The mercies of the Lord;
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear us on to God. 3 Help us to break the galling chains
This world has round us thrown;
Each passion of our hearts subdue,
Each cherished sin disown. 4 O Father! kindle in our souls
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust,
In Thine almighty name.

42. C. M. Doddridge. Doing All to God.

1 Shine on our souls, Eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine;
O, let Thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be Thine! 2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give
If Thou Thy love restrain. 3 With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent,
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent. 4 Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense at Thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be Thine alone.

43. C. M. Montgomery. Prayer for Wisdom.

1 Almighty God, in humble prayer

To Thee our souls we lift;

Do Thou our waiting minds prepare

For Thy most needful gift. 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth

Along our path to flow;

We ask not undecaying health,

Nor length of years below: 3 We ask not honors, which an hour

May bring and take away;

We ask not pleasure, pomp, or power,

Lest we should go astray: 4 We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart

The knowledge how to live:

A wise and understanding heart

To all before Thee give. 5 The young remember Thee in youth,

Before the evil days!

The old be guided by Thy truth

In wisdom's pleasant ways!

44. L. M. H. Moore. Manliness and Freedom.

1 Supreme and universal Light!

Fountain of reason! Judge of right!

Parent of good! whose blessings flow

On all above, and all below: 2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,

What nature and Thy laws decree;

Worthy that intellectual flame,

Which from Thy breathing spirit came. 3 Our moral freedom to maintain,

Bid passion serve, and reason reign,

Self-poised and independent still

On this world's varying good or ill. 4 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,

O, may our steadfast bosoms bear

The stamp of heaven, -- an upright heart,

Above the mean disguise of art! 5 May our expanded souls disclaim

The narrow view, the selfish aim;

But with a Christian zeal embrace

Whate'er is friendly to our race. 6 O Father! grace and virtue grant;

No more we wish, no more we want:

To know, to serve Thee, and to love,

Is peace below, -- is bliss above.

45. C. M. Methodist. Made Perfect in Love.

1 Father, united by Thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek Thy face,
And know our prayer is heard. 2 Touched by the loadstone of Thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards Thee. 3 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove!
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love. 4 To us the ministry be given,
Which angels have above;
For love can make on earth a heaven,
And heaven is only love.

46. 11 & 10s. M. *J. F. Clarke. Prayer for Strength.

1 Father, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify Thy name: 2 That we may conquer base desire and passion
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion, Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thee still. 3
Let all Thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all Thy mercy on our souls be sealed,
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make us clean,
O, speak the word! Thy servants shall be healed.

47. 8 & 7s. M. Ancient Hymns. Thrice Holy.

1 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!" 2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
Whilst our thoughts His greatness raises,
And our love His gifts excite.
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow: -- 3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus, Thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,' -- blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most High!"

48. 7s. M. *Montgomery. Songs of Praise.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When, Creation's work begun,
Spake the Lord, and it was done. 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity. 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth. 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; his heart delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise. 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

49. P. M. Heber. Thrice Holy.

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, sky, and sea. 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,

Thou who wast, and art, and evermore shalt 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,

Infinite in power, in love, and purity!

50. C. M. Patrick. Te Deum.

1 O God! we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored. 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry: 3 "O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway." 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite. 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou the Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

51. 8 & 7s. M. Dublin Coll. Praise Ye the Lord.

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!

Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;

Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;

Laws, which never can be broken,

For their guidance He hath made. 2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;

Never shall His promise fail;

God hath made His saints victorious,

Sin and death shall not prevail:

Praise the God of our salvation,

Hosts on high His power proclaim;

Heaven and earth, and all creation,

Praise and magnify His name!

52. P. M. *Bowring. Glad Homage.

1 Father of Spirits! humbly bent before Thee,
Songs of glad homage unto Thee we bring;
Touched by Thy spirit, O, teach us to adore Thee;
Let Thy light attend us,
Let Thy love befriend us,
Father of our spirits, Everlasting King! 2 Send forth Thy mandate, gather in the nations,
Through the wide universe Thy name be known,
Millions of voices shall join in adorations,
Every soul invited,
Every voice united,
Joining to adore Thee, Everlasting One!

53. 7s. M. J. Taylor. Glory to God.

1 Glory be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky!
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven! 2 Favored mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with His praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise. 3 Mark the wonders of His hand;
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream! 4 Gracious Being! from Thy throne
Send Thy promised blessings down;
Let Thy light, Thy truth, Thy peace,
Bid our selfish passions cease.

54. 7s. M. Bowring. Lowly Praise.

1 Lord, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
Hear the praises of our race,
And, while hearing, let Thy grace
Dews of sweet forgiveness pour;
While we know, benignant King,
That the praises which we bring
Are a feeble offering,
Till Thy blessing makes it more. 2 More of truth, and more of might,
More of love, and more of light,
More of reason, and of right
From Thy pardoning grace be given!
This can make the humblest song
Sweet, acceptable, and strong,
As the strains the angels' throng
Pour around the throne of heaven.

55. P. M. Hogg. Praise to the God of Nature.

1 Blessed be Thy name forever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver!
Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they Thou kindly keepest!
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow, and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be Thy name forever! 2 God of evening's peaceful ray!
God of every dawning day,
Rising from the distant sea
Breathing of eternity;
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night!
God of life, that fade shall never!
Glory to Thy name forever!

56. L. M. Anonymous. Perpetual Praise.

1 My God! in morning's radiant hour
To Thee will I lift up my heart;
The shades of night obey Thy power,
And at Thy sun's bright beams depart. 2 Father and Guardian! to Thy shrine
The life Thou shieldedst will I bring;
All, great Creator! all is Thine;
The heart my noblest offering! 3 The morning light shall see my prayer,
The noonday calm shall know my praise;
And evening's still and fragrant air
My grateful hymn to Thee shall raise. 4 So shall sweet thoughts and hopes sublime
My constant inspirations be;
And every shifting scene of time
Reflect, my God, a light from Thee!

57. 7s. M. Gaskell. Doxology.

Father! glory be to Thee,
Source of all the good we see!
Glory for the blessed Light
Rising on the ancient night!
Glory for the hopes that come
Streaming through the silent tomb!
Glory for Thy spirit given,
Guiding us in peace to heaven!

58. 8 & 7s. M. Bickersteth. Closing Hymn.

1 Israel's Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where Thy flock rejoicing go. 2 Lord, Thy guardian, presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, we implore;
We have found Thee, and would never,
Never wander from Thee more.

59. L. M. Chr. Psalmist. The Heavenly Guardian.

1 As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Father, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counsellor and friend!
Teach me Thy statutes all divine,
And let Thy will be always mine! 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Father, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O, lead me onward to the skies!

60. 8 & 7s. M. Sarah F. Adams. Peace be with You.

1 Part in peace! is day before us?

Praise His name for life and light;

Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?

Bless His care who guards the night. 2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,

Rendering, as we homeward tread,

Gracious service to the living,

Tranquil memory to the dead. 3 Part in peace! such are the praises

God, our Maker, loveth best;

Such the worship that upraises

Human hearts to heavenly rest.

61. 8 & 7s. M. Anonymous. The Peace of God.

Peace of God, which knows no measure,

Heavenly sunlight of the soul,

Peace beyond all earthly treasure,

Come and all our hearts control!

Come, almighty to deliver!

Naught shall make us then afraid;

We will trust in Thee forever,

Thou on whom our hope is stayed!

62. 7s. M. Beard's Coll. Prayer for Guidance.

1 Guide us, Lord! while, hand in hand,
Journeying toward the better land;
Foes we know are to be met,
Snares the pilgrim's path beset;
Clouds upon the valley rest,
Rough and dark the mountain's breast;
And our home may not be gained,
Save through trials well sustained. 2 Guide us, while we onward move,
Linked in closest bonds of love,
Striving for the holy mind,
And the soul from sense refined;
That when life no longer burns,
And the dust to dust returns,
With the strength which Thou hast given
We may rise to Thee and heaven. 3 God of mercy! on Thee, all
Humbly for Thy guidance call;
Save us from the evil tongue,
From the heart that thinketh wrong,
From the sins, whate'er they be,
That divide the soul from Thee.
God of grace! on Thee we rest;
Bless us, and we shall be blest.

63. L. M. Watts. Doxology.

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.

64. 8 & 7s. M. Anonymous. Go in Peace.

1 Go in peace! -- serene dismissal
To the loving heart made known,
When it pours in deep contrition
Prayer before the eternal throne. 2 Go in peace! thy sins forgiven,
Christ hath healed thee, set thee free
Every spirit-fetter riven,
Go in peace, and liberty! 3 Saviour! breathe this benediction
O'er our spirits while we pray;
Let us part in sweet conviction
Thou hast blessed our souls to-day.

65. C. M. Heber. The Seed of the Word.

1 O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast; 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care! 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do Thou Thy grace supply;
The hope, in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

66. L. M. Gaskell. Walking with God.

1 Through all this life's eventful road,
Fain would I walk with Thee, my God,
And make Thy presence light around,
And every step on holy ground. 2 Each blessing would I trace to Thee,
In every grief Thy mercy see;
And through the paths of duty move,
Conscious of Thine encircling love. 3 And when the angel Death stands by,
Be this my strength, that Thou art nigh;
And this my joy, that I shall be
With those who dwell in light with Thee.

67. L. M. Doddridge. Christian Farewell.

1 Thy presence, ever living God!

Wide through all nature spreads abroad;

Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,

In every place Thy children keep. 2 While near each other we remain,

Thou dost our lives and powers sustain;

When separate, we rejoice to share

Thy counsels, and Thy gracious care. 3 To Thee we now commit our ways,

And still implore Thy heavenly grace;

Still cause Thy face on us to shine,

And guard and guide us still as Thine. 4 Give us within Thy house to raise

Again united songs of praise;

Or, if that joy no more be known,

Give us to meet around Thy throne.

68. C. M. Anonymous. For Guidance and Protection.

1 God of our fathers! by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest. 2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide. 3 O, spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Fathers loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace. 4 To Thee, our Father and our God,
We our whole souls resign;
And thankful own, that all we are
And all we have is Thine.

69. 7s. M. *Newton. God Ever Near.

1 As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love His name. 2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go and those who stay. 3 From His holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine;
Still in spirit they may meet,
And in sweet communion join. 4 Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep. 5 In Thy strength may we be strong;
Sanctify each cross and pain;
Give us, if Thou wilt, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

70. 8, 7, & 4s. M. Anonymous. Dismission.

1 Lord! dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, Thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love:
Still support us
While in duty's path we move. 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found!

71. L. M. Lange. The Most High God.

1 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord! Essential life's unbounded sea! What lives and moves, lives by Thy word; It lives and moves and is, from Thee! Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky, Or shuns, or meets, the wandering thought, Escapes, or strikes, the searching eye, By Thee was to existence brought.² High is Thy power above all height, Whate'er Thy will decrees is done; Thy wisdom, holiness and might Can by no finite mind be known. What our dim eyes could never see, Is plain and naked in Thy sight; What thickest darkness veils, to Thee Shines clearly as the morning light;³ Thine, Lord, is holiness, alone: Justice and Truth before Thee stand: Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne, Love ever dwells at Thy right hand. And to Thy love and ceaseless care, Father! this light, this breath, we owe; And all we have, and all we are From Thee, great Source of Life! doth flow.

72. 7s. M. Gaskell. The All-Seeing God.

1 Mighty God! the first, the last!

What are ages, in Thy sight,

But as yesterday when past,

Or a watch within the night? 2 All that being ever knew,

Far, far back, ere time had birth,

Stands as clear within Thy view

As the present things of earth. 3 All that being e'er shall know

On, still on, through farthest years,

All eternity can show,

Bright before Thee now appears. 4 In Thine all-embracing sight,

Every change its purpose meets,

Every cloud floats into light,

Every woe its glory greets. 5 Whatsoe'er our lot may be,

Calmly in this thought we'll rest, --

Could we see as Thou dost see,

We should choose it as the best.

73. 8 & 7s. M. Bowring. God is Truth and Love.

1 God is love; His mercy brightens

All the path in which we move;

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 E'en 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.

74. P. M. Anonymous. God is Love.

1 I cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, almighty One, dost move,
But I can always, always say
That God is love. 2 When fear her chilling mantle throws
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
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. 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.

75. L. M. Sterling. Love Supreme in God.

1 O Source divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in Thee. 2 We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know Thee truly but in this,
That Thou bestowest all our good. 3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O, grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well! 4 Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only guide. 5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure Thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love Thy law!

76. L. M. * God Known Through Love.

1 No human eyes Thy face may see;
No human thought Thy form may know;
But all creation dwells in Thee,
And Thy great life through all doth flow! 2 And yet, O strange and wondrous thought!
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek Thy present aid may dare. 3 And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know the Eternal Mind, -- 4 Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by Thine. 5 And Thine unceasing love gave birth
To our dear Lord, Thy holy Son,
Who left a perfect proof on earth,
That Duty, Love, and Truth are one. 6 So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And Thought grow weak, and Knowledge flee,
Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
And Love shall guide us on to Thee!

77. 10s. M. Jones Very. God's Fatherly Care.

1 Father! there is no change to live with Thee;

Save that in Christ I grow from day to day;

In each new word I hear, each thing I see,

I but rejoicing hasten on my way. 2 The morning comes, with blushes overspread,

And I, new-wakened, find a morn within;

And in its modest dawn around me shed,

Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn. 3 Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend; Yet they could never reach as far as me.

Did not Thy love its kind protection lend,

That I, Thy child, might sleep in peace with Thee.

78. L. M. Bryant. Loving-Kindness of God.

1 Father, to Thy kind love we owe

All that is fair and good below;

Bestower of the health that lies

On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes! 2 Giver of sunshine and of rain!

Ripener of fruits on hill and plain!

Fountain of light, that rayed afar,

Fills the vast urns of sun and star! 3 Who send'st Thy storms and frosts to bind

The plagues that rise to waste mankind;

Then breathe'st, o'er the naked scene,

Spring gales, and life, and tender green. 4 Yet deem we not that thus alone,

Thy mercy and Thy love are shown;

For we have learned, with higher praise,

And holier names, to speak Thy ways. 5 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay!

Sole trust when life shall pass away!

Teacher of hopes that light the gloom

Of death, and consecrate the tomb!

79. 10s. M. Jones Very. God Not Afar Off.

1 Father! Thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed. 2 In finding Thee are all things round us found!
In losing Thee are all things lost beside!
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied. 3 Open our eyes that we that world may see!
Open our ears that we Thy voice may hear!
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel Thy presence with us always near; 4 No more to wander 'mid the things of time,
No more to suffer death or earthly change;
But-with the Christian's joy and faith sublime,
Through all Thy vast, eternal scenes to range.

80. C. M. Montgomery. The Earth Full of God

1 God, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in His providence and grace
To every eye appears. 2 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand,
A highway for our God:
He walks amidst the desert-land;
'Tis Eden where He trod. 3 The forests in His strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees. 4 In every stream His bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze His Spirit blows, --
The breath of life and health. 5 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth. 6 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

81. L. M. Pierpont. Every Place a Temple.

1 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue: 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshippers may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat weary, by the Patriarch's well. 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer, --
The incense of the heart, -- may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there. 4 To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee! 5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung!

82. 7s. M. Methodist. God Everywhere Present.

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 woes of life prevail,

'Tis 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.

83. L. M. Moore. God in All.

1 There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity. 2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again. 3 The heavens, the earth, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

84. L. M. Moore. God's Presence in Nature.

1 Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine. 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine. 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine. 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath Thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

85. C. M. Whittier. Nature's Worship.

1 The ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given,
In ceaseless worshipping. 2 They kneel upon the sloping sand
As bends the human knee;
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea. 3 The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;
They kneel above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there. 4 The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men. 5 The sky is as a temple's arch:
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit march
Of messengers at prayer.

86. L. M. H. M. Williams. God in Nature.

1 My God! all nature owns Thy sway;
Thou giv'st the night and Thou the day:
When all Thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To Thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to Thee belong. 2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade,
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the longing spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to Thee. 3 As o'er Thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
O, never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain!
But, oft as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wondering soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize
The joys that from Thy favor rise!

87. L. M. Wreford. God in His Works and Word.

1 God of the ocean, earth, and sky,
In Thy bright presence we rejoice;
We feel Thee, see Thee ever nigh,
And gladly hear Thy gracious voice. 2 We feel Thee in the sunny beam;
We see Thee walk the mountain waves;
We hear Thee in the murmuring stream,
And when the tempest wildly raves. 3 God on the lonely hills we meet,
God, in the vale and fragrant grove,
While birds and whispering winds repeat,
That God is there, -- the God of love. 4 We meet Thee in the pensive hour
When wearied nature sinks to rest;
When dies the breeze, and sleeps the flower
And peace is given to every breast. 5 We see Thee when, at eve, afar
We upward lift our wondering sight,
We see Thee in each silent star
That glorifies the gloom of night. 6 But better still, and still more clear,
Thee in Thy holy Son we see;
There Thy own glorious words we hear,
And learn the way to heaven and Thee.

88. L. M. Fox's Hymns. The Great Temple.

1 Though wandering in a stranger-land,
Though on the waste no altar stand,
Take comfort! thou art not alone,
While Faith hath marked thee for her own. 2 Wouldst thou a temple? look above, --
The heavens stretch over all in love;
A book? for thine evangel scan
The wondrous history of man. 3 And though no organ-peal be heard,
In harmony the winds are stirred;
And there the morning stars upraise
Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

89. L. M. W. H. Burleigh. The Heavens Declare the Glory of God.

1 Not only doth the voiceful day
Thy loving kindness, Lord! proclaim,
But night, with its sublime array
Of worlds, doth magnify Thy name.
Yea, while adoring seraphim
Before Thee bend the willing knee,
From every star a choral hymn
Goes up unceasingly to Thee. 2 Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night Thy voice makes known;
Through all the earth, where thought may reach,
Is heard the glad and solemn tone;
And worlds, beyond the farthest star
Whose light hath reached a human eye,
Catch the high anthem from afar,
That rolls along immensity.

90. L. M. Bulfinch. Voice of God in the Soul.

1 Hath not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power? 2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity? 3 And as, upon the sacred page,
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned? 4 It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart. 5 Voice of our God, O, yet be near!
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

91. C. M. Jones Very. The Light from Within.

1 I saw on earth another light
Than that which lit my eye
Come forth, as from my soul within,
And from a higher sky. 2 Its beams still shone unclouded on,
When in the distant west
The sun I once had known had sunk
Forever to his rest. 3 And on I walked, though dark the night,
Nor rose his orb by day;
As one to whom a surer guide
Was pointing out the way. 4 'Twas brighter far than noonday's beam,
It shone from God within;
And lit, as by a lamp from heaven,
The world's dark track of sin.

92. 7s. M. Anonymous. Silent Worship.

1 Wouldst thou in thy lonely hour

Praises to the Eternal pour?

I will teach thy soul to be

Temple, hymn, and harmony. 2 Sweeter songs than poets sing

Thou shalt for thine offering bring;

Softly murmured hymns, that dwell

In devotion's deepest cell. 3 Know that music's holiest strain

Loves to linger, loves to reign,

In that calm of quiet thought

Which the passions trouble not. 4 Wouldst thou in thy lonely hour

Praises to the Eternal pour?

Thus thy soul may learn to be

Temple, hymn, and harmony.

93. 7 & 6s. M. Methodist. Quiet Worship.

1 Open, Lord, mine inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of Thy voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Thy grace. 2 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
Will not in Thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love!

94. C.M. Cowper. Retirement.

1 Far from the world, O Lord! I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war. 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow Thee. 3 There, if Thy presence cheer the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God! 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise. 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And, -- all harmonious names in one, --
My Father! Thou art mine!

95. C. M. H. M. Williams. Habitual Devotion.

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 powers 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 shall rest on Thee!

96. P. M. Moore. The Heart's Prayer.

1 As, down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises, silent, to Thee,
My God! silent, to Thee, --

Pure, warm, silent, to Thee. 2 As still to the star of its worship, though clouded, The needle points
faithfully o'er the dim sea,

So, dark when I roam, in this wintry world shrouded, The hope of my spirit turns, trembling, to
Thee,

My God! trembling, to Thee, --

True, sure, trembling, to Thee.

97. 7 & 6s. M. Anonymous. Pray Without Ceasing.

1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Put earthly thoughts away,
And, in God's presence kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray. 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name. 3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then, the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above
Will reach His throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love. 4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare, --
The grace our Father gives us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,

On Him who saveth, call!
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

98. 7s. M. Mrs. Hemans. All Must Pray.

1 Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently; 2 Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy daily toil to leave;
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee! 3 Traveller in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone; 4 Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee! 5 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see;
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

99. C. M. Montgomery. What is Prayer?

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
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 songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!" 6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one;
They're one in word and mind;
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find. 7 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!

100. L. M. Hart. Prayer the Life of the Soul.

1 Prayer is to God the soul's sure way;
So flows the grace he waits to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live. 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every need, still watch and pray. 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though poor and broken be its word;
Pray if thou canst, or canst not, speak;
The breathings of the soul are heard. 4 Depend on Him; thou shalt prevail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, His mercy will not fail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

101. C. M. Anonymous. Silent Prayer.

1 Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows. 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, untrembling love, inspires
The eloquence of praise. 3 But sweeter far the still, small voice,
Heard by no human ear,
When God hath made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear. 4 Nor accents flow, nor words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But listening spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

102. 7s. M. Bowring. Advent.

1 Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory-beaming star! Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell? Traveller! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Israel!2 Watchman! tell us of the night, Higher yet the star ascends; Traveller! blessedness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends. Watchman! will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveller! ages are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.3 Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn; Traveller! darkness takes its flight; Doubt and terror are withdrawn. Watchman! let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy quiet home; Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God, is come.

103. 11s. M. Drummond. [Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord!]

1 A Voice from the desert comes awful and shrill;

The Lord is advancing; prepare ye the way!

The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,

And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day. 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though
towering to heaven, And be the low valley exalted on high;

The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even, For, Zion! your King, your Redeemer, is
nigh. 3 The beams of salvation his progress illumine,

The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her God;

The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,

And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

104. 8 & 7s. M. Gaskell. The Dayspring From on High.

1 Darkness o'er the world was brooding
Sadder than Egyptian gloom;
Souls by myriads lay in slumber
Deep as of the sealed tomb. 2 Earth had lost the links which bound it
To the throne of light above;
Yet an eye was watching o'er it,
And that eye was full of love. 3 Like a glorious beam of morning,
Straight a ray pierced through the cloud,
Spirits mightily awakening
From their dark and heavy shroud. 4 Still that ray shines on and brightens,
Chasing mist and gloom away;
Happy they on whom it gathers
With its full and perfect day!

105. C. M. Patrick. The Nativity.

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. 3 "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
Address their joyful song: 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease!"

106. C. M. E. H. Sears. The Birth-Song of Christ.

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 dayspring 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!" 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

107. P. M. Mrs. Hemans. Hymn for Christmas.

1 O Lovely Voices of the sky,
Which hymned the Saviour's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang, "Peace on earth"?
To us yet speak the strains,
Wherewith, in time gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains, --
O Voices of the sky! 2 O clear and shining Light, whose beams,
That hour, heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherds' head!
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith;
O clear and shining Light! 3 O Star which led to Him whose love
Brought down man's ransom free!
Where art thou? -- 'midst the host above
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth may not dim;
Send them to guide us yet,
O Star which led to Him!

108. 11 & 10s. M. Heber. Epiphany.

1 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! 2 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? 3 Vainly we offer each costly oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor. 4 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.

109. C. M. Doddridge. Mission of Christ.

1 Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a home,
And every voice a song. 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Abides with holy fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His sacred breast inspire. 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In wretched bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield. 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor. 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

110. C. M. Watts. Christ's Coming.

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 earth! the Saviour reigns!

Let men their songs employ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains

Repeat the sounding joy. 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make his blessings flow

As far as sin is found. 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove

The glories of his righteousness,

And wonders of his love.

111. 7s. M. C. Wesley. The Star of Bethlehem.

1 Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star!
Star of truth, that, 'mid the night,
Guides bewildered man aright. 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light. 3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there! 4 There behold the dayspring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

112. S. M. Needham. The Prince of Peace.

1 Behold, the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word! 2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of Righteousness;
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress. 3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head. 4 Jesus, the light of men!
His doctrine life imparts;
O, may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts! 5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way;
The path which Christ has marked and trod
Will lead to endless day.

113. L. M. Anonymous. Tempted As We Are.

1 As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged pathway o'er,
The thought how comforting and sweet, --
Christ trod this very path before;
Our wants, our weaknesses, he knows,
From life's first dawning to its close. 2 If we, beneath temptation's stress,
Do fight against dark powers within,
So, in Judea's wilderness,
Christ wrestled with the thoughts of sin,
When, in a weary, lonely hour,
The tempter came with all his power. 3 So, tried as I, this earth he trod,
Knew every human ill but sin,
And though the holiest Son of God,
As I am now so hath he been;
Jesus, my Saviour! look on me;
For help and strength I turn to thee!

114. 7s. M. Bulfinch. [The Works Which I Do Bear Witness of Me.]

1 Holy Son of God most high!

Clothed in heavenly majesty,

Many a miracle and sign,

In thy Father's name divine,

Manifested forth thy might

In the chosen people's sight. 2 But, O Saviour! not alone

Thus thy glory was made known;

With the mourner thou didst grieve,

Every human want relieve;

Far thy matchless power above

Stands the witness of thy love. 3 Thou, who by the open grave,

Ere thy voice was raised to save,

Didst with those fond sisters shed

Tears above the faithful dead;

Even thy word of might appears

Less resistless than thy tears. 4 Lord! it is not ours to gaze

On thy works of ancient days;

But thy love, unchanged and bright,

More than all those works of might,

More than miracle or sign,

Makes us ever, ever thine.

115. C. M. Mrs. Hemans. Christ Stilling the Tempest.

1 Fear was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed. 2 But the wind ceased, -- it ceased, -- a word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye. 3 And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast;
They sank as flowers that fold to sleep
When sultry day is past. 4 O Thou that in its wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood,
Send now thy Spirit forth in power
O'er our dark souls to brood! 5 Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,
Thy mandate to fulfil,
Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, "Peace, be still!"

116. C. M. Bulfinch. The Pool of Bethesda.

1 The aged sufferer waited long
Upon Bethesda's brink;
Till hopes, once rising warm and strong,
Began in fears to sink;
And heavy were the sighs he drew,
And fervent was his prayer,
For he, with safety full in view,
Still languished helpless there. 2 His hope grew dim; but one was nigh
Who saw the sufferer's grief;
That gentle voice, that pitying eye,
Gave promise of relief.
Each pang that human weakness knows
Obeyed that powerful word;
He spake, and lo! the sick arose,
Rejoicing in his Lord. 3 Father of Jesus, when oppressed
With grief and pain we lie,
And, longing for Thy heavenly rest,
Despair to look on high,
O, may the Saviour's words of peace
Within the wounded heart
Bid every doubt and suffering cease,
And strength and joy impart!

117. C. M. Bulfinch. Christ Walking on the Sea.

1 Lord, in whose might the Saviour trod
The dark and stormy wave,
And trusted in his Father's arm,
Omnipotent to save; 2 When darkly round our footsteps rise
The floods and storms of life,
Send Thou Thy Spirit down to still
The dark and fearful strife. 3 Strong in our trust, on Thee reposed,
The ocean-path we'll dare,
Though waves around us rage and foam,
Since Thou art present there.

118. P. M. Bowring. |He Was There Alone. |

1 He was there alone, when even
Had round earth its mantle thrown,
Holding intercourse with heaven:
He was there alone. 2 There his inmost heart's emotion
Made he to his Father known;
In the spirit of devotion
Musing there alone. 3 So let us, from earth retiring,
Seek our God and Father's throne;
And, to other scenes aspiring,
Train our hearts, alone.

119. L. M. Bowring. Jesus Teaching the People.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place. 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day. 3 "Come wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest. 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

120. 7s. M. Anonymous. The Mind Which Was in Christ Jesus.

1 Ever patient, loving, meek,
Holy Saviour, was thy mind;
Vainly in myself I seek
Likeness to my Lord to find;
Yet the mind that was in thee
May be, must be, formed in me. 2 Since such griefs were thine to bear,
For each sufferer thou couldst feel,
Every mourner's burden share,
Every wounded spirit heal.
Saviour, let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee. 3 When my pain is most intense,
Let thy cross my lesson prove;
Let me hear thee even thence;
Breathing words of peace and love;
Thus thy grace shall form in me
The same mind which was in thee.

121. 7s. M. Barbauld. Christ's Invitations.

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, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim! hither haste. 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, and seek in vain;
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise; 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care;
Who the stings of sin can bear? 5 Sufferer! come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

122. C. M. Gaskell. Spirit of Jesus.

1 O, not to crush with abject fear
The burdened soul of man
Did Jesus on the earth appear,
And open heaven's high plan:
He came to bid him find repose,
And God his Father know;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low. 2 O, not in coldness nor in pride
His holy path he trod;
'Twas his delight to turn aside
And win the lost to God;
And unto sorrowing guilt disclose
The fount whence peace should flow;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low. 3 O, not with cold, unfeeling eye
Did he the suffering view;
Not on the other side pass by,
And deem their tears untrue;
'Twas joy to him to heal their woes,
And heaven's sweet refuge show;
And thus with love to raise up those
That once were bowed low.

123. L. M. Bache. |Behold How He Loved Him. |

1 "See how he loved!" exclaimed the Jews,
When Jesus o'er his Lazarus wept;
My grateful heart the words shall use,
While on his life my eye is kept. 2 See how he loved, who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise. 3 See how he loved, who, firm yet mild,
With patience bore the scoffing tongue;
Though oft provoked, yet ne'er reviled,
Nor did his greatest foe a wrong. 4 See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

124. L. M. A. C. Coxe. Divine Beauty of Christ's Character.

1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God! 2 O, who like thee, -- so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
O, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe? 3 O, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs, of men before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility? 4 The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon thy mild divinity. 5 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed. 6 O, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

125. L. M. Brettell. The Life of Jesus.

1 He lived as none but he has lived,
That wisest Teacher from above;
He died as none but he has died, --
His every act an act of love. 2 His fervent piety was breathed
To the lone waste, the desert hill;
And in the haunts of men he sought
To do his Heavenly Father's will. 3 He preached the gospel to the poor,
Beside the couch of anguish stood,
Consoled the sufferer, healed the sick,
And went about still doing good. 4 With sinners he conversed, and gave
Peace to the weary, troubled mind;
Yet free from stain till life's last hour,
In him his foes no fault could find. 5 Born 'midst the humblest sons of earth,
All earth's temptations he withstood;
And yet all human praise renounced,
Declaring God alone is good.

126. P. M. Anonymous. He Had Not Where to Lay His Head.

1 Birds have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay his head. 2 And yet he came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on his breast. 3 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Come and repose thine oft rejected head! 4 Come! give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth thou lov'st, within
A heart that for thy sake
Shall purify itself from every sin.

127. L. M. Russell. Through His Poverty Made Rich.

1 On the dark-wave of Galilee

The gloom of twilight gathers fast;

And o'er the waters heavily

Sweeps cold and drear the evening blast. 2 Still near the lake, with weary tread,

Lingers a form of human kind;

And on his lone, unsheltered head,

Flows the chill night-damp of the wind. 3 Why seeks he not a home of rest?

Why seeks he not the pillowed bed?

Beasts have their dens, the bird his nest; --

He hath not where to lay his head. 4 Such was the lot he freely chose,

To bless, to save, the human race;

And through his poverty there flows

A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

128. L. M. *Gaskell. Christ The Sufferer.

1 Dark were the paths our Master trod,
Yet never failed his trust in God;
Cruel and fierce the wrongs he bore,
Yet he but felt for man the more. 2 Unto the cross in faith he went,
His Father's willing instrument;
Upon the cross his prayer arose
In pity for his ruthless foes. 3 O, may we all his kindred be,
By holy love and sympathy;
Still loving man through every ill,
And trusting in our Father's will!

129. L. M. Bulfinch. Christ The Sufferer.

1 O suffering Friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear. 2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose. 3 Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came;
And though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame? 4 Onward, like thee, through scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day.

130. L. M. Doddridge. [Thy Will, Not Mine, Be Done.]

1 "Father divine!" the Saviour cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away. 2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,
Or helpless man be left forlorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, -- Thy will, not mine, be done!" 3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say, -- Thy will, not ours, be done!

131. L. M. Anonymous. |Let This Cup Pass From Me.|

1 A voice upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
"O Father, take this cup away!" 2 Ah, thou who sorrow'st unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
"O God, take not this cup away!" 3 O Lord of sorrow, meekly die;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy peace shall still the mourner's sigh;
Thy strength shall raise the faint and low. 4 Great chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr band,
Who teach the soul how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand. 5 O King of earth, the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne;
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms and is thine own. 4 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray;
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last, lone way,
O, give the welcome of thy love.

132. C. H. M. Mrs. Hemans. The Agony in the Garden.

1 He knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked, through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony;
He poured in prayer his suppliant breath,
Bowed down with sorrow unto death. 2 The sun went down in fearful hour;
The heavens might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
Thus to o'ershadow him;
That he who came to save might know
The very depths of human woe. 3 He knew them all, -- the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All darkened round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray;
Yet passed it not, that cup, away. 4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead;
But there was sent him, from on high,
A gift of strength, for man to die. 5 And was his mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow way?
How, but through him that path who trod?
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

133. 6 & 10s. M. Bulfinch. Bearing the Cross.

1 Burden of shame and woe!

How does the heart o'erflow

At thought of him the bitter cross who bore!

But we have each our own,

To others oft unknown,

Which we must bear till life shall be no more. 2 And shall we fear to tread

The path where Jesus led,

The pure and holy one, for man who died?

Or shall we shrink from shame,

Endured for Jesus' name,

Our glorious Lord, once spurned and crucified? 3 Then, 'mid the woes that wait

On this our mortal state,

Patience shall cheer affliction, toil, and loss,

And though the tempter's art

Assail the struggling heart,

Still, Saviour! in thy name we bear the cross.

134. 7s. M. Bulfinch. The Crucifixion.

1 In the Saviour's hour of death,
Bound upon the cross of fear,
While his quick and struggling breath
Spoke the fatal moment near,
While his proud, triumphant foes
Mocked the sufferings that he bore,
Then his loving spirit rose
More sublime than e'er before. 2 He has taught us to forgive,
By his words in days gone by;
He has taught us how to live;
Can he teach us how to die?
Listen! as the cross they raise,
One brief prayer ascends to heaven;
For his murderers he prays, --
Father, may they be forgiven!

135. P. M. W. J. Fox. Stabat Mater.

1 Jews were wrought to cruel madness,
Christians fled in fear and sadness,
Mary stood the cross beside. 2 At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle sufferer died. 3 Poets oft have sung her story;
Painters decked her brow with glory;
Priests her name have deified; 4 But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story, --
"Mary stood the cross beside." 5 And when under fierce oppression
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified. 6 But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

136. 7s. M. Bulfinch. |It Is Finished.|

1 It is finished! glorious word

From thy lips, our suffering Lord!

Words of high, triumphant might,

Ere thy spirit takes its flight.

It is finished! all is o'er;

Pain and scorn oppress no more. 2 Now, no more foreboding dread

Shades the path thy feet must tread;

No more fear, lest in thine hour

Pain should patience overpower;

On the perfect sacrifice

Not a stain of weakness lies. 3 Champion! lay thine armor by;

'Tis thine hour of victory!

All thy toils are now o'erpast;

Thou hast found thy rest at last;

All hath faithfully been done,

And the world's salvation won.

137. P. M. H. Ware. Easter Hymn.

1 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high, --
"The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die." 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy.
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end; But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of
sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

138. 6 & 4s. M. Anonymous. |Let There Be Light. |

1 On earth was darkness spread,
One boundless night;
"Let there be light," God said, --
And there was light! 2 There hung a deeper gloom
O'er quick and dead,
But Jesus burst the tomb,
And darkness fled. 3 God by His word arrayed
Darkness with light;
God by His Son displayed
Day without night. 4 For thee, O man, arose
Creation's ray;
For thee, too, brighter glows
Salvation's day. 5 The beams first poured on earth
For mortals shone;
The light of later birth
Immortals own.

139. C. M. Montgomery. |In Remembrance of Me. |

1 According to thy gracious word, In meek humility, This will I do, my dying Lord, I will remember thee. 2 Thy body, broken for my sake, My bread from heaven shall be; Thy testamental cup I take, And thus remember thee. 3 Gethsemane can I forget? Or there thy conflict see, Thine agony and bloody sweat, And not remember thee? 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Calvary, O Lamb of God, my sacrifice! I must remember thee; -- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains, And all thy love to me; Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains, Will I remember thee.

140. P. M. Whittier. Watching with Jesus.

1 O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of thy pain, -- 2 Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee!

141. P. M. F. H. Hedge. Strength from the Cross.

1 "It is finished!" Man of sorrows!

From thy cross our frailty borrows

Strength to bear and conquer thus. 2 While extended there we view thee,

Mighty Sufferer! draw us to thee;

Sufferer victorious! 3 Not in vain for us uplifted,

Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted!

May that sacred emblem be; 4 Lifted high amid the ages,

Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,

May it guide us still to thee! 5 Still to thee! whose love unbounded

Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,

Perfected by conflicts sore. 6 Honored be thy cross forever;

Star, that points our high endeavor

Whither thou hast gone before!

142. 6 & 10s. M. *Mrs. Miles. Looking unto Jesus.

1 It was no path of flowers,
Which, through this world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread? 2 O thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife;
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed;
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud. 3 And, O, if thoughts of gloom
Should hover o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

143. 7s. M. Montgomery. Made Perfect Through Suffering.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray! 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the griefs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross! 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
Love's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die!

144. 7s. M. Anonymous. Strength Through Christ's Sufferings.

1 When my love to Christ grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane! 2 There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades,
See that suffering, friendless One
Weeping, praying there alone. 3 When my love for Christ grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe; -- 4 There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith;
Love triumphant still in death. 5 Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

145. 8 & 7s. M. Bowring. Glorifying in the Cross.

1 In the cross of Christ we 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 overtake us,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy;
Never shall the cross forsake us,
Lo! it glows with peace and joy! 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon our way;
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more 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 we glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

146. L. M. Emily Taylor. Looking to Jesus.

1 If love, the noblest, purest, best,
If truth, all other truth above,
May claim return from every breast,
O, surely Jesus claims our love! 2 There's not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in that thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime. 3 His image meets us in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile;
We see him, when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile. 4 We see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek;
With him we tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with our God to seek. 5 We see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid;
We hear him in the frequent sigh,
That mourns the waste that sin has made. 6 We meet him at the lowly tomb,
And weep where Jesus wept before;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
We see him rise, -- and weep no more.

147. L. M. *Watts. The Divine Example.

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. 4 Be thou my pattern; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here;
And, by the paths which thou hast trod,
Press on to holiness and God.

148. 7s. M. Gaskell. Christ Who Strengtheneth Me.

1 When arise the thoughts of sin,
When the world our hearts would win,
When, to selfish pleasure given,
Droops the love that blooms for heaven;
Lord, we would remember thee, --
Thou wilt our Redeemer be. 2 When, with footsteps faint and slow,
Duty's upward path we go;
When, by toils and hardship pressed,
Round we turn to look for rest;
Lord, we would remember thee,
Thou our Guide and Strength wilt be. 3 When the way grows dark and drear,
When, beset by doubt and fear,
We can see no beam of light
Struggling through the thickening night;
Lord, we would remember thee,
Thou our Comforter wilt be.

149. C. M. Gaskell. Following After Jesus.

1 In vain we thus recall to mind

The cross our Master bore,

Unless a holier strength we find,

And love his spirit more. 2 May we, like him, though thanked with ill;

Insulted, and withstood,

In hope and patience labor still

To do our brethren good. 3 Like him may we, unmurmuring, go

Our heaven-appointed way,

And learn, 'midst gathering storms of woe,

"God's will be done!" to say.

150. 11s. M. Whittier. Christ Present in the Spirit.

1 O, What though our feet may not tread where Christ trod, Nor our ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,

Nor our eyes see the cross that he bowed him to bear, Nor our knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer! 2 Yet, Loved of the Father! thy spirit is near

To the meek and the lowly and penitent here;

And the voice of thy love is the same, even now,

As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow. 3 O, the Outward has gone, but in glory and power

The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;

Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame

On the heart's secret altar is burning, the same.

151. C. M. Emily Taylor. |I Pray Not for These Alone. |

1 "O, Not for these alone I pray,"

The dying Saviour said;

Though on his breast that moment lay

The loved disciple's head; 2 Though to his eye that moment sprung

The kind, the pitying tear

For those that eager round him hung,

His words of love to hear. 3 No, not for them alone he prayed; --

For all of mortal race,

Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,

Where'er their dwelling-place. 4 Sweet is the thought, when here we meet,

His feast of love to share;

And, 'mid the toils of life, how sweet

The memory of his prayer!

152. L. M. Gaskell. Bearing with Us the Dying of Jesus.

1 Not in this simple rite alone

May Calvary's cross to us be shown;

But may we turn, in many an hour,

To feel its soul-constraining power. 2 When indolence would have its will,

And selfish ease would keep us still,

Then to the Saviour may we look,

And meet his eye's serene rebuke. 3 When men have done us cruel wrong,

And angry thoughts are rising strong,

May we with softened hearts turn there,

And learn the Lord's forgiving prayer. 4 When sin looks tempting in our eyes,

May Jesus on the cross arise,

And ask if we will him forsake,

And wear the chains he died to break. 5 When pain, or sickness, or distress,

Our fainting souls would overpress,

To him on Calvary looking still,

May we find strength to bear God's will.

153. 7s. M. Pratt's Coll. Bread of Heaven.

1 Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread. 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live. 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

154. L. M. Anonymous. The Presence of Jesus.

1 When, blest Redeemer, thou art near,
The soul enjoys a sacred peace:
Thy presence calms our every fear,
And gives from every doubt release. 2 Be with us now, in truth and love,
In strength that conquers every sin;
O, cleanse, and bless, and lift above,
And may thy cross our hearts still win. 3 In suffering may we strength receive
From memory of thy victory won;
In doubt our drooping hopes revive; --
Thus be thy presence with us shown! 4 Be ever near our spirits, Lord;
And, drawn by sympathy, may we
Still, through thy cross, thy life, thy word,
In faith and love come near to thee!

155. S. M. C. Wesley. Presence of Jesus.

1 Not in the name of pride

Or selfishness we're met;

From worldly paths we turn aside,

And worldly thoughts forget. 2 Jesus, we look to thee,

Thy promised presence claim!

Thou in the midst of us shalt be,

Assembled in thy name. 3 Present we know thou art;

But, O, thyself reveal!

Now, Lord, let every bounding heart

Thy peace and gladness feel! 4 O, may thy quickening voice

The death of sin remove;

And bid our inmost souls rejoice

In hope of perfect love!

156. 10s. M. T. Parker. Christ the Way, the Truth and the Life.

1 O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe; 2 We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light,
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day. 3 Yes! thou art still the Life; thou art the way
The holiest know; -- Light, Life, and Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

157. C. M. Anonymous. One in Christ.

1 A Holy air is breathing round,
A fragrance from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love. 2 O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not Thee nor Thine; 3 But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all Thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.

158. C. M. Emily Taylor. Communion.

1 O, here, if ever, God of love!

Let strife and hatred cease;

And every thought harmonious move,

And every heart be peace. 2 Not here, where met to think of him

Whose latest thoughts were ours,

Shall mortal passions come to dim

The prayer devotion pours. 3 No, gracious Master, not in vain

Thy life of love hath been;

The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,

Though thou no more art seen. 4 Thy kingdom come! we watch, we wait,

To hear thy cheering call;

When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,

And God be all in all.

159. 8 & 7s. M. Anonymous. Invitation.

1 "Come who will," the voice from heaven,
Like a silver trumpet, calls;
"Come who will," -- the church hath given
Back the echo from its walls. 2 Come, to rivers ever flowing
From the high, eternal throne;
Come, where God, his gifts bestowing,
In the church on earth is known. 3 Heavenly music! he who listens,
Longing for his spirit's home,
While his eye with rapture glistens,
Yearning says, -- "I come, I come!"

160. 11 & 10s. M. Anonymous. |Come unto Me.|

1 Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distress,
Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest! 2 Ye who have mourned when the spring-flowers were
taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned; 3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's
dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn; 4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed; Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

161. 8, 7, & 4s. M. Anonymous. The Weary and Heavy-Laden.

1 Come to Jesus, O my brothers,
Come in this accepted hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing, -- doubt no more. 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you, --
'Tis the spirit's struggling beam. 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden;
Wait not, -- 'tis your Saviour's call;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

162. P. M. Moore. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;

Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel!

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal. 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,

Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,

Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure. 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing

Forth from the throne of God, living and pure;

Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

163. C. M. Anonymous. Parting Hymn.

1 Through thee as we together came,
In singleness of heart,
And met, O Jesus! in thy name,
So in thy name we part. 2 Nearer to thee our spirits lead,
And still thy love bestow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless, here below. 3 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

164. 6 & 10s. M. Briggs' Coll. Benediction.

1 The peace which God bestows

Through him who died and rose,

The peace the Father giveth through the Son,

Be known in every mind,

The broken heart to bind,

And bless each traveller as he journeys on. 2 Ye who have known to weep,

Where your beloved sleep;

Ye who have raised the deep, the bitter cry --

God's blessing be as balm,

The fevered heart to calm,

And wondrous peace the troubled mind supply. 3 Ere daily strifes begin

The war without, within,

The God of love, with spirit and with power,

Now on each bended head

His deepest blessing shed,

And keep us all through every troubled hour.

165. C. M. Gaskell. The Heralds of the Cross.

1 Forth went the heralds of the cross, No dangers made them pause; They counted all the world but loss, For their great Master's cause.2 Through looks of fire, and words of scorn, Serene their path they trod; And to the dreary dungeon borne, Sang praises unto God.3 Friends dropped the hand they clasped before, Love changed to cruel hate; And home to them was home no more; Yet mourned they not their fate.4 In all his dark and dread array, Death rose upon their sight; But calmly still they kept their way, And shrank not from the fight.5 They knew to whom their trust was given, They could not doubt His word; Before them beamed the light of heaven, The presence of their Lord.6 O, may a faith as true be ours, And shed as pure a light Of peace across the darkest hours, And make the last one bright!

166. 7s. M. *Johns. The Preachers of the Word.

1 Thanks to God for those who came
In the Saviour's glorious name;
Who upon the green earth trod
But to teach the truth of God. 2 For the great Apostles, first,
Who from life's endearments burst,
Going from the Cross, and then
Leading to the Cross again: 3 For the next, who meekly poured
Willing blood to serve the Lord;
Fearless bore the racks of pain,
Felon's death, or captive's chain; 4 And for all, from shore to shore,
Who the blessed tidings bore;
All who wrought for liberty
When 'twas treason to be free. 5 Ye, who now, in better days,
Live to spread your Maker's praise,
Shedding, each man's home around,
Light that consecrates the ground; 6 Teachers of the word of light,
Go forth in your Master's might!
Speed your embassy where'er
Life has grief, or death has fear!

167. S. M. Ancient Hymns. Thanks for all Saints.

1 For all Thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive. 2 For all Thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And yearned for him to die. 3 They all, in life and death,
With him, their Lord, in view,
Learned from Thy holy spirit's breath
To suffer and to do. 4 For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

168. S. M. Anonymous. The Word of God.

1 God of the prophets' power!

God of the gospel's sound!

Move glorious on, -- send out Thy voice

To all the nations round. 2 With hearts and lips unfeigned,

We bless Thee for Thy word;

We praise Thee for the joyful news

Of our ascended Lord. 3 O, may we treasure well

The counsels that we hear,

Till righteousness and solemn joy

In all our hearts appear. 4 Water the sacred seed,

And give it large increase;

May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,

Prevent the fruits of peace. 5 And though we sow in tears,

Our souls at last shall come,

And gather in our sheaves with joy,

At heaven's great harvest-home.

169. H. M. Doddridge. The Gospel.

1 Mark the soft falling snow

And the diffusive rain!

To heaven, from whence it fell,

It turns not back again;

Till, watering earth

Through every pore,

It calls forth all

Her secret store. 2 Arrayed in beauteous green,

The hills and valleys shine,

And man and beast are fed

By providence divine:

The harvest bows

Its golden ears,

The copious seed

Of future years. 3 "So," saith the God of grace,

"My gospel shall descend,

Almighty to effect

The purpose I intend;

Millions of souls

Shall feel its power,

And bear it down

To millions more."

170. S. M. Moore. Christianity.

1 Behold the sun, how bright
From yonder east he springs,
As if the soul of life and light
Were breathing from his wings. 2 So bright the gospel broke
Upon the souls of men;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In truth's full radiance then. 3 Before yon sun arose,
Stars clustered through the sky;
But, O, how dim, how pale, were those,
To his one burning eye! 4 So truth lent many a ray,
To bless the Pagan's night;
But, Lord, how faint, how cold, were they,
To Thy one glorious light!

171. L. M. Emily Taylor. Thy Kingdom Come!

1 "Thy kingdom come!" The heathen lands,
In error sunk, Thy presence crave;
And victims bound by tyrant hands
Implore Thee, Father, come and save! 2 "Thy kingdom come!" Each troubled mind
In doubt and darkness calls for Thee;
For Thou hast eyes to give the blind,
And strength to set the captive free. 3 Thy reign of peace and love begin!
Too oft the Christian's sacred name
Is stained by wrath and shamed by sin;
O, come, assert the gospel's claim! 4 O, never in that righteous cause
Our hearts be slow, our voices dumb;
Upon the glorious theme we pause,
And fervent pray, "Thy kingdom come!"

172. C. M. Gaskell. Thy Kingdom Come!

1 O God! the darkness roll away
Which clouds the human soul,
And let the bright, the perfect day,
Speed onward to its goal. 2 Let every hateful passion die,
Which makes of brethren foes;
And war no longer raise its cry,
To mar the world's repose. 3 Let faith, and hope, and charity,
Go forth through all the earth;
And man, in heavenly bearing, be
True to his heavenly birth. 4 Yea, let Thy glorious kingdom come
Of holiness and love,
And make this world a portal meet
For Thy bright courts above.

173. S. M. *H. Martineau. The Coming of Christ in Power.

1 Lord Jesus, come! for here
Our path through wilds is laid;
We watch, as for the dayspring near,
Amid the breaking shade. 2 Lord Jesus, come! for hosts
Meet on the battle-plain;
Our holiest hopes seem vainest boasts,
And tears are shed like rain. 3 Lord Jesus, come! the slave
Still bears his heavy chains;
Their daily bread the hungry crave,
While teem the fruitful plains. 4 Hark! herald voices near
Lead on thy happier day;
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear!
We wait to strew thy way. 5 Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power;
Gather us all within thy fold,
And let us stray no more!

174. 6 & 4s. M. Marriott. Let There Be Light.

1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light! 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight!
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
Let there be light! 3 Descend Thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,
Speed on Thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face,
Spirit of hope and grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light! 4 Blessed and glorious three,
Thrice holy trinity,
Wisdom, love, might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

175. C. M. *Moore. The Latter Day.

1 Who shall behold the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend the veil away
Which hides the nations now!
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of His rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye. 2 Then shall the world no longer mourn
Beneath oppression's chain;
The days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

176. L. M. Watts. Christ's Kingdom.

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 made,
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 loose 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!

177. 10s. M. Ashworth. Triumph of the Gospel.

1 Pour, blessed gospel, glorious news for man!

Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll:

Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,

And make one brotherhood from pole to pole. 2 On, piercing gospel, on! of every heart,

In every latitude, thou own'st the key:

From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,

With all their treasures first unlocked by thee! 3 Tread, kingly gospel, through the nations tread!

With all the noblest virtues in thy train:

Be all to thy blest freedom captive led;

And Christ, the true emancipator, reign! 4 Spread, giant gospel, spread thy growing wings!

Gather thy scattered ones from every land:

Call home the wanderers to the King of kings:

Proclaim them all thine own; -- 'tis His

command!

178. L. M. Anonymous. Hymn of the Church Triumphant.

1 Triumphant Zion! lift thy head

From dust, and darkness, and the dead;

Though humbled long, awake at length

And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength! 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,

And let thine excellence be known;

Decked in the robes of righteousness,

Thy glories shall the world confess. 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,

And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;

No more shall sin's insulting host

Their victory and thy sorrows boast. 4 Thy God on high has heard thy prayer,

His hand thy ruin shall repair;

Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease

To guard thee in eternal peace.

179. C. M. Montgomery. Daughter of Zion.

1 Daughter of Zion! from the dust

Exalt thy fallen head;

Again in thy Redeemer trust,

He calls thee from the dead. 2 Awake, awake! put on thy strength,

Thy beautiful array;

The day of freedom dawns at length,

The Lord's appointed day. 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,

And send thy heralds forth;

Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,

And keep not back, O north!" 4 They come, they come; -- thine exiled bands,

Where'er they rest or roam,

Have heard thy voice in distant lands,

And hasten to their home.

180. 8 & 7s. M. Newton. The Church Everlasting.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode. 2 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. 3 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove. 4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Love, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age. 5 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near: 6 Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

181. L. M. Whittier. Christianity.

1 O fairest-born of Love and Light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear, -- 2 The generous feeling, pure and warm,
Which owns the rights of all divine,
The pitying heart, the helping arm,
The prompt self-sacrifice, are thine! 3 Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth! 4 Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim. 5 In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
Christ gave thy message from on high,
Thy mission to a world of woe. 6 That voice's echo hath not died;
From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

182. C. M. H. Martineau. Christian Equality.

1 All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal, when that earth
Falls from their dying eyes. 2 God greets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts their hands have made;
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade. 3 'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go. 4 O, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love!
In power and wealth exult no more,
In wisdom lowly move. 5 Ye great! renounce your earth-born pride;
Ye low! your shame and fear;
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.

183. C. M. Bulfinch. |That They May Be One.|

1 Was it in vain that Jesus prayed
For those he came to save,
When darkly o'er his path was laid
The shadow of the grave? 2 Hath Jesus loved and prayed in vain?
O doubting heart, be still!
Yet holds the Lord his glorious reign,
Despite of wrong and ill. 3 Though nations with their battle-cries
Profane the Almighty's name,
Though bigots to the offended skies
Their own wild wrath proclaim, -- 4 Thousands, in every Christian land,
Have never bowed the knee
In worship to the idol-band
Of strife and perfidy. 5 And these are one; -- though some may bend
Before the Virgin's shrine,
While others' prayers and thanks ascend,
Father! alone at Thine, -- 6 Yet they are one; if through their hearts
The soul of love be poured,
As swells some strain of various parts,
Yet all in sweet accord.

184. S. M. Johns. Human Brotherhood.

1 Hush the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call!
Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
Are we not brothers all? 2 Want, from the wretch depart!
Chains, from the captive fall!
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart, --
Sufferers are brothers all. 3 Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition-wall!
Let love each harsher feeling drown, --
Christians are brothers all. 4 Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

185. C. M. Gaskell. Peace.

1 How long, O Lord, his brother's blood
Shall man in battle spill?
How long that mandate be withstood,
Which cries, "Thou shalt not kill?" 2 How long shall glory still be found
In scenes of cruel strife,
Where misery walks, a giant crowned,
Crushing the flowers of life? 3 O, hush, great God! the sounds of war,
And make Thy children feel
That he, with Thee, is noblest far,
Who toils for human weal; -- 4 And though forgotten, he alone
Can be a Christian true
Who would his foes as brethren own,
And still their good pursue.

186. 7s. M. Milman. He Rebuked the Wind and the Sea.

1 Lord! thou didst arise and say
To the troubled waters, Peace!
And the tempest died away;
Down they sank, the foaming seas,
And a calm and heaving sleep
Spread o'er all the glassy deep;
All the azure lake serene
Like another heaven was seen. 2 Lord! thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud!
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,
Quell the fierce and changing crowd!
Then the earth shall find repose
From oppressions, and from woes;
And an imaged heaven appear
In the world of darkness here.

187. L. M. * The Hope of Man.

1 The Past is dark with sin and shame,
The Future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise Thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near. 2 For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps to come to Thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of Thy grace could see. 3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But Thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still Thy kingdom seemed. 4 But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now; --
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer Thou! 5 'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun;
We cannot doubt Thy certain love;
And Man's true aim shall yet be won!

188. 6s. M. Anonymous. Behold, He Cometh.

1 Hark! through the waking earth,
Hark! through the echoing sky,
Herald of freedom's birth,
There comes a glorious cry. 2 The triple chains that bind
Fall from the weary limb,
And from the down-crushed mind,
As soundeth that high hymn. 3 Unto man's waiting heart
It saith, -- "Arise, be strong!
Bear thou an earnest part
Against all forms of wrong. 4 "Wouldst live in earth as lives
The glorious One above?
He for thy model gives
Himself, and he is Love. 5 "Love in each brother man
The God who loveth him;
Revere the stamp of heaven,
However marred and dim. 6 "Bid fear give place to love;
Bid doubt and passion cease;
Be every word of hate
Forever hushed in peace." 7 Sound, sound through all the earth!
Sound through the echoing sky!
Proclaim the world's new birth;
Proclaim the Lord is nigh!

189. 7s. M. *Montgomery. The Liberty of the Sons of God.

1 God made all his creatures free;

Life itself is liberty;

God ordained no other bands

Than united hearts and hands. 2 Sin the primal charter broke, --

Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke;

Tyranny with sin began,

Man o'er brute, and man o'er man. 3 But a better day shall be,

Life again be liberty,

And the wide world's only bands

Love-knit hearts and love-linked hands. 4 So shall every slavery cease,

All God's children dwell in peace,

And the new-born earth record

Love, and Love alone, is Lord.

190. P. M. H. Ware. Freedom.

1 Oppression shall not always reign;
There comes a brighter day,
When freedom, burst from every chain,
Shall have triumphant way.
Then right shall over might prevail,
And truth, like hero armed in mail,
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway. 2 What voice shall bid the progress stay
Of truth's victorious car?
What arm arrest the growing day,
Or quench the solar star?
What reckless soul, though stout and strong,
Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
Oppression's guilty night prolong,
And freedom's morning bar?

191. C. M. *Whittier. The Reformers.

1 O pure Reformers! not in vain
Your trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find. 2 The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide;
The voice of nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side. 3 The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven hath wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love, -- your battle-ground,
The free, broad field of Thought. 4 O, may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man. 5 Press on! and if we may not share
The glory of your fight,
We'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the Right.

192. 8 & 7s. M. Cowper. The Kingdom of Heaven.

1 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken;
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise. 2 There, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Never hear of war again;
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

193. P. M. Sp. of Psalms. The Holy Spirit.

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His tender, last farewell, A Guide, a Comforter,
bequeathed, With us to dwell. 2 He came, in tongues of living flame, To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came, As viewless too. 3 He came sweet influence to impart, A
gracious, willing guest, While he can find one humble heart Wherein to rest. 4 And his that gentle
voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even, That checks each fault, that calms each fear And
speaks of heaven. 5 And every virtue we possess, And every victory won, And every thought of
holiness, Are his alone. 6 Spirit of purity and grace, Our weakness pitying see; O, make our hearts
Thy dwelling-place, And worthier Thee!

194. S. M. Anonymous. The Spirit Saith |Come!|

1 The Spirit in our hearts

Is whispering, "Wanderer, come!"

The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims

To all his children, "Come!" 2 Let him that heareth say

To all about him, "Come!"

Let him that thirsts for righteousness,

To Christ, the fountain, come! 3 Yes, whosoever will,

O, let him freely come,

And freely drink the stream of life;

'Tis Jesus bids you come. 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,

Declares, "I quickly come!"

Lord, even so! I wait thine hour;

Jesus, my Saviour, come!

195. 7s. M. Anonymous. The Prodigal.

1 Brother, hast thou wandered far

From thy Father's happy home,

With thyself and God at war?

Turn thee, brother, homeward come! 2 Hast thou wasted all the powers

God for noble uses gave?

Squandered life's most golden hours?

Turn thee, brother, God can save! 3 Is a mighty famine now

In thy heart and in thy soul?

Discontent upon thy brow?

Turn thee, God will make thee whole! 4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,

He thy gentlest prayer can hear;

Seek Him, for He may be found;

Call upon Him; He is near.

196. L. M. Beard's Coll. Turn, Child of Doubt.

1 Turn, child of doubt, estranged from God!

To error's joyless waste betrayed;

No light will there illumine thy road,

No friendly voice will give thee aid. 2 O, turn, and leave that cheerless waste!

The shade of death, -- the maze of woe!

There is a path that leads to rest,

A fount of life is given below. 3 Thy friend, thy Lord, from heaven revealed,

The lost, the erring, to recall,

That sacred fountain hath unsealed;

With voice of love he speaks to all. 4 He bids the dying wanderer turn,

To walk in duty's way, and live;

He speaks to wounded souls that mourn,

He speaks, -- to heal and to forgive.

197. 7s. M. Briggs' Coll. Come Home!

1 Soul! celestial in thy birth,
Dwelling yet in lowest earth,
Panting, shrinking to be free,
Hear God's spirit whisper thee. 2 Thus it saith; in accents mild, --
"Weary wanderer, wayward child,
From thy Father's earnest love
Still forever wilt thou rove? 3 "Turn to hope, and peace, and light,
Freed from sin, and earth, and night;
I have called, entreated thee,
In my mercies gentle, free. 4 "Human soul, in love divine
I have sought to make thee mine;
Still for thee good angels yearn;
Human soul, return, return!"

198. C. M. Whittier. The Call.

1 O, not alone with outward sign
Of fear, or voice from heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
The call of God, is given;
Awakening in the human heart
Love for the True and Right,
Zeal for the Christian's better part,
Strength for the Christian's fight. 2 Though heralded by naught of fear,
Or outward sign, or show;
Though only to the inward ear
It whisper soft and low;
Though dropping as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Holy and gentle, heed it well, --
The call to Truth and Love.

199. 11s. M. Anonymous. Acquaint Thee with God.

1 Acquaint thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with God,

And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road; And peace, like the dew, shall descend round thy head, And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed. 2 Acquaint thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with God,

And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;

Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,

Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

200. S. M. Johns. Thou Must Be Born Again.

1 Thou must be born again!

Such was the solemn word

To him who came, not all in vain,

By night to seek his Lord. 2 Thou must be born again!

But not the birth of clay;

The immortal seed must thence obtain

Deliverance into day. 3 Thou, in thy inmost mind,

Must own the same control;

The same regenerating wind

Must move and guide thy soul. 4 Thou canst not choose but trace

The steps the Master trod,

If once thou feel his truth and grace,

A conscious child of God. 5 The mortal's birth is past;

The immortal's birth must be;

Seek well and thou shalt find at last

That blest nativity.

201. 7s. M. *John Taylor. A Penitential Hymn.

1 God of mercy! God of love!

Hear our sad, repentant songs;

Listen to Thy suppliant ones,

Thou, to whom all grace belongs! 2 Deep regret for follies past,

Talents wasted, time misspent;

Hearts debased by worldly cares,

Thankless for the blessings lent; -- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,

Vain regrets for things as vain;

Lips too seldom taught to praise,

Oft to murmur and complain; -- 4 These, and every secret fault,

Filled with grief and shame, we own;

Humbled at Thy feet we bow,

Seeking strength from Thee alone. 5 God of mercy! God of love!

Hear our sad, repentant songs;

O, restore Thy suppliant ones,

Thou to whom all grace belongs!

202. 10s. M. Anonymous. The Broken Shield.

1 O, send me not away! for I would drink,
Even I, the weakest, at the fount of life;
Chide not my steps, that venture near the brink,
Weary and fainting from the deadly strife. 2 Went I not forth undaunted and alone,
Strong in the majesty of human might?
Lo! I return, all wounded and forlorn,
My dream of glory lost in shades of night. 3 Was I not girded for the battle-field?
Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword?
Behold the fragments of my broken shield,
And lend to me Thy heavenly armor, Lord!

203. C. M. Furness. The Penitent Son.

1 O, richly, Father, have I been
Blest evermore by Thee!
And morning, noon, and night Thou hast
Preserved me tenderly. 2 And yet the love which Thou shouldst claim
To idols I have given;
Too oft have bound to earth the hopes
That know no home but heaven. 3 Unworthy to be called Thy son,
I come with shame to Thee,
Father! -- O, more than Father, Thou
Hast always been to me! 4 Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son. 5 That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
A principle of faith, -- 6 Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host,
Encamping round about.

204. 7s. M. Milman. Lord, Have Mercy.

1 Lord, have mercy when we pray

Strength to seek a better way;

When our wakening thoughts begin

First to loathe their cherished sin;

When our weary spirits fail,

And our aching brows are pale;

Then Thy strengthening grace afford;

Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord! 2 Lord, have mercy when we know

First how vain this world below;

When its darker thoughts oppress,

Doubts perplex, and fears distress;

When the earliest gleam is given

Of the bright but distant heaven;

Then Thy strengthening grace afford;

Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord!

205. L. M. * I Will Arise and Go unto My Father.

1 To Thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, Thine erring children, in;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin. 2 Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
O leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without Thee! 3 We trusted hope and pride and strength:
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length, --
We come to Thee, O Lord, again! 4 A guide to trembling steps yet be!
Give us of Thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to Thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

206. L. M. Flint's Coll. The Strength of the Erring.

1 Yes! prayer is strong, and God is good;

Man is not made for endless ill;

The offending soul, in darkest mood,

Hath yet a hope, a refuge still. 2 Thou, God, wilt hear; these pangs are meant

To heal the spirit, not destroy;

And even remorse, for chastening sent,

When Thou commandest, works for joy.

207. C. M. *Wreford. Prayer for Increase of Faith.

1 Lord! I believe; Thy power I own
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from Thy truth I stray. 2 Lord! I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light. 3 Lord! I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak;
Make strong my weakness, and bestow
The confidence I seek! 4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord! to Thy truth my spirit bow,
Help Thou my unbelief!

208. C. M. Bartrum. My God, Remember Me.

1 O, from these visions dark and drear,
Kind Father, set me free;
I struggle yet with darkness here, --
My God, remember me! 2 Refresh my drooping soul with grace
And quickening energy;
Still running, toiling in the race, --
My God, remember me! 3 Some cheering ray of hope impart,
Sweet influence from Thee;
And raise this feeble, drooping heart, --
My God, remember me! 4 For the inheritance in light,
On trembling wings I flee;
With sins, and doubts, and fears, I fight, --
My God, remember me!

209. C. M. Milman. Prayer for Help.

1 O, help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, in word, in deed,
Each hour on earth we live. 2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
With doubt and anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O, help us, Lord, the more. 3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive. 4 O, help us, Father! from on high;
We know no help but Thee;
O, help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be!

210. 7s. M. Russian. In Doubt.

1 Why, thou never-setting Light,
Is thy brightness veiled from me?
Why does this unwonted night
Cloud thy blest benignity? 2 I am lost without thy ray;
Guide my wandering footsteps, Lord!
Light my dark and erring way
To the noontide of Thy word.

211. C. M. Humphries. Good Lord, Remember Me.

1 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me! 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me! 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O, let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me! 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me! 5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath, --
Good Lord, remember me! 6 And when before Thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
Then, with the saints at Thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me!

212. P. M. Mrs. Follen. Lord, to Whom Shall We Go?

1 When, with error bewildered, our path becomes dreary, And tears of despondency flow,
When the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is weary, Despairing, -- to whom shall we go? 2
When the thirsting soul turneth away from the springs Of the pleasures this world can bestow,
And sighs for another, and flutters its wings,
Impatient, -- to whom shall it go? 3 O, blest be that light which has parted the clouds, And a path to
the wanderer can show;
That pierces the veil which the future enshrouds,
And tells us to whom we should go!

213. C. M. Bulfinch. Help Thou Our Unbelief.

1 Father, when o'er our trembling hearts
Doubt's shadows gathering brood,
When faith in Thee almost departs,
And gloomiest fears intrude;
Forsake us not, O God of grace,
But send those fears relief;
Grant us again to see Thy face;
Lord, help our unbelief! 2 When sorrow comes, and joys are flown,
And fondest hopes lie dead,
And blessings, long esteemed our own,
Are now forever fled;
When the bright promise of our spring
Is but a withered leaf,
Lord, to Thy truths still let us cling;
Help Thou our unbelief! 3 And when the powers of nature fail
Upon the couch of pain,
Nor love nor friendship can avail
The spirit to detain;
Then, Father, be our closing eyes
Undimmed by tears of grief;
And, if a trembling doubt arise,
Help Thou our unbelief!

214. 7s. M. Furness. Christ Who Strengtheneth Me.

1 Feeble, helpless, how shall I

Learn to live and learn to die?

Who, O God, my guide shall be?

Who shall lead thy child to Thee? 2 Blessed Father, gracious One,

Thou hast sent thy holy Son;

He will give the light I need,

He my trembling steps will lead. 3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,

Let me ever learn of him;

From his precepts wisdom draw,

Make his life my solemn law. 4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,

Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,

In my weakness, thus shall I

Learn to live and learn to die; 5 Learn to live in peace and love,

Like the perfect ones above; --

Learn to die without a fear,

Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

215. L. M. Anonymous. Angels from Heaven Strengthening Him.

1 When in thine hour of conflict, Lord,
The tempter to thy soul was nigh,
Or when that bitter cup was poured
In thy deep garden-agony, -- 2 Not then, when uttermost thy need,
Seemed light across thy soul to break;
No seraph form was seen to speed,
Nor yet the voice of comfort spake; 3 Till, by thine own triumphant word,
The victory over ill was won;
Until the voice of faith was heard,
"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done!" 4 Lord, bring those precious moments back,
When fainting against sin we strain;
Or in thy counsels fail to track
Aught but the present grief and pain. 5 In weakness, help us to contend;
In darkness, yield to God our will;
And true hearts, faithful to the end,
Cheer by thine holy angels still!

216. 7s. M. Montgomery. In Temptation.

1 Hasten, Lord, to my release;

Haste to help me, O my God!

Foes like armed bands increase; --

Turn them back the way they trod. 2 Dark temptations round me press,

Evil thoughts my soul assail;

Doubts and fears, in my distress,

Rise, till flesh and spirit fail. 3 Thou mine only helper art,

My redeemer from the grave;

Strength of my desiring heart,

Father! Helper! haste to save!

217. 11 & 10s. M. Anonymous. Spiritual Blessings.

1 Almighty Father! Thou hast many a blessing

In store for every erring child of Thine;

For this I pray, -- Let me, Thy grace possessing,

Seek to be guided by Thy will divine. 2 Not for earth's treasures, for her joys the dearest, Would I
my supplications raise to Thee;

Not for the hopes that to my heart are nearest,

But only that I give that heart to Thee. 3 I pray that Thou wouldst guide and guard me ever;
Cleanse, by Thy power, from every stain of sin;

I will Thy blessing ask on each endeavor,

And thus Thy promised peace my soul shall win.

218. L. M. Montgomery. The Soul's Rest.

1 Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils, and snares. 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought;
From sickness unto death made whole;
Safe through a thousand perils brought. 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages, spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life. 4 God is thy rest; with heart inclined
To keep His word, that word believe;
Christ is thy rest; with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

219. L. M. Moravian. Seeking God.

1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose.
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee. 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray. 3 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet, while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend! 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

220. P. M. Anonymous. Lead Thou Me On!

1 Send kindly light amid the encircling gloom,

And lead 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 prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on!

I loved day's dazzling light, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years! 3 So long Thy power hath blessed me, surely still

'Twill lead me on

Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow, till The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

221. L. M. Watts. Devout Retirement and Meditation.

1 My God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love. 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go? 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey Thy voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign. 4 Be earth, with all her strife, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

222. L. M. Moravian. Aspiration.

1 O, Draw me, Father, after Thee!

So shall I run and never tire;

With gracious words still comfort me;

Be Thou my hope, my sole desire;

Free me from every weight; nor fear

Nor sin can come, if Thou art near. 2 From all eternity, with love

Unchangeable Thou hast me viewed;

Ere knew this beating heart to move,

Thy tender mercies me pursued;

Ever with me may they abide,

And close me in on every side. 3 In suffering be Thy love my peace;

In weakness be Thy love my power;

And when the storms of life shall cease,

O Father! in my latest hour,

In death as life, be Thou my guide,

And draw me closer to Thy side.

223. L. M. C. Wesley. Spiritual Needs.

1 I Want the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind:
Of power to conquer every sin;
Of love to God and all mankind;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies. 2 O, that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

224. C. M. C. Wesley. Watchfulness.

1 I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility to sin,
A pain to find it near. 2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire. 3 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give. 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

225. S. M. C. Wesley. Spiritual Wants.

1 My God, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew. 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross. 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And bids the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer. 4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name;
This blessing above all,

Always to pray, I want:
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint. 5 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

226. 7s. M. Montgomery. The Soul Thirsting for God.

1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for Thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, O, when, without a fear,
Lord, shall I to Thee draw near? 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And His countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

227. S. M. Montgomery. Seeking Rest.

1 O, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole: 2 The world can never give
The rest for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die. 3 In Thee we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, -- the rest
Of immortality.

228. C. M. C. Wesley. There Remaineth a Rest for the People of God.

1 Lord, I believe a rest remains,
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone. 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love. 3 O, that I now that rest might know,
Believe, and enter in;
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin. 4 Remove all hardness from my heart,
All unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of Thy love.

229. S. M. C. Wesley. Desire for Holiness.

1 That blessed law of Thine,
Father, to me impart; --
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O, write it in my heart! 2 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove, --
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love. 3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to Thee.

230. C. P. M. Anonymous. Self-Renunciation.

1 O Lord! how happy should we be,
If we could leave our cares to Thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best. 2 For when we kneel and cast our care
Upon our God in humble prayer,
With strengthened souls we rise;
Sure that our Father, who is nigh
To hear the ravens when they cry,
Will hear His children's cries. 3 O, may these trustless hearts of ours
The lesson learn from birds and flowers,
And learn from self to cease, --
Leave all things to our Father's will,
And, on His mercy, leaning still,
Find, in each trial, peace!

231. S. M. Montgomery. Forever with the Lord.

1 Forever with the Lord!

So, Father, 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 foreseeing eye

Thy golden gates appear! 4 I hear at morn and even,

At noon and midnight hour,

The choral harmonies of heaven

Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower. 5 And then I feel, that He,

Remembered or forgot,

The Lord, is never far from me,

Though I perceive Him not. 6 Forever with the Lord!

Father, if 'tis Thy will,

The promise of that blessed word

Even here to me fulfil. 7 Be Thou at my right hand,

Then can I never fail;

Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;

Help, and I must prevail.

232. L. M. Montgomery. Heaven.

1 Heaven is a state of rest from sin;
But all who hope to enter there
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare. 2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create!
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew!
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do Thy will as angels do. 3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

233. L. M. Wesleyan. Desire for Union with God.

1 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise:
O Father! nothing may I see,
And nought desire or seek, but Thee. 2 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to this high prize aspire;
Each hour within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there. 3 O, that I as a little child
May follow Thee, and never rest,
Till sweetly Thou hast breathed a mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become as one with Thee. 4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things that love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know Thy love is near.

234. 7s. M. *Newton. For a Childlike Spirit.

1 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me loving, meek, and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a little child;
From distrust and envy free;
Pleased with all that pleaseth 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 beneath his father's eyes
He is never left alone;
So would I with Thee abide,
Thou my Father, Guard, and Guide!

235. S. M. Briggs' Coll. Walking with God.

1 Father, I will not pray
Freedom from earthly ill;
But may Thy peace be o'er my way
With its dove-pinion still! 2 O, let a sense of Thee,
Of Thy sustaining love,
My bosom-guest forever be,
Where'er I rest or move! 3 A heavenly light serene,
With its unfading beams,
Within my trusting heart be seen,
More bright than childhood's dreams! 4 So let me walk with Thee,
Thy presence round my way;
Made by Thine aiding spirit free;
Thy love, my joy and stay.

236. L. M. Miss Bremer. Thirst for Living Waters.

1 I thirst! -- O, grant the waters pure
Which they who drink shall thirst no more;
O give me of that living stream,
Which ever flows, with heavenly gleam,
Forth from the presence of our God,
Through fields by holy angels trod! 2 I thirst! -- O bounteous Source of Truth,
Give coolness to my fevered youth;
Make the sick heart more strong and wise;
Take spectral visions from mine eyes;
O, let me quench my thirst in Thee,
And pure, and strong, and holy be! 3 I thirst! -- O God, great Source of Love!
Infinite Life streams from above.
O, give one drop, and let me live!
The barren world has naught to give;
No solace have its streams for me;
I thirst alone for heaven and Thee.

237. P. M. Jones Very. Desires for God's Presence.

1 Wilt Thou not visit me?

The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;

Each blade of grass I see,

From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew. 2 Wilt Thou not visit me?

Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;

And every hill and tree

Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone. 3 Come! for I need Thy love,

More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;

Come, like Thy holy dove,

And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again. 4 Yes! Thou wilt visit me;

Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delights so well,

As when, from sin set free,

Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to dwell.

238. 7 & 6s. M. Anonymous. Aspiration.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace!
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place!
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above! 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source;
So the spirit, born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

239. P. M. Sarah F. Adams. Nearer to Thee.

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 the 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!

240. S. M. Mme. Guion. Living Waters.

1 The fountain in its source

No drought of summer fears;

The further it pursues its course,

The nobler it appears. 2 But shallow cisterns yield

A scanty, short supply;

The morning sees them amply filled,

At evening they are dry. 3 The cisterns I forsake,

O Fount of life, for Thee!

My thirst with living waters slake,

And drink eternity.

241. L. M. *Mrs. Steele. Self-Consecration.

1 My soul no more shall strive in vain,
Slave to the world, and slave to sin!
A nobler toil I will sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win. 2 I will resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from His precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward. 3 O, be His service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine. 4 O, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave His sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

242. L. M. Oberlin. Self-Dedication.

1 O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee. 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee. 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee. 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath Thy sheltering wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.

243. C. P. M. Jane Roscoe. Self-Consecration.

1 O God, to Thee, who first hast given
To mortal frame the spark of heaven,
I consecrate my powers;
Thine is its hoped eternity,
And Thine its earthly life shall be,
Through years, and days, and hours. 2 Here at Thy shrine I bow, resigned
Each struggling passion of my mind,
With all its hopes and fears;
To bend each thought to Thy control
Is the one wish that fills my soul,
Through all my future years.

244. 12s. M. *Gaskell. The New Birth.

1 I am free! I am free! I have broken away,

From the chambers of night, to the splendors of day; All the phantoms that darkened around me
are gone,

And a spirit of light is now leading me on. Earth appeareth in garments of beauty new drest;

Brighter thoughts, brighter feelings, spring forth in my breast; Happy voices are floating in music
above;

All creation is full of the glory of love. God of truth! it is Thou who hast shed down each ray Of the
sunshine that blesses and gladdens my way;

From the depths of my spirit, to Thee will I give

Ever-thankful affection, as long as I live.

245. 8 & 7s. M. Episcopal Coll. Song of the Redeemed.

1 Father, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise. 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love. 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold above;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy love. 4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

246. S. M. Bulfinch. Born Again.

1 O Lord! through Thee we own
A new and heavenly birth,
Kindred to spirits round Thy throne,
Though sojourners of earth. 2 How glorious is the hour,
When first our souls awake,
Through Thy mysterious spirit's power,
And of new life partake. 3 With richer beauty glows
The world, before so fair;
Her holy light religion throws,
Reflected everywhere. 4 The life which Thou hast given,
O Lord! shall never end;
The grave is but the path to heaven,
And death is now our friend.

247. 11s. M. Montgomery. God Our Shepherd.

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 opprest. 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 runneth o'er;

With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;

O, 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.

248. 7s. M. Sp. of the Psalms. He Shall Give His Angels Charge over Thee.

1 They, who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh;
Lo, His sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head. 2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
They shall be the Father's care;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way. 3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep;
Death and danger may be near
Faith and love can never fear.

249. L. M. German. The Child of God.

1 None loves me, Father, with Thy love,
None else can meet such needs as mine;
O, grant me, as Thou shall approve,
All that befits a child of Thine!
From every doubt and fear release,
And give me confidence and peace. 2 Give me a faith shall never fail,
One that shall always work by love;
And then, whatever foes assail,
They shall but higher courage move
More boldly for the truth to strive,
And more by faith in Thee to live: 3 A heart, that, when my days are glad,
May never from Thy way decline,
And when the sky of life grows sad,
May still submit its will to Thine, --
A heart that loves to trust in Thee,
A patient heart, create in me!

250. L. M. Gaskell. Faith in God's Love.

1 O Father! humbly we repose
Our souls on Thee, who dwell'st above,
And bless Thee for the peace which flows
From faith in Thine encircling love. 2 Though every earthly trust may break,
Infinite might belongs to Thee;
Though every earthly friend forsake,
Unchangeable Thou still wilt be. 3 Though griefs may gather darkly round,
They cannot veil us from Thy sight;
Though vain all human aid be found,
Thou every grief canst turn to light. 4 All things Thy wise designs fulfil,
In earth beneath, and heaven above,
And good breaks out from every ill,
Through faith in Thine encircling love.

251. L. M. *Dyer. All Things Work for Good.

1 We all, O Father, all are Thine;
All feel Thy providential care;
And, through each varying scene of life,
Alike Thy constant love we share. 2 And whether grief oppress the heart;
Or whether joy elate the breast;
Or life still keep its little course;
Or death invite the heart to rest; -- 4 All are Thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to heaven, and nearer Thee.

252. L. M. *Bowring. Resignation.

1 O let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait Thy wise and holy will,
Though wrapped in fears and mystery:
I cannot, Lord, Thy purpose see;
Yet all is well since ruled by Thee! 2 When, mounted on Thy clouded car,
Thou send'st Thy darker spirits down,
I can discern Thy light afar,
Thy light sweet beaming through their frown;
And, should I faint a moment, then
I think of Thee, and smile again. 3 So, trusting in Thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, nobler joys remain,
And peace is won through conquered pain.

253. 7 & 6s. M. *C. Wesley. Trust.

1 See the Lord, thy keeper, stand,
Omnipotently near;
Lo! He holds thee by the hand,
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with His wings thy head;
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms. 2 God shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
And guard from every sin.
Lean upon thy Father's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in Him, securely rest;
Thy Guardian never sleeps. 3 O, my soul, unceasing pray,
And in thy God confide!
He our faltering steps shall stay,
Nor suffer us to slide:
He is still our sure defence,
We his ceaseless care shall prove,
Kept by watchful Providence
And ever-waking love.

254. S. M. Moravian. Reliance.

1 Commit thou all thy griefs

And ways into His hands,

To His sure trust and tender care,

Who earth and heaven commands; 2 Who points the clouds their course,

Whom winds and seas obey;

He shall direct thy wandering feet,

He shall prepare thy way. 3 No profit canst thou gain

By self-consuming care;

To Him commend thy cause, -- His ear

Attends the softest prayer. 4 Then on the Lord rely,

So safe shall thou go on;

Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,

So shall thy work be done.

255. C. M. Alford. God Our Refuge.

Psalm xlv. 1 God is our refuge and our strength,
When trouble's hour is near;
A very present help is He;
Therefore we will not fear. 2 Although the pillars of the earth
Shall clean removed be,
The very mountains carried forth,
And cast into the sea; 3 Although the waters rage and swell,
So that the earth shall shake;
Yea, and the solid mountain roots
Shall with the tempest quake; 4 There is a river that makes glad
The city of our God;
The tabernacle's holy place
Of the Most High's abode. 5 The Lord is in the midst of her,
Removed she shall not be;
Because the Lord our God himself
Shall help her speedily. 6 The Lord our strength and refuge is,
When trouble's hour is near;
A very present help is He;
Therefore we will not fear.

256. S. M. Moravian. Be of Good Courage.

1 Give to the winds thy fears!

Hope and be undismayed!

God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;

God shall lift up thy head. 2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,

He gently clears thy way;

Wait thou His time, so shall the night

Soon end in joyous day. 3 He everywhere hath rule,

And all things serve His might;

His every act pure blessing is,

His path, unsullied light. 4 Thou comprehend'st Him not;

Yet earth and heaven tell,

God sits as sovereign on the throne;

He ruleth all things well. 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,

Our hearts are known to Thee;

O, lift Thou up the sinking hand,

Confirm the feeble knee! 6 Let us, in life or death,

Boldly Thy truth declare;

And publish, with our latest breath,

Thy love and guardian care.

257. S. M. Anonymous. Rejoice in the Lord Alway.

1 Rejoice in God alway;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night. 2 Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness. 3 Rejoice in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth. 4 When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ his brethren calls;
Who hear and know his guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls? 5 So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall his own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

258. S. M. *Doddridge. God Will Provide.

1 How gentle God's commands!

How kind His precepts are!

Come, leave your burdens to the Lord,

And trust His constant care. 2 His bounty will provide;

Ye shall securely dwell;

The hand that bears creation up

Shall guard His children well. 3 O, why should anxious thought

Press down your weary mind?

Come, seek your Heavenly Father's face,

And peace and gladness find. 4 His goodness stands for all

Unchanged from day to day;

We'll drop our burden at His feet,

And bear a song away.

259. C. M. Cowper. The Mysteries of God's Providence.

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 vast 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.

260. C. M. Merrick. [He Knoweth What Ye Have Need Of.]

1 Author of good, we rest on Thee;

Thine ever watchful eye

Alone our real wants can see,

Thy hand alone supply. 2 In Thine all-gracious providence

Our cheerful hopes confide;

O, let Thy power be our defence,

Thy love our footsteps guide! 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,

Too oft, with stubborn will,

We blindly shun the latent good,

And grasp the specious ill, -- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,

Thy mercy still supply!

The good unasked, O Father, grant;

The ill, though asked, deny!

261. L. M. Collett. Reliance.

1 Through all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude. 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain. 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On Thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end. 4 Be this my care! -- to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God! on Thee.

262. C. M. Anonymous. Trust in the Lord.

1 When grief and anguish press me down,
And hope and comfort flee,
I cling, O Father, to Thy throne,
And stay my heart on Thee. 2 When death invades my peaceful home,
The sundered ties shall be
A closer bond, in time to come,
To bind my heart to Thee. 3 Lord, not my will, but Thine, be done!
My soul, from fear set free,
Her faith shall anchor at Thy throne,
And trust alone in Thee.

263. P. M. Anonymous. Thy Will Be Done.

1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will, my God, be done! 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will, my God, be done! 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh?
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will, my God, be done! 4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, -- it ne'er was mine, --
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
Thy will, my God, be done! 5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
In life or death teach me to say,
Thy will, my God, be done! 6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
Thy will, my God, be done!

264. L. M. Sarah F. Adams. Thy Will Be Done!

1 He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower;
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done! 2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done! 3 O, ne'er will I at life repine!
Enough that Thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath, --
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

265. P. M. Bowring. Thy Will Be Done!

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 shall make it more divine: --

Thy will be done! 3 Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er

Our path with gloom, one comfort, one,

Is ours, -- to breathe, while we adore,

Thy will be done!

266. L. M. Mrs. Gilman. A Father's Care.

1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power; --
My Father! let me turn to Thee,
And set each thought of darkness free. 2 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief;
My Father! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume. 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ; --
My Father! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with Thee, their home. 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of health, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

267. 7s. M. Heber. Consider the Lilies.

1 Lo, the lilies of the field!

How their leaves instruction yield!

Hark to nature's lesson given

By the blessed birds of heaven!

Every bush and tufted tree

Warbles trust and piety: --

Mortals, banish doubt and sorrow,

God provideth for the morrow. 2 One there lives, whose guardian eye

Guides our earthly destiny;

One there lives, who, Lord of all,

Keeps His children lest they fall:

Pass we, then, in love and praise,

Trusting Him through all our days,

Free from doubt and faithless sorrow, --

God provideth for the morrow.

268. 10s. M. Jones Very. The Son.

1 Father! I wait Thy word. The sun doth stand
Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
A listening servant, waiting Thy command,
To roll rejoicing on its silent way. 2 The tongue of time abides the appointed hour,
Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall;
The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower, --
Then, every drop speeds onward at Thy call. 3 The bird reposes on the yielding bough,
With breast unswollen by the tide of song; --
So does my spirit wait Thy presence now,
To pour Thy praise in quickening life along.

269. 7s. M. Bowring. |Father! Glorify Thy Name!|

1 Father! glorify Thy name!

Whatsoe'er our portion be,

Wheresoever led by Thee,

If to glory, -- if to shame, --

Father! glorify Thy name! 2 Let Thy name be glorified!

If in doubt and darkness lost,

Hope deceived and purpose crost,

Naught amiss can e'er betide, --

Let Thy name be glorified! 3 Father! glorify Thy name!

Vain and blind our wishes are;

This can be no idle prayer,

This can be no worthless claim, --

Father! glorify Thy name!

270. L. M. C. Wesley. God Leads Us Right.

1 Leader of Israel's host, and Guide

Of all who seek the land above,

Beneath Thy shadow we abide,

The cloud of Thy protecting love;

Our strength Thy grace, our rule Thy word,

Our end the glory of the Lord. 2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,

We shall not in the desert stray,

We shall not full direction need,

Nor miss our providential way;

As far from danger as from fear,

While love, almighty love, is near.

271. 7s. M. *Cowper. The Cross.

1 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all, --
This is happiness to me. 2 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil;
Trials make our faith sublime,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Lift us to a holier clime,
Make us strong to do and bear.

272. 8 & 7s. M. Anonymous. Taking up the Cross.

1 Saviour! I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Though by all things else forsaken,
Thou shall my Redeemer be. 2 Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet, how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still mine own. 3 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do and bear. 4 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? 5 Haste thee on from cross to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall lead thee there.

273. C. M. Moore. Faith.

1 The dove, let loose in Eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam; 2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way. 3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To urge my course to Thee: 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings!

274. C. M. Sarah F. Adams. The Strength of Hope.

1 The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
Within man's heart remain.
The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps towards some happy goal,
The story of hope's song. 2 Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour, --
But prompts again to deed.
And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears, to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave. 3 O, no! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy weak or fond,
When hope would bid us rest secure
In better life beyond.
Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
Her promise may gainsay;
The voice divine hath spoke within,
And God did ne'er betray.

275. C. M. Chr. Register. Faith Triumphant Over Sorrow.

1 Not that Thy boundless love, my God,
Sheds blessing on my way,
And gilds as with a heavenly beam
The darkness of earth's day, --
Not now for breath of summer flowers,
For smiles of sunny skies,
The still, small voice of gratitude
Shall to Thine ear arise. 2 I bless Thee for the ministry
Of sorrow's lonely hour,
When darkly o'er my stricken head
I see the storm-clouds lower;
Thy love can still the billows' roar,
And whisper, "Peace; be still!"
While faith doth on Thy promise rest,
And bless the Father's will. 3 The shadow and the storm must come;
O, grant that faith divine
Which triumphs o'er the might of grief,
And moulds man's will to Thine!
In hours of deepest gloom, mine eye
One blessed ray can see;
A sunlit side that cloud must have,
Which hides Thy face from me.

276. L. M. Jane Roscoe. The Bitter Cup.

1 Thy will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by Thy love;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above. 2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours the immortal years? 3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid the soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime. 4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove. 5 That glorious life will well repay
This life of toil and care and woe;
O Father! joyful on my way,
To drink Thy bitter cup, I go.

277. S. M. Doddridge. I Say unto You, Watch!

1 Ye servants of the Lord!

Each in your office wait,

Observant of His heavenly word,

And watchful at His gate. 2 Let all your lamps be bright,

And trim the golden flame:

Gird up your loins, as in His sight;

For holy is His name. 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;

And while we speak, He's near:

Mark the first signal of His hand,

And ready all appear. 4 O happy servant he

In such a posture found!

He shall his Lord with rapture see,

And be with honor crowned.

278. P. M. Whittier. Patience.

1 Shall we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time
And his appointed way? 2 O, oft a deeper test of faith
Than prison-cell, or martyr's stake,
The self-renouncing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make. 3 We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong;
And in the ear of pride and power
Our warning voice is strong. 4 Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than watch one hour in humbling prayer;
Life's great things, like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare: 5 But, O, we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save;
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave. 6 O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of thy pain, -- 7 Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee!

279. L. M. Wotton. Independence.

1 How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill; 2 Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath; 3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend! 4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

280. S.M. Johns. Purity.

1 O! know ye not that ye
The temple are of God?
Revere the earth-built shrine, where He
Should find a meet abode! 2 Immortal man, keep pure
Thyself, that mystic shrine;
Let hate of all that's dark endure,
And love of all divine. 3 Let saintly thoughts be shown
In act by saintly things;
Like glories through the temple thrown,
From cherub's curtained wings. 4 Let life, a holy stream,
Its fountain holy show;
Reflecting, with a softened gleam,
Heaven's purity below.

281. S. M. Keble. The Pure in Heart.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is His abode. 2 Still to the lowly soul
God doth Himself impart,
And for His temple and His throne
Doth choose the pure in heart.

282. 10s. M. Anonymous. [If He Giveth Quiet, Who Can Make Trouble?]

1 Quiet from God! how beautiful to keep
This treasure, the All-merciful hath given;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us, like a breath from heaven! 2 To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;
To dwell with God, and still with man to feel;
To bear about forever in the heart
The gladness which His spirit doth reveal! 3 Who shall make trouble, then? Not evil minds
Which like a shadow o'er creation lower;
The soul which peace hath thus attuned finds
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power. 4 What shall make trouble? Not the holy thought
Of the departed; that will be a part
Of those undying things His peace hath wrought
Into a world of beauty in the heart. 5 What shall make trouble? Not slow-wasting pain,
Nor even the threatening, certain stroke of death;
These do but wear away, then break, the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

283. L. M. Jane Roscoe. Judge Not.

1 O, who shall say he knows the folds
Which veil another's inmost heart, --
The hopes, thoughts, wishes, which it holds,
In which he never bore a part?
That hidden world no eye can see, --
O, who shall pierce its mystery? 2 There may be hope as pure, as bright,
As ever sought eternity, --
There may be light, -- clear, heavenly light,
Where all seems cold and dark to thee;
And when thy spirit mourns the dust,
There may be trust, -- delightful trust. 3 Go, bend to God, and leave to Him
The mystery of thy brother's heart,
Nor vainly think his faith is dim,
Because in thine it hath no part;
He, too, is mortal, -- and, like thee,
Would soar to immortality. 4 And if in duty's hallowed sphere,
Like Christ, he meekly, humbly bends, --
With hands unstained, and conscience clear,
With life's temptations still contends, --
O, leave him that unbroken rest,
The peace that shrines a virtuous breast! 5 But if his thoughts and hopes should err,
Still view him with a gentle eye, --
Remembering doubt, and change, and fear,
Are woven in man's destiny;
And when the clouds are passed away,
That truth shall dawn with brightening day.

284. C. M. Miss Fletcher. Kindly Judgment.

1 Think gently of the erring one!

O, let us not forget,

However darkly stained by sin,

He is our brother yet!

Heir of the same inheritance,

Child of the self-same God,

He hath but stumbled in the path

We have in weakness trod. 2 Speak gently to the erring ones!

We yet may lead them back,

With holy words, and tones of love,

From misery's thorny track.

Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,

And sinful yet may'st be;

Deal gently with the erring heart,

As God hath dealt with thee.

285. C. M. Anonymous. Speak Gently.

1 Speak gently, -- it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently, -- let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here. 2 Speak gently to the young, -- for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care. 3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart. 4 Speak gently to the erring ones;
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O, win them back again! 5 Speak gently, -- 'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

286. C. M. Jones Very. Kind Words.

1 Turn not from him who asks of thee
A portion of thy store;
Thou poor in worldly goods may'st be,
Yet canst give what is more. 2 The balm of comfort thou canst pour
Into his grieving mind,
Who oft is turned from wealth's proud door,
With many a word unkind. 3 Does any from the false world find
Naught but reproach and scorn?
Does any, stung by words unkind,
Wish that he ne'er was born? 4 Do thou raise up his drooping heart,
Restore his wounded mind;
Though naught of wealth thou canst impart
Yet still thou may'st be kind. 5 And oft again thy words shall wing
Backward their course to thee,
And in thy breast will prove a spring
Of pure felicity.

287. C. M. Anonymous. |Neither Do I Condemn Thee.|

1 O, if thy brow, serene and calm,
From earthly stain is free,
View not with scorn the erring one, --
He once was pure like thee. 2 O, if the smiles of love are thine,
Its joyous ecstasy,
Shun not the poor forsaken one, --
He once was loved like thee! 3 And still, 'mid shame, and guilt, and woe,
One Being loves him still,
Who, blessing thee, hath poured on him
The world's extremest ill. 4 He knows the secret lure which led
Those youthful steps astray;
He knows that they who holiest are
Might fall from Him away. 5 Then, with the love of him who said
"Go thou, and sin no more,"
Save, save, the sinner from despair,
And peace and hope restore.

288. L. M. Scott. Charitable Judgment.

1 All-seeing God! 'tis Thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow, --
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin. 2 Who, among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
Judge him, for modes of faith, Thy foe,
Or doom him to the realms of woe? 3 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting Thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to Thy commands alone. 4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While, faithful, we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all Thy will.

289. 9 & 4s. M. Bowring. The Spirit Giveth Life.

1 'Tis not the gift, but 'tis the spirit
With which 'tis given,
That on the gift confers a merit,
As seen by Heaven. 2 'Tis not the prayer, however boldly
It strikes the ear;
It mounts in vain, it falls but coldly
If not sincere. 3 'Tis not the deeds the loudest lauded
That brightest shine;
There's many a virtue unapplauded,
And yet divine. 4 'Tis not the word that sounds the sweetest
That's soonest heard;
A sigh, when humbled thou retreatest,
May be preferred. 5 The outward show may be delusive, --
A cheating name;
The inner spirit is conclusive
Of worth or shame.

290. P. M. Bulfinch. Prayer and Action.

1 O, not alone on the mount of prayer Must the Christian serve his God; But the burden of daily life must bear, And tread where his Saviour trod.2 Yet with him through every changing scene Doth the spirit of prayer abide; When earth is lovely, and heaven serene, That spirit his course shall guide.3 And when the storm rages, and woe and wrath Would an earth-born courage quell, He knows that his God is around his path, And ordereth all things well.

291. L. M. Drummond. Faith and Works.

1 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to Thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee. 2 In true and genuine faith we trace
The source of every Christian grace;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise. 3 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

292. 7s. M. W. Roscoe. The Golden Rule.

1 Thus said Jesus: -- "Go and do
As thou wouldst be done unto:"
Here thy perfect duty see,
All that God requires of thee. 2 Wouldst thou, when thy faults are known,
Wish that pardon should be shown?
Be forgiving, then, and do
As thou wouldst be done unto. 3 Shouldst thou helpless be and poor,
Wouldst thou not for aid implore?
Think of others, then, and be
What thou wouldst they should to thee. 4 For compassion if thou call,
Be compassionate to all;
If thou wouldst affection find,
Be affectionate and kind. 5 If thou wouldst obtain the love
Of thy gracious God above,
Then to all His children be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

293. C. M. Peabody. Who Is My Neighbor?

1 Who is thy neighbor? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press. 2 Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O, enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him. 3 Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him. 4 Thy neighbor? 'tis the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave;
Go thou and ransom him. 5 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

294. C. M. R. C. Trench. The Law of Love.

2 Kings, iv.3. 1 Pour forth the oil, -- pour boldly forth;
It will not fail, until
Thou fairest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill. 2 Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one. 3 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very fountains of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried. 4 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have; --
Such is the law of love.

295. C. M. Anonymous. Words and Deeds.

1 Beneath the thick but struggling clouds,
We talk of Christian life;
The words of Jesus on our lips,
Our hearts with man at strife. 2 Traditions, forms, and selfish aims,
Have dimmed the inner light;
Have closely veiled the spirit-world
And angels from our sight. 3 Strong souls and willing hands we need,
Our temple to repair;
Remove the gathering dust of years,
And show the model fair. 4 We slumber while the present calls,
But darkness grows with rest;
Wouldst thou see truth? To action wake, --
Do the divine behest.

296. P. M. Anonymous. Heaven on Earth.

1 This world is not a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven. 2 And he who walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit, from day to day,
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Feels something here of heaven. 3 He that the Christian course hath run,
And all his foes forgiven,
Hath measured out this life's short span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

297. C. H. M. Barton. Blessed Are Ye That Sow Beside All Waters.

1 O, be not faithless! with the morn
Cast thou abroad thy grain!
At noontide faint not thou forlorn,
At evening sow again!
Blessed are they, whate'er betide,
Who thus all waters sow beside. 2 Thou knowest not which seed shall grow,
Or which may die, or live;
In faith, and hope, and patience, sow!
The increase God shall give,
According to His gracious will, --
As best his purpose may fulfil. 3 O, could our inward eye but view,
Our hearts but feel aright,
What faith, and love, and hope, can do,
By their celestial might,
We should not say, till these be dead,
The power of miracle is fled.

298. 10s. M. Mrs. Case. Love On!

1 Love on! love on! but not the things that own

The fleeting beauty of a summer day;

Truth, virtue, spring from God's eternal throne,

Nor quit the spirit when it leaves the clay:

Love them! love them! 2 Love on! love on! though death and earthly change Bring mournful silence
to a darkened home;

Still let the heart rest where no eye grows strange, Where never falls a shadow from the tomb:

Love there! love there! 3 Love on! love on! the voice of grief and wrong

Comes from the palace and the poor man's cot;

Bid the proud bend, and bid the weak be strong,

And life's tired pilgrim meekly bear his lot:

Give strength! give peace! 4 Love on! love on! and though the evening still

Wear the stern clouds that veiled thy noonday sun,

With changeless trust, with calm, unwavering will,

Work! bravely work! till the last hour be done:

Love God! love Man!

299. L. M. Anonymous. Not Faithless, But Believing.

1 O, still trust on, if in the heart

A holy inspiration rest, --

Though painful be the chosen part,

With doubts, and fears, and cares opprest!

O, shrink not, brothers, though Christ's call

Demand our youth, our strength, our all! 2 No offering is made in vain;

Some human soul shall feel our love;

E'en weary hours of toil and pain

Shall help to lift our souls above:

And may our recompense be given,

In leading many souls to heaven! 3 And still trust on! with trembling hand,

'Tis ours a little seed to sow;

It springs at the divine command, --

Shall, if God will, to ripeness grow;

Beauty and fragrance it shall bring,

And breathe an everlasting spring.

300. C. M. Jones Very. As Ye Sow, So Shall Ye Reap.

1 The bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed;
Then seize, O youth, the present hour, --
Of that thou hast most need. 2 Do thy best always, -- do it now, --
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of good or crime. 3 The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known. 4 And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap;
Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil
Go forth in shame to weep.

301. P. M. Whittier. The Purpose of Life.

1 Hast thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime? 2 Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching, --
What, and where, is truth? 3 Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end. 4 Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin; 5 And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart, and purpose strong,
In the power of Truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

302. S. M. Chr. Psalmist. All Work Divine.

1 Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee! 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the way;
In all be Thou the end. 3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee. 4 If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work divine.

303. L. M. Sterling. Divine Meaning in Humble Things.

1 Thou, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright;
O, grant that we may own Thy hand
No less in every grain of sand! 2 With forests huge, of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of Thee. 3 Teach us that not a leaf can grow,
Till life from Thee within it flow;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being! save by Thee; 4 That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

304. L. M. Keble. Seeing God in All.

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 O could we learn that sacrifice,
What light would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk! 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

305. L. M. Doddridge. Forms Vain Without the Spirit.

1 The uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to Thee:
In vain our lips Thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song. 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of Thy precepts heal?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain Thy smile? 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to Thy will resigned,
To Thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields. 4 Love God and man, -- this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand;
This did Thine ancient prophets teach,
And this Thy well-beloved preach.

306. 8 & 7s. M. Anonymous. Life's Work.

1 All around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high. 2 Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven. 3 Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart;
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part. 4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night. 5 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow, --
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

307. C. M. Anonymous. Effort.

1 Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour. 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife. 3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently. 4 Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

308. 7s. M. *Bulwer. The Minister of Love.

1 O'er the mount and through the moor
Glide the Christian's steps secure;
Day and night, no fear he knows;
Lonely, but with God, he goes:
For the coat of mail, bedight
In his spotless robe of white;
For the sinful sword, his hand
Bearing high the olive-wand. 2 Through the camp, and through the court,
Through the dark and deadly fort,
On the mission of the dove,
Speeds the minister of love;
By his word the wildest tames,
And the world to God reclaims;
War, and wrath, and famine cease,
Hushed around his path of peace.

309. C. M. M. B. Lamar. The Christian Reformer.

1 Nay, tell us not of dangers dire
That lie in duty's path;
A warrior of the cross can feel
No fear of human wrath. 2 Where'er the Prince of Darkness holds
His earthly reign abhorred,
Sword of the spirit, thee we draw,
And battle for the Lord. 3 We go! we go, to break the chains
That bind the erring mind,
And give the freedom that we feel
To all of human kind. 4 But, O, we wear no burnished steel,
And seek no gory field;
Our weapon is the word of God,
His promise is our shield. 5 And still serene and fixed in faith,
We fear no earthly harm;
We know it is our Father's work,
We rest upon His arm.

310. 8 & 7s. M. Longfellow. Psalm of Life.

1 Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem. 2 Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul. 3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day. 4 Lives of true men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time; 5 Footprints which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again. 6 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

311. C. M. *Watts. The Soldier of the Cross.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
And pledged to bear its shame?
And shall I fear to own Christ's 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?
Shall sloth and faintness win Thy peace,
O Thou, the martyr's God? 4 The fearless heart Thou wilt sustain;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word. 5 The saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye. 6 When Thy illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

312. L. M. Gaskell. Press On!

1 Press on, press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown. 2 Press on, press on! through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go,
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still. 3 Press on, press on! still look in faith
To him who vanquished sin and death;
Then shall ye hear God's word, "Well done!"
True to the last, press on, press on!

313. 8 & 7s. M. * The Conflict of Life.

1 Onward, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee, -- press thou on! 2 Listen, Christian, their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee, -- "God is Love."
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever, -- heaven's above." 3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it, -- press thou on! 4 By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shall deliver;
O, for their sake, press thou on! 5 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release; 6 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, -- "Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done!"

314. 7s. M. Gaskell. Sleep Not As Do Others.

1 Sleep not, soldier of the cross!

Foes are lurking all around;

Look not here to find repose,

This is but thy battle-ground. 2 Up! and take thy shield and sword;

Up! it is the call of Heaven;

Shrink not faithless from thy Lord,

Nobly strive as he hath striven. 3 Break through all the force of ill;

Tread the might of passion down;

Struggle onward, upward still,

To the conquering Saviour's crown!

315. C. M. Doddridge. Forgetting the Things Behind.

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 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

316. C. M. Anonymous. The Whole Armor of the Lord.

1 O, speed thee, Christian, on thy way!

And to thine armor cling;

With girded loins the call obey

That love and mercy bring! 2 There is a battle to be fought,

An upward race to run,

A crown of glory to be sought,

A victory to be won. 3 O, faint not, Christian! for thy sighs

Are heard before God's throne;

The race must come before the prize,

The cross before the crown.

317. P. M. Staughton. Onward and Upward.

1 Breast the wave, Christian! when it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian! when the night's longest; Onward and onward still be thine endeavor;

The rest that remaineth will be forever. 2 Fight the fight, Christian! Jesus is o'er thee;

Run the race, Christian! heaven is before thee;

He who hath promised faltereth never;

The love of eternity flows on forever. 3 Lift the eye, Christian! just as it closeth;

Raise the heart, Christian! ere it reposeth;

Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever;

Mount when the work is done, -- praise God forever!

318. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld. The Christian Warfare.

1 Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost. 2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands;
There, pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captives led. 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain. 4 Come, then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love. 5 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here;
Why should his faithful followers fear?

319. 7s. M. Bulfinch. Struggle.

1 There's a strife we all must wage,
From life's entrance to its close;
Blest the bold who dare engage!
Woe for him who seeks repose! 2 Honored they who firmly stand,
While the conflict presses round;
God's own banner in their hand,
In his service faithful found. 3 What our foes? Each thought impure
Passions fierce, that tear the soul;
Every ill that we can cure;
Every crime we can control; 4 Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage;
Every evil of our land;
Every error of our age. 5 On, then, to the glorious field!
He who dies his life shall save;
God himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

320. 8 & 7s. M. Miss Bremer. Suffering and Action.

1 Cheek grow pale, but heart be vigorous!

Body fall, but soul have peace!

Welcome, pain! thou searcher rigorous!

Slay me, but my faith increase. 2 Sin, o'er sense so softly stealing;

Doubt, that would my strength impair;

Hence at once from life and feeling! --

Now my cross I gladly bear. 3 Up, my soul! with clear sedateness

Read heaven's law, writ bright and broad,

Up! a sacrifice to greatness,

Truth, and goodness, -- up to God! 4 Up to labor! from thee shaking

Off the bonds of sloth, be brave!

Give thyself to prayer and waking;

Toil some fainting heart to save!

321. L. M. Roscoe. The Pilgrim.

1 Go, suffering pilgrim of the earth,
Go, conscious of thy heavenly birth,
And, 'midst the storms that round thee rise,
Retrace thy journey to the skies. 2 What though the wild winds rage around?
Thou wilt not tremble at the sound;
What though the waters o'er thee roll?
They touch not thine immortal soul. 3 See where, arrayed on either hand,
The direful train of passions stand;
See hatred, envy, bar thy way,
And foes more subtle still than they. 4 But, robed in innocence and truth,
From all temptation guard thy youth;
And from thy vestment's sacred bound
Shake the dread fiends that cling around. 5 Go with pure heart and steadfast eyes,
Strive on till that bright morn shall rise
That gives thee to thy blest abode,
To rest forever with thy God.

322. L. M. Norton. Fellowship of His Sufferings.

1 Faint not, poor traveller, though the way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God. 2 Nay, sink not, though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain;
Thou dost but share the lot of Him
With whom his followers are to reign. 3 Christian! thy friend, thy master, prayed,
While dread and anguish shook his frame,
Then met his sufferings undismayed;
Wilt thou not strive to do the same? 4 O, thinkest thou his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise? 5 Go, sufferer, calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear;
Then, rising as thy Saviour rose,
Go, his eternal victory share.

323. L. M. Newton. Trust in God.

1 Be still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares,
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word. 2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide? 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last? 4 He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to His endless praise.

324. 7s. M. Gaskell. Refuge in God.

1 We would leave, O God, to Thee,
Every anxious care and fear;
Thou the troubled thought canst see,
Thou canst dry the bitter tear. 2 Thou dost care for us, we know, --
Care with all a Father's love;
Thou canst make each earthly woe
Work to higher bliss above. 3 On this faith we fain would rest;
Strengthen Thou its blessed power!
Steadfast keep it in our breast,
Through each dark and trying hour.

325. L. M. Morpeth. The Use of Tears.

1 How little of ourselves we know,
Before a grief the heart has felt!
The lessons that we learn of woe
Make strong the soul, as well as melt. 2 The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Though blight and blast their course fulfil. 3 And yet 'tis when it mourns and fears,
The laden spirit feels forgiven;
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

326. L. M. Bryant. Blessed Are They That Mourn.

1 Deem not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep. 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that now o'erflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnest of serener years. 3 O, there are days of hope and rest
For every dark and troubled night!
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with morning light. 4 And ye, who o'er a friend's low bier
Now shed the bitter drops like rain,
Know that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to your arms again.

327. L. M. Norton. My God, I Thank Thee!

1 My God, I thank Thee! may no thought
E'er deem Thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear. 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day. 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow. 4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore Thy will.

328. L. M. Doddridge. Weeping Seedtime; Joyful Harvest.

1 The darkened sky, how thick it lowers!

Troubled with storms, and big with showers,

No cheerful gleam of light appears,

But nature pours forth all her tears. 2 Yet let the sons of God revive;

He bids the soul that seeks Him live,

And from the gloomiest shade of night

Calls forth a morning of delight. 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown

Are in these watered furrows sown;

See the green blades, how thick they rise,

And with fresh verdure bless our eyes! 4 In secret foldings they contain

Unnumbered ears of golden grain;

And heaven shall pour its beams around,

Till the ripe harvest load the ground. 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,

And bind his sheaves, and bear them home,

The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,

Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

329. L. M. N. Y. Coll. Affliction, God's Angel.

1 Affliction's faded form draws nigh,
With wrinkled brow and downcast eye;
With sackcloth on her bosom spread,
And ashes scattered o'er her head. 2 But deem her not a child of earth;
From heaven she draws her sacred birth;
Beside the throne of God she stands
To execute his kind commands. 3 The messenger of love, she flies
To train us for our sphere, the skies;
And onward as we move, the way
Becomes more smooth, more bright the day. 4 Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
Her looks with kindling radiance burn;
And from her lips these accents steal, --
"God smites to bless, he wounds to heal!"

330. 10s. M. *Mrs. Howitt. In Affliction.

1 Thou that art strong to comfort, look on me!

I sit in darkness and behold no light;

Over my soul the waves of agony

Have gone, and left me in a rayless night. 2 A bruised and broken reed sustain! sustain!

Divinest Comforter, to Thee I fly,

To whom no soul hath ever fled in vain;

Support me with thy love, or else I die. 3 Father, what'er I had, it all was thine;

A God of mercy Thou hast ever been;

O, help me what I most loved to resign,

And if I murmur, count it not for sin. 4 My soul is strengthened now, and it shall bear

All that remains, whatever it may be;

And from the very depths of my despair

I will look up, O God, and trust in Thee!

331. C. M. *Barton. At Evening There Shall Be Light.

1 Our pathway oft is wet with tears,
Our sky with clouds o'ercast,
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last; --
Not to the last! God's word hath said,
Could we but read aright:
O pilgrim! lift in hope thy head,
At eve it shall be light! 2 Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Our toilsome path a while,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.
If we but trust in living faith,
His love and power divine,
Then, though our sun may set in death,
His light shall round us shine. 3 When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,
Token that storms shall cease.
Then keep we on, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And we shall own his word fulfilled, --
"At eve it shall be light."

332. C. M. Anonymous. God's Way is on the Deep.

1 Thy way is on the deep, O Lord!

E'en there we'll go with Thee;

We'll meet the tempest at Thy word,

And walk upon the sea. 2 Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,

Why do we doubt Him so?

Who gives the storms a path will find

The way our feet shall go. 3 A moment may His hand seem lost,

Drear moment of delay; --

We cry, "Lord, help the tempest-tost!"

And safe we're borne away. 4 O happy soul, of faith divine!

Thy victory how sure!

The love that kindles joy is thine,

The patience to endure.

333. H. M. Mrs. Miles. In Affliction.

1 Thou, infinite in love!
Guide this bewildered mind,
Which, like the trembling dove,
No resting-place can find
On the wild waters, -- God of light,
Through the thick darkness lead me right! 2 Bid the fierce conflict cease,
And fear and anguish fly;
Let there again be peace,
As in the days gone by:
In Jesus' name I cry to Thee,
Remembering Gethsemane. 3 Fain would earth's true and dear
Save me in this dark hour;
And art not Thou more near?
Art Thou not love and power?
Vain is the help of man, -- but Thou
Canst send deliverance even now. 4 Though through the future's shade
Pale phantoms I descry,
Let me not shrink dismayed,
But ever feel Thee nigh;
There may be grief, and pain, and care
But, O my Father! Thou art there.

334. C. M. Anonymous. Resignation.

1 In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay. 2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised. 3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven. 4 All gracious Lord! whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to Thee.

335. 7s. M. Sarah F. Adams. Dews and Tears.

1 Gently fall the dews of eve,
Raising still the languid flowers;
Sweetly flow the tears that grieve
O'er a mourner's stricken hours. 2 Blessed dews and tears that yet
Lift us nearer unto heaven!
Let us still His praise repeat,
Who in mercy all hath given.

336. 10s. M. Anonymous. The Strength of the Lonely.

1 Though lonely be thy path, fear not, for He
Who marks the sparrow fall is guarding thee;
And not a star shines o'er thy head by night,
But He hath known that it will reach thy sight. 2 And not a grief can darken or surprise,
Swell in thy heart, or dim with tears thine eyes,
But it is sent in mercy and in love,
To bid thy helplessness seek strength above.

337. L. M. Jane Roscoe. Light in Darkness.

1 My Father, when around me spread
I see the shadows of the tomb,
When life's bright visions droop and fade,
And darkness veils the days to come, -- 2 O, in that anguished hour I turn
With a still trusting heart to Thee,
And holy thoughts arise and burn
Amid that cold, sad destiny! 3 They fill my soul with heavenly light,
While all around is pain and woe;
And strengthened by them, in Thy sight,
Father, to drink Thy cup I go.

338. C. M. Anonymous. Consolation.

1 Let me not wander comfortless,
My Father, far from Thee;
But still beneath Thy guardian wing
In holy quiet be. 2 The storms of grief, the tears of woe,
Soothed by Thy love, shall cease;
And all the trembling spirit breathe
A deep, unbroken peace. 3 The power of prayer shall o'er me shed
A deep, celestial calm;
More soft than evening's twilight dews,
My soul shall feel its balm. 4 For there Thy still, small voice shall speak
Thy great, Thy boundless love;
And tears and smiles, and grief and joy,
Shall lift my soul above.

339. S. M. Anonymous. The Meaning of Sorrow.

1 We love this outward world,
Its fair sky overhead, --
Its morning's soft, gray mist unfurled,
Its sunsets rich and red. 2 But there's a world within
That higher glory hath;
A life the immortal soul must win, --
The life of joy and faith. 3 For this the Father's love
Doth shade the world of sense,
The bounding play of health remove,
And dim the sparkling glance; 4 That, though the earth grows dull
And earthly pleasures few,
The spirit gain its wisdom full
To suffer and to do. 5 Holy its world within,
Unknown to sound or sight, --
The world of victory o'er sin,
Of faith, and love, and light.

340. 11 & 10s. M. Anonymous. The Mourner.

1 Weep thou, O mourner! but in lamentation

Let thy Redeemer still remembered be;

Strong is His arm, the God of thy salvation,

Strong is His love to cheer and comfort thee. 2 Cold though the world be, in the way before thee

Wail not in sadness o'er the darkling tomb;

God in His love still watcheth kindly o'er thee,

Light shineth still above the clouds of gloom. 3 Dimmed though thine eyes be with the tears of sorrow Night only known beneath the sky of time,

Faith can behold the dawning of a morrow

Glowing in smiles of life and joy sublime. 4 Change, then, O mourner, grief to exultation;

Firm and confiding should thy spirit be;

Strong is His arm, the God of thy salvation,

Strong is His love to cheer and comfort thee.

341. P. M. Mrs. Hemans. For Strength.

1 Father! who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son; 2 O, in the anguish of our night,
Send us down blest relief;
And to the chastened, let Thy might
Hallow the grief! 3 And thou, that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done!" -- 4 By thy meek spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Our Saviour! when the stroke doth fall,
Hallow our grief!

342. 11 & 4s. M. Whittier. The Angels of Grief.

1 With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb. 2 Yet would we say, what every heart approveth, --
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom he loveth,
Is mercy still. 3 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
The good die not! 4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven.

343. C. M. Wilson. Angels.

1 O, not when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs;
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts. 2 At holy midnight, voices sweet,
Like fragrance, fill the room;
And happy ghosts, with noiseless feet,
Come brightening through the gloom. 3 We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came;
We veil our eyes before Thy light,
We bless our Father's name! 4 This frame, O God, this feeble breath,
Thy hand may soon destroy;
We think of Thee, and feel in death
A deep and holy joy. 5 Dim is the light of vanished years
In glory yet to come;
O idle grief, O foolish tears,
When Jesus calls us home!

344. P. M. Mrs. Hemans. The Cry of the Afflicted.

1 Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine. 2 O Father, in that hour
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us Thou! 3 By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,
Aid us, O God! 4 And now beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine!

345. 12 & 11s. M. Gaskell. Life in Death.

1 Thanks, thanks unto God! who in mercy hath spoken The truths which have pierced through the spirit's sad gloom; Whose love with the light of its presence hath broken The darkness which hung o'er the desolate tomb. 2 What now shall affright us? A Father almighty

Keeps watch round our footsteps wherever we go;

His mercy is sleepless, -- His wisdom unfailing, --

He knoweth each want and regardeth each woe. 3 Where now is death's terror? he comes as an angel To carry the spirit away to its rest;

The gloom which he weareth is lost in the message

He brings from the Being who loveth us best. 4 May we live ever true to the hopes He hath given, While they shed o'er our path a still holier light; Ever making us nearer and nearer to heaven,

More pure our affections, our spirits more bright.

346. L. M. Norton. O, Stay Thy Tears!

1 O, stay thy tears! for they are blest
Whose days are past, whose toil is done;
Here midnight care disturbs our rest,
Here sorrow dims the morning sun. 2 For laboring virtue's anxious toil,
For patient sorrow's stifled sigh,
For faith that marks the conqueror's spoil,
Heaven grants the recompense, -- to die. 3 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight,
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears,
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright! 4 O, cheerless were our lengthened way,
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And sheds a glory round the tomb! 5 Then stay thy tears, -- the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
Sung a new song of joy and love;
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

347. L. M. Sarah F. Adams. The Angel at the Tomb.

1 The mourners came, at break of day,
Unto the garden sepulchre,
With saddened hearts to weep and pray
For him, the loved one, buried there.
What radiant light dispels the gloom?
An angel sits beside the tomb. 2 The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchred beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low;
The spring returns, the flow'rets bloom, --
An angel sits beside the tomb. 3 Then mourn we not beloved dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray;
The happy spirit hath but fled
To brighter realms of heavenly day;
Immortal hope dispels the gloom; --
An angel sits beside the tomb.

348. 7 & 5s. M. Bowring. Blessed Are the Dead.

1 Blessed, blessed are the dead

In the Lord who die;

Radiant is the path they tread

Upward to the sky. 2 All their deeds of virtue done,

Deeds of peace and love,

Now are stars of glory strewn,

Lighting them above.

349. S. M. Bowring. O Death, Where Is Thy Sting?

1 Where is thy sting, O death?

Grave! where thy victory?

The clod may sleep in dust beneath,

The spirit will be free! 2 Both man and time have power

O'er suffering, dying men;

But death arrives, and in that hour

The soul is freed again. 3 Then, death, where is thy sting?

And where thy victory, grave?

O'er your dark bourn the soul will spring

To Him who loves to save.

350. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld. His End is Peace.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!

When sinks a trusting soul to rest,

How mildly beam the closing eyes,

How gently heaves the expiring breast! 2 So fades a summer cloud away;

So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day;

So dies a wave along the shore. 3 A holy quiet reigns around,

A calm which life nor death destroys;

And naught disturbs that peace profound

Which his unfettered soul enjoys. 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,

Where lights and shades alternate dwell!

How bright the unchanging morn appears!

Farewell, inconstant world, farewell! 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,

Light from its load the spirit flies;

While guardian angels gently say,

"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

351. S. M. *Mrs. Howitt. He is Risen.

1 O spirit, freed from earth,
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world's beneath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun! 2 Arise, put on the robes
That the redeemed win;
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified within! 3 Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime!
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time! 4 Awake, lift up thine eyes!
See, all heaven's host appears!
And be thou glad exceedingly, --
Thou, who hast done with tears. 5 Ascend! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth;
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth!

352. S. M. Gaskell. No More!

1 "No more, on earth no more,
Shall beam for us that eye;
Closed in a strange forgetfulness
Forever it must lie. 2 "No more, on earth no more,
Shall we behold that face;
Within the mournful halls of death
Must be its dwelling-place. 3 "No more, on earth no more,
Shall those dear lips be heard;
Cold silence there hath fixed its seal,
Breathed is their latest word." 4 'Tis so fond Nature mourns
Affection's broken ties;
But Faith stands forth, she points on high,
Serenely she replies: -- 5 "No more, in heaven no more,
That eye is dim with tears;
But bright, and brighter still, the scene
Before its view appears. 6 "No more, in heaven no more,
That face a shadow bears;
But looks of light, born of a bliss
Unknown to earth, it wears. 7 "No more, in heaven no more,
That voice is faint with pain;
It mingles with angelic bands,
In their enraptured strain. 8 "No more, in heaven no more,
The parting grief is known;
But love has all eternity
To look through as its own."

353. C. M. Barton. The Dead.

1 The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky. 2 By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen. 8 For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours; -- 4 Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

354. P. M. Anonymous. The Departed.

1 The spirits of the loved and the departed

Are with us, and they tell us of the sky,

A rest for the bereaved and broken-hearted,

A house not made with hands, a home on high;

Holy monitions, -- a mysterious breath, --

A whisper from the marble halls of death. 2 They have gone from us, and the grave is strong,

Yet in night's silent watches they are near;

Their voices linger round us, as the song

Of the sweet bird that lingers on the ear,

When, floating upward in the flush of even,

Its form is lost from earth and swallowed up in heaven.

355. 11s. M. Anonymous. Are They Not All Ministering Spirits?

1 How dear is the thought, that the angels of God

May bow their bright wings to the world they once trod; Will leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,

To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love! 2 They come, on the wings of the morning they come, Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;

Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,

And lay him to rest in the arms of his God. 3 They come when we wander, they come when we pray, In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;

A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;

Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

356. C. M. *J. H. Perkins. Spiritual Presence.

1 It is a faith sublime and sure,
That ever round our head
Are hovering, on noiseless wing,
The spirits of the dead. 2 It is a faith sublime and sure,
When ended our career,
That it will be our ministry
To watch o'er others here; 3 To bid the mourners cease to mourn,
The trembling be forgiven,
To bear away from ills of clay
The deathless soul to heaven.

357. C. M. Jane Taylor. The Unseen World.

1 There is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be;
And but a step doth lie between
That world of souls and me. 2 I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed. 3 The things unseen, O God, reveal;
My spirit's vision clear,
Till I shall feel, and see, and know,
That those I love are near. 4 Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

358. P. M. Anonymous. Ministering Angels.

1 Brother, the angels say,
Peace to thy heart!
We, too, O brother, have
Been as thou art, --
Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,
Seeing in part,
Tried, troubled, tempted,
Sustained, as thou art. 2 Brother, they softly say,
Be our thoughts one;
Bend thou with us and pray,
"Thy will be done!"
Our God is thy God;
He willeth the best;
Trust Him as we trusted --
Rest as we rest! 3 Ye, too, they gently say,
Shall angels be;
Ye, too, O brothers,
From earth shall be free:
Yet in earth's loved ones
Ye still shall have part,
Bearing God's strength and love
To the torn heart. 4 Thus when the spirit, tried
Tempted and worn,
Finding no earthly aid,
Heavenward doth turn, --
Come these sweet angel-tones,

Falling like balm,
And on the troubled heart
Steals a deep calm.

359. C. M. Mrs. Miles. Foretaste of Heaven.

1 When, on devotion's seraph wing,
The spirit soars above,
And feels Thy presence, Father, Friend,
God of eternal love!
The joys of earth, how swift they fade
Before that living ray,
Which gives to the rapt soul a glimpse
Of pure and perfect day! 2 A gleam of Heaven's own light, though now
Its brightness scarce appears
Through the pale shadows that are spread
Around our earthly years;
But Thine unclouded smile, O God!
Fills that all-glorious place,
Where we shall know as we are known,
And see Thee, face to face.

360. S. M. Briggs' Coll. The Angels' Call.

1 Come to the land of peace!

From shadows come away;

Where all the sounds of weeping cease,

And storms no more have sway! 2 Fear hath no dwelling here;

But pure repose and love

Breathe through the bright, celestial air

The spirit of the dove. 3 Come to the bright and blest,

Gathered from every land;

For here thy soul shall find its rest,

Amidst the shining band. 4 In this divine abode

Change leaves no saddening trace;

Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,

Thy holy resting-place!

361. C. M. Briggs' Coll. A Vision of Heaven.

1 O, heaven is where no secret dread
May haunt us by its power;
Where from the past no gloom is shed
Upon the present hour. 2 And there the living waters flow
Along the radiant shore;
The soul, now wandering here, shall know
Its burning thirst no more. 3 The burden of the stranger's heart,
Which here unknown we bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart
With our first wakening there. 4 And, borne on eagle's wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower,
From every sphere, from every star,
Of glory and of power.

362. P. M. Sterling. A Hymn of Morning.

1 Sweet morn! from countless cups of gold, Thou liftest reverently on high More incense fine than earth can hold, To fill the sky.2 Where'er the vision's boundaries glance, Existence swells with living power, And all the illumined earth's expanse Inhales the hour.3 In man, O morn! a loftier good, With conscious blessing, fills the soul, -- A life by reason understood, Which metes the whole.4 To thousand tasks of fruitful hope, With skill against his toil, he bends, And finds his work's determined scope Where'er he wends.5 From earth and earthly toil and strife To deathless aims his soul may rise, Each dawn may wake to better life, With purer eyes.6 Such grace from Thee, O God, be ours, Renewed with every morning's ray, And freshening still with added flowers Each future day.7 To man is given one primal star; One dayspring's beam has dawned below; From Thine our inmost glories are, With Thine we glow.8 Like earth awake and warm and bright, With joy the spirit moves and burns; So up to Thee, O Fount of Light, Our light returns.

363. 7s. M. Episcopal Coll. Morning Hymn.

1 Now the shades of night are gone;

Now the morning light is come:

Lord, may we be Thine to-day;

Drive the shades of sin away. 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,

Banish doubt, and clear our sight;

In Thy service, Lord, to-day,

May we stand, and watch, and pray. 3 Keep our haughty passions bound;

Save us from our foes around;

Going out and coming in,

Keep us safe from every sin.

364. 7s. M. Furness. Morning Hymn.

1 In the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not. 2 Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O, shine! 3 Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in Thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin. 4 Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep mine eyes, O God, from tears!
Every step Thy love attend,
And my soul from death defend!

365. C. M. St. Ambrose. Morning Hymn.

1 Now that the sun is beaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go. 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love. 3 And while the hours in order flow,
Securely keep, O God,
Our hearts, beleaguered by the foe
That tempts our every road. 4 And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favor end.

366. L. M. Pierpont. Morning Hymn for a Child.

1 O God! I thank Thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away,
And that I see in this fair light
My Father's smile, that makes it day. 2 Be Thou my guide, and let me live
As under Thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

367. P. M. Heber. Evening Aspiration.

God that madest earth and heaven,

Darkness and light!

Who the day for toil hast given,

For rest the night!

May Thine angel guards defend us,

Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,

Holy dreams and hopes attend us,

This livelong night!

368. 7s. M. St. Gregory. Evening Hymn.

1 Source of light and life divine!

Thou didst cause the light to shine;

Thou didst bring Thy sunbeams forth

O'er Thy new-created earth. 2 Shade of night and morning ray

Took from Thee the name of day:

Now again the shades are nigh,

Listen to Thy children's cry! 3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,

Lose the way to endless rest;

May no thoughts, corrupt and vain,

Draw our souls to earth again. 4 Rather help them still to rise

Where our dearest treasure lies;

Help us in our daily strife,

Make us struggle into life!

369. L. M. *Wordsworth. Sunset Hymn.

1 Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the reverent hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim. 2 Look up to heaven! the obedient sun
Already through his course hath run;
He cannot halt or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may. 3 Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course. 4 Help with Thy grace, through all life's day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink into our rest.

370. P. M. Anonymous. Vespers.

1 Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining; Father in heaven! the day is declining;

Safety and innocence flee with the light,

Temptation and danger walk forth with the night;

From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield us from danger and keep us from crime!

Father! have mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen! 2 Father in heaven! O, hear, when we call,

Through Jesus Christ, who is Saviour of all!

Fainting and feeble, we trust in Thy might;

In doubting and darkness Thy love be our light!

Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night taper burns, And wake in Thy arms when the morning returns.

Father! have mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen!

371. 7s. M. *Furness. The Light of Stars.

1 Slowly, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; O, how still
Is the working of His will! 2 Mighty spirit, ever nigh!
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights. 3 Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires! 4 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

372. L. M. Pierpont. Evening Hymn for a Child.

1 Another day its course hath run,
And still, O God! Thy child is blest;
For Thou hast been by day my sun,
And Thou wilt be by night my rest. 2 Sweet sleep descends, mine eyes to close;
And now, while all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

373. L. M. Doddridge. The Eternal Sabbath.

1 Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from Thy churches rise. 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With earnest hope and strong desire. 3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues. 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon. 5 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And pass through death, to rest with God.

374. C. M. Christian Hymns. Sabbath Morning.

1 How sweet, how calm, this Sabbath morn!

How pure the air that breathes!

How soft the sounds upon it borne!

How light its vapor wreathes! 2 It seems as if the Christian's prayer,

For peace and joy and love,

Were answered by the very air

That wafts its strain above. 3 Let each unholy passion cease,

Each evil thought be crushed,

And every care that mars our peace

In Faith and Love be hushed.

375. L. M. *Montgomery. Sabbath Evening.

1 Within Thy courts have millions met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed;
Their faces heavenward were set,
Their vows to Thee, O God! they vowed. 2 Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep. 3 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still where evening stretched her shade
The stars came forth to hear their songs. 4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To hearts that sought Thee Thou wast nigh
Nor hath one sought Thy face in vain. 5 The poor in spirit Thou hast fed,
The feeble soul hath strengthened been.
The mourner Thou hast comforted,
The pure in heart their God have seen. 6 And Thou, soul-searching God! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee,
And all their prayers have reached Thy throne,
In soul and truth who worshipped Thee.

376. C. M. * Baptism.

1 When from the Jordan's gleaming wave
Came forth the Sinless One,
A voice athwart the heavens flashed,
"Lo! my beloved son!" 2 The Baptist, gazing on his face,
With the soul's radiance bright,
Beheld upon his sacred head
A snow-white dove alight. 3 Now with baptismal waters touched,
Thy children, Father, see!
While heart and soul, and mind and strength,
They consecrate to Thee. 4 Send down on them Thy holy dove,
Thy spirit undefiled;
Be each in purity and faith
Thy well-beloved child! 5 O help them in the wilderness
To conquer doubt and sin;
To see above them still Thy Peace,
And hear Thy voice within!

377. L. M. W. Boston Coll. Baptism of a Child.

1 This child we dedicate to Thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let Thy love its life prolong. 2 O, may Thy spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep Thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth! 3 We, too, before Thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow,
With love, and thanks, and praises, now. 4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise Thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

378. S. M. Disciples' H. B. Baptism of a Child.

1 To Thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring,
Giving to Thee what Thou hast given,
Our dearest offering. 2 Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come. 3 O, then, let Thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean!

379. S. M. Disciples' H. B. Baptism of Children.

1 To Him who children blest,
And suffered them to come,
To Him who took them to his breast,
We bring these children home. 2 To Thee, O God, whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that Thy grace
May keep, Thine arms enfold. 3 And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy holy spirit grant, O Lord,
To keep them pure as now!

380. C. M. Gaskell. Marriage Hymn.

1 We join to pray, with wishes kind,
A blessing, Lord, from Thee,
On those who now the bands have twined,
Which ne'er may broken be. 2 We know that scenes not always bright
Must unto them be given;
But let there shine o'er all the light
Of love, and truth, and heaven. 3 Still hand in hand, their journey through,
Meek pilgrims may they go;
Mingling their joys as helpers true,
And sharing every woe. 4 In faith, and trust, and heart, the same,
The same their home above;
May each in each still feed the flame
Of pure and holy love.

381. 7s. M. Anonymous. Marriage Hymn.

1 Father, in Thy presence now
Has been pledged the nuptial vow;
Heart to heart, as hand in hand,
Linked in one Thy children stand. 2 God of love! this union bless,
Not with earth's low happiness;
But with joys whose heavenly spring
Shall diviner raptures bring. 3 May these blended souls be found
Firm in duty's active round;
Daily every burden share,
Nightly seek Thy shadowing care. 4 When against their trembling forms
Shoot the arrows of life's storms;
Or when age and sickness wait
Heralds at life's parting gate; -- 5 In the fulness of belief,
May they look beyond the grief;
And together fearless tread
In the path where Thou shall lead.

382. L. M. Norton. Dedication of a Church.

1 Where ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall;
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are Thy temples, God of all! 2 The tombs Thine altars are; for there,
When earthly loves and hopes have fled,
To Thee ascends the spirit's prayer,
Thou God of the immortal dead! 3 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by Thee; -- but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where Thine own words of love are taught. 4 Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith Thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears, through weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold. 5 Nor we alone; may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to Thee still holier prayers.

383. C. M. Bryant. Dedication Hymns.

1 O Thou, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee! 2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by Thy side! 3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray. 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

384. C. M. * Ordination Hymn.

1 O God! Thy children, gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait;
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple's gate. 2 A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes, to do Thy will. 3 O Father! keep his soul alive
To every hope of good;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood! 4 O Father! keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong;
And in the ear of sin and self
May his rebuke be strong! 5 And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
If e'er his faith grow dim,
Then, in the dreary wilderness,
Thine angels strengthen him! 6 And give him in Thy holy work
Patience to wait Thy time,
And, toiling still with man, to breathe
The soul's serener clime. 7 O grant him many hearts to lead
Into Thy perfect rest;
Bless Thou him, Father, and his flock:
Bless! and they shall be blest!

385. C. M. * Ordination.

1 Go, preach the gospel in my name,
Said he of Bethlehem:
Teach of a crown more glorious
Than earthly diadem. 2 Teach ye as I have taught, in love;
Be hate unthought, unspoken;
Bind up the bleeding heart, nor let
The bruised reed be broken. 3 If any scorn you for the truth
Which ye shall publish free,
Think of the lonely midnight hour
In dark Gethsemane: 4 Think of my prayers on Olivet,
My musings by the sea;
And though the heavy chain may bind,
That truth shall make you free.

386. L. M. * Ordination.

1 Thy servant's sandals, Lord, are wet
With Jordan's wave but lately met,
And in that sacred river fall
The olden thoughts, the spirit's pall. 2 He stands upon the holy land,
And angels take his trustful hand;
The Jordan sanctifies his breast,
And Christ now leads him to his rest. 3 His rest? his battle! he must win
Fair Zion's gate through ranks of sin;
Why are these words, this solemn show,
If sin be not his deadly foe? 4 There gathers here no heavenly host;
No fiery tongues of Pentecost, --
No gentle dove with winnowing wings
The spirit to thy servant brings. 5 The still, small voice hath called him here,
And thus is God himself most near: --
My people, lift your hearts in prayer,
And keep your God forever there.

387. S. M. Drummond. A Public Fast.

1 "Is this a fast for me?"

Thus saith the Lord our God;

"A day for man to vex his soul,

And feel affliction's rod? 2 "No; is not this alone

The sacred fast I choose:

Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,

The bands of guilt unloose? 3 "To nakedness and want

Your food and raiment deal,

To dwell your kindred race among,

And all their sufferings heal? 4 "Then, like the morning ray,

Shall spring your health and light;

Before you, righteousness shall shine,

Around, my glory bright!"

388. 7 & 6s. M. Italian. Prayer of a Stricken People.

1 O Thou, whose power stupendous
Upholds the earth and sky,
Thy grace preserving send us, --
To Thee, O Lord! we cry. 2 From wilds of fearful error,
Wherein we darkly stray,
Oppressed with doubt and terror,
For saving aid we pray. 3 O God of mercy, hear us!
Our pain, our sorrow, see;
Thy healing pity spare us,
And bring us home to Thee!

389. 6s. M. Anonymous. The New Year.

1 Joy! joy! a year is born;
A year to man is given,
For hope, and peace, and love,
For faith, and truth, and heaven.
Though earth be dark with care,
With death and sorrow rife,
Yet toil, and pain, and prayer,
Lead to our higher life. 2 Behold, the fields are white!
No longer idly stand!
Go forth in love and might;
Man needs thy helping hand.
Thus may each day and year
To prayer and toil be given,
Till man to God draw near,
And earth become like heaven.

390. C. M. Gaskell. A New Year.

1 Our Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be,
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to Thee. 2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair,
And all its good we thought to gain
Deceive, and prove but care. 3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years. 4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain,
And bid us take our farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men. 5 But calmly, Lord, on Thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And Thou art perfect love.

391. 7s. M. Anonymous. The God of Spring.

1 Praise and thanks and cheerful love

Rise from everything below,

To the mighty One above,

Who his wondrous love doth show:

Praise him, each created thing!

God, your Father! God of spring! 2 Praise him, trees so lately bare;

Praise him, fresh and new-born flowers;

All ye creatures of the air;

All ye soft-descending showers:

Praise, with each awakening thing,

Praise your Maker, -- God of spring! 3 Praise him, man! -- thy fitful heart

Let this balmy season move

To employ its noblest part,

Softest mercy, sweetest love, --

Blessing, with each living thing,

God the bounteous, -- God of spring!

392. 7 & 6s. M. W. V. Spring.

1 There cometh o'er the spirit,
With each returning year,
The thought that Thou, the Father,
Art ever to us near;
With hope of life dispelling
The death that winter brought;
And flowers and fruits foretelling,
With fragrant beauty fraught. 2 'Tis this which calls Thy children
In sweet accord to raise,
Beneath thy blue-domed temple,
One general hymn of praise
To Thee, the ever-living,
The universal King,
Who never ceasest giving
Each good and perfect thing. 3 The streamlet from the mountain, --
It speaketh, Lord, of Thee,
As from its snow-capped fountain
It rushes to the sea;
The gentle dew descending,
And cloud's refreshing shower, --
O God, our Heavenly Father,
All, all, proclaim Thy power.

393. 8 & 7s. M. Anonymous. Hymn of Spring.

1 Praise the Lord, when blushing morning

Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew!

When the world, again created,

Beams with beauties fair and new! 2 Praise the Lord, when early breezes

Come so fragrant from the flowers!

Praise, thou willow by the brookside!

Praise, ye birds, among the bowers! 3 Praise the Lord! and may His blessing

Guide us in the way of truth,

Keep our feet from paths of error,

Make us holy in our youth. 4 Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven!

Angels, sing your sweetest lays!

All things utter forth His glory!

Sound your great Creator's praise!

394. C. M. J. Richardson. The Hymn of Summer.

1 How glad the tone when summer's sun
Wreaths the gay world with flowers,
And trees bend down with golden fruit,
And birds are in their bowers! 2 The morn sends silent music down
Upon each earthly thing;
And always since creation's dawn
The stars together sing. 3 Shall man remain in silence, then,
While all beneath the skies
The chorus joins? no, let us sing,
And while our voices rise, 4 O, let our lives, great God, breathe forth
A constant melody;
And every action be a tone
In that sweet hymn to Thee!

395. C. M. Mrs. Miles. Summer.

1 The earth, all light and loveliness,
In summer's golden hours,
Shines, in her bridal vesture clad,
And crowned with festal flowers,
So radiantly beautiful,
So like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world
Of perfect bliss and love. 2 Is this a shadow faint and dim
Of that which is to come!
What shall the unveiled splendor be
Of our celestial home,
Where waves the glorious tree of life,
Where streams of bliss gush free,
And all is glowing in the light
Of immortality!

396. C. M. Anonymous. Seed-Time and Harvest Shall Not Cease.

1 Fountain of life, and God of love!

How rich Thy bounties are!

The rolling seasons, as they move,

Proclaim Thy constant care. 2 When in the bosom of the earth

The sower hid the grain,

Thy goodness marked its secret birth,

And sent the early rain. 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,

Its mild, refreshing showers;

Thou gav'st the ripening suns to shine,

And summer's golden hours. 4 Thy quickening life, forever near,

Matured the swelling grain; --

The bounteous harvest crowns the year,

And plenty fills the plain. 5 With thankful hearts we trace Thy way

Through all our smiling vales;

Thou, by whose love, nor night nor day,

Seed-time nor harvest, fails!

397. 10 & 11s. M. *Doddridge. Thanksgiving for the Fruits of the Earth.

1 House of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts His mercies sing;
The fruitful year His bounties shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with His name.
The Lord is good, His mercy never-ending,
His blessings in perpetual showers descending. 2 The earth, enlightened by His rays divine,
Brought forth the grass, the corn, and oil, and wine; Crowned with His goodness, let the people meet,
And lay their thankful offerings at his feet;
With grateful love that hand divine confessing,
Which on each heart bestoweth every blessing. 3 His mercy never ends; the dawn, the shade,
Still see new beauties through new scenes displayed; Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their fathers' God:
The soul of man, through its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation. 4 Burst into praise, my soul! all nature, join!
Angels and men, in harmony combine!
While human years are measured by the sun,
And while eternity its course shall run,
His goodness, in perpetual showers descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending!

398. L. M. Mrs. Sigourney. The Year Crowned with Goodness.

1 God of the year! with songs of praise,
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for Thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness. 2 In early spring-time Thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming;
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quickening in Thy blessed ray. 3 God of the seasons! Thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with showers;
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles,
To crown the sweet autumnal hours. 4 Praise, praise to Thee! Our hearts expand,
To view these blessings of Thy hand,
And on the incense-breath of love
Ascend to their bright home above.

399. C. M. Bowring. The Hymn of the Seasons.

1 The heavenly spheres to Thee, O God,
Attune their evening hymn;
All-wise, all-holy, Thou art praised
In song of seraphim.
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,
Unite to worship Thee,
While Thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity. 2 Nature, a temple worthy Thee,
Beams with Thy light and love;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above;
Whose altars are the mountain-cliffs
That rise along the shore;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean-roar. 3 Her song of gratitude is sung
By Spring's awakening hours;
Her Summer offers at Thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;
Her Autumn brings its golden fruits,
In glorious luxury given;
While Winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

400. 10s. M. Emily Taylor. The Changing Year.

1 God of the changing year, whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour, --
Here in Thy temple bow Thy children down,
To bless Thy mercy, and Thy might to own. 2 Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness, -- all are Thine. 3 If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless, Thou wast true
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit, Thou wast present there. 4 O, lend Thine ear, and lift our voice to Thee;
Where'er we dwell, still let Thy mercy be;
From year to year, still nearer to Thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly Thine!

401. C. M. Gaskell. Close of the Year.

1 O God! to Thee our hearts would pay
Their gratitude sincere,
Whose love hath kept us, night and day,
Throughout another year. 2 Of every breath, and every power,
Thou wast the gracious source;
From Thee came every happy hour
Which smiled along its course. 3 And if sometimes across our path
A cloud its shadows threw,
Thou didst not waft it there in wrath,
But loving-kindness true. 4 For joy and grief alike we pay
Our thanks to Thee above;
And only pray to grow each day
More worthy of Thy love.

402. L. M. *John Taylor. The Worth of Years.

1 Like shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass;
And while we gaze, their forms are gone. 2 O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us Thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly; -- 3 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds;
And so shall death but lead us on
To nobler service that succeeds.

403. P. M. *Milman. Funeral Hymn.

1 Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrows are unknown;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear, released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest. 2 Sin no more can taint thy spirit,
Nor can doubt thy faith assail;
Thy soul its welcome has received,
Thy strength shall never fail;
And thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest. 3 To the grave thy body bearing,
Low we place it mid the dead;
And lay the turf above it now,
And seal its narrow bed;
But thy spirit soars away,
Free, among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

404. C. M. Whittier. Not Lost, But Gone Before.

1 Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven. 2 O, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here. 3 Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child. 4 Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee. 5 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

405. 7s. M. J. H. Bancroft. The Christian's Burial.

1 Brother, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know for thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away. 2 Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God, and heir of heaven;
For he gave thee sweet release;
Thine the Christian's death of peace. 3 Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death;
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb. 4 Brother, in that solemn trust,
We commend thy dust to dust;
In that faith we wait, till, risen,
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven. 5 While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept;
Then with Jesus thou shalt rest,
Crowned, and glorified, and blest.

406. 7s. M. Anonymous. Funeral Hymn.

1 Clay to clay, and dust to dust!

Let them mingle, -- for they must!

Give to earth the earthly clod,

For the spirit's fled to God. 2 Never more shall midnight's damp

Darken round this mortal lamp;

Never more shall noonday's glance

Search this mortal countenance. 3 Look aloft! The spirit's risen;

Death cannot the soul imprison:

'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,

Glorious, though invisible. 4 Thither let us turn our view;

Peace is there, and comfort too;

There shall those we love be found,

Tracing life's eternal round.

407. C. M. Dale. |Weep Not.|

1 Dear as thou wast, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear, --
It is -- that thou art free. 2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
O, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again? 3 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine!

408. 10s. M. Montgomery. Death in Manhood.

1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,

In full activity of zeal and power:

A Christian cannot die before his time;

The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour. 2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;

Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest work is done;

Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,

Soldier, go home; with thee the field is won. 3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay,

In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;

And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,

Pass to eternal life beyond the sky. 4 Go to the grave, -- no, to thy home above;

Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,

Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,

And open vision for the written word.

409. 12 & 11s. M. Heber. The Resurrection and the Life.

1 Thou art gone to the grave; -- but we will not deplore thee, Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;

The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom. 2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee, Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee, And sinners may hope, since the Sinless hath died. 3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking, Perchance thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;

But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking, And the song that thou heard'st was the seraphim's song. 4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee, Since God was thy refuge, thy guardian, thy guide;

He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee; And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

410. C. M. Mrs. Hemans. Death of the Young.

1 Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow. 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its home on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die. 3 Lone are the paths, and sad the hours,
Since thy meek spirit's gone;
But, O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own!

411. 8 & 7s. M. Briggs' Coll. Death of a Child.

1 Fare thee well, our fondly cherished!

Dear, dear blossom, fare thee well!

He who lent thee hath recalled thee,

Back with Him and His to dwell. 2 Like a sunbeam through our dwelling

Shone thy presence, bright and calm;

Thou didst add a zest to pleasure;

To our sorrows thou wast balm. 3 Yet while mourning, O our lost one,

Come no visions of despair!

Seated on thy tomb, Faith's angel

Saith, thou art not, art not there. 4 Where, then, art thou? with the Saviour,

Blest, forever blest, to be;

'Mid the sinless little children

Who have heard his "Come to me." 5 Passed the shades of death's dark valley,

Thou art leaning on his breast,

Where the wicked may not enter,

And the weary are at rest. 6 Plead, that in a Father's mercy

All our sins may be forgiven;

Angel! plead, that thou may'st greet us,

Ransomed, at the gates of heaven.

412. 7s. M. Anonymous. Funeral Hymn of a Child.

1 To the Father's love we trust

That which was enshrined in dust;

While we give the earth to earth,

Finds the soul its heavenly birth.

Angels wait the angel child,

Gentle, young, and undefiled. 2 Said not oft those pleading eyes

That they longed for purer skies?

Did not oft the falling tear

Speak of roughening billows here?

Prayed we not that she might rest

On her Heavenly Father's breast? 3 Give the spirit, then, to God,

And its vesture to the sod;

Life, henceforth, shall have a ray

Kindled ne'er to pass away,

And a light from angel eyes

Draw us upward to the skies.

413. 7 & 6s. M. Anonymous. Children in Heaven.

1 In the broad fields of heaven, --
In the immortal bowers,
By life's clear river dwelling,
Amid undying flowers, --
There hosts of beauteous spirits,
Fair children of the earth,
Linked in bright bands celestial,
Sing of their human birth. 2 They sing of earth and heaven, --
Divinest voices rise
To God, their gracious Father,
Who called them to the skies:
They all are there, -- in heaven, --
Safe, safe, and sweetly blest;
No cloud of sin can shadow
Their bright and holy rest.

414. 8 & 7s. M. Pierpont. For a Charitable Occasion.

1 Mighty One, whose name is holy,
Thou wilt save Thy work alive,
And the spirit of the lowly
Thou wilt visit and revive.
What Thy prophets thus have spoken,
Ages witness as they roll;
Bleeding hearts and spirits broken,
Touched by Thee, O God, are whole. 2 By Thy pitying spirit guided,
Jesus sought the sufferer's door;
Comfort for the poor provided,
And the mourner's sorrows bore; --
So Thy mercy's angel, bending,
Heard a friendless prisoner's call,
And through night's cold vault descending,
Loosed from chains Thy servant Paul. 3 Father, as Thy love is endless,
Working by Thy servants thus,
The forsaken and the friendless
Deign to visit, e'en by us;
So shall each, with spirit fervent
Laboring with Thee here below,
Be declared Thy faithful servant,
Where there's neither want nor woe.

415. 6 & 4s. M. Nicoll. God Save the Poor!

1 Lord, from Thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the Poor!
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be!
God save the Poor! 2 The arms of wicked men
Do Thou with might restrain, --
God save the Poor!
Raise Thou their lowliness,
Succor Thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the Poor! 3 Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be,
God save the Poor!
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the Poor!

416. 7 & 6s. M. Heber. Missionary Hymn.

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 strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone. 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Shall learn Messiah's name.

417. 6 & 4s. M. Anonymous. [How Beautiful upon the Mountains.]

1 Where, for a thousand miles,
The sweet Ohio smiles,
On bed of sand;
Where prairies blossom broad,
Fair gardens sown by God,
And lakes their ocean-flood
Pour from His hand; 2 Where sleep in rest profound,
Beneath each ancient mound,
A buried race;
There, brother, go and teach;
From heart to heart shall reach
Thy free and earnest speech
Of heavenly grace. 3 Where the tall forest waves
Above those mouldering graves,
God's truth declare;
While his first temples spread
Their arches o'er thy head,
Lift, o'er the slumbering dead,
The voice of prayer. 4 While rolls the living tide,
Down Alleghany's side,
Its ceaseless flood;
Upon the mountains, there,
How beautiful appear
The feet of those who bear
Tidings of good! 5 O Thou, whose suns and rains
Upon those mighty plains

Fall evermore;
Send down the dews of peace,
The sun of righteousness,
And let Thy light increase
From shore to shore!

418. 8 & 7s. M. A. C. Coxe. Western Missions.

1 Westward, Lord, the world alluring,
Has Thy risen day-star beamed,
And, the sinking soul assuring,
O'er the world's wide ocean streamed.
Westward, still, the midnight breaking,
Westward, still, its light be poured!
Heathen Thy possession making,
Utmost lands Thy dwelling, Lord! 2 Westward, where the waving prairie,
Dark as slumbering ocean, lies,
Let thy starlight, Son of Mary,
O'er the shadowed billows rise!
Here be heard, ye herald voices,
Till the Lord his glory shows,
And the lonely place rejoices
With the bloom of Sharon's rose. 3 Where the wilderness is lying,
And the trees of ages nod,
Westward, in the desert crying,
Make a highway for our God.
Westward, till the church be kneeling
In the forest aisles so dim,
And the wild-wood's arches pealing
With the people's holy hymn.

419. 6 & 4s. M. E. Davis. For a Peace Meeting.

1 Not with the flashing steel,
Not with the cannon's peal,
Or stir of drum;
But in the bonds of love,
Our white flag floats above;
Her emblem is the dove; --
'Tis thus we come. 2 The laws of Christian light, --
These are our weapons bright,
Our mighty shield;
Christ is our leader high;
And the broad plains which lie
Beneath the blessed sky,
Our battle-field. 3 What is that great intent
On which each heart is bent,
Our hosts among?
It is that hate may die,
That war's red curse may fly,
And war's high praise for aye
No more be sung. 4 On, then, in God's great name!
Let each pure spirit's flame
Burn bright and clear;
Stand firmly in your lot,
Cry ye aloud, doubt not,
Be every fear forgot;
Christ leads us here! 5 So shall earth's distant lands,
In happy, holy bands,

One brotherhood,
Together rise and sing,
Gifts to one altar bring,
And heaven's Eternal King
Pronounce it good.

420. 10 & 6s. M. * In Time of War.

1 Lord, once our faith in man no fear could move;
Now save it from despair!
The trial comes; strengthen the might of love:
Father, Thou hearest prayer! 2 Thou hearest; and we hear, above this din,
Thy blessed word sound clear:
"I purge this land from slavery and sin;
The reign of heaven draws near." 3 O, never falter, ye who strive to bring
In men the heavenly birth;
For still the angel hosts unfaltering sing,
"Peace to the weary earth!" 4 O, never falter! peace must come by pain;
Heaven is not found, but won;
Hold the dark angel till he moulds again
The peace he hath undone. 5 We know not, Lord, what storms and trials strong
Must work our world's new birth;
But we will toil, with this for working-song, --
"Peace to the weary earth!" 6 Peace to the weary, struggling, sin-sick earth!
Peace to the heart of man!
Storm shall bring calm; that high reward is worth
All we must bear, or can.

421. 11 & 10s. M. Longfellow. Peace on Earth.

1 Down the dark future, through long generations,
The sounds of war grow fainter and then cease;
And, like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!" 2 Peace! and no longer, from its brazen portals,
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

422. C. M. Anonymous. Glory to God, Through Peace on Earth.

1 "To God be glory! Peace on earth!"

Let us repeat again

The hymn that hailed the Saviour's birth, --

"Peace and good will to men!" 2 Good will to men! O God, we hail

This of Thy law the sum;

For as this shall o'er earth prevail,

So shall Thy kingdom come!

423. C. M. R. W. Emerson. The House Our Fathers Built to God.

1 We love the venerable house

Our fathers built to God;

In heaven are kept their grateful vows,

Their dust endears the sod. 2 Here holy thoughts a light have shed

From many a radiant face,

And prayers of tender hope have spread

A perfume through the place. 3 And anxious hearts have pondered here

The mystery of life,

And prayed the Eternal Spirit clear

Their doubts and aid their strife. 4 From humble tenements around

Came up the pensive train,

And in the church a blessing found,

Which filled their homes again. 5 For faith, and peace, and mighty love,

That from the Godhead flow,

Showed them the life of heaven above

Springs from the life below. 6 They live with God, their homes are dust;

But here their children pray,

And, in this fleeting lifetime, trust

To find the narrow way. 7 On him who by the altar stands,

On him Thy blessing fall!

Speak through his lips Thy pure commands,

Thou Heart, that lovest all!

424. C. M. J. Weiss. Epiphany.

1 A wondrous star our pioneer,
We left the mystic land
Where heaven-nurtured childhood slept,
Where yet old visions stand. 2 O God! the land of dreams we left,
Repose we left for aye,
And followed meekly to the place
Where our Redeemer lay. 3 That humble manger we have found;
The world his cradle is;
His life is hidden far below
Its sins and miseries. 4 The world throws wide its brazen gates;
With Thee we enter in;
O, grant us, in our humble sphere,
To free that world from sin. 5 We have one mind in Christ our Lord
To stand and point above;
To hurl rebuke at social wrong;
But all, O God, in love. 6 The star is resting in the sky;
To worship Christ we came;
The moments haste; O, touch our tongues
With Thy celestial flame! 7 The truest worship is a life;
All dreaming we resign;
We lay our offerings at thy feet, --
Our lives, O Christ, are thine!

425. L. M. * The Children of the Cross.

1 Thou Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Hast brought us here, before Thy face,
Our spirits wait for Thy command,
Our silent hearts implore Thy peace! 2 Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on Thy holy shrine;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours;
The children of the cross are Thine. 3 While watching on our arms, at night,
We saw Thine angels round us move:
We heard Thy call, we felt Thy light,
And followed, trusting to Thy love. 4 And now, with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to Thee, great God!
We would redeem Thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod. 5 Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Christ our truest might. 6 Send down Thy constant aid, we pray;
Be Thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do Thy will.

426. C. M. Nicoll. The Reformers.

1 An offering at the shrine of power

Our hands shall never bring;

A garland on the car of pomp

Our hands shall never fling;

Applauding in the conqueror's path

Our voices ne'er shall be;

But we have hearts to honor those

Who bade the world go free! 2 Praise to the good, the pure, the great,

Who made us what we are, --

Who lit the flame which yet shall glow

With radiance brighter far!

Glory to them in coming time,

And through eternity,

Who burst the captive's galling chain,

And bade the world go free!

427. L. M. Mrs. Hemans. Earth's Nameless Martyrs.

1 The kings of old have shrine and tomb
In many a minster's haughty gloom;
And green, along the ocean-side,
The mounds arise where heroes died;
But show me on thy flowery breast,
Earth! where thy nameless martyrs rest! 2 The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
Resigned the bitter cup to take;
And silently, in fearless faith,
Have bowed their noble souls to death. 3 O, haply all around lie strewed
The ashes of that multitude!
It may be that each day we tread
Where thus devoted hearts have bled,
And the sweet flowers the children sow
Take root in holy dust below. 4 What though no stone the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers,
May not our inmost hearts be stilled,
With knowledge of their presence filled,
And by their lives be taught to prize
The meekness of self-sacrifice?

428. 6s. M. Luther. The Martyrs' Ashes.

1 Flung to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God. 2 The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death;
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one prevailing name.

429. C. M. Moravian. The Noble Army of Martyrs.

1 Glory to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph even in death. 2 O, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood. 3 God, whom we serve, our God, can save;
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, or smooth the wave,
For such as love His name. 4 Yea, should it even to man appear,
At times, as though the Lord
Forsook His chosen servants here,
We yet will trust His word. 5 Lord! if Thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove, at length.

430. S. M. Graham. God With Us on the Deep.

1 Heave, mighty ocean, heave!
And blow, thou boisterous wind!
Onward we swiftly glide, and leave
Our home and friends behind. 2 Away, away we steer,
Upon the ocean's breast;
And dim the distant heights appear,
Like clouds along the west. 3 There is a loneliness
Upon the mighty deep;
And hurried thoughts upon us press,
As onward still we sweep. 4 But there is hope and joy,
Wherever we may be;
Danger nor death can e'er destroy
Our trust, O God, in Thee! 5 Then wherefore should we grieve
Or what have we to fear?
Though home and friends and life we leave,
Our God is ever near. 6 Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep!
Ye winds, blow foul or fair!
Our God is with us on the deep,
Our home is everywhere.

431. P. M. Mrs. Southey. The Mariner's Hymn.

1 Launch thy bark, mariner!

Christian, God speed thee!

Let loose the rudder bands,

Good angels lead thee!

Set thy sails warily,

Tempests will come;

Steer thy course steadily,

Christian, steer home! 2 Look to the weather bow,

Breakers are round thee;

Let fall thy plummet now,

Shallows may ground thee.

Reef in thy foresail there;

Hold the helm fast;

So, -- let the vessel wear, --

By swept the blast. 3 Slacken no sail yet, at

Inlet or island;

Straight for the beacon steer, --

Straight for the highland;

Crowd all the canvass on,

Cut through the foam; --

Christian! cast anchor now;

Heaven is thy home!

432. 8 & 7s. M. Sterling. The Husbandman's Hymn.

1 Many a power within earth's bosom,
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath. 2 Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade, --
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid. 3 Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

433. L. M. Flint. Remembrance of Our Fathers.

1 In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age. 2 What thanks, O God, to Thee are due,
That Thou didst plant our fathers here,
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard to the planter dear! 3 The toils they bore our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears, -- in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We'll guard, till we with them shall sleep. 4 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
In weal and woe, through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

434. 8 & 6s. M. Heber. Prayer for Our Country.

1 From foes that would our land devour;

From guilty pride and lust of power;

From wild sedition's lawless hour;

From yoke of slavery; 2 From blinded zeal, by faction led;

From giddy change, by fancy bred;

From poisoned error's serpent head;

Good Lord, preserve us free!

435. L. M. Whittier. The Day of Freedom.

1 O Thou, whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with Thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night, the cloud by day! 2 When, from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most holy Father, unto Thee
Now let our humble prayer be given. 3 Sweet peace be here; and hope and love
Be round us as a mantle thrown,
As unto Thee, supreme above,
The knee of prayer is bowed alone. 4 And grant, O Father, that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land, and tongue, and clime,
The message of Thy love shall hear; -- 5 When, smitten as with fire from heaven,
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just.

436. C. M. * American Slavery.

1 The land our fathers left to us
Is foul with hateful sin;
When shall, O Lord, this sorrow end,
And hope and joy begin? 2 What good, though growing might and wealth
Shall stretch from shore to shore,
If thus the fatal poison-taint
Be only spread the more? 3 Wipe out, O God, the nation's sin,
Then swell the nation's power;
But build not high our yearning hopes,
To wither in an hour! 4 No outward show nor fancied strength
From Thy stern justice saves;
There is no liberty for them
Who make their brethren slaves!

437. 7s. M. J. R. Lowell. Anti-Slavery Hymn.

1 Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed? 2 Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free. 3 They are slaves, who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves, who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than, in silence, shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

438. L. M. Caroline Sewall. Remember Them Who Are in Bonds.

1 Lord, when Thine ancient people cried,
Oppressed and bound by Egypt's king,
Thou didst Arabia's sea divide,
And forth Thy fainting Israel bring. 2 Lo, in these latter days, our land
Groans with the anguish of the slave:
Lord God of hosts! stretch forth Thy hand,
Not shortened that it cannot save. 3 Roll back the swelling tide of sin,
The lust of gain, the lust of power;
The day of freedom usher in:
How long delays the appointed hour? 4 As Thou of old to Miriam's hand
The thrilling timbrel didst restore,
And to the joyful song her land
Echoed from desert to the shore; 5 O let Thy smitten ones again
Take up the chorus of the free, --
Praise ye the Lord! His power proclaim,
For He hath conquered gloriously!

439. 8, 7, & 4s. M. *Montgomery. Slavery.

1 Ages, ages have departed,
Since the first dark vessel bore
Afric's children, broken-hearted,
To this far-off western shore;
She, like Rachel,
Weeping, for they were no more. 2 Millions, millions have been slaughtered
In the fight and on the deep;
Millions, millions more have watered,
With such tears as captives weep,
Fields of labor
Where their wasted bodies sleep. 3 Mercy, mercy, vainly pleading,
Rends her garments, smites her breast,
Till a voice from heaven proceeding
Gladden all the waiting west:
"Come, ye weary!
Come, and I will give you rest!" 4 Tidings, tidings of salvation!
Brothers, rise with one accord,
Purge the plague-spot from our nation,
Till, unto their rights restored,
Slaves no longer,
All are freemen in the Lord!

440. P. M. *Montgomery. Watch for the Morning.

1 Climb we the mountain afar,
In the still hour of even;
Led by yon beautiful star,
First of the daughters of heaven:
Darkness yet covers the face of the deep;
Spirit of freedom! go forth in thy might,
Break the slave's bondage like infancy's sleep,
The moment when God shall say, Let there be light! 2 Gaze we meanwhile for the day,
Praying in thought while we gaze;
Watch for the morning's first ray;
Prayer then be turned into praise!
Shout to the valleys, Behold ye the morn,
Long, long desired, but denied to our sight;
Lo, myriads of slaves into men are new-born;
The word was omnipotent, and there is light!

441. L. M. *Whittier. Mercy and Not Sacrifice.

1 O Thou, at whose rebuke, the grave
Back to warm life the sleeper gave,
Who, waking, saw with joy, above,
A brother's face of tenderest love; -- 2 Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,
The sorrowing, and the sin-sick came;
The burden of thy holy faith
Was love and life, not hate and death. 3 O, once again thy healing lay
On the blind eyes which know thee not,
And let the light of thy pure day
Shine in upon the darkened thought! 4 O, touch the hearts of men, and show
The power which in forbearance lies;
And let them feel that Mercy now
Is better than old Sacrifice!

442. L. M. *Mrs. Livermore. Redeeming Power of Love.

1 What precept, Jesus, is like thine, --

Forgive, as ye would be forgiven!

In this we see the power divine,

Which shall transform our earth to heaven. 2 O, not the harsh and scornful word

The victory over sin can gain,

Not the dark prison, or the sword,

The shackle, or the weary chain. 3 But from our spirits there must flow

A love that will the wrong outweigh;

Our lips must only blessings know,

And wrath and sin shall die away. 4 'Twas heaven that formed the holy plan

To win the wanderer back by love;

Thus let us save our brother, man,

And imitate our God above.

443. C. M. Keble. Teaching Little Children.

1 O, say not, think not, heavenly notes To childish ears are vain, -- That the young mind at random floats, And cannot reach the strain.² Was not our Lord a little child, Taught by degrees to pray, By father dear and mother mild Instructed day by day?³ And loved he not of heaven to talk With children in his sight, To meet them in his daily walk, And to his arms invite?⁴ And though some tones be weak and low, What are all prayers beneath, But cries of babes, that cannot know Half the deep thought they breathe?⁵ In his own words we Christ adore; But angels, as we speak, Higher above our meaning soar Than we o'er children weak.⁶ And yet his words mean more than they, And yet he owns their praise; O, think not that he turns away From infants' simple lays!

444. C. M. Heber. The Holy Child.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill

How sweet the lily grows!

How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,

Of Sharon's dewy rose! 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet

The paths of peace have trod;

Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,

Is upward drawn to God! 3 O Thou who giv'st us life and breath,

We seek Thy grace alone,

In childhood, manhood, age, and death,

To keep us still Thine own!

445. C. M. Flint's Coll. Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand

With all-engaging charms!

Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,

And folds them in his arms! 2 "Suffer the little ones," he says,

"Forbid them not to come;

Of such is heaven; and souls like these

Shall find in heaven their home." 3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hands,

And yield them up to Thee;

Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,

Thine let our offspring be!

446. C. M. Briggs' Coll. Remember Thy Creator in the Days of Thy Youth.

1 Ye joyous ones! upon whose brow
The light of youth is shed,
O'er whose glad path life's early flowers
In glowing beauty spread;
Forget not Him whose love hath poured
Around that golden light,
And tinged those opening buds of hope
With hues so softly bright. 2 Thou tempted one! just entering
Upon enchanted ground,
Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,
Ten thousand foes surround:
A dark and a deceitful band,
Upon thy path they lower;
Trust not thine own unaided strength
To save thee from their power. 3 Thou whose yet bright and joyous eye
May soon be dimmed with tears,
To whom the hours of bitterness
Must come in coming years;
Teach early thy confiding eye
To pierce the cloudy screen,
To look above the storms of life,
Eternally serene.

447. L. M. L. E. Landon. Feed My Lambs!

1 While yet the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
Which may too soon be stained by sin; 2 Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care, --
Teach the young heart to look above,
Teach the young lips to speak in prayer. 3 The world will come with care and crime,
And tempt too oft that heart astray;
Still the seed sown in early time
Shall not be wholly cast away. 4 The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darkened soul will rise,
When age's weary eye is dim,
And the grave's shadow round us lies. 5 The infant hymn is heard again,
The infant prayer is breathed once more;
Reclasping thus the broken chain,
We turn to all we loved before.

448. L. M. Anonymous. A Child's Prayer.

1 Great God! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I but a child, -- and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky! 2 Art Thou my Father? -- Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought. 3 Art Thou my Father? -- I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee. 4 Art Thou my Father? -- Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

449. C. M. Mrs. Barbould. The Christian Pilgrim.

1 Our country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil. 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
But only heaven our hopes can raise,
And sin alone, our fears. 3 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before. 4 The flowers that spring along the road
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look. 5 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
And while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

450. C. M. Briggs' Coll. The Spiritual World.

1 There is a world we have not seen,
That time can ne'er destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath heard its joy. 2 There is a world, -- and O how blest!
Fairer than prophets told;
And never did an angel guest
One half its peace unfold. 3 And this pure world is ever bright
With radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the throne. 4 Look not abroad with roving mind
To seek that fair abode;
It comes, where'er the lowly find
The perfect peace of God.

451. C. M. Croswell. Hymn for Christmas.

1 Now gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim!
The chief of all the sons of men,
Shall we not welcome him?
Fill all his courts with sacred songs,
And from the temple wall
Wave garlands o'er the joyful throngs
That crowd his festival! 2 And still more freshly in the mind
Store up the hopes sublime
Which then were born for all mankind,
So blessed was the time;
And, underneath these hallowed eaves,
A Saviour will be born
In every heart that him receives,
On his triumphal morn.

452. 7s. M. Grant. The Garden of Gethsemane.

1 Jesus, while he dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go,
Near to Kedron's brook that lay:
In this place he loved to be,
And 'twas named Gethsemane. 2 'Twas a garden, as we read,
At the foot of Olivet,
Low and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat:
When from noise he would be free,
Then he sought Gethsemane. 3 Thither, by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came;
There the heavenly truths he taught
Often set their hearts on flame:
Therefore they, as well as he,
Visited Gethsemane. 4 Oft conversing here they sat;
Or might join with Christ in prayer;
O, what blest devotion that,
When the Lord himself is there!
All things there did so agree
To endear Gethsemane. 5 Full of love to man's lost race,
On the conflict much he thought;
This he knew the destined place,
And he loved the sacred spot:
Therefore Jesus chose to be
Often in Gethsemane.

453. C. M. C. Wesley. The Communion of Saints.

1 The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake. 2 One family, we dwell in Him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death. 3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood
And part are crossing now. 4 O God, be Thou our constant guide!
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Thou death's flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

454. C. M. Watts. Law and Love.

1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke; -- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad. 3 Behold the great, the glorious host
Of angels, clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight! 4 In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest;
For he who dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

455. P. M. J. H. Perkins. Prayer and Labor.

1 By earth hemmed in, by earth oppressed,
'Tis hard to labor, -- hard to pray;
And of the week, for prayer and rest,
We've but one Sabbath day. 2 But purer spirits walk above,
Who worship alway; who are blest
With an upspringing might of love
That makes all labor, rest. 3 Father, while here, we would arise
In spirit to that realm; and there
Be every act a sacrifice,
And every thought a prayer!

456. 7 & 6s. M. Anonymous. Strength From Struggle.

1 Grows dark thy path before thee?

Press on! still undismayed;

Heaven shines resplendent o'er thee,

Though earth be wrapped in shade. 2 And God, thy trust, hath given,

With word from swerving free,

The angels of high heaven

A charge concerning thee. 3 Then though thy feet may falter

Even at early morn,

And from hope's burning altar

The light may be withdrawn, -- 4 Yet from thy self-prostration

Thou shalt awake in power;

From tears and lamentation,

To conquest every hour. 5 Strong in thy perfect weakness,

Thy strength shall never fail;

Mighty in holy meekness,

Thine arm shall still prevail.

457. C. M. German. The Heavenly Guide.

1 When thirst for power or for gold

Hath led our souls astray;

When, blind, by blinder guides we're told,

"Lo, here thou'lt find the way;" 2 Look down, O Father, from above;

Set us from error free;

Teach us to serve Thee here in love,

And find our home in Thee. 3 When faith Thy guidance humbly takes,

And seeks Thy will to do,

Clear light upon our pathway breaks,

The world to guide us through. 4 Thy spirit send, our souls to keep;

Thy wisdom make our own;

And though our way leads through the deep,

We wander not alone.

458. 7 & 6s. M. Anonymous. Light For All.

1 The light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day. 2 So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits,
As the waters fill the sea. 3 The soul can shed a glory
On every work well done;
As even things most lowly
Are radiant in the sun. 4 Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright;
The truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light; 5 Till earth becomes God's temple;
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

459. C. M. J. Weiss. For a Summer Festival.

1 Beneath Thy trees to-day we met,
Amid Thy summer flowers;
And every heart is blessing yet
These happy, fleeting hours. 2 But creeping shades to vespers call,
And timely lore impart,
To make our latest shadows fall
From sunshine in the heart. 3 Yes, even so; the summer leaf,
The summer flowers, declare
Their childlike, chastening belief,
That Thou dost make them fair. 4 O, let us cherish nature's creed,
And live and bloom to Thee;
For only childlike hearts, we read,
Can grace eternity.

460. P. M. Anonymous. Morning Hymn.

1 Our Father! we thank Thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest;
We bless the kind care that doth keep
Thy children from being distressed:
O, how in their weakness shall children repay
Thy fatherly kindness, by night and by day? 2 Our voices shall utter Thy praise,
Our hearts shall o'erflow with Thy love;
O, teach us to walk in Thy ways,
And lift us earth's trials above!
The heart's true affection is all we can give;
In love's pure devotion, O, help us to live! 3 So long as Thou seest it right
That here upon earth we should stay,
We pray Thee to guard us by night,
And help us to serve Thee by day;
And when all the days of this life shall be o'er,
Receive us in heaven, to serve Thee the more.

461. L. M. Goethe. Even-Tide.

1 O'er silent field and lonely lawn

Her dusky mantle night hath drawn;

At twilight's holy, heartfelt hour,

In man his better soul hath power. 2 The passions are at peace within,

And stilled each stormy thought of sin;

The yielding bosom, overawed,

Breathes love to man, and love to God.

462. L. M. Edmeston. Sabbath Evening.

1 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeam lingering there;
Those sacred hours this low earth leave,
Wafted on wings of praise and prayer. 2 The time, how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow! 3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above. 4 Thou God of mercy, swift to hear,
More swift than man to tell his need;
Be Thou to us, this evening, near,
And to Thy fount our spirits lead!

463. S. M. Briggs' Coll. Seasons for Prayer.

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 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In the weary heat of day. 3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day. 4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With Thee to watch and pray.

464. 11s. M. Mrs. Osgood. Glad Worship.

1 Approach not the altar with gloom in thy soul,
Nor let thy feet falter from terror's control;
God loves not the sadness of fear and mistrust;
O, serve Him with gladness, -- the Loving and Just! 2 His bounty is tender, His being is love;
His smile fills with splendor the blue arch above;
Confiding, believing, O, enter always
His courts with thanksgiving, His portals with praise! 3 Come not to His temple with pride in thy
mien
But lowly and simple, in courage serene;
Bring meekly before Him the faith of a child,
Bow down and adore Him with heart undefiled!

465. 7s. M. Montgomery. Praise Ye the Lord.

1 Heralds of creation! cry, --

Praise the Lord, the Lord most high!

Heaven and earth! obey the call;

Praise the Lord, the Lord of all. 2 For He spake, and forth from night

Sprang the universe to light;

He commanded, -- nature heard,

And stood fast upon His word. 3 Praise Him, all ye hosts above;

Spirits perfected in love!

Sun and moon! your voices raise;

Sing, ye stars! your Maker's praise. 4 Earth! from all thy depths below,

Ocean's hallelujahs flow;

Lightning, vapor, wind, and storm,

Hail and snow! His will perform. 5 Birds! on wings of rapture soar,

Warble at His temple's door;

Joyful sounds from herds and flocks,

Echo back, ye caves and rocks! 6 High above all height His throne;

Excellent His name alone;

Him let all His works confess!

Him let all His children bless!

466. 8 & 7s. M. Anonymous. |The Lord Is in His Holy Temple.|

1 God is in His holy temple:

Thoughts of earth, be silent now,

While with reverence we assemble,

And before His presence bow.

He is with us now and ever,

When we call upon His name,

Aiding every good endeavor,

Guiding every upward aim. 2 God is in His holy temple; --

In the pure and holy mind;

In the reverent heart and simple;

In the soul from sense refined:

Then let every low emotion

Banished far and silent be!

And our souls, in pure devotion,

Lord, be temples worthy Thee!

467. 10s. M. Dr. Johnson. God.

1 O Thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides!
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine! 2 'Tis Thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From Thee, great God! we spring, to Thee we tend,
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End!

468. 7s. M. Episcopal Coll. Thanksgiving Hymn.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ!
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow! 2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain; --
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise! 3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores; --
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise! 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams; --
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise!

469. 7s. M. Merrick. The Heavenly Shepherd.

1 Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine!

Want shall never more be mine.

In a pasture fair and large

He shall feed His happy charge,

And my couch with tenderest care

'Midst the springing grass prepare 2 When I faint with summer's heat,

He shall lead my weary feet

To the streams that, still and slow,

Through the verdant meadow flow:

When through devious paths I stray,

He shall teach the better way 3 Though the dreary vale I tread,

By the shades of death o'erspread,

I shall walk from terror free,

While each needed strength I see

By Thy rod and staff supplied;

This my guard, and that my guide. 4 Thou my plenteous board hast spread;

Thou with oil refreshed my head;

Filled by Thee, my cup o'erflows;

For Thy love no limit knows;

And unto my latest end

Thou my footsteps shalt attend.

470. C. M. Episcopal Coll. Calm Trust.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss

Thy sovereign will denies,

Accepted at Thy throne, let this,

My humble prayer, arise: -- 2 Give me a calm and 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 bless my journey's end.

471. L. M. *Browne. The One God.

1 Eternal God! Almighty Cause

Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!

All things are subject to Thy laws;

All things depend on Thee alone. 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,

Of all within itself possessed;

By none controlled in Thy commands,

And in Thyself completely blessed. 3 Worship to Thee alone belongs,

Worship to Thee alone we give;

Thine be our hearts, and Thine our songs,

And to Thy glory may we live. 4 O, spread Thy truth through every land,

In every heart Thy love be known;

Subdue the world to Thy command,

And, as Thou art, reign God alone.

472. C. M. Sternhold |He Bowed the Heavens and Came Down. |

1 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky. 2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad. 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He as sovereign Lord and King
For evermore shall reign.

473. L. M. J. Richardson. One in Christ.

1 From Zion's holy hill there rose
A fount divine, that ever flows;
Heaven's smile is on its waters shed,
By heaven's own dew the fount is fed. 2 That stream of Truth -- a silver thread,
Scarce known, save by its fountain-head --
Now onward pours, a mighty flood,
And fills the new-formed world with good. 3 Where'er that living fountain flows,
New life its healing wave bestows,
And man, from sin's corruptions free,
Inspires with its own purity. 4 A spirit, breathed from Zion's hill,
In holy hearts is living still, --
That Comforter from heaven above,
The presence of celestial love. 5 O, may this spirit ever be
Our bond of peace and unity!
Thus shall we teach, as Christ began,
Through love, the brotherhood of man.

474. C. M. *Pierpont. The Hymn of the Last Supper.

1 The winds are hushed; the peaceful moon
Looks down on Zion's hill;
The city sleeps; 'tis night's calm moon,
And all the streets are still. 2 How soft, how holy, is the light!
And hark! a sweet, low song,
As gently as these dews of night,
Floats on the air along. 3 Affection's wish, devotion's prayer,
Are in that holy strain;
And hope and love and trust are there,
And triumph, won through pain. 4 'Tis Jesus and his faithful few
That soul-deep hymn who pour; --
O Christ! may we the song renew,
And learn to love thee more.

475. C. M. Moore. Consolation.

1 O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee! 2 But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe. 3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too; 4 O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above? 5 Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

476. C. M. Keble. The Elder Scripture.

1 There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and loving hearts. 2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found. 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Father's love;
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move. 4 The dew of heaven is like His grace;
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known. 5 Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the earth and sky. 6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere!

477. 10s. M. Sterling. Rest.

1 O Thou, the primal fount of life and peace,
Who shedd'st Thy breathing quiet all around,
In me command that pain and conflict cease,
And tune to music every jarring sound. 2 Make Thou in me, O God, through shame and pain,
A heart attuned to Thy celestial calm;
Let not the spirit's pangs be roused in vain,
But heal the wounded breast with soothing balm! 3 So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
In full accord with all Thy works of joy,
May I be nerved to labors high and pure,
And Thou Thy child to do Thy work employ. 4 In One who walked on earth, a man of woe,
Was holier peace than even this hour inspires;
From him to me let inward quiet flow,
And give the might my failing will requires. 5 So this great universe, -- so he, and Thou,
The central source and wondrous bound of things,
May fill my heart with rest as deep as now
To land and sea and air Thy presence brings.

478. P. M. Mrs. Hemans. The Pilgrim Fathers.

1 The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed,
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore. 2 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer. 3 Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, --
This was their welcome home! 4 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod!

They have left unstained, what there they found:

Freedom to worship God.

479. L. P. M. E. B. Barrett. He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

Psalm cxxvii.2. 1 Of all the thoughts of God, that are
Borne in upon our souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
O, tell me if there any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this, --
"He giveth His beloved sleep." 2 O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailers' heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all, --
He giveth His beloved sleep. 3 His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

480. 6 & 4s. M. Anonymous. Invocation.

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 eternal Word, By heaven and earth adored, Our prayer attend! Come and this people bless; Give to Thy truth success; Spirit of Holiness, On us descend! 3 Come, holy Comforter, Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour! Thou who almighty art, Rule now in every heart, Never from us depart, Spirit of Power!

481. C. M. Orig. Hymns. The Hour of Prayer.

1 Earth's busy sounds and ceaseless din

Wake not this morning air!

A holy calm should welcome in

This solemn hour of prayer. 2 Now peace, be still, unhallowed care,

And hushed within the breast!

A holy joy should welcome there

This happy day of rest. 3 Each better thought the spirit knows,

This hour, the spirit fill!

And Thou, from whom its being flows,

O, teach it all Thy will! 4 Then shall this day, which God hath blest,

Hallow life's every hour,

And bear us to our better rest,

Eternal, perfect, sure.

482. C. M. Alford. Sincere Worship.

1 O Thou, who hast Thy servants taught
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown; 2 While in Thy house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to Thy word! 3 When we our voices lift in praise,
Give Thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeigned thanks,
And with the spirit sing. 4 And in the dangerous path of life
Uphold us as we go;
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

483. 8 & 7s. M. Anonymous. Come, Holy Spirit!

1 Holy Spirit, source of gladness,
Shine amid the clouds of night;
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe Thy life, and shed Thy light!
Send us Thine illumination,
Banish all our fears at length,
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing Strength! 2 Let that love, which knows no measure,
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send;
Hear our earnest supplication,
Every struggling heart release,
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of eternal Peace!

484. L. M. Mrs. Gilman. The Day of Rest.

1 We bless Thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven. 2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,
We would improve the calm repose;
And, in God's service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys and woes. 3 Lord! may Thy truth, upon the heart,
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew. 4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

485. 10 & 6s. M. Anonymous. The Sabbath.

1 Thou givest Thy Sabbath, Lord; the din is stilled Of man's unquiet care;
A sacred calm, with Thy deep presence filled,
Breathes through the silent air. 2 O leave us not, through long and darkened hours,
In night of woe and sin,
But shed Thy Sabbath with its radiant powers
Upon the world within. 3 Purge from our hearts the stains so deep and foul, Of wrath and pride and care;
Send Thine own holy calm upon the soul,
And bid it settle there. 4 Banish this craving self that still has sought
Lord of the soul to be;
Teach us to turn to fellow-men our thought;
Teach us to turn to Thee! 5 Teach us to love Thy creatures great and small
To live as in Thine eye;
Thou who hast freely given Thy love to all; --
Thou who to all art nigh!

486. L. M. Alford. The Seed of the Word.

1 O Thou, at whose divine command
Good seed is sown in every land,
Thy holy spirit now impart,
And for Thy word prepare each heart! 2 Not 'mid the thorns of worldly thought,
Nor soon by passing plunderers caught,
Nor lacking depth the root to feed,
May we receive Thy spirit's seed; 3 But may it, where Thy sowers toil,
Fall in a good and honest soil;
And springing up from firmest root,
Through patience, bear abundant fruit.

487. L. M. E. H. Chapin. The Gate of Heaven.

1 Our Father God! not face to face
May mortal sense commune with Thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells Thy secret Majesty.
Yet whereso'er our spirits bend
In rev'rent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find Thy spirit there. 2 Lord! be the spot where now we meet
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.
Here may desponding care look up;
And sorrow lay its burden down,
Or learn, of him, to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown. 3 Here may the sick and wandering soul
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than Siloam's healing wave.
And may we learn, while here apart
From the world's passion and its strife;
That Thy true shrine's a loving heart,
And Thy best praise a holy life!

488. P. M. Anonymous. O Father! Hear.

1 Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

Thou who art pity where sorrow prevaieth,

Thou who art safety when mortal help faileth,

Strength to the feeble and hope to despair,

Hear, Father, hear our prayer! 2 Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

Wandering alone in the land of the stranger,

Be with all travellers in sickness or danger,

Guard Thou their path, guide their feet from the snare: Hear, Father, hear our prayer! 3 Hear Thou the poor that cry!

Feed Thou the hungry and lighten their sorrow,

Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow;

They are Thy children, their trust is on high:

Hear Thou the poor that cry! 4 Dry Thou the mourner's tear!

Heal Thou the wounds of time-hallowed affection;

Grant to the widow and orphan protection;

Be in their trouble a friend ever near;

Dry Thou the mourner's tear! 6 Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

Long hath Thy goodness our footsteps attended;

Be with the pilgrim whose journey is ended:

When at Thy summons for death we prepare,

Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

489. P. M. Bowring. Prayer of a Lowly Spirit.

1 From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness;
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 kindness
Forgives our blindness. 3 O how long-suffering, Lord! but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering; Thou invitest,
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 gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower escaped through death's dark portal, Becomes immortal.

490. L. M. Anonymous. The Lord's Prayer.

1 Father, adored in worlds above!

Thy glorious name be hallowed still;

Thy kingdom come in truth and love;

And earth, like heaven, obey Thy will. 2 Lord, make our daily wants Thy care;

Forgive the sins which we forsake;

In Thy compassion let us share,

As fellow-men of ours partake. 3 Evils beset us every hour;

Thy kind protection we implore,

Thine is the kingdom, Thine the power,

The glory Thine forever more.

491. C. M. Anonymous. Hallowed Be Thy Name.

1 Holy and reverend is the name

Of our eternal King;

Thrice holy, Lord! the angels cry;

Thrice holy, let us sing. 2 The deepest reverence of the mind

Pay, O my soul, to God;

Lift with thy hands a holy heart

To His sublime abode. 3 With sacred awe pronounce His name,

Whom words nor thoughts can reach;

A reverent heart shall please Him more

Than the best forms of speech. 4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul

From sinful passion free;

And, pure in heart, may I behold

A God of purity!

492. L. M. Heber. Give Us Each Day Our Daily Bread.

1 Thy bounteous hand with food can bless

The bleak and barren wilderness,

And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray

For daily bread from day to day. 2 And O, when through the wilds we roam

That part us from our heavenly home;

When, lost in danger, want, and woe,

Our faithless tears begin to flow; 3 Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,

By which alone the soul can live;

And grant Thy children, Lord, we pray,

The bread of life from day to day!

493. 7s. M. Conder. Deliver Us From Evil.

1 Heavenly Father! to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie;
Through the desert when I stray
Let Thy counsels guide my way. 2 Leave me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power. 3 Lord! uphold me day by day;
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares;
Care for me in all my cares. 4 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain, or sorrow, care or shame, --
Father! glorify Thy name. 5 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending home to Thee, my God.

494. 7 & 6s. M. Gaskell. Thine is the Glory Forever.

To Thee, the Lord almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blessest all that live;
Whose goodness, never-failing
Through countless ages gone,
Forever and forever
Shall still keep shining on.

495. H. M. Sandys. Praise Ye the Lord.

1 All, from the sun's uprise
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees
The great Creator's praise!
Him serve alone;
In triumph bring
Your gifts, and sing
Before His throne! 2 Man drew from man his birth;
But God his noble frame,
(Built of the ruddy earth,)
Filled with celestial flame.
His sons we are,
By Him are led,
Preserved and fed
With tender care. 3 Then to His portals press
In your divine resorts;
With thanks His power profess,
And praise Him in His courts.
How good! how pure!
His mercies last;
His promise past
Is ever sure.

496. 7s. M. Conder. O Give Thanks Unto the Lord!

1 O, give thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food:
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours! 2 O, give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing;
His our warm and sentient frame;
His the mind's immortal flame;
O, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind! 3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship,
And all creatures are His care;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; -- but who can
Speak the Father's love to man! 4 O give thanks for him who came,
In a mortal, suffering frame,
Temple of the Deity; --
Came to bear our souls on high;
In the path himself hath trod,
Leading back his saints to God.

497. 7 & 6s. M. Anonymous. Thanksgiving.

1 Meet and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Praises to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace.
Join we then in sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be Thine! 2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise alway, day without night,
In songs that never cease.
And with them our hearts aspire,
On the wings of faith and love,
Vying with the heavenly choir,
Who chant Thy praise above. 3 Still they sing, with glory crowned,
Thanksgiving to Thy name;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our hymn is still the same;
"Glory be to God on high!"
So the song of angels ran,
And our voices still reply,
"Good-will on earth to man!"

498. 8, 7 & 4s. M. Breviary. Hallelujah, For the Lord Reigneth.

1 Hallelujah! best and sweetest

Of the hymns of praise above;

Hallelujah! thou repeatest,

Angel-host, these notes of love;

This ye utter,

While your golden harps ye move. 2 Hallelujah! strains of gladness

Comfort not the faint and worn;

Hallelujah! sounds of sadness

Best become the heart forlorn:

Our offences

We with bitter tears must mourn. 3 But our earnest supplication,

Holy God! we raise to Thee;

Visit us with Thy salvation,

Make us all Thy peace to see!

Hallelujah!

Ours at length this strain shall be.

499. 7s. M. Montgomery. Praise the Lord!

1 All ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise. 2 For His truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity. 3 Praise Him, ye who know His love;
Praise Him, from the depths beneath;
Praise Him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

500. C. M. Martineau's Coll. Closing Hymn.

O Thou great Spirit! who along
The waters first did move,
And straight, from warring chaos sprung
Light, harmony and love;
Upon our waiting spirits brood,
Bid all their discord cease,
And breathe upon the troubled soul
Thy last, best gift of peace!

501. L. M. C. Wesley. The Bread of Life.

1 Father, supply my every need;
Sustain the life Thyself hast given;
Oh! grant the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven! 2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase,
Nor ever let me hunger more!

502. 7s. M. Bowring. The Pilgrim's Prayer.

1 Lead us with Thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led;
Speed us on our upward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine. 2 Lead us, Father! Thou dost know
All the way; but, wanderers, we
Often miss our way below,
And stretch out our hands to Thee;
Guide us, save us, and prepare
Our appointed mansion there!

503. L. M. Univ. Coll. Close of Worship.

1 Ere to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save. 2 May the great truths we here have heard --
The lessons of Thy holy word --
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep. 3 Oh! may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

504. C. M. Anonymous. Peace Be Unto This House.

1 Lord of the families below!

To Thee our prayers we send;

Do Thou from danger and from woe

This dwelling-place defend. 2 Here let Thy peace, O Father, rest;

Here let Thy love abide!

Our every joy in Thee more blest,

Each sorrow sanctified. 3 May our petitions when we meet,

And every secret prayer,

Come up before Thy mercy-seat,

And find acceptance there. 4 Teach us, with hearts made one in love,

To do Thy pure commands;

And give us, in Thy time, above,

A house not made with hands.

505. 7s. M. C. Wesley. Brotherly Love.

1 Lord! subdue our selfish will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By Thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute. 2 Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings;
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings!

506. S. M. Anonymous. The Hour of Prayer.

1 It is the hour of prayer:

Draw near and bend the knee,

And fill the calm and holy air

With voice of melody!

O'erwearied with the heat

And burden of the day,

Now let us rest our wandering feet,

And gather here to pray. 2 The dark and deadly blight

That walks at noontide hour,

The midnight arrow's secret flight,

O'er us have had no power:

But smiles from loving eyes

Have been around our way,

And lips on which a blessing lies

Have bidden us to pray. 3 O, blessed is the hour

That lifts our hearts on high!

Like sunlight when the tempests lower,

Prayer to the soul is nigh;

Though dark may be our lot,

Our eyes be dim with care,

These saddening thoughts shall trouble not

This holy hour of prayer.

507. L. M. Anonymous. Hymn of a Household.

1 For mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven,
Thy helping arm, Thy guiding word,
And answered prayers, and sins forgiven. 2 Whene'er we tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
Be still, to lead our steps aright,
Thy word our guide, Thine arm our stay! 3 Be ours Thy blessed presence still;
United hearts, unchanging love;
No thought that contradicts Thy will,
No wish that centres not above! 4 And since we must be parted here,
Support us when the hour shall come;
Dry gently Thou the mourner's tear,
Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

508. C. M. Anonymous. Family Evening Worship.

1 Now from the altar of our hearts

Let warmest thanks arise;

Assist us, Lord, to offer up

Our evening sacrifice. 2 This day our God has been our sun,

Our keeper and our guide,

His arm around our weakness thrown,

His angels at our side. 3 Moments and mercies multiplied

Have made up all the day;

Moments came fast, but mercies were

More swift and free than they. 4 New hours, new blessings, and new joys,

Do a new song require;

Till we can praise Thee as we should,

Accept our hearts' desire!

509. L. M. S. S. Cutting. Family Hymn. Evening.

1 Father, we bless the gentle care
That watches o'er us day by day,
That guards us from the tempter's snare,
And guides us in the heavenward way: --
We bless Thee for the tender love
That mingles all our hearts in one, --
The music of the soul; -- above
'Tis purer spirits' unison. 2 Father, 'tis evening's solemn hour,
And cast we now our cares on Thee;
Darkly the storm may round us lower,
Peace is within, -- Christ makes us free; --
And when life's toil and joy are o'er,
And evening gathers on its sky,
Our circle broke, -- we sing no more, --
O, may we meet and sing on high.

510. L. M. Moore. The Spirit of God Moved Upon the Waters.

1 Like morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light; 2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before;
And freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there! 3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire,
But when he swept its chords along,
E'en angels stooped to hear the song. 4 So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O Lord,
Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

511. 8, 7 & 4s. M. Anonymous. Calls of the Spirit.

1 Brother, will you slight the message

Sent in mercy from above?

Every sentence, O how tender,

Every line how full of love!

Heavenly accents

Full of strength and peace and love! 2 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;

Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;

And with deepest consolation

Chase away the falling tears;

Tender heralds,

Blessed he their word who hears! 3 Holy angels, hovering round us!

Waiting spirits! speed your way,

Hasten to the court of heaven,

Tidings bear without delay,

That our spirits

Glad the message will obey.

512. L. M. Anonymous. In Spiritual Deadness.

1 O Thou, who all things dost control,
Chase this dead slumber from my soul!
With reverent joy, with loving awe,
Give me to keep Thy perfect law. 2 O, let a ray from Thy pure light
Pierce through the gathering shades of night!
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
And holy conquering faith inspire. 3 This deadly slumber when I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal,
Then, Lord, descend with quickening power,
And wake me, that I sleep no more!

513. L. M. Wesleyan. Seeking Rest.

1 O Thou, in whom the weary find
Alone their permanent repose;
Send light into my doubting mind,
Relieve my fears, assuage my woes;
O let my soul on Thee be cast,
Till sin's fierce tyranny be past. 2 Far, far from Thee, O God, removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro;
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below;
Back unto Thee, at last, I fly:
Save! for the waters still are high. 3 Selfish pursuits and pleasure's maze,
The things of earth, for Thee I leave;
Pat forth Thy hand, Thy hand of grace,
Into the ark of love receive;
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And still it, Father, on Thy breast. 4 Fill with inviolable peace;
'Stablish in faith my restless heart;
In Thee let all my wanderings cease,
From Thee may I no more depart;
Never again from Thee remove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

514. 10s. M. Dr. Tuckerman. My Heaven in Thee.

1 Father divine, this deadening power control,
Which to the senses binds the immortal soul;
O break this bondage, Lord! I would be free,
And in my soul would find my heaven, in Thee. 2 My heaven in Thee! O God, no other heaven
To the immortal soul can e'er be given;
O, let Thy kingdom now within me come,
And as above, so here, Thy will be done! 3 My heaven in Thee, O Father, let me find --
My heaven in Thee, within a heart resigned;
No more, of heaven and bliss, my soul, despair,
For where my God is found, my heaven is there.

515. S. M. Wesleyan. Watch and Pray, Lest Ye Enter into Temptation.

1 Father, this slumber shake

From off my heavy soul!

Say to me now, -- awake! awake!

And I will make thee whole! 2 Touch with Thy strengthening hand;

Arouse me in this hour;

And make me fully understand

The thunder of Thy power. 3 Give me on Thee to call;

Always to watch and pray,

Lest I into temptation fall,

And cast my shield away. 4 For each assault prepared

And watchful may I be,

Forever standing on my guard,

And looking unto Thee.

516. S. M. C. Wesley. For Help in Temptation.

1 Thou seest my feebleness;
Father! be Thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower! 2 Give me to trust in Thee;
Be Thou my sure abode;
My helm and sword and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God! 3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep. 4 My soul to Thee alone,
For always, I commend;
Thou lovest me, Father, as Thine own,
And lovest to the end.

517. S. M. C. Wesley. Aspiration.

1 O come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring Thy glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear and sin. 2 The inward, deep disease,
Spirit of Health, remove!
Spirit of perfect Holiness!
Spirit of perfect Love! 3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall all sin consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become!

518. C. M. Wesleyan. Desires for Holiness.

1 O, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels how good,
Thou, Lord, hast been to me. 2 O for an humble, trustful heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within; -- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
Conformed, O Lord, to Thine. 4 Thy spirit, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
O, write Thy name upon my heart!
Thy name, O God, is love.

519. S. M. Mrs. Hemans. For Heavenly Thoughts.

1 Come to me, thoughts of heaven!
My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning given,
Up to celestial air,
Away, far, far away,
From thoughts by passion given,
Fold me in pure, still, cloudless day,
O blessed thoughts of heaven! 2 Come in my tempted hour,
Sweet thoughts! and yet again
O'er sinful wish and memory, shower
Your soft effacing rain;
Waft me where gales divine
With dark clouds ne'er have striven;
Where living founts forever shine;
O blessed Thoughts of heaven!

520. C. M. Bath Coll. Prayer for Faith.

1 O, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe! 2 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt; -- 3 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

521. C. M. Montgomery. Prayer for Submission.

1 One prayer I have, -- all prayers in one,
When I am wholly Thine;
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine. 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just. 3 May I remember that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all Thy bounties flow. 4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in Thy service spent. 5 And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No, let me bless Thy name, and say
"The Lord is gracious still." 6 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

522. C. M. C. Wesley. For the Divine Presence.

1 Speak with us, Lord; Thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of Thy love. 2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All toil and time and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou art present there. 3 Here then, our God, be pleased to stay,
And bid our hearts rejoice;
Our bounding hearts shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice. 4 Thou callest us to seek Thy face;
Thy face, O God, we seek,
Attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

523. C. M. Wesley. Struggling Upward.

1 Father divine, our wants relieve

In this our evil day;

To all Thy tempted children give

The power to watch and pray. 2 Long as our fiery trials last,

Long as the cross we bear,

O, let our souls on Thee be cast,

In never-ceasing prayer! 3 Thy spirit of untroubled peace

Give us in faith to claim,

To wrestle till we see Thy face,

And know Thy hidden name. 4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,

Till Thou Thyself bestow,

Be this the cry of every heart, --

I will not let Thee go; 5 I will not let Thee go, unless

Thou tell Thy name to me;

With all Thy great salvation bless,

And make me all like Thee. 6 Then let us, on the mountain top,

Behold Thine unveiled face,

Where faith in sight is swallowed up,

And prayer in endless praise.

524. 7 & 6s. M. Wesleyan. Longing for Rest in God.

1 O almighty God of love!

Thy holy arm display;

Send us succor from above,

Against the evil day;

Arm our weakness with Thy power;

Put Thy strength our hearts within;

Be our stronghold and our tower

Against the assaults of sin. 2 Could we of Thy strength take hold,

And always feel Thee near,

Confident, divinely bold,

Our souls would know no fear.

Nothing could their firmness shock;

Though the gates of hell assail,

Were we built upon the rock

They never could prevail. 3 Thou would'st, in the trying hour,

A sure protection be,

Guard us from temptation's power,

And fix our souls on Thee.

Lord, on Thee our trust is placed;

Never thence may we remove;

In the arms of love embraced,

Thine everlasting love.

525. S. M. * Why Art Thou Cast Down, My Soul?

1 We pray for truth and peace;
With weary hearts we ask
Some rest in which our souls may cease
From life's perplexing task.
We weep -- yet none is found;
We weep -- yet hope grows faint; --
And deeper in its mournful sound
Goes up our wild complaint. 2 Only to living faith
The promises are shown;
And by the love that passes death
The rest is won alone.
Be ours the earnest heart,
Be ours the steady will,
To work in silent trust our part;
For God is working still. 3 Then newer lights shall rise
Above these clouds of sin,
And heaven's unfolding mysteries
To glad our souls begin.
Our hearts from fear and wrong
Shall win their full release,
With God's own might forever strong,
And calm with God's own peace.

526. C. M. Anonymous. Prayer for Faith.

1 That might of faith, O Lord! bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain;
Which will not let the angel go
Until the prayer it gain. 2 On me the faith divine bestow
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love. 3 And, Father, when I doubt that I
Can live, and sin no more;
Then if on Thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

527. L. M. Anonymous. For Self-Renunciation.

1 Father of might, my bonds I feel,
And long for perfect liberty;
I would deny my selfish will,
And, Father, give up all to Thee! 2 O, with Thy strength my weakness fill!
That strength shall every foe subdue;
The doubts that tempt, the sins that kill,
The wishes to the cross untrue. 3 A sinless mind in me reveal,
Thy spirit's fulness, Lord, impart!
Till all my spotless life shall tell
The abundance of a loving heart. 4 So shall I own Thy perfect sway,
And, sitting humbly at Thy feet,
Thy law with all my heart obey,
And all my soul to Thee submit.

528. 8 & 7s. M. Anonymous. Dedication to God.

1 Holy Father, Thou hast taught me
I should live to Thee alone;
Year by year, Thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, Thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still Thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in Thy sight. 2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength, -- the spirit's strength indeed. 3 I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm,
Follow wholly Thy directing,
Thou mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to Thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side!

529. L. M. Doddridge. The Patient Waiting upon God.

1 Wait on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let His word support your souls;
Well can He bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control. 2 He waits His own well-chosen hour
The intended mercy to display;
And His paternal pities move,
While wisdom dictates the delay. 3 Blest are the humble souls that wait
With sweet submission to His will;
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still; -- 4 Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their silence into songs;
Then earth grows vocal with His praise,
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

530. L. M. C. Wesley. God Our Deliverer.

1 God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head! 2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee. 3 Whither, oh whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast;
Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest! 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But Thou, O God, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run:
But Thou art greater than my heart. 5 Foolish, and ignorant, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

531. C. M. * The Power of Trust.

1 My God! in life's most doubtful hour,
In sharpest pains of death,
Who waits on Thee hath peace and power;
Thou present help of faith! 2 Thy crown of joy upon his head,
Thy light upon his face,
Through storms and strife Thy Christ could tread,
On to the happy place. 3 And though the cross were sharp and high,
The lifted Lord could see
The souls he loved drawn nearer by
His love's last energy. 4 Help me, O God! to seek -- to win,
Through struggles and through prayer,
The faith which frees my soul from sin,
And brings Thy blessing there. 5 So shall my cross of conquered shame
My fainting brothers raise,
So Thy triumphant mercy flame
Around my path of praise. 6 And earth, with all its pain and toil,
By love's pure presence blest,
Shall wear the calm celestial smile
Of heaven's eternal rest.

532. C. M. Anonymous. Through Cross to Light.

1 Bear on, my soul! the bitter cross
Of every trial here
Shall lift thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there. 2 Bear on, my soul! on God rely;
Deliverance will come;
A thousand ways the Father hath
To bring His children home. 3 And Thou, my heavenly Friend and Guide,
Hast kindly led me on;
Taught me to rest my fainting head
Upon Thy heart alone. 4 So comforted and so sustained,
With dark events I strove,
And found, when rightly understood,
All, messengers of love.

533. 11 & 10s. M. * THE MIGHT OF FAITH.

1 We will not weep; for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
We will not doubt, -- if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light. 2 We will not faint, -- if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear,
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair. 3 O, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending,
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last,
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us when the Death is past. 4 Help us, oh Father! -- when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend, Help us, oh Father! let Thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness, -- till the joyful end.

534. 8 & 7s. M. Montgomery. Faith.

1 Call the Lord thy sure salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In His secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed! 2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare,
Guile nor violence shall harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there. 3 There, though winds and waves are swelling,
God, thy hope, shall bear through all;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall. 4 He shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep. 5 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He shall shield thee from above.

535. 8 & 7s. M. Moravian. Bearing the Reproach of Christ.

1 Cross, reproach, and tribulation,
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests. 2 The reproach of Christ is glorious;
Those who here his burden bear
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal gladness share. 3 Bear then the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith!
Lift triumphant songs and praises,
Even in martyrdom and death. 4 Bonds and stripes, and evil story,
Are our honorable crowns;
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

536. 8 & 7s. M. Anonymous. Faith.

1 Let the world despise and leave me, --
Once they left my Saviour too;
Let all human hopes deceive me,
Thou wilt never be untrue;
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might!
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Yet the darkness shall be light. 2 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 learned to call Thee Father,
I have fixed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me. 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Thou canst give me sweetest rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

537. L. M. Doddridge. Seeing the Invisible.

1 Eternal and immortal King!

Thy peerless splendors none can bear;

But darkness veils seraphic eyes,

When God with all his glory's there. 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,

The great Invisible can see;

And with its tremblings mingle joy,

In fixed regard, great GOD! to Thee. 3 Then every tempting form of sin,

Shamed in Thy presence, disappears;

And all the glowing raptured soul

The likeness it contemplates, wears. 4 O ever conscious to my heart!

Witness to its supreme desire:

Behold it presseth on to Thee,

For it hath caught the heavenly fire. 5 This one petition would it urge --

To bear Thee ever in its sight;

In life, in death, in worlds unknown,

Its only portion and delight!

538. C. M. Breviary. Faith, Hope, and Love.

1 Supreme disposer of the heart!

Thou, since the world was made,

Hast the blest fruits of holiness

To holy hearts displayed. 2 Here, hope and faith their links unite

With love in one sweet chain;

But when all fleeting things are past,

Love shall alone remain. 3 O love! O true and fadeless light!

And shall it ever be,

That after all our toils and tears

Thy sabbath we shall see? 4 'Mid thousand fears and dangers now

We sow our seed, with prayer,

But know that joyful hands shall reap

The shining harvests there. 5 O God of justice, God of power!

Our faith and hope increase,

And crown them, in the future years,

With endless love and peace.

539. 7s. M. Wesleyan. Christian Love.

1 Father! we look up to Thee;
Let us in Thy love agree;
Thou, who art the God of peace,
Bid contention ever cease. 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Self-forgetful, true and kind;
Strong, yet meek in thought and word,
Like Thy Son, our blessed Lord. 3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
Ready, when reviled, to bless;
Studios of the law of peace. 4 Father! all our souls inspire,
Fill us with love's sacred fire;
Guided by that blessed light,
Order all our steps aright. 5 Free from anger, free from pride,
Let us thus in Thee abide;
All the depths of love express, --
All the heights of holiness.

540. S. M. Montgomery. The Sower.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land!
Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Drop it upon the rock! 2 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale and plain 'tis found,
Go forth, then, everywhere!
And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length. 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky;
Then when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
At heaven's great harvest-home.

541. L. M. Watts. Press Onward to the Mark.

1 Awake, our souls, away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone.
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on. 2 True 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint. 3 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust in human strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die. 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

542. S. M. Anonymous. The Whole Armor of God.

1 Followers of Christ! arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
To each obedient son. 2 Stand forth in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God. 3 And, above all, lay hold
Of faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Ye cannot lose the field. 4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And consecrate the whole. 5 That having all things done,
And conquered in the strife,
To nobler service ye pass on,
And an undying life!

543. S. M. Heath. Conflict.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies. 2 O, watch, and strive, 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 lay thine armor 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,
To His divine abode.

544. 7s. M. Neale. Bearing the Cross.

1 Every bird that upward springs
Bears the Cross upon his wings;
We without it cannot rise
Upward to our native skies. 2 Every ship that meets the waves
By the Cross their fury braves;
We, on life's wide ocean tossed,
If we have it not are lost. 3 Hope it gives us when distrest,
When we faint it gives us rest;
Satan's craft, and Satan's might,
By the Cross are put to flight. 4 That from sin earth might be free,
Jesus bore it; so must we;
Ne'er through faintness lay it down:
First the Cross, and then the crown!

545. C. M. Heber. In the Day of Distress.

1 Oh God, that mad'st the earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Oh listen to Thy children's cry,
And help us when we pray! 2 For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the burdened heart,
To view the rocky shore. 3 The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair! 4 Have mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew!
And when his sorrows visit us,
O send his patience too.

546. C. M. Doddridge. God Tempers the Wind to the Shorn Lamb.

1 Great ruler of all nature's frame,
We own Thy power divine;
We hear Thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are Thine. 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work Thy sovereign will;
And awed by Thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still. 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek Thy face;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of Thy grace. 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

547. S. M. Montgomery. The Bow in the Cloud.

1 Out of the depths of woe,
To Thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds Thee, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh. 2 Like them whose longing eyes
Watch till the morning star,
Though late and seen through tempests, rise,
Heaven's portals to unbar, -- 3 Like them I watch and pray;
And though it tarry long,
Catch the first gleam of welcome day
Then burst into a song. 4 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For lo, the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace. 5 Though storms Thy face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Thy holy covenant is sure;
Thy bow is in the cloud!

548. 7 & 6s. M. Montgomery. In Time of Tribulation.

1 In time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord, our earnest cries;
With humble supplication
To Thee the spirit flies. 2 Remembered songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deepest sadness,
And stir desponding thought. 3 Hath God cast off forever?
Can time His truth impair?
His tender mercy never
Shall we presume to share? 4 Hath He His loving-kindness
Shut up in bitter wrath?
No! it is human blindness,
That cannot see His path. 5 We'll call to recollection
The years of Thy right hand,
And, strong in Thy protection,
Again through Faith we stand. 6 Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known;
But let earth's sons and daughters
Confide in Thee alone! 7 Through the wild sea Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore;
Still on the wave thou treadest,
And Thy redeemed pass o'er.

549. 6 & 5s. M. Montgomery. I Will Extol Thee, O Lord!

1 Yea, I will extol Thee,
Lord of Life and light!
For Thine arm upheld me,
Turned my foes to flight. 2 I implored Thy succor,
Thou wast swift to save,
To heal my wounded spirit,
And bring me from the grave. 3 Grief may, like the pilgrim,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy, to-morrow,
With the sun return. 4 Thou hast turned my mourning
Into minstrelsy;
Girded me with gladness,
Set from thralldom free. 5 Thee my ransomed powers
Henceforth shall adore;
Thee, my great Deliverer,
Bless forevermore!

550. S. M. Breviary. Morning Hymn.

1 Behold, night's shadows fade,
And morn is in the skies!
To Him by whom all things were made
Our aspirations rise. 2 To break this deathly trance
Help us, our God, our stay!
Give the freed spirit utterance,
Its languors charm away! 3 So sin shall cease to reign,
So safety shall be nigh;
Rend, spirit blest, the heavy chains
Of death, in victory!

551. C. M. Anonymous. Morning Hymn.

1 Be Thou, O God, by night, by day,
My guard, my guide from sin,
My life, my trust, my light divine,
To keep me pure within. 2 Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumines,
And active as the lark that soars
Till heaven shines round its plumes. 3 So may my soul, upon the wings
Of faith, unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings,
'Midst light from Paradise.

552. 12 & 11s. M. Anonymous. Vesper Hymn.

1 The daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean, The sun has gone down o'er the slumbering sea;

And now, in the hush of life's fitful commotion,

We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to thee. 2 For oft would'st thou wander alone on the mountain, As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave;

Now, filling our souls from thy light's ceaseless fountain; Be near in the darkness, to bless and to save. 3 And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow

Shall toss our frail bark driving wild o'er night's deep, Let thy guarding wing be stretched over our pillow, And shield us from evil, though death watch our sleep.

553. 10 & 4s. M. Anonymous. Vespers.

1 Father supreme! Thou high and holy One,
To Thee we bow;
Now, when the labor of the day is done,
Devoutly, now. 2 From age to age unchanging, still the same
All-good Thou art;
Hallowed forever be Thy reverend name
In every heart! 3 When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy smile was there;
Now, as the darkness gathers overhead,
We feel Thy care. 4 Night spreads her shade upon another day
Forever past;
So o'er our faults, Thy love, we humbly pray
A veil may cast. 5 Silence and sleep, o'er hearts by earth distrest, Now sweetly steal;
So every fear that struggles in the breast
Shall faith conceal. 6 Thou through the dark will watch above our sleep
With eye of love;
And Thou wilt wake us, when the sunbeams leap
The hills above. 7 O, may each heart its gratitude express
As life expands,
And find the triumph of its happiness
In Thy commands!

554. 8 & 7s. M. Martineau's Coll. Evening Hymn.

1 On the dewy breath of even

Thousand odors mingling rise,

Borne like incense up to heaven, --

Nature's evening sacrifice. 2 With her fragrant offerings blending,

Let our glad thanksgivings be

To Thy throne, O Lord, ascending, --

Incense of our hearts to Thee. 3 Thou, whose favors without number

All our days with gladness bless,

Let Thine eye, that knows no slumber,

Guard our hours of helplessness. 4 Then, though conscious we are sleeping

In the outer courts of death,

Safe beneath a Father's keeping,

Calm we rest in perfect faith.

555. 7s. M. Doddridge. Night.

1 While the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever-constant pole,
Far above these spangled skies
All my thoughts to God shall rise. 2 From on high He shall impart
Secret comfort to my heart;
He in these serenest hours
Guide my spiritual powers. 3 He His spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews;
Lifting all my thoughts above,
On the wings of faith and love. 4 What if death my sleep invade; --
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by Thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm. 5 Visions brighter than the morn
Greet the deathless spirit born;
See, the guardian angel nigh
Waits to waft my soul on high! 6 With Thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor, rest;
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with Thee!

556. 11s. M. Breviary. Even-Song.

1 Be near us, O Father! through night's silent hour; Impart to our slumbers Thy calmness divine;

Drop rest on our lids like the dew on the flower,

That even our still sleep may have something of Thine. 2 O watch o'er our couch; drive the tempter away;

From the sins that corrupt and betray keep us free; That nor fancy shall wander, nor passion shall stray, And we dream not a thought that's displeasing to Thee. 3 And grant, when deep sleep o'er our senses shall close, That the heart may still watch, all unclouded and clear; Guard, guard still Thy children; and bless the repose That, stainless of sin, is untouched by a fear. 4 Then still to Thee, Father, our praises we pay;

Still to Thee we will offer love's infinite store;

Send down Thy pure spirit, even now while we pray;

Be with us, and keep us, and bless, evermore!

557. C. M. Breviary. Our Guard By Night.

1 Lord of the world, who hast preserved
Us safely through this day,
Now guard us in the silent night,
And in all time, we pray! 2 Be present, in Thy peace, to those
Who as Thy suppliants wait;
Blot out the record of our sin;
Our gloom illuminate! 3 Let not, amid our hours of sleep,
Life's enemy steal in;
Let not a vision of the night
Have power to whisper sin. 4 Guard every avenue from guile,
When slumber seals our eyes;
And guiltless as we laid us down,
So guiltless let us rise.

558. 11s. M. Breviary. Hymn of Night.

1 Creator of all! through whose all-seeing might

This ponderous globe to its hour is true,

Thou glad'st us each morn with the vision of light, And at eve on our lids pourest slumber like dew.

2 The toils of the day are now brought to their end, And night is preparing her balm for our eyes;

Our strength, Lord, encourage, our weakness defend; Hear our prayers as they spring, and our hymns as they rise! 3 We beseech of Thee now, when dim night over all

Is enfolding her shroud and resuming her sway,

That Thy grace still may shine, 'mid the glooms that appal, As a star to our eyes, and a lamp to our way. 4 Though our bodies may sleep, let our souls be awake, Keep them free from the deadness that guilt only knows; Be the dream of the night pure as day, for Thy sake, And the calm of Thy paradise on our repose! 5 From all stain of crime let our bosoms be free,

And still rest on our God, unpolluted and clear;

So the tempter shall flee; nor our slumbers endure

One pang of remorse or one shudder of fear.

559. L. M. Breviary. Night-Watches.

1 Throughout the hours of darkness dim,
Still let us watch and raise the hymn;
And in deep midnight's awful calm,
Pour forth the soul in deepest psalm. 2 Amid the silence, else so drear,
Think the Almighty leans to hear;
Well pleased to list, at such a time,
The wakeful heart, in praise sublime. 3 Still watch and pray and raise the hymn,
Throughout the hours of darkness dim!
God will not spurn the humblest guest,
But give us of His holy rest. 4 Glory to God, who is in heaven!
Praise to His blessed Son be given!
Thee, holy spirit, we implore,
Be with us now and evermore!

560. 7s. M. Wesleyan. Communion Hymn.

1 Jesus, we thy promise claim;
We are met in thy dear name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here!
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace;
Thou thyself within us move;
Make our feast a feast of love! 2 Give to us thy humble mind,
Patient, fearless, just and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.
Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
Give to us the fruits of peace,
Utterly abolish sin,
Write thy law of love within. 3 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love, the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we have walked with thee!
Love, thine image, love impart,
Stamp its impress on each heart,
Only love to us be given,
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

561. 7s. M. Wesleyan. Communion Hymn.

1 Partners of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up!
Nobly let us bear the strife,
Keep the holiness, of life; 2 Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind,
To the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness. 3 Jesus, fill us with thy love,
Never from our souls remove,
Heart to heart unite and bless,
Keep us in thy perfect peace! 4 In our lives our faith be known,
Faith by holy actions shown;
Faith that mountains can remove,
Faith that always works by love.

562. 7 & 6s. M. German. O Sacred Head!

1 O sacred head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
So scornfully surrounded,
With thorns thine only crown;
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How do those features languish
Which once were fair as morn! 2 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
This love that knew no end!
O, make me thine forever!
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee!

563. L. M. Anonymous. Christ a Quickening Spirit.

1 We follow, Lord, where thou dost lead,
And, quickened, would ascend to thee,
Redeemed from sin, set free indeed
Into thy glorious liberty. 2 We cast behind fear, sin and death;
With thee we seek the things above;
Our inmost souls thy spirit breathe,
Of power, of calmness, and of love. 3 The power, 'mid worldliness and sin,
To do, in all, our Father's will;
Like thee, the victory to win,
And bid each tempting voice be still. 4 The calmness perfect faith inspires,
Which waiteth patiently and long;
The love which faileth not, nor tires,
Triumphant over every wrong. 5 Thus through thy quickening spirit, Lord,
Thy perfect life in us reveal,
And help us, as we live to God,
Still more and more with man to feel.

564. C. M. * The New Commandment.

1 Beneath the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love. 2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this. 3 Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours!
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
"And the sweet tasks of love."

565. L. M. Doddridge. Close of the Year.

1 God of eternity! from Thee

Did infant time his being draw;

Moments and days, and months and years,

Revolve by Thine unvaried law. 2 Silent and swift they glide away:

Steady and strong the current flows,

Lost in eternity's wide sea,

The boundless gulf from which it rose. 3 Great Source of wisdom! teach our hearts

To know the price of every hour,

That time may bear us on to joys

Beyond its measure and its power.

566. 7s. M. Newton. New Year.

1 Bless, O Lord, each opening year

To the souls assembling here:

Clothe Thy word with power divine,

Make us willing to be Thine. 2 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,

Give new strength the race to run;

Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,

Wipe away the mourner's tears. 3 Bless us all, both old and young;

Call forth praise from every tongue:

Let our whole assembly prove

All Thy power and all Thy love!

567. L. M. Anonymous. Thanksgiving Hymn.

1 Father of mercies! God of peace!
Being whose bounties never cease!
While to the heavens, in grateful tones,
Ascend our mingled orisons,
Listen to these, the notes of praise,
Which we, a happy people, raise! 2 Our hamlets, sheltered by Thy care,
Abodes of peace and plenty are;
Our tillage by Thy blessing yields
An hundred fold from ripened fields:
And flowing grain, and burthened vine,
Are tokens of Thy Love divine. 3 The cradled head of infancy
Doth owe its tranquil rest to Thee;
Youth's doubting step, man's firmer tread,
In years mature, by Thee are led;
Secure may trembling age, oh Lord!
Lean on its staff, Thy holy Word. 4 Teach us these blessings to improve,
Teach us to serve Thee, teach to love;
Exalt our hearts, that we may see
The Giver of all good in Thee;
And be Thy word our daily food,
Thy service, Lord, our greatest good.

568. 7s. M. Mary W. Hale. Christmas.

1 When in silence, o'er the deep,
Darkness kept its deathlike sleep,
Soon as God His mandate spoke,
Light in wondrous beauty broke. 2 But a beam of holier light
Gilded Bethlehem's lonely night,
When the glory of the Lord,
Mercy's sunlight, shone abroad. 3 "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
Burst the glorious anthem then;
Angels, bending from above,
Joined that strain of holy love. 4 Floating o'er the waves of time,
Comes to us that song sublime,
Bearing to the pilgrim's ear
Words to soothe, sustain, and cheer. 5 For creation's blessed light,
Praise to Thee, Thou God of might!
Seraph-strains Thy name should bless
For the Sun of Righteousness!

569. P. M. Longfellow. Ordination.

1 Christ to the young man said: "Yet one thing more, If thou wouldst perfect be;
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me!" 2 Within this temple, Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words has said;
And his invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head. 3 And evermore beside him on his way,
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?" 4 Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer. 5 O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John,
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!

570. 7s. M. C. Wesley. At Sea.

1 Lord! whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of Thy hand,
Hide and bring us safe to land. 2 Father, let our faithful mind
Rest, on Thee alone reclined:
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace. 3 Keep the friends whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea,
Bid them come, by faith, to Thee. 4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on Thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

571. 7s. M. Mrs. Sigourney. Prayer for the Sailor.

1 When the parting bosom bleeds,
When their native shore recedes,
When the wild and faithless main
Takes them to her trust again,
Father! view the sailor's woe --
Guide them wheresoe'er they go. 2 When the lonely watch they keep,
Silent on the mighty deep,
While the boisterous surges hoarse
Bear them daily on their course,
Eye that never slumbers! shed
Holy influence on their head. 3 When the Sabbath's peaceful ray
O'er the ocean's breast doth play,
Though no throngs assemble there,
No sweet church-bell warns to prayer,
Spirit! let thy presence be
Sabbath to the unresting sea. 4 When the raging billows dark
Thunder round the storm-tossed bark,
Thou who on the whelming wave
Didst the loved disciples save,
Thou canst hear them when they pray, --
Jesus, Saviour, be their stay!

572. L. M. C. Wesley. The Sailor's Hymn.

1 Lord of the wide-extended main!

Whose power the winds and seas controls,

Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,

Whose Spirit leads believing souls; 2 Throughout the deep Thy footsteps shine;

We own Thy way is in the sea,

O'erawed by majesty divine,

And lost in Thine immensity! 3 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,

Thine everlasting truth we prove,

The wondrous heights of boundless power,

The unfathomable depths of love. 4 Infinite God, Thy greatness spanned

These heavens, and meted out the skies;

Lo! in the hollow of Thy hand

The measured waters sink and rise. 5 And here Thine unknown paths we trace,

Which dark to human eyes appear:

While through the mighty waves we pass

Faith only sees that God is here.

573. C. M. H. K. White. In a Storm.

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 threatening 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 Ye nations bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God!

574. L. M. E. H. Chapin. For a Charitable Occasion.

1 When long the soul had slept in chains
And man to man was stern and cold;
When love and worship were but strains
That swept the gifted chords of old --
By shady mount and peaceful lake,
A meek and lowly stranger came,
The weary drank the words he spake,
The poor and suffering blessed his name. 2 He went where frenzy held its rule,
Where sickness breathed its spell of pain;
By famed Bethesda's mystic pool,
And by the darkened gate of Nain.
He soothed the mourner's troubled breast,
He raised the contrite sinner's head,
And on the loved ones' lowly rest
The light of better life he shed. 3 Father, the spirit Jesus knew
We humbly ask of Thee to-night,
That we may be disciples too
Of him whose way was love and light.
Bright be the places where we tread
Amid earth's suffering and its poor,
Until that day when tears are shed,
And broken sighs are heard, no more.

575. C. M. W. Croswell. He Went About Doing Good.

1 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor. 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate. 3 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

576. 7 & 6s. M. E. H. Chapin. Triumph of Temperance.

1 Now, host with host assembling,
The victory we win;
Lo! on his throne sits trembling
That old and giant Sin;
Like chaff by strong winds scattered,
His banded strength has gone,
His charmed cup lies shattered,
And still the cry is -- "On." 2 Our fathers' God, our keeper!
Be Thou our strength divine!
Thou sendest forth the reaper,
The harvest all is Thine.
Roll on, roll on this gladness,
Till, driven from every shore,
The drunkard's sin and madness
Shall smite the earth no more!

577. L. M. Sargent. Temperance Hymn.

1 Slavery and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains
Compared with those that chafe the soul. 2 Hosannas, Lord, to Thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys;
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days! 3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound;
The wife regains a husband freed!
The orphan clasps a father found! 4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless; guide the blind;
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

578. 11 & 10s. M. Whittier. True Worship and Undefined.

1 O, he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken!

The holier worship, which God deigns to bless,

Restores the lost, and heals the spirit-broken,

And feeds the widow and the fatherless. 2 Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother! For where love dwells, the peace of God is there;

To worship rightly is to love each other;

Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer. 3 Follow, with reverent steps, the great example

Of him whose holy work was doing good:

So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,

Each loving life a psalm of gratitude. 4 Thus shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor

Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;

Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,

And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

579. 11s. M. J. G. Adams. The Angel in the Prison.

1 God's angels! not only on high do they sing,
And soar through our skies with invisible wing;
But here, on the earth, where in wretchedness lie
Its sin-stricken children to struggle and die. 2 They come, in their mercy and power, to dispel
The spectres of gloom from the prisoner's cell;
In love's name to say to the stricken one there,
That God still hath ear, and an answer to prayer. 3 And strong grows the heart of the outcast --
and soon In that dim prison come the pure light-gleams of noon; The resolve and the faith of the
sinner forgiven,
Send him back to the world with a heart seeking heaven. 4 God's angels! Love speed them o'er
earth's wide domain! New aids to impart, and new triumphs to gain;
Till the wrathful and wrong from our world shall retire, And humanity's groans in her praises expire.
5 For the promise of truth -- though the doubting deny -- Is, that love shall prevail in the earth as on
high; Its life-waters healing, wherever they flow,
With the angels above, or the angels below.

580. L. M. Aikin. In Time of War.

1 While sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground,
To Thee we look, on Thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all. 2 Thou, who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race; 3 Great God! whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace. 4 With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above --
"My children, live in mutual love!"

581. 7s. M. Mrs. Follen. Prayer for the Slave.

1 Lord! deliver; Thou canst save;
Save from evil, Mighty God!
Hear -- oh! hear the kneeling slave;
Break -- oh! break th' oppressor's rod. 2 May the captive's pleading fill
All the earth, and all the sky;
Every other voice be still,
While he pleads with God on high. 3 He, whose ear is everywhere,
Who doth silent sorrow see,
Will regard the captive's prayer,
Will from bondage set him free. 4 From the tyranny within,
Save Thy children, Lord! we pray;
Chains of iron, chains of sin,
Cast, forever cast away. 5 Love to man, and love to God,
Are the weapons of our war;
These can break th' oppressor's rod --
Burst the bonds that we abhor.

582. 12s. M. Whittier. Freedom.

1 May freedom speed onward, wherever the blood

Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying to God;

Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,

Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of heart. 2 Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind

In silence and darkness the God-given mind,

There, Lord, speed it onward! the truth shall be felt, The bonds shall be loosened, the iron will melt. 3 Help us turn from the cavil of creeds, to unite

Once again for the poor, in defence of the Right,

Unappalled by the danger, the shame, or the pain,

And counting each trial for Truth as our gain.

583. P.M. Anonymous. Daughter of Zion.

1 Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness!

Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;

Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness, Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er. 2
Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them And scattered their legions, was mightier far;

They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them; Vain were their steeds and their
chariots of war. 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee

Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;

Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee; Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

584. S. M. Johns. The Kingdom of Love.

1 Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above. 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again. 3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine. 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

585. C. M. Montgomery. Unity.

1 The glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain. 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family. 3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and His might;
While all His works with all His ways
Harmoniously unite. 4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find. 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong. 6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from Thee the heart,
Its life from Thee the soul.

586. P. M. Anonymous. Peace Everywhere.

1 Nature hath seasons of repose;
Her slumbering clouds and quiet sky;
And many a bright-faced stream that flows
Forever noiselessly. 2 The stormy winds are hushed to rest,
And hang self-poised upon their wings;
And nursed on mother nature's breast,
Flowers lie like sleeping things. 3 The ocean, that in mountains ran,
Spreads boundlessly without a wave;
And is it only said of man,
His peace is in the grave? 4 Oh! for the coming of the end,
The last long Sabbath-day of time,
When peace from heaven shall descend,
Like light, on every clime. 5 For men in ships far off at sea
Shall hear the happy nations raise
The song of peace and liberty,
And overflowing praise. 6 Mankind shall be one brotherhood;
One human soul shall fill the earth,
And God shall say, "The world is good
As when I gave it birth."

587. L. M. Montgomery. The Kingdom of God.

1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race! 2 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath. 3 O spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat. 4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
Thy name, O Father, glorify,
Till every people call Thee Lord.

588. C. M. A. C. Coxe. The Church Everlasting.

1 O where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But Holy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.
Mark ye her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong;
And hear within, her solemn voice,
And her unending song. 2 For not like kingdoms of the world
The Holy Church of God!
Though earthquake shocks are rocking her,
And tempests are abroad;
Unshaken as eternal hills,
Unmovable she stands, --
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuilt by hands.

589. C. M. Sp. of Psalms. The Day-Spring From on High.

1 Thy servants in the temple watched

The dawning of the day,

Impatient with its earliest beams

Their holy vows to pay;

And chosen saints far off beheld

That great and glorious morn,

When the glad day-spring from on high

Auspiciously should dawn. 2 On us the Sun of Righteousness

Its brightest beams hath poured;

With grateful hearts and holy zeal,

Lord, be Thy love adored;

And let us look with joyful hope

To that more glorious day,

Before whose brightness sin and death,

And grief, shall flee away.

590. S. M. Doddridge. The Pilgrim's Hymn.

1 Now let our voices join,
To form one pleasant song:
Ye pilgrims in God's holy way,
With music pass along! 2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking snares to entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there! 3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of hope shines on our path,
And dear companions sing. 4 All glory to His name,
Who drew the shining trace;
To Him who leads the wanderers on,
And cheers them with His grace. 5 Subdue the nations, Lord!
Teach all their kings Thy ways;
That earth's full choir the notes may swell,
And heaven resound the praise.

591. 7 & 5s. M. Anonymous. The Angel of the Lord.

1 Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed!
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy,
Spread the gospel's love and trust,
Spread the gospel's joy. 2 Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward fly!
Long has been the reign of night,
Bring the morning nigh.
Unto thee earth's sufferers lift
Their imploring wail;
Bear them heaven's holy gift
Ere their courage fail. 3 Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed!
Morning bursts upon our sight,
Lo, the time decreed!
Now the Lord His kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall,
And the joyous song awakes,
God is all in all.

592. S. M. * The Reformer's Vow.

1 God of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength forever art, --
We come to do Thy will! 2 Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God! 3 'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live; 4 To draw Thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown,
The spirit's Godlikeness. 5 No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue; --
Lord, in Thy rest may we be calm,
Through Thy completeness, strong! 6 Thou hearest while we pray;
O deep within us write,
With kindling power, our God, to-day,
Thy word, -- "On earth be light!"

593. L. M. Anonymous. Be Strong, Fear Not.

1 Prisoners of hope! be strong, be bold;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
The day which prophets have foretold,
And saints have longed for, draweth near:
Our God shall in His kingdom come;
Prepare your hearts to make Him room! 2 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up;
Doubt not, nor cry "O God, how long?"
Hope to the end, in patience hope!
O never from your faith remove;
Ye cannot fail, for God is love! 3 Lord, we have faith; we wait the hour
Which to the earth Thy kingdom brings;
When Thou, in love, and joy, and power,
Shalt come and make us priests and kings:
When man shall be indeed Thy son,
And Thy pure will on earth be done.

594. C. M. Anonymous. He Maketh All Things New.

1 Almighty Spirit, now behold

A world by sin destroyed!

Creative spirit, as of old

Move on the formless void! 2 Give Thou the word -- the healing sound

Shall quell the deadly strife,

And earth again, like Eden crowned,

Bring forth the tree of life. 3 If sang the morning stars for joy

When nature rose to view,

What strains shall angel harps employ,

When Thou shalt all renew!

595. C. M. Anonymous. The Morning.

1 We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By His almighty power. 2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the day-light springs;
Till He shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on His wings. 3 And even now, amid the gray,
The East is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past. 4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be Thine! 5 O, guide us till our night is done!
Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting sun,
Art shining evermore!

596. 7 & 6s. M. Montgomery. Lo! He Cometh.

1 God comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
He comes to break oppression,
And set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity. 2 He shall come down, as showers
Upon the thirsty earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow. 3 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
His great, best name of Love.

597. C. M. Doddridge. The Holy Way.

1 Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King. 2 See the fair way His hand hath raised,
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
Nor ask the trace in vain. 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found. 4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God. 5 There, garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

598. 7s. M. Anonymous. The Prophet's Vision.

1 Faint the earth, and parched with drought,
Make the waters, Lord, gush out!
Streams of love our thirst to bless,
Starting in the wilderness.
Long we wait Thy peace to know:
Father, bid the waters flow,
Make the thirsty land a pool,
Make man's suffering spirit whole. 2 Hark! the wastes have found a voice;
Loneliest deserts now rejoice,
When the Lord His presence shows,
Lo, they blossom like the rose;
See! this barren earth of ours
Buds and puts forth fruits and flowers,
Flowers of Eden, fruits of peace,
Love and Joy and Righteousness!

599. L. M. *J. Wesley. Thy Will Be Done on Earth as in Heaven.

1 Spirit of peace and love and power,
Fountain of life and light below,
Abroad Thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow.
Inspire our hearts with perfect love;
In all the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth, to do Thy will. 2 Father, 'tis Thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou clothest the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.
To Thee we pray; for all must live
By Thee, who knowest their every need --
Pray for the world, that Thou wilt give
All human hearts Thy living bread. 3 In faith we wait and long and pray,
To see that time, by prophets told,
When nations, new-born into day,
Shall be ingathered to Thy fold.
We cannot doubt Thy gracious will,
Thou mighty, merciful and just!
And Thou wilt speedily fulfil
The word in which Thy servants trust.

600. C. M. Breviary. Brightening Unto the Perfect Day.

1 Gone is the hollow, murky night,
With all its shadows dun;
O shine upon us, heavenly light,
As on the earth the sun! 2 Pour on our hearts Thy heavenly beam,
In radiance sublime!
Retire before that ray supreme,
Ye sins of elder time! 3 Lo, on the morn that now is here
No night shall ever fall;
But faith shall burn, undimmed and clear,
Till God be all in all. 4 This is the dawn of infant faith;
The day will follow soon,
When hope shall breathe with freer breath,
And morn be lost in noon; 5 For to the seed that's sown to-day
A harvest time is given,
When charity with faith to stay,
Shall make on earth a heaven. GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH: AND ON EARTH PEACE:
GOOD WILL TO MEN.

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