

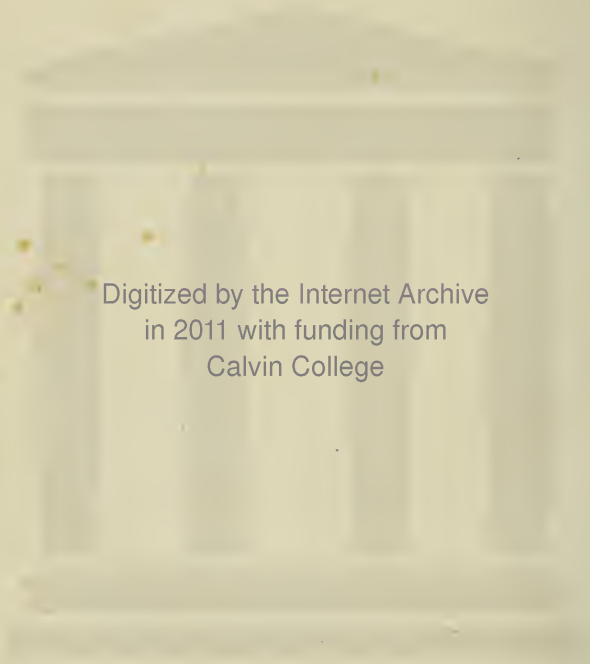
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HYMNS

FOR THE

SICK-ROOM.

“Make us glad according to the days wherein
thou hast afflicted us.”

NEW-YORK:

A. D. F. RANDOLPH, 770 BROADWAY

1866.

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P R E F A C E .

THIS book is not intended for the mourner, but for the sick ; not only for those sick unto death, but for the young and joyous, laid aside it may be for a few weeks, struck down suddenly by sickness or by accident ; for the aged pilgrim, bending under infirmities, slight in the view of others, but to him the shadow of death ; for all who, from any bodily weakness, are cut off from active employment, and while earth's busy noises are hushed, may lend a hearing ear to that voice which, for so many years, has charmed in vain, or, if long loved and sought, now more eagerly welcomed as the voice of the beloved, consoling and comforting in the day of trouble. The hymns are not all those which speak of sorrow and trial, or death and eternity—but the only other theme is the one never out of place, and still less so in the sick chamber—Jesus, the great Physician, Jesus the Resurrection and the Life.

There are many books for the sick-room, containing poems full of beauty and of holy consolation ; but they are poems—not hymns—and they who have watched beside the sick and dying know how many hours there

are when the listless mind can not grasp the beauty of the idea, or follow the inequalities of the rhyme—times when an old verse of Watts or of Doddridge, learned in childhood by the knee of the dead mother, or heard many a year ago in the old church far away by the homestead in the shadow of the hills, will go right past the sickness and the sinking, and thrill through the parting soul, as if it caught already the melodies of heaven. There is, therefore, little novelty in this collection—little has been sought after. The meditations are principally from the pens of old divines; the greater number of the hymns, those which have been long endeared to the hearts of God's people, and it is hoped that they may still be to them, and to others, as wells of living waters, from which many a thirsty soul may draw refreshment in the hour of need.

H. L. P.

CROTON, Oct. 1859.

HYMNS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

“Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.” — Daniel 3 : 25.

“So the Christian is not alone when he is cast into the furnace of affliction; though all things may seem arrayed against him, one walketh with him whose form is the likeness of the Son of God.”

AND wilt thou now forsake me, Lord ?

I feel it can not be ;

No earthly tongue can ever tell

What thou hast been to me.

Through all the changing scenes of life

Thy love hath sheltered me ;

And wilt thou now forget thy child ?

I feel it can not be.

Thy love hath been my heritage

Through many a weary year ;

I've trusted to thy promises,

And thou hast dried each tear.

In life or death, I take my stand

Where I have ever stood,

Beneath the shelter of thy cross,

And trusting to thy blood.

And then when youth, and health, and strength,
 And energy have fled,
 The shades of evening peacefully
 Shall close around my head.

And when in all the helplessness
 Of death I turn to thee,
 Thou wilt not then forsake me, Lord—
 I feel it can not be.

“Unto you therefore which believe he is precious.”—1 Pet.
 2:7.

“Heaven is, in some sort, dearer to us than to Noah—that
 Christ is there not only as God, but as God and man.”

Oh! speak of Jesus! other names
 Have lost for me their interest now;
 His is the only one that claims
 To be an antidote for woe;
 It falls like music on the ear,
 When nothing else can soothe or cheer.

Oh! speak of Jesus! of his power,
 As perfect God, and perfect man,
 Which day by day, and hour by hour,
 As he wrought out the wondrous plan,
 Led him, as God, to save and heal—
 As man, to sympathize and feel.

Oh! speak of Jesus! of his death;
 For us he lived, for us he died;
 “’Tis finished,” with his latest breath,
 The Lord, Jehovah-Jesus, cried:

That death of shame and agony
 Won life, eternal life, for me.

Yes, speak of Jesus ! while mine ear
 Can listen to a human voice,
 That name my parting soul will cheer,
 Will bid me e'en in death rejoice ;
 Then prove, when these clay-bonds are riven,
 My passport at the gates of heaven.

“All my springs are in thee.”—Ps. 87 : 7.

“As Israel's water-springs were in Canaan, so the believer's springs are above in his heavenly inheritance ; therefore, if thy springs of comfort be but few, consider that thou art yet in the wilderness.”

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah :
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong deliverer !
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

Feed me with the heavenly manna
 In this barren wilderness ;

Be my sword and shield and banner,
 Be my robe of righteousness :
 Fight and conquer
 All my foes by sovereign grace.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

“Is his mercy clean gone forever? doth his promise fail for evermore?”—Ps. 77 : 7.

“I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”—Heb. 13 : 5.

“The sympathy of the head with the members is quick, constant, tender, perfect. Such is the sympathy of Jesus. Suffering one, Christ alone can suitably sympathize with thee ; because he alone can so sympathize as to sustain, sanctify thy sufferings, and certainly and honorably deliver thee.”

Pensive, doubting, fearful heart,
 Hear what Christ the Saviour says ;
 Every word should joy impart,
 Change thy mourning into praise :
 Yes, he speaks, and speaks to thee ;
 May he help thee to believe !
 Then thou presently wilt see
 Thou hast little cause to grieve.

Fear thou not, nor be ashamed,
 All thy sorrows soon shall end :
 I who heaven and earth have framed
 Am thy husband and thy friend :

I the high and Holy One,
Israel's God by all adored,
As thy Saviour will be known,
Thy Redeemer and thy Lord.

For a moment I withdrew,
And thy heart was filled with pain ;
But my mercies I'll renew,
Thou shalt soon rejoice again :
Though I seem to hide my face,
Very soon my wrath shall cease ;
'Tis but for a moment's space,
Ending in eternal peace.

When my peaceful bow appears,
Painted on the watery cloud,
'Tis to dissipate thy fears,
Lest the earth should be o'erflowed.
'Tis an emblem, too, of grace,
Of my cov'nant love a sign ;
Though the mountains leave their place,
Thou shalt be forever mine.

Though afflicted, tempest-tossed,
Comfortless awhile thou art,
Do not think thou canst be lost,
Thou art graven on my heart :
All thy wastes I will repair,
Thou shalt be rebuilt anew ;
And in thee it shall appear
What a God of love can do.

“Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.”—Luke 15 : 10.

“Christ did not count his converts by thousands, nor yet by hundreds, nor yet by tens—he counted them by units, he valued *one* soul, and yet at last shall he welcome his redeemed as a great multitude whom no man can number.”

Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord !
 In thee I put my trust ;
 Encouraged by thy holy word,
 A feeble child of dust,
 I have no argument beside,
 I urge no other plea ;
 And 'tis enough my Saviour died,
 My Saviour died for me !

'Mid trials, heavy to be borne,
 When mortal strength is vain,
 A heart with grief and anguish torn
 A body racked with pain ;
 Ah ! what could give the sufferer rest,
 Bid every murmur flee ?
 But this, the witness in my breast,
 My Saviour died for me !

And when thine awful voice commands
 This body to decay,
 And life in its last lingering sands
 Is ebbing fast away ;
 Then, though it be in accents weak,
 And faint and tremblingly,
 Oh ! give me strength in death to speak
 My Saviour died for me !

“And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day, for there is no night there, and they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it.”—Rev. 21 : 25, 26.

“I have not said that there is no *sin* in heaven. I have not thought that necessary. If sin was there, night would be there, and the curse, and death, and all the other evils—the train of sin. These are not there. Therefore sin is not. No, ‘we shall be *like* him; for we shall see him as he is.’”

Oh! let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labors end.

Where all our toils are o’er,
Our suffering and our pain ;
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

O happy, happy place!
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other’s face,
And all our brethren greet.

The church of the first-born
We shall with them be blest,
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.

We shall our time beneath
 Live out in cheerful hope,
 And fearless pass the vale of death,
 And reach the mountain-top.

To gather home his own
 God will his angels send,
 And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
 In deathless triumph end.

“It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master,
 and the servant as his lord.” — Matt. 10 : 25.

“What bereavement have any of God’s adopted children
 ever suffered, the sense of which was so keen as that under
 which the only begotten Son cried out: ‘My God, my God,
 why hast thou forsaken me?’ ”

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No; there’s a cross for every one,
 And there’s a cross for me.

How happy are the saints above
 Who once went sorrowing here;
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a tear.

The consecrated cross I’ll bear,
 Till death shall set me free,
 And then go home my crown to wear—
 For there’s a crown for me!

Upon the crystal pavement, down
 At Jesus' piercé'd feet,
 Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
 And his dear name repeat.

And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring
 Beneath heaven's arches high ;
 The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
 That lives no more to die !

O precious cross ! O glorious crown !
 O resurrection day !
 Ye angels, from the stars come down,
 And bear my soul away !

“ We love him because he first loved us.”—1 John 4 : 19.

“ Who loved me and gave himself for me.”—Gal. 2 : 20.

“ It is so broad that it comprehends a great multitude which no man can number—so long that it reaches from the infinite past into the infinite future—so deep that it stooped below the grave to hell itself—and so high that it reaches up to that heaven where he reigns King of kings, and God over all.”

We love thee, Lord, because when we
 Had erred and gone astray,
 Thou didst recall our wandering souls
 Into the homeward way.
 When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
 In sin and sorrow's night,
 Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
 Of thy benignant light.

Because when we forsook thy ways,
 Nor kept thy holy will,
 Thou wert not an avenging Judge,
 But a gracious Father still ;
 Because we have forgot thee, Lord,
 But thou hast not forgot ;
 Because we have forsaken thee,
 But thou forsakest not.

Because, O Lord, thou lovedst us
 With everlasting love ;
 Because thou gav'st thy Son to die,
 That we might live above ;
 Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
 Thou gav'st the hopes of heaven ;
 We love, because we much have sinned,
 And much have been forgiven.

“ Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.” — Isa. 50 : 10.

“ God bids us to draw near to him, simply to *do* it, and he, in his good time, will give an answer to our prayers. It is an exercise of faith when our minds are clouded, still to trust, and wait, and look, and look for our answer in his own good time.”

Children of God, who, pacing slow,
 Your pilgrim path pursue,
 In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
 To God's high calling true.

Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,
A doubtful, mourning band ?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head ?
Why fails the feeble hand ?

Oh! weak to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a Father's care ;
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief ye share.

The Lord of light, though veiled awhile,
He hide his noontide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
To gild the closing day.

And bursting through the dusky cloud
That dared his power invest,
Ride throned in light o'er every cloud,
Triumphant to his rest.

Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,
The faithless doubt remove ;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,
Oh ! wake thy heart to love.

A Saviour's blood hath bought thy peace ;
Thy Saviour God adore ;
He bade the throb of terror cease,
The pains of guilt he bore.

“I will not leave you comfortless.”—John 14 : 18.

“The two great pillars of a sinner’s hope are, what Christ has done for us in the flesh—and what he is doing for us in the spirit.”

Blest Comforter divine,
 Let rays of heavenly love
 Amid our gloom and darkness shine
 And guide our souls above.

Turn us, with gentle voice,
 From every sinful way,
 And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
 Though earthly joys decay.

By thine inspiring breath
 Make every cloud of care,
 And e’en the gloomy vale of death,
 A smile of glory wear

“As thy days, so shall thy strength be.”—Deut. 33 : 35.

“There are some particular promises in the word of God, made in an especial manner, which would never have been ours had we remained in prosperity.”

Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near,
 The Saviour’s gracious promise hear ;
 His faithful word declares to thee,
 That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Let not thy heart despond and say,
 “How shall I stand the trying day ?”
 He has engaged, by firm decree,
 That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
 And, if the conflict should be long,
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
 For, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

When called to bear the weighty cross,
 Or share affliction, pain, or loss,
 Or deep distress, or poverty—
 Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

When ghastly death appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue :
 He comes to set thy spirit free,
 And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

“And Israel stretched out his right hand, and laid it upon Ephraim's head, who was the younger, and his left hand upon Manasseh's head, guiding his hands wittingly.”—Gen. 48 : 14.

“God often blesses his children by crossing his hands. We can not see the reasons of our afflictions, but must trust him that he has guided his hands wittingly.”

My times are in thy hands,
 My God, I wish them there ;
 My life, my friends, my soul I leave,
 Entirely to thy care.

My times are in thy hand,
 Whatever they may be ;
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to thee.

My times are in thy hand,
 Why should I doubt or fear?
 A Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.

My times are in thy hand,
 Jesus, the crucified;
 The hand my cruel sins had pierced,
 Is now my guard and guide.

My times are in thy hand,
 I'll always trust in thee;
 Till I have left this weary land,
 And all thy glory see.

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as I am known."—1 Cor. 13 : 12.

"In quietness and rest ye shall be saved. If men do any thing contrary to your heart, ye may ask both 'Who did it,' and 'What is done,' and 'Why?' When God hath done any such thing, we are to inquire, 'Who hath done it?' and to know that this cometh from the Lord."

Thy way, O God! is in the sea,
 Thy paths I can not trace;
 Nor comprehend the mystery
 Of thy unbounded grace.

Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
 My captive soul surround;
 Mysterious deeps of providence
 My wondering thoughts confound.

When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy,
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why?

As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love:
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

'Tis but in part, I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?

With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

“Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.”
—Heb. 12 : 2.

“As the Hebrew when he prayed looked towards the temple where was the Mercy-seat and the peculiar presence of God, so ought we in all our prayers to God, to look to Christ in whom dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.”

Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll—
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh! receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me!

All my trust on thee is staid;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than All in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness!
Vile, and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Let me feel them flow within.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee!
Spring thou up within my heart—
Rise to all eternity!

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.”—Isa. 43 : 2.

“Abide with us; for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent.”—Luke 24 : 29.

“The Christian, with whom every thing goes smoothly, and on whom every thing looks smilingly, knows comparatively but little of what God is, and what the sympathy of the Saviour, with those whose nature he assumed, and whose iniquity he bore.”

“Abide with me,” thou gracious Guide,
My lamp by night, my sun by day;
Thy gracious presence at my side
Bids every anxious fear away.

“Abide with me !” when lips beloved
Shall lisp on earth their sad farewell;
The best of friends is not removed,
If thou within my bosom dwell!

“Abide with me !” when sleepless laid
On sick-bed—weary—lone—distressed;
Blessed Saviour! let my throbbing head
Lie pillowed on thy peaceful breast.

“Abide with me !” when death is near,
To calm the waves of ebbing life;
Be nigh to wipe earth’s closing tear,
And bear me from its ended strife.

“I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee.”—Job 42 : 5.

“When pain searcheth into the body or the spirit, we feel as if we had awoke up to know that we have learned nothing really until then. There is laid before us a mighty hand, from whose shadow we can not flee. Such are the effects wrought by sorrows, sickness, bodily pains, anxieties, and the like.”

Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 Even though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I would be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

There let my way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given—
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethels I will raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

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 !

“Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous ; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.”—Heb. 12 : 11.

“We are living stones built upon the great foundation laid in Zion for the heavenly temple. God uses affliction as his hammer and chisel in polishing us here ; in patient love the Father gives stroke upon stroke.”

O thou, whose mercy guides my way,
 Though now it seem severe,
 Forbid my unbelief to say
 There is no mercy here.

Oh ! grant me to desire the pain
 That comes in kindness down,
 More than the world's alluring gain
 Succeeded by a frown.

Then, though thou bow my spirit low,
Love only shall I see ;
The very hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

“ As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.”—2 Cor. 6 : 10.

“ It is our nature to rejoice when all within and without is undisturbed ; the miracle is, ‘ To rejoice in tribulation ;’ and this miracle is continually wrought as the believer is passing through the wilderness.”

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud, to the love of praise divine,
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

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

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

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

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

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame ;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

Wait till the shadows flee ;
Wait thy appointed hour ;
Wait till the bridegroom of thy soul,
Reveals his love with power.

The time of love will come,
Then we shall clearly see
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say : " For me."

“Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.”—
Rom. 13 : 11.

“Only let us not weary; the miles to that land are fewer and shorter than when we first believed. Strangers are not wise to quarrel with their host and complain of their lodging. It is a foul way, but a fair home.”

My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, etc.

Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, etc.

Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh! forever.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, etc

“I desire that ye faint not at my tribulations.”—Eph. 3 : 13.

“The sick-room, the sick-bed has its special, its appropriate duties—duties to the full as difficult, as honorable, as remunerative, as any which devolve on the Christian whilst yet in his unbroken strength. They are not precisely the same duties as belonged to the man in health, but they differ only by such differences as a change in outward circumstances and position will always introduce.”

Wish not, dear friends, my pain away—
 Wish me a wise and thankful heart,
 With God in all my griefs to stay,
 Nor from his loved correction start.

In life's long sickness evermore
 Our thoughts are tossing to and fro ;
 We change our posture o'er and o'er,
 But can not rest, nor cheat our wo.

Were it not better to lie still,
 Let him strike home, and bless the rod,
 Never so safe as when our will
 Yields undiscerned by all but God ?

“Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.”—Luke 18 : 1.

PRAYER FOR PATIENCE IN SICKNESS.

O Lord ! shall a living man complain—a man for the punishment of his sins ? Shall I, who am less than the least of all thy mercies, which have been new unto me every morning, and every moment of my life, complain

when, for a season, some of these are withdrawn—when, instead of the health of body which I have so long enjoyed, but so little improved, alas! to thy glory, thou visitest me with pining sickness—when, instead of the relish with which I have hitherto partaken of the gifts of thy providence, all are now become as physicians of no value—when thou holdest mine eyes waking, and I am so troubled that I can not speak, and even the kindness and sympathy of friends can yield no relief to my sorrow—when thus thou seemest to hide thy face from me, to hedge up my way with thorns, and for peace I have great bitterness, shall I grow weary of thy correction, faint when rebuked of thee, and say: “My strength and hope are perished from the Lord?” Holy Father, forbid it.

Rather let me consider the years of the right hand of the Most High, when thou didst make the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice over me, loading me with thy benefits. Let me remember, that thy faithfulness and love are no less displayed in creating the darkness than in forming the light. Oh! may I humble myself under thy mighty hand, and adore thy holy name, that in the midst of suffering thou permittest me to sing of mercy as well as of judgment, making the valley of Achor a door of hope; when I consider what is the portion I have deserved at thy hand, may I not only possess my soul in patience, but esteem it a blessed thing to be chastened of the Lord, that I may not be condemned with the world. From the pain of my body may I be led to feel more of the plague of my heart, knowing that sin is the cause of all suffering; that, on account of which the whole creation groaneth

and travaileth in pain together until now; that evil thing which my soul hateth, and to atone for which, cost thy beloved Son such bitter agonies, and tears, and groans. In this may I groan, being burdened. From this, my chief malady, may I long to be delivered; and though my wound is grievous, may I rejoice that it is not incurable; for there is balm in Gilead, and a skillful physician there. Christ hath redeemed me from the curse of the law, being made a curse for me. Thanks, eternal thanks, be unto thee, O holy Father, for thine unspeakable gift—for this precious and tried cornerstone, which thou hast laid in Zion, as a sure foundation of the sinner's hope towards thee. For as sin hath reigned unto death, even so hath grace reigned through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. And though by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified, and every mouth must be stopped before thee, the holy and just God, yet thy holiness and justice, no less than thy mercy, are vindicated in justifying all who believe in Jesus.

Look, then, upon me, not as I am in myself, altogether polluted and vile—for, from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, there is no soundness in me—but see, God, my shield—look upon me in the face of thine anointed, through whom thou seest no iniquity in Jacob, and no perversity in Israel. While I put my hand on my mouth, and my mouth in the dust, because of all the evils I have committed, may I still hope, and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord! For with thee, O Lord, there is mercy that thou mayest be found, and plenteous redemption that thou mayest be sought. Do thou redeem me from all mine iniquities. If it be thy

holy will, in thy good time do thou heal all my diseases ; but especially give me patience to bear with meekness all thou seest meet to lay upon me. Sanctify this sickness unto me, that whether it be of longer or of shorter duration, whether the issue be life or death, the fruit may be unto holiness, the end everlasting life. Hear, O Lord, in heaven thy dwelling-place, my humble prayer, and when thou hearest, forgive ; for my blessed Redeemer's sake. Amen.

Why should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh and every pain
Is but the fruit of sin ?

Lord, to thy dealings I'll submit,
Nor would I dare rebel ;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul ;
Deep calls to deep ; oh ! hear my cry,
While stormy billows roll.

From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwrecked soul is tost ;
Till I am tempted in despair
To give up all for lost.

Yet through the stormy clouds I look
Once more to thee, my God ;
Oh ! fix my feet on Christ, the rock,
Who bought me with his blood.

One look of mercy from thy face,
 Will set my heart at ease ;
 One all-commanding word of grace,
 Will make the tempest cease.

“He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.”—Isa. 53 : 5. ’

“Though heart and flesh may fail, though thou hast not gone this way heretofore, *thy Saviour* has crossed before, and made the passage safe for every one of his true followers. His death is thy deliverance from the bitter pains of eternal death. His rising to life again, is the restoration of eternal life unto thee. Therefore, fear not, only believe.”

There is no pain that I can bear,
 But thou, my God, hast borne it ;
 No robe of scorn, that I can wear,
 But thou, my Lord, hast worn it.

There’s no temptation I endure,
 But thou, my King, endured it ;
 There’s not a wound that asks a cure,
 But my Redeemer cured it.

For me, thy sacred “temples bled ;”
 For me, “thou wert upbraided ;”
 “And as a lamb to slaughter led,”
 Unpitied and unaided.

And can I doubt thy tender love ?
 Thy rich compassion—doubt it ?
 My spirit hath no hope above,
 No stay on earth without it.

“For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.” — Isa. 54 : 7, 8.

“They who look shall be saved. The sun in the firmament is often faintly seen through a cloud, but the spectator may be no less *looking* than when he is seen in full and undiminished effulgence. It is not to him who sees Christ clearly that the promises are given, but to him who looks to Christ.”

Jesus, in sickness and in pain,
Be near to succor me ;
My sinking spirit still sustain ;
To thee I turn, to thee.

When cares and sorrows thicken round,
And nothing bright I see,
In thee alone can help be found ;
To thee I turn, to thee.

Should strong temptations fierce assail,
As if to ruin me,
Then in thy strength will I prevail,
While still I turn to thee.

When past transgressions fearful rise
Before my memory,
I'll plead thy perfect sacrifice,
And turn to thee, to thee.

Through all my pilgrimage below,
Whate'er my lot may be,
In joy or sadness, weal or wo,
Jesus, I'll turn to thee.

“For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.”—Acts 4 : 12.

“One new discovery of the glory of Christ Jesus will do more towards scattering clouds of darkness in one minute, than examining old experiences by the best marks through a whole year.”

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

By thee, my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus ! my shepherd, guardian, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king ;
My lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

“The whole family in heaven and earth.”—Eph. 3 : 15.

“The difference betwixt them and us is not that we are really two, but one body of Christ in divers places. True, we are below-stairs, and they are above.”

Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in him ;
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream—of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

O Saviour ! be our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

“Let us labor, therefore, to enter into that rest.”— Heb 4 : 11.

“The trials of life will *soon* be over. The fashion of this world passeth away. Let the thoughts of eternity mingle with the trials of time, and its weightiest trials will be felt to be as ‘light affliction which is but for a moment.’”

Though hard the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows roar,
Full swiftly we are going
To our dear native shore.

The billows breaking o’er us,
The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us
To all we loved so well.

So sorrow often presses
Life’s mariner along ;
Afflictions and distresses
Are gales and billows strong.

The sharper and severer
The storms of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is heaven’s eternal seat.

Come, then, afflictions dreary !
Sharp sickness, pierce my breast !
You only bear the weary
More quickly home to rest !

“Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.” — Hebrews 13 : 8.

“Heaven and earth may pass away, but his word shall not pass away. All that he saith cometh surely to pass. His arms are ever open to receive us. On his bosom we may always pillow our weary head. In his blood we may always wash away our sins and make our robes white. On his word we may always with confidence depend. Christ alone, then, should be the object of our confidence.”

When languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
 And long to soar away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of his love ;
 Sweet to look upward to the throne,
 Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book marked down ;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember that his death
 My debt of suffering paid.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on the promise of his grace
 For all things to depend ;

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

Sweet in his righteousness to stand
Who saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
The Spirit's quickening breath.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

There shall my disembodied soul
View Jesus and adore ;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain ;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound ;
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesus' presence know !

If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Direct, O Lord ! from thee ?

Oh ! may the unction of these truths,
 Forever with me stay ;
 Till from her sinful cage dismissed,
 My spirit flies away.

“ Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.”—Micah 6 : 9.

“ The heaviest and sharpest of our sorrows is only just enough to heal us. He doth not *willingly* afflict. If any thing short of our present trial would have wrought his purpose of love to us, he would have sent the lighter and kept back the heavier.”

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

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

“Then said Jesus to his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.”—Matt. 16 : 24.

“Our blessed Lord, when he calls us to take up our cross, sends us not on a way which he does not know. He himself has gone before us, bearing his own cross ; and thus he says : ‘Follow me.’ It is to the *fellowship* of his sufferings that we are called, greater than any that we can ever know, for he was God as well as man.”

Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
 For thee my thirsty soul doth pine ;
 My longing heart implores thy grace—
 Oh ! make me in thy likeness shine.

When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
 With heavenly patience arm my breast ;
 When grief my wounded soul assails,
 In lowly meekness may I rest.

Close by thy side still may I keep,
 Howe'er life's various currents flow ;
 With steadfast eye mark every step,
 And follow thee where'er thou go.

Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;
 Alone thou hast the wine-press trod ;
 In me thy strengthening grace be shown ;
 Oh ! may I conquer through thy blood.

So when on Sion thou shalt stand,
 And all heaven's hosts adore their king ;
 Shall I be found at thy right hand,
 And free from pain thy glories sing !

“He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.”—Mal. 3 : 6.

“Let the Lord absolutely have the ordering of your evils and troubles, and put them off you by recommending your cross and your furnace to him who hath skill to melt his own metal, and knows well what to do with his furnace.”

Why should I murmur or repine,
O Lamb of God, who bled for me ?
What are my griefs compared with thine—
Thy tears, thy groans, thine agony !

If thou the furnace dost employ,
Thou sittest as refiner near,
To purge away the base alloy,
Till thine own image bright appear.

Though oft thy way is in the sea,
Thy footsteps in the wingéd storm ;
Though crested billows threaten me—
Love slumbers in their frowning form !

Submissive would I kiss the rod ;
Needful each stroke I humbly own ;
Or let me trust thee, O my God !
If now the “need be” is unknown.

Wave upon wave which rolled before
Tempestuous o’er this ruffled breast,
There lulled to sleep, shall break no more
The rapture of eternal rest.

“Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.”—
John 17 : 24.

“So Christ ascended to the Father as our fore-runner. There the door of salvation stands open to all believers; and, by virtue of Christ’s ascension, they also shall ascend after him, ‘far above all heavens.’”

From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!

“Love’s redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

“Sprinkle now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

“Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father’s bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

“Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo! I come, your Saviour, friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.”

“Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.”—Ps. 73 : 24.

“By faith I see the promised land, and every day brings me nearer to the possession of my heavenly inheritance. Then shall I see God and live; and face to face behold my triumphant Redeemer. I have nothing here to linger for; my hopes, my rest, my treasure, and my joys are all above.”

I sojourn in a vale of tears,
 Alas! how can I sing?
 My harp doth on the willows hang,
 Untuned in every string.

Oh! come, my dear almighty Lord,
 My sweetest, surest Friend:
 Come, for I loathe these Kedar tents—
 Thy fiery chariots send.

What have I here?—my thoughts and joys,
 So long disposed to roam,
 Are fixed—and I will follow them
 To my eternal home.

What have I in this barren land?
 My Jesus is not here;
 Mine eyes will ne'er be blest, until
 My Jesus doth appear.

My Jesus is gone up to heaven,
 To get a place for me;
 For 'tis his will that where he is,
 His followers should be.

Canaan I view from Pisgah's top ;
 Of Eshcol's grapes I taste ;
 My Lord, who sends unto me here,
 Will send for me at last.

I have a God that changeth not,
 Why should I be perplexed ?
 My God, who owns me in this world,
 Will own me in the next.

Go fearless, then, my soul, with God,
 Into another room :
 Thou who hast walked with him here,
 Go, see thy God, at home.

“ Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

“ O ye children of sorrow ! dream of any thing rather than of what ye endure, now excusing you from future punishment, or giving you a sort of title to rest beyond the grave. But affliction worketh for us glory, in the sense of preparing or fitting us for glory. God thereby disciplines his people.”

'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.

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 the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to prayer ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way,
 Might I not with reason fear
 I should prove a castaway ?
 Worldlings may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly vain delight,
 But the true-born child of God
Must not—*would* not, if he might.

“ Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”
 — Phil. 3 : 13, 14.

“ It is a harder task to suffer cheerfully in submission to the will of God, than to work laboriously. It is a higher testimony to the sustaining power of the Gospel.”

Lord, I believe thy every word,
 Thy every promise true ;
 And lo ! I wait on thee, my Lord,
 Till I my strength renew.
 If in this feeble flesh I may
 Awhile show forth thy praise,
 Jesus, support the tottering clay,
 And lengthen out my days !

If such a worm as I can spread
 The common Saviour's name,
 Let him who raiseth from the dead
 Quicken my mortal frame.
 Still let me live thy blood to show
 Which purgeth every stain ;
 And gladly linger out below,
 A few more years in pain !

Spare me till I my strength of soul,
 Till I thy love retrieve ;
 Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
 And perfect soundness give.
 For this in steadfast hope I wait ;
 Now, Lord, my soul restore,
 Now the new heavens and earth create,
 And I shall sin no more.

“ It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.” — Lam. 3 : 26.

“ All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.” — Job. 14 : 14.

“ The supreme and absolute Former of all things giveth not an account of any of his matters. The good husbandman may pluck his roses and gather his lilies at midsummer.”

Now let our souls on wings sublime
 Rise from the vanities of time ;
 Draw back the parting vail, and see
 The glories of eternity.

Born by a new, celestial birth,
 Why should we grovel here on earth ?
 Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
 So near to heaven's eternal joys ?

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
 While we are walking back to God?
 For strangers into life we come,
 And dying is but going home.

Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
 That sets our longing souls at large,
 Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
 And gives us with our God to dwell.

To dwell with God, to feel his love,
 Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
 And the sweet expectation now
 Is the young dawn of heaven below.

“My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.”—Ps. 84 : 2.

PRAYER ON BEING DEPRIVED OF RELIGIOUS ORDINANCES.

O Lord! Thou art my God; early will I seek thee!
 My soul thirsteth for thee; my flesh longeth for thee
 in a dry and thirsty land where no water is, to see thy
 power and thy glory so as I have seen thee in the sanc-
 tuary, when I went with the multitude unto the house
 of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with the mul-
 titude that kept holiday!

I was glad when they said unto me: “Let us go up
 unto the house of the Lord.” For how amiable are
 thy tabernacles, O Lord God of Hosts! Blessed are
 they that dwell in thy house; they shall be still prais-
 ing Thee. For thy way, O God! is in the sanctuary.

Who is so great a God as our God? There thou, Lord, commandest the blessing, even life for evermore!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; my heart and flesh cry out for the living God. For a day spent in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness. One thing have I desired of thee, O Lord! that will I seek after, that I may dwell in thy house all the days of my life, to behold thy beauty, and to inquire in thy temple. For there have I sat under thy shadow with great delight, and thy fruit was sweet to my taste. Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me as the joy and rejoicing of my heart.

Yet will I remember thee in my solitude. For though thou lovest the gates of Zion, thou hast also a blessing for the dwellings of Jacob. Oh! be unto me a little sanctuary in this place of my retirement. Satisfy me early with thy mercy, give me to eat of that hidden manna of which no one knoweth, saving they that receive it, and to drink of that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, that my soul being nourished and refreshed thereby, I may be enabled to go from strength to strength, till I appear perfect before thee in the Zion above. May my fellowship be indeed this day with thee, the Father, and with thy Son Jesus Christ, through the Holy Spirit, that I may have cause to say with the Patriarch of old, "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not! This is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven;" and to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be all the glory forever! Amen.

SABBATH HYMN FOR A SICK-CHAMBER.

Thousands, O Lord of hosts! this day
Around thine altar meet ;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

They see thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too ;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays ;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

For thou art in the midst, to teach
When on thy name they call ;
And thou hast blessings, Lord, for each ;
Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to thee.
Oh ! hast thou not a blessing left ?
A blessing, Lord, for me ?

The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry ?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die ?

Behold thy prisoner ; loose my bands,
 If 'tis thy gracious will ;
 If not, contented in thy hands,
 Behold thy prisoner still !

I may not to thy courts repair,
 Yet here thou surely art ;
 Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
 In my surrendered heart.

To faith reveal the things unseen ;
 To hope the joys unfold ;
 Let love without a veil between,
 This glory now behold.

Oh ! make thy face on me to shine,
 That doubt and fear may cease ;
 Lift up thy countenance benign
 On me, and give me peace.

“The way, the truth, and the life.”—John 14 : 6.

“They can not go amiss whose guide is the Way. They can not err whose director is the Truth. They can not perish whose preserver is the Life.

Thou art the way : to thee alone
 From sin and death we flee ;
 And he who would the Father seek,
 Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the truth : thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart ;
 Thou only canst instruct the mind,
 And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life : the rending tomb
 Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
 And those who put their trust in thee
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life :
 Grant us to know that Way ;
 That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
 Which leads to endless day.

“But it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light.”—Zech. 14 : 7.

“Let me have a firm faith in God’s truth and love ; let me be confident that he will do what he hath said, and perform all that he has promised ; and I discover mercy’s bow bent on fortune’s blackest cloud, and under most trying providences shall enjoy in my heart and exhibit to others in my temper the blessed difference between a sufferer that mourns, and a spirit that murmurs.”

We journey through a vale of tears,
 By many a cloud o’ercast ;
 And worldly cares and worldly fears
 Go with us to the last.

Not to the last ! thy word hath said,
 Could we but read aright ;
 Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head,
 At eve there shall be light !

Though earth-born shadows *now* may shroud
 Thy thorny path awhile,
 God’s blessed word can part each cloud,
 And bid the sunshine smile.

Only believe, in living faith,
 His love and power divine,
 And ere thy sun shall set in death,
 His light shall round thee shine!

When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
 His bow of love and peace
 Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,
 Betokening storms shall cease!
 Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
 By faith and not by sight;
 And thou shalt own his word fulfilled—
 At eve it shall be light!

“It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High! to show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.” — Psalm 92 : 1, 2.

“There is nothing glorifies God like praise. ‘Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me.’ Prayer expresses dependence and desire; but praise admiration and gratitude. By it men testify and tell all abroad that God is good, and thus others are persuaded to ‘taste and see that the Lord is good.’”

God of my life! through all its days
 My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
 The song shall wake with opening light,
 And warble to the silent night.

When anxious thoughts would break my rest,
 Or griefs disturb my throbbing breast,
 Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I can not speak.

And oh ! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the triumphs of the skies !

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
That echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

The cheerful tribute will I give
Long as a deathless soul shall live ;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

“I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”—Heb. 13 : 5.

“Christ will stand by his people in trouble and death. When flesh and heart fail, when friends fail, yea, when life fails, Christ will not fail, but will stand by us and strengthen us, and will be a light in our darkest hours, to raise our spirits when they are ready to sink within us—whom he loveth he loveth to the end, or rather world without end.”

Almighty Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain ;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend ;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

I know the power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean ;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore, in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore ;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

“ For now we see through a glass darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known.” — 1 Cor. 13 : 12.

“ What time I am afraid I will trust in thee.” — Ps. 56 : 3.

“ We see his working and we sorrow. The end of his counsel and working lieth hidden and underneath the ground, and therefore we can not believe.”

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.

The stars of heaven are shining on,
 Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears,
 The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
 But are not ours th' immortal years ?

Father, forgive the heart that clings
 Thus trembling to the things of time ;
 And bid my soul on angel-wings
 Ascend into a purer clime.

There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
 No sorrows dim celestial love ;
 But these afflictions of the dust,
 Like shadows of the night remove.

E'en now above there's radiant day,
 While clouds and darkness brood below :
 Then, Father, joyful on my way
 To drink the bitter cup I go !

“For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee.” — Is. 54 : 10.

“Thy care, be it what it will, has a promise either of support or of deliverance. If thou art not delivered, yet, if Christ support thee, so that thy faith and patience fail not, does not this show his infinite goodness to thee ?”

Often, my God ! when most I need
 Thy pitying aid, I seek it least ;
 And fail thy promises to plead,
 When weary and with pain oppressed.

For Satan then, with guileful power,
Draws near, and tempts me to delay ;
Suggesting still, from hour to hour,
“Thou art too sick, too weak, to pray.

“Nor mind nor body now can bear
The high employment ; wait awhile.”
Oh ! what could comfort me like prayer !
What cheer me like my Saviour’s smile ?

I will approach thee—I will force
My way through obstacles to thee ;
To thee for strength will have recourse,
To thee for consolation flee.

Not willingly dost thou so grieve
And chasten thy still pardoned child ;
Wilt thou not soon my pain relieve,
And cheer me with thy accents mild ?

Oh ! cast me, cast me not away
From thy dear presence, gracious Lord !
My burden at thy feet I lay,
My soul reposes on thy word

“Lord, increase our faith.”— Luke 17 : 5.

“Art thou blind ? then come to Jesus, that he may restore you. Hast thou a measure of light ? then pray that he may lay his hands again on thee, that thou mayest be enabled to read thy title clear to thy heavenly inheritance.”

Oh ! for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly wo !

That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod ;
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God ;

A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without ;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt ;

That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
 Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
 That seas of trouble can not drown,
 Nor Satan's arts beguile ;

A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
 Lights up a dying-bed.

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.

“Perfect love casteth out fear.”—1 John 4 : 18.

“Death to a good man is but passing through a dark entry out of one little dusky room of his father’s house, into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining.”

Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
To soar to endless day ?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before ;
He that unto God’s kingdom comes
Must enter by his door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be ?

Then shall I end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah’s praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But ’tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

“Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ’s sufferings; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.”—1 Peter 4 : 12, 13.

“*God has need of sufferers, as well as of laborers in his kingdom.* The service of the sufferer is a more difficult, and, therefore, a higher service than that of the laborer. Not every one is qualified for the higher service. God, therefore, takes those, sometimes, who promised to be the most effective laborers, and transforms them into sufferers.”

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o’er life’s finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters’ noise,
Sweet as harp’s melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,
 Wakened up from wrath to flee,
 Hidden in the Saviour's side,
 By the Spirit sanctified ;
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
 By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
 Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud ;
 But when fear is at the height,
 Jesus comes, and all is light.
 Blessed Jesus ! bid me show
 Doubting saints how much I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
 Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain ;
 But a night thine anger burns—
 Morning comes, and joy returns :
 Blessed Jesus ! bid me show
 Weary sinners all I owe.

“He is the rock, his work is perfect.”—Deut. 32 : 4.

“Reeds fail, but the rock is firm footing ; yea, when the soul
 can no longer tabernacle here, it can cast itself upon God with,
 ‘Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.’”

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

Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfill thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow ;
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
 Vile ! I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne—
 Rock of ages, shelter me !
 Let me hide myself in thee !

“I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.” —
 Ps. 17 : 15.

“O ye who, in this tabernacle, do groan, being burdened ;
 bear up, and press on ; for the day of your redemption draw-
 eth nigh : soon shall ye pass through the waters, leaning on
 your beloved, and enter into his rest—and his rest shall be
 glorious.”

Tossed on the billows far and wide,
 And struggling 'gainst a whelming tide,
 When shall I to the haven come,
 And moor my bark, and see my home ?
 When I am over Jordan !

When shall I see my sins all slain ?
 When shall I see my Saviour reign
 Victorious o'er these fears of mine,
 Which dare his boundless love confine ?
 When I am over Jordan !

When shall I see him face to face,
 And find a blessed resting-place ?
 And hide me where his people hide,
 Who have been washed and purified ?
 When I am over Jordan !

When shall my falt'ring tongue confess
 The wonders of his righteousness ?
 And sing the song the ransomed raise,
 Dearer than angels' loftiest praise ?
 When I am over Jordan !

Here, cast about, and faint and weak,
 Dumb when I would his praises speak ;
 There shall my voice ring out on high,
 Till heaven's wide arches give reply—
 When I am over Jordan !

“Come unto me all ye that weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—Matt. 11 : 28.

“You are weary and heavy laden ; well, it is you Christ invites to come to him and find rest. He asks you to cling to him, to lean on him ; he does not command you to walk alone without stumbling. He does not tell you, as your fellow-men

do, that you must first merit his love ; he neither condemns nor reproaches you for the past, he only bids you come to him that you may have life."

Jesus, full of all compassion,
 Hear thine humble suppliant's cry ;
 Let me know thy great salvation ;
 See ! I languish, faint, and die.
 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
 Send, oh ! send me quick relief.

Whither should a wretch be flying,
 But to him who comfort gives ?
 Whither, from the dread of dying,
 But to him who ever lives ?
 While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
 Breathless on the cursed tree,
 Fain I'd feel my heart believing
 Thou didst suffer thus for me.

With thy righteousness and spirit,
 I am more than angels blest ;
 Heir with thee, all things inherit,
 Peace, and joy, and endless rest.
 Without thee, the world possessing,
 I should be a wretch undone ;
 Search through heaven, the land of blessing,
 Seeking good, and finding none.

Hear then, blessed Saviour, hear me !
 My soul cleaveth to the dust ;

Send the Comforter to cheer me ;
 Lo ! in thee I put my trust,
 On the word thy blood hath sealed,
 Hangs my everlasting all ;
 Let thine arm be now revealed ;
 Stay, oh ! stay me lest I fall.

In the world of endless ruin,
 Let it never, Lord, be said :
 "Here's a soul that perished, suing
 For the boasted Saviour's aid !"
 Saved ! the deed shall spread new glory
 Through the shining realms above ;
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptured with thy love.

"I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people." — Rom. 8 : 10.

"The Father sinks you on earth that you may rise in heaven, and makes you sad for a moment that he may make you happier through eternity there. 'The trying of your faith worketh patience.'"

My God, the cov'nant of thy love
 Abides forever sure ;
 And, in its matchless grace, I feel
 My happiness secure.

Since thou, the everlasting God,
 My Father art become ;
 Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
 And heaven my final home ;

I welcome all thy sov'reign wil,
 For all that will is love ;
 And when I know not what thou dost,
 I wait the light above.

Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom
 Shall heavenly rays impart ;
 And when my eyelids close in death,
 Sustain my fainting heart.

“ And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.” — John 12 : 32.

“ Think of him whose love fills heaven with happiness ; whose dying sorrows have procured immortal life for countless multitudes ; whose compassion shines like the noon-day sun, but has no setting beam ; and can you distrust such tenderness, or droop beneath the noon-day warmth of such compassion ?”

O sacred head ! now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down ;
 O sacred brow ! surrounded
 With thorns, thine only crown !
 Once on a throne of glory,
 Adorned with light divine,
 Now all despised and gory,
 I joy to call thee mine.

O noblest brow and dearest !
 In other days the world
 All feared as thou appearedst ;
 What shame is on thee hurled !

How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn ;
How does that bosom languish
Which once was bright as morn.

The blushes late residing
Upon that holy cheek ;
The roses once abiding
Upon those lips so meek ;
Alas ! they have departed ;
Pale death has rifled all !
For weak and broken-hearted
I see thy body fall.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain—
Mine, mine, was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain !
Lo ! here I fall, my Saviour,
'Tis I deserve thy place ;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

Receive me, my Redeemer,
My Shepherd, make me thine ;
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

Beside thee, Lord, I've taken
My place—forbid me not!
Hence will I ne'er be shaken,
Though thou to death be brought.
If pain's last paleness hold thee
In agony oppressed,
Then, then, will I enfold thee
Within this arm and breast.

The joy can ne'er be spoken
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

What language can I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh! make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

Be near when I am dying;
Oh! show thy cross to me,
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.

These eyes new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move ;
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely in thy love.

“I know, O Lord! that thy judgments are right, and that thou in very faithfulness hast afflicted me.”—Psalm 119 : 75.

“Sickness is the rod of God, sometimes falling lightly on us, at other times more heavily. Let us kiss the rod; let us open our mouth wide to the blessing, seeking so to profit by each bodily ailment, slight or severe, that it may bring forth in us the peaceable fruits of righteousness. ‘I know,’ says one, ‘of no greater blessing than health, except pain and sickness.’”

Saviour! I can welcome sickness,
 If these words be said of me ;
 Can rejoice, 'midst pain and weakness,
 If I am but loved by thee ;
 Love so precious
 Balm for every wound will be.

Thou who waitest not for fitness
 In the souls thy blood has saved,
 Let thy spirit now bear witness
 He this sentence has engraved.
 Love so precious
 Gives me all my prayers have craved.

Though that love sends days of sadness
 In a life so brief as this,
 It prepares me days of gladness
 And a life of perfect bliss.
 Love so precious
 Bids me every fear dismiss.

“Forever with the Lord.”—1 Thess. 4 : 17.

“In this world there can not be that harmony and oneness of body and soul that there will be in heaven. Here the body sometimes sins against the soul, and the soul vexes and perplexes the body. In heaven shall be perfect union.”

“Forever with the Lord !”

Amen ! so let it be :

Life from the dead is in that word ;

'Tis immortality !

Here in the body pent,

Absent from him I roam,

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent

A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,

Home of my soul, how near

At times to faith's illumined eye

Thy golden gates appear !

My thirsty spirit faints

To reach the land I love,

The bright inheritance of saints,

Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,

And all my prospect flies ;

Like Noah's dove, I flit between

Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds disperse,

The winds and waters cease,

And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart

Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath the flowery arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

Then, then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees as he hath ever seen,
And shall forever see.

How can I meet his eyes !
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last.

“ Forever with the Lord ! ”
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word,
E'en here to me fulfill.

Be thou at my right hand ;
So shall I never fail :
Uphold thou me and I shall stand ;
Help, and I shall prevail.

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord!"

The trump of final doom
 Shall speak the self-same word,
 And heaven's voice sound through the tomb,
 "Forever with the Lord!"

Then shall I upward fly;
 That resurrection word
 Shall be my shout of victory,
 "Forever with the Lord!"

"In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." — Ps. 94 : 19.

"Confident we are the life and death, the blood and righteousness of Jesus are the life of our graces, the spring of our comforts, the support of our weary minds, and the only reviving cordial of our fainting spirits. Are we panting sinners at his footstool? Considering Jesus makes us joyful before his throne now, soon we shall stand eternally happy in his presence."

O Lord! how happy is the time
 When in thy love I rest;
 When from my weariness I climb
 E'en to thy tender breast.
 The night of sorrow endeth there,
 Thy rays outshine the sun;
 And in thy pardon and thy care
 The heaven of heavens is won!

Let the world call itself my foe,
Or let the world allure ;
I care not for the world, I go
To this tried Friend and sure ;
And when life's fiercest storms are sent
Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident,
Because it holds by thee.

When the law threatens endless death,
Upon the dreadful hill,
Straightway from its consuming breath
My soul mounts higher still ;
She hastes to Jesus, wounded, slain,
And finds in him her home,
Whence she shall not go forth again,
And where no death can come.

And if the gate that opens there
Be closed to other men,
It is not closed to those who share
The heart of Jesus then ;
That is not losing much of life
Which is not losing thee—
Thou art as present in the strife
As in the victory.

Wherefore, how happy is the time
When in thy love I rest ;
When from my weariness I climb
E'en to thy tender breast !

The night of sorrow endeth there,
 Thy rays outshine the sun ;
 And in thy pardon and thy care,
 The heaven of heaven is won !

“These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation.”—John 16 : 33.

“The fellowship of his sufferings.”—Phil. 3 : 10.

“As peace was left to you in Christ’s Testament, so the other half of the legacy was Christ’s sufferings. Because, then, ye are made heirs and assigns to a life-rent of Christ’s cross, think that fiery trial no strange thing.”

Thou who didst stoop below
 To drain the cup of woe,
 And wear the form of frail mortality,
 Thy blessed labors done,
 Thy crown of victory won,
 Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on high,

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

O thou who art our life !
 Be with us through life strife ;
 Was not thy head by earth’s rude tempests bowed ?
 Raise thou our eyes above
 To see a Father’s love
 Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

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

“ Therefore I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her ; and I will give her vineyards from thence.”—Hosea 2 : 14, 15.

“ And he made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock.”—Deut. 32 : 13.

“ We take comparatively little note of the vine amid a hundred other tokens of fertility ; and the honey is, perhaps, almost untasted, when even luscious fruit is offering itself abundantly. The worth of the vineyard is felt when met in the wilderness, and the honey, to be appreciated, must be found in the rock.”

When I can trust my all with God,
 In trial's fearful hour,
 Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
 And bless his sparing power,
 A joy springs up amid distress,
 A fountain in the wilderness.

Oh ! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
 Though trials fix me there,
 Is still a privilege most sweet,
 For he will hear my prayer ;
 Though sighs and tears its language be,
 The Lord is nigh to answer me.

Oh! blessed be the hand that gave—
 Still blessed when it takes ;
 Blessed be he who smites to save—
 Who heals the heart he breaks ;
 Perfect and true are all his ways,
 Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

“ Fear not : for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by my name ; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.”—Isaiah 43 : 1, 2.

“ The death and resurrection of the Son of God are stepping-stones and a stay to you. Set down your feet by faith upon these stones, and go through, as on dry land.”

Christ, of all my hopes the ground—
 Christ, the spring of all my joy !
 Still in thee let me be found,
 Still for thee my powers employ.

Fountain of o'erflowing grace !
 Freely from thy fullness give ;
 Till I close my earthly race,
 Be it “ Christ for me to live !”

Firmly trusting in thy blood,
 Nothing shall my heart confound ;
 Safely I shall pass the flood,
 Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

When I touch the blessed shore,
 Back the closing waves shall roll ;
 Death's dark stream shall never more
 Part from thee my ravished soul.

Thus, oh ! thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless skies ;
Having known it " Christ to live,"
Let me know it " gain to die."

" Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." — Job 13 : 15.

"Sickness teaches us that activity of service is not the only way in which God is glorified. 'They also serve who only stand and wait.' Active duty is that which man judges most acceptable ; but God shows us that in bearing and suffering he is also glorified."

Faith almost changes into sight
When from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance in light
Above created skies.

Had but the prison walls been strong,
And firm, without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.

But now the everlasting hills
Through every chink appear ;
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a prisoner here.

The beams of heaven rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws ;
Visions of endless bliss are seen,
And native air she draws.

Oh ! may these walls stand tottering still,
 The breaches never close ;
 If I must here in darkness dwell,
 And all this glory lose !

Or rather let this flesh decay,
 The ruins wider grow ;
 Till, glad to see th' enlargéd way,
 I stretch my pinions through !

“Wait on the Lord : be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart : wait, I say, on the Lord.—Ps. 27 : 14”

“God could give you health ; to give you health would be a little thing, compared with giving you Christ. Surely, if he does not give you health, the reason must be that he sees it best to appoint you sickness. Doubt not his love who gave you a Saviour.”

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace
 Let this petition rise :

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And let me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

“ And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”—Rev. 22 : 17.

“ What do we here but sin and suffer? Oh! when shall the night be gone, the shadows flee away, and the morning of that long, long day, without cloud or night, dawn! The Spirit and the bride say, Come. Oh! when shall the Lamb’s wife be ready, and the bridegroom say, Come!”

With tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
 Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper—“ Come to me !”

It tells me of a place of rest ;
 It tells me where my soul may flee !
 Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest,
 How sweet the bidding—“ Come to me !”

When the poor heart with anguish learns
 That earthly props resigned must be,
 And from each broken cistern turns,
 It hears the accents—“ Come to me.”

When nature shudders, loth to part
 From all I love, enjoy, and see ;
 When a faint chill steals o’er my heart,
 A sweet voice utters—“ Come to me.”

“ Come, for all else must fail and die ;
 Earth is no resting-place for thee ;
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye ;
 I am thy portion—Come to me.”

O voice of mercy ! voice of love !
 In death's last fearful agony,
 Support me, cheer me, from above,
 And gently whisper—"Come to me."

"Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation."—Ps. 27 : 9.

"The chastened spirit must find peace in believing, not that he is the best of men, but that he is the 'chief of sinners;' not in holding fast his integrity, but in repenting in dust and ashes."

O thou God who hearest prayer,
 Every hour and every where !
 Listen to my feeble breath,
 Now I touch the gates of death ;
 For his sake, whose blood I plead,
 Hear me in my hour of need,

Hear and save me, gracious Lord !
 For my trust is in thy word ;
 Wash me from the stain of sin,
 That thy peace may rule within.
 May I know myself thy child,
 Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

Dearest Lord, may I so much
 As thy garment's hem but touch,
 Or but raise my languid eye
 To the cross where thou didst die,
 It shall make my spirit whole,
 It shall heal and save my soul.

Thou art merciful to save !
 Thou hast snatched me from the grave !
 I would kiss the chastening rod,
 O my Father and my God !
 Only hide not now thy face,
 God of all-sufficient grace !

Leave me not, my strength, my trust !
 Oh ! remember I'm but dust !
 Leave me not again to stray ;
 Leave me not the tempter's prey.
 Fix my heart on things above ;
 Make me happy in thy love.

“ Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.”—
 1 Pet. 5 : 7.

“ There is a reason given by Peter for casting care on God, that is expressibly touching. He says, ‘ casting all your care on him,’ and then follows no flourish of rhetoric, no parade of reasons, but this—oh ! how happily selected, I would say, but that he wrote by inspiration, which does every thing felicitously—‘ for he careth for you.’ ”

Are the days of darkness many ?
 Are such now assigned to me ?
 Yet, O Lord, there are not any
 Which may not be spent with thee :
 Saviour, thou canst make them bright ;
 Turn my darkness into light.

Shall distress, however bitter,
 Separate my soul from thee ?
 No ! distress but makes it fitter

To its hiding-place to flee :
 Though of all beside bereft,
 'Tis enough if thou art left.

Should it please thee now to sever
 Life-long unions, dearest ties,
 Whisper, " I will leave thee never,"
 This shall check my tears and sighs ;
 He whose mind is " stayed on thee,"
 Never desolate shall be.

" All things are yours ; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come ; all are yours ; and ye are Christ's ; and Christ is God's." — 1 Cor. 3 : 22, 23.

" ' There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling, ' is a promise to the fullest extent verified in the case of all who ' dwell in the secret place of the Most High. ' To them, sorrows are not ' evils, ' sicknesses are not ' plagues ; ' the shadow of the Almighty, extending far around those who abide under it, alters the character of all things which come within its influence."

If God is mine, then present things
 And things to come are mine ;
 Yea, Christ, his word, and spirit, too,
 And glory all divine.

If he is mine, then from his love
 He every trouble sends ;
 All things are working for my good,
 And bliss his rod attends.

If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell ;
He will support my feeble power,
Their utmost force repel.

If he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honors flee—
Sure, he who giveth me himself,
Is more than these to me.

If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale ;
He is a solid comfort when
All other comforts fail.

Oh ! tell me, Lord, that thou art mine ;
What can I wish beside ?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

“ For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”
—2 Cor. 4 : 17.

“ So that glory is not merely the issue of the tribulation, but in some sense, its product. Tribulation is the soil, and glory is the blossom and the fruit.”

O Saviour ! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chastened my wanderings, and guided my way ;
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
 Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the
 morn ;

Thou showedst me the path—it was dark and uneven—
 All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown ;
 I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave ;
 I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown—
 I asked—and thou showedst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length to thy will,
 My hopes and my longings I fain would resign ;
 Oh ! give me the heart that can wait and be still,
 Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine !

There are mansions exempted from sin and from wo,
 But they stand in a region by mortals untrod ;
 There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below ;
 There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of God.

“ Having a desire to depart and be with Christ.”—Phil. 1 : 23.

“ Death is not to be desired for itself. The Apostle chose rather to be clothed upon with his house which is from heaven, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. But yet, rather than he would be absent from the Lord, he was willing to be absent from the body. Christ in glory is worth the being with.”

Where shall the weary rest ?
 The child of sorrow where ?
 In Jesus' arms, forever blest,
 Soon shall he banish care.

When shall the sufferer's pain,
 The groan of anguish, cease ?
 In heaven the saints no more complain,
 But all is endless peace.

When shall temptation's power
 No longer break repose ?
 There comes a near, a blissful hour,
 Which no disturbance knows.

When shall this aching heart.
 With every loved one dwell ?
 In worlds above they never part,
 They never say "farewell."

Where is the blest abode
 Whence none shall ever roam ?
 There, in the presence of our God,
 Is our eternal home.

Lord, in that happy land,
 From sin and sorrow free,
 Grant us among thy chosen band
 To live in joy with thee.

"What man is he that liveth and shall not see death?" —
 Ps. 89 : 48.

"I will ransom them from the power of the grave ; I will
 redeem them from death : O death, I will be thy plagues ! O
 grave, I will be thy destruction." — Hosea 13 : 14.

"It is sent to release you from a body of sin and death, to
 take you from a world of trial and sorrow, and to place you
 within the walls of the city after which you have been so long
 aspiring, that there you may be clothed with immortality, and

see him whom, having not seen, you love. Why, then, believer, should you start or shrink when the summons comes ?”

Why should we start, and fear to die ?
 What timorous worms we mortals are !
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, and dying strife
 Fright our approaching souls away ;
 We still shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay,

Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed !

Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there !

“Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.” — Ps. 50 : 15.

“The unchangeableness of God's love to his people gives confidence that they shall in no wise be cast out. They know Christ will be the same to them at last as he was as first ; the same in the pangs of death as in the comforts of life ; ‘having loved his own, he loved them unto the end.’”

God of my life ! to thee I call ;
 Afflicted, at thy feet I fall ;
 When high the water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint—
 Where but with thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
 Doth not the word still fixed remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst thou not hear and answer prayer ;
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
 Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me,
 I have an advocate with thee ;
 They whom the world caresses most
 Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

“ Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.”— Matt
 6 : 10.

“ Who would exercise the fearful privilege of ordering a single event which is to affect him ? And shall we contend for a privilege which we would not exercise if we had it ? Shall we claim to choose in a case in which, if the right of choice were given us, we should immediately give it back into the hands of God ? ”

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 !

Thy will be done ! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine—
Thy will be done !

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 !

“I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.”—Rev. 14 : 13.

“Oh ! trust him, then, and be not afraid ; his love has brought thee thus far ; he has led thee in the right way to the verge of life, and he declares that he will not leave thee nor forsake thee in the hour of death. Fear not to look down, fear not to go down with Jesus into the grave. He has promised, ‘I will be with thee.’”

Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below :
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go !
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest :

For the joys he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain ;
 Die, to live the life of glory,
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign

“The Lamb is the light thereof.” — Rev. 21 : 23.

“Let us who are here cut off from ordinances take comfort. Christ can come to us without need of these channels, though to others the appointed means of grace ; and when he himself hath laid us aside from them, he can, while alluring us into the wilderness, there speak comfortably unto us.”

Thou only centre of my rest,
 Look down with pitying eye,
 While with protracted pain opprest
 I breathe the plaintive sigh.

Thy gracious presence, O my God !
 My every wish contains ;
 With this, beneath affliction's load,
 My heart no more complains.

This can my every care control,
 Gild each dark scene with light,
 This is the sunshine of the soul,
 Without it all is night.

My Lord, my life, oh ! cheer my heart
 With thy reviving ray,
 And bid these mournful shades depart,
 And bring the dawn of day !

Oh ! happy scenes of pure delight !
 Where thy full beams impart

Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.

Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know ;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee ?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art,
I shall forever be.

Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

“ Whether we live, we live unto the Lord ; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord : whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.” — Rom. 14 : 8.

“ When soul and body part, my spirit will be a stranger in the wondrous path that conducts the righteous to the presence of their God, but Jesus knows the way, and I am his.”

Deathless principle, arise !
Soar, thou native of the skies !
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown ;
Go, his triumphs to adorn ;
Born of God to God return.

Lo ! he beckons from on high !
Fearless to his presence fly ;

Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

Is thy earthly house distressed,
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but it must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar:
Safe as the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there!

See the haven full in view,
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade!
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See they throng the blissful shore!

Mount, their transports to improve,
 Join the longing choir above,
 Swiftly to their wish be given,
 Kindle higher joy in heaven !
 Such the prospects that arise
 To the dying Christian's eyes !
 Such the glorious vista, Faith
 Opens through the shades of death !

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.”—Ps. 23 : 4.

“He does not say, ‘I will feel no evil,’ but, ‘I will *fear* no evil.’ He knows that trials await him, and that flesh and blood must feel them. He fosters not any false courage by a vain concealment of the truth. He never deludes himself with the idea that there are no difficulties, no terrors in the valley. ‘But thou art with me,’ this is enough for all.”

My God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights !

In darkest shades, if he appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 He is my soul's bright morning star,
 And he my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his love is mine,
 And whispers, I am his.

My soul would leave this heavy clay,
 At that transporting word,
 And run with joy the shining way,
 To meet my gracious Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I break through every foe :
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Shall bear me conqu'ror through.

“ O death ! where is thy sting ? ” — 1 Cor. 15 : 55.

“ It is when the minor lights of comfort are extinguished
 that the sun of righteousness shines forth and more than com-
 pensates for them all.”

Oh ! for an overcoming faith
 To cheer my dying hours !
 To triumph o'er the monster death,
 And all his frightful powers.

Joyful, with all the strength I have
 My quiv'ring lips should sing,
 “ Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave ?
 And where the monster's sting ? ”

If sin be pardoned, I'm secure ;
 Death hath no sting beside :
 The law gives sin its damning power,
 But Christ, my ransom, died.

Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
 Through Christ, our living Head !

“God commendeth his love toward us; in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.”—Rom. 5 : 8.

“Many waters can not quench it, neither can the floods drown it. Here is love stronger than death. Oh! the height, oh! the depth of this love; there are such dimensions in this love of Christ as the longest line of our most extended thoughts and imaginations can never be able to reach and measure.”

There is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

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

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

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
 (Unworthy though I be)

For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

“Cast not away, therefore, your confidence which hath great recompense of reward.”—Heb. 10 : 35.

“Blessed be God, the believer in Jesus does not sorrow as those without hope. Soon will sorrow be exchanged for unclouded bliss ; soon shall we join the company of those who have reached the heavenly Jerusalem, and join our voices with those loved ones who have gone before us, and with them take up the notes of eternal praise to him who loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood. Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come and not tarry. Indeed, these are words of comfort with which to cheer one another as we journey through this lonely wilderness. Some are called to pass through deeper waters, and to drink a larger measure of the cup of sorrow. But how precious to them is He who bears them up ; how deep is the joy that succeeds the night of weeping !”

O thou ! to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;
Oh ! burst these bonds, and set it free.

Wash out its stains, refine its dross ;
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean as thou, my Lord, art clean.

As through this wilderness I stray,
 Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
 No foes, no evil, need I fear,
 If thou, my Lord, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my strength in waves of woe,
 Saviour, thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head and cheer my heart.

Teach me, where'er thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, to follow thee ;
 Oh ! let thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day ;
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

“Cast me not off in the time of old age.”—Ps. 71 : 3.

PRAYER FOR AN AGED PERSON LEFT
 SOLITARY AND IN SICKNESS.

God of all consolation and grace, how blessed is the assurance, that as a father pitieth his children, so thou, the Lord, pitiest them that fear thee ; for thou knowest our frame ; thou rememberest that we are dust.

At this time, how lonely and miserable should I feel, but for the consolations of thy holy word ! for now the years are come when, with regard to the world, its occupations and pursuits, I have to say, that I have no

pleasure in them ; and few and evil must now be the days of my pilgrimage upon earth. For my tabernacle is spoiled, and my cords are broken ; I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto me. When I lie down I say, “ When shall I arise, and the night be gone ? ” and I am full of tossings to and fro till the dawning of the day. But thou art the Lord, that changest not ; thy mercy endureth forever, and thy compassions never fail. Therefore, when my heart fainteth within me, will I remember thee, O my God ! for thou art the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. Let not my heart be troubled by these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, but believing in Jesus as my compassionate High Priest, who can be touched with a feeling of all my infirmities ; as the Lord my righteousness, who hath fulfilled all righteousness in my stead, that I might be justified freely by his grace ; as my all-prevailing advocate with thee, the Father, who ever liveth to make intercession for me ; as my Redeemer, upon whom the chastisement of my peace was laid, and who has taken away all mine iniquity, and reconciled me to thee through the blood of his cross ; as my blessed Physician, whose name is a balm for every wound, a cure for every wo ; believing in him, and knowing him as all my salvation and all my desire ; and laying hold by faith on thy precious promises, addressed to me through him, may I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

And though the earthly house of this tabernacle must be dissolved, and I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living—though ere long the dust shall return to the dust as it was—yet

will I resign my spirit without fear into the hands of God, who gave it. For blessed be thou, O God, and Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to thine abundant mercy, hast begotten me again to a lively hope, by the resurrection of thy dear Son from the dead, even to the hope that, though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God — see the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off.

Oh! do thou seal me with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of my future inheritance. May he, the Comforter, bring the truths of thy blessed word seasonably to my remembrance, and apply them savingly to my soul, that this may be my comfort in mine affliction, while the days of trial last. For hast thou not promised to strengthen me upon the bed of languishing, and to make all my bed in my sickness? Hast thou not said: "Even to old age I am he, and even to hoary hairs will I carry you. I have made and I will bear, even I will carry and will deliver you. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from you, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee. Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world. For I know the thoughts that I think toward you—thoughts of peace, and not of evil; that I may give you an expected end."

Lord, may my latter end indeed be peace. At evening-time let there be light. When the shades of that night are fast closing around me, in which no man can work, do thou, O Son of righteousness, shine into my heart as mine everlasting light. Then, though called to walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil ; for if thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff shall comfort and support me.

Lord, all my desire is before thee. In mercy hear and answer. And to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be all praise and glory forever and ever ! Amen !

With years oppressed, with sorrows torn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
To thee, O God, I pray :
To thee these withered hands arise,
To thee I lift these failing eyes,
Oh ! cast me not away !

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days :
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

O Saviour ! has thy grace declined ?
Can years affect th' Eternal mind,
Or time its love decay ?
A thousand ages pass thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight
Is gone like yesterday.

Then, e'en in age and grief thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee :
Oh ! yet this bosom feels the fire ;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee !

Yes! tuneless, broken, still, O Lord,
 This voice, transported, shall record
 Thy goodness, tried so long :
 Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
 In feeble numbers melt away
 Into a seraph's song.

“If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.” — John 14 : 3.

“Of those who sleep in Jesus it is said, Blessed are those who die in the Lord. Oh! happy they who thus rest in the presence of their God. They have done with sorrow, done with pain, done with sickness, with wearisome nights and sighing days. There but remaineth for them the fullness of joy at the Father's right hand for evermore.”

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
 From which none ever wakes to weep:
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet,
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing,
 That death hath lost his venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear nor wo shall dim that hour,
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus ! oh ! for me
 May such a blissful refuge be :
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high !

Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
 Debars this precious "hiding-place :"
 On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
 Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wake to weep !

"It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."—2
 Sam. 3 : 18.

"God has particular lessons to give, and particular ends to answer, when he calls away one of his servants in the midst of his strength, and with every indication of triumph, and when he leaves another to spend not only years in labor, but months, and even years, in the solitariness of his chamber, a prisoner on his couch."

For us, the conflict and the toil,
 The sickness, and the pain ;
 For them, the wiping of the tears
 Which shall not flow again.
 For us, the path o'ergrown with thorns,
 And darkness round our way ;
 For them, the golden street of heaven
 And God's eternal day !

How long, O Lord of love ! how long
Shall we go mourning here ?
How long till in thy courts above,
With singing we appear ?
We see thy saints to glory go,
And trim our lamps anew ;
When shall we hear the bridegroom's voice,
And we be summoned too !

O longing heart ! O aching head !
Our times are in his hand ;
And not a drop is in the cup
Unmeasured by his hand.
And though the bitterness be great,
Yet deeper was the draught,
Which in his hour of agony,
Our great Redeemer quaffed.

Though long delayed our time of rest,
And o'er the waters wild,
Like Noah's dove, we have been sent,
Our rest below defiled ;
Yet soon our exile shall be o'er,
His time of love shall come ;
When he shall open wide the door,
And take the wanderer home.

“ For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.” — Heb. 13 : 14.

“ Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.” — Ps. 90 : 1.

“ Happy is the man who has placed himself in the care of a covenant God, and knows that wherever his abode may be,

and whatever its form and materials, he dwells in the secret place of the Most High, and abides under the shadow of the Almighty, and that when the earthly tabernacle falls, an eternal mansion awaits him on high."

"We've no abiding city here:"

This may distress the worldling's mind ;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find,

"We've no abiding city here:"

Sad truth, were this to be our home ;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

"We've no abiding city here:"

Then let us walk as pilgrims do ;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us live with heaven in view.

"We've no abiding city here:"

We seek a city out of sight ;
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

O sweet abode of peace and love,

Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

But hush, my soul ! nor dare repine ;

The time my God appoints is best :
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.” — Rev. 21 : 4.

“God our Lord wipes off the tears. It is not time that heals the sorrows of the saints, or dries up their tears. It is God, God himself, God alone. He reserves this joy for himself, as if it were his special joy.”

I'm but a stranger here,
 Heaven is my home !
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is my home !
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand,
 Heaven is my father-land,
 Heaven is my home !

What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home !
 Short is my pilgrimage ;
 Heaven is my home !
 And time's wild, wintry blast,
 Soon will be overpast ;
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heaven is my home !

Therefore, I murmur not,
 Heaven is my home !
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 Heaven is my home !
 And I shall surely stand,
 There at my Lord's right hand :
 Heaven is my father-land,
 Heaven is my home !

“He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.” — Ps. 32 : 10.

“Love has appeared through the disguise of every frown ; its beams have glimmered through the darkest night ; by every affliction thou hast been drawing me nearer to thyself, and removing my carnal props, that I may lean with more assurance on the eternal Rock. ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul ! and forget not all his benefits.’ ”

God, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness :
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

Were I in heaven without my God,
’T would be no joy to me ;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint ?
God is my soul’s eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

Then, to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ :
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

“My flesh also shall rest in hope.” — Ps. 16:9.

“When the gracious soul comes near its God, (as it doth in a dying hour,) ‘then it even throws itself into his arms,’ as a river that, after many turnings and windings, pours itself into the ocean. Nothing but God can please it in this world, and nothing but God can satisfy it when it goes hence.”

Rest for the toiling hand,
 Rest for the anxious brow,
 Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
 Rest from all labor now ;

Rest for the fevered brain,
 Rest for the throbbing eye ;
 Through these parched lips of thine no more
 Shall pass the moan or sigh.

Soon shall the trump of God
 Give out the welcome sound,
 That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
 And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

Ye dwellers in the dust,
 Awake ! come forth and sing :
 Sharp has your frost of winter been,
 But bright shall be your spring.

’T was sown in weakness here ;
 ’T will then be raised in power :
 That which was sown an earthly seed,
 Shall rise a heavenly flower !

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.”—Rev. 5 : 12.

“It will not be from an angel’s lips that this anthem will issue. The angel never knew the wretchedness of being a fallen creature, and therefore can not know the thankfulness of a redeemed.”

Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour’s name.

Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising power ;
Sing how he intercedes, above,
For us, whose sins he bore.

Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue ;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th’ eternal King.

Soon shall we hear him say,
“Ye blesséd children, come !”
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

“Death is swallowed up in victory.”—1 Cor. 15 : 53.

“Victory was our watchword in the conflict, even the hardest and sorest; victory was our watchword on the bed of death, in the dark valley, when going down for a season into the tomb; victory is to be our final watchword, when, re-appearing from the grave leaving mortality behind us, and ascending into glory.”

Hope of our hearts, O Lord! appear,
 Thou glorious Star of day!
 Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
 With all our tears, away.

Strangers on earth, we wait for thee;
 Oh! leave the Father's throne;
 Come with a shout of victory, Lord,
 And claim us as thine own!

Oh! bid the bright archangel then
 The trump of God prepare,
 To call thy saints, the quick, the dead,
 To meet thee in the air!

No resting-place we seek on earth,
 No loveliness we see;
 Our eye is on the royal crown
 Prepared for us and thee.

But, dearest Lord, however bright
 That crown of joy above,
 What is it to the brighter hope
 Of dwelling in thy love?

What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with thee ?

This joy e'en now on earth is ours ;
But only Lord, above,
Our heart without a pang shall know
The fullness of thy love.

There, near thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransomed bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb
Who died to make her free.

“ For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust.”—Ps. 103 : 14.

“ You may cast all your cares on Christ, for he careth for you. All through this vale of tears you may rest assured of his sympathy ; and when the vale of tears declines into the valley of the shadow of death, not his sympathy only will you have, but his inspiriting presence, and his timely succor.”

Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee ?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
’Tis sweet to know that thou art near ;
Am I with dread of justice tried,
’Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

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

O all-sufficient Saviour ! be
 This all-sufficiency to me ;
 Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
 The weakest shielded by thine arm.

“ And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also.”—John 14 : 3.

“ If the sheep are with the Shepherd, if the members are with the Head, if the children of Christ’s family are with him who loved them and carried them all the days of their pilgrimage on earth, all must be well.”

Let me be with thee where thou art,
 My Saviour, my eternal rest ;
 Then only will this longing heart
 Be fully and forever blest.

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

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

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

“They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.”—Isa. 35 : 10.

“The Christian hastening to heaven sees no more of that happy home than he did when entering his course, yet he is nearer every hour. He is drawing apace to the harbor though he sees it not, and in a little while he will enter there. ‘Sorrow shall be turned into joy.’”

Every moment brings me nearer
 To my long-sought rest above ;
 Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
 Oh ! how happy to remove ;
 Then forever,
 I shall sing redeeming love.

Soon shall I be gone to glory,
 Join the bright angelic race,
 There repeat the pleasing story—
 I was saved by sovereign grace :
 And forever
 View my loving Saviour’s face.

Though my burden sore oppress me,
 And I shrink beneath my pain ;
 Jesus, he will soon release me,
 And your loss will be my gain ;
 Precious Saviour !
 With my Lord I shall remain.

“Because I live ye shall live also.”—John 14 : 19.

“God’s people are like his ancient Israel. They have enemies who will harass them in life, but whoever or whatever these may be, sin, poverty, temptations, trials, fears, doubt, Satan himself, a death-bed shall be the death of all. In leaving life we leave these behind; death is *their* destruction, not *ours*.”

When sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,
 Jesus, to thee I lift my eyes,
 To thee I breathe my soul’s desires.

Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort die—
 Fixed on thine everlasting word—
 That word which built the earth and sky?

If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure :
 His word a firm foundation gives ;
 Here let me build, and rest secure.

Here let my faith unshaken dwell ;
 Immovable the promise stands ;
 Not all the powers of earth or hell,
 Can e’er dissolve the sacred bands.

Here, O my soul! thy trust repose,
 If Jesus is forever mine ;
 Not death itself—that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.

“For by grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.”—Eph. 2 : 8.

“It is not long days, but good days that make the life glorious and happy, and our dear Lord is gracious, who shorteneth the way to glory, so that the crown which the patriarch sought for many hundred years, may now be obtained by a child.”

Brief life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is there :
 Reward of grace, how wondrous !
 Short toil—eternal rest !
 For mortals, and for sinners,
 A mansion with the blest !

That we should look, poor wanderers,
 To have our home on high
 That worms should seek for dwellings
 Beyond the starry sky !
 And now we fight the battle,
 And then we wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting,
 And passionless renown !

I know not, oh ! I know not
 What social joys are there ;
 What pure, unfading glory,
 What light beyond compare ;
 And when I fain would sing them, .
 My spirit fails and faints,
 And vainly strives to image
 Th' assembly of the saints.

There is the throne of David,
 And there from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast:
 O garden free from sorrow!
 O plains that fear no strife!
 O princely bowers, all blooming!
 O realm and home of life!

“Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.”—Ps. 73 : 24.

“Religion does as much need *passive, suffering exemplifiers*, as heroes of action, to exemplify it by flaming zeal. And, I doubt not, the unbelieving world would be more impressed with the evidence of the Divine power of our holy religion by seeing a Christian of holy endowments, meekly submitting to the will of God, as all his brilliant prospects for a career of active usefulness are blotted out, and patiently, cheerfully resigning himself to a life of pain, and inactivity, and gloom, than by the active, heroic life of Paul himself.”

O Lord! my best desire fulfill,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears?
 Or tremble at thy gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?

No; rather let me freely yield
 What most I prize to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favor all my journey through
 Thou art engaged to grant ;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way—
 Shall I resist them both ?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crushed before the moth.

But, ah! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway,
 Else the next cloud that veils the skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

“ But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.”—Hebrews 11 : 16.

“ Here is the true and only certain remedy against the fear of death. As we look in simple faith to him who died and was buried, and rose again for us ; as we realize his presence in the gloomy vale, rest in his love, and stay ourselves upon his faithful promise, we shall fear no evil. Fear not, O believer ! to go over this Jordan !”

There is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-fading flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, trembling, on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove—
 Those gloomy doubts that rise—
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbeckoned eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er—
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

“ Into thy hands I commit my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth ! ” — Ps. 31 : 5.

PRAYER IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Now, O Holy Father! the solemn hour is at hand when I must depart out of this world, and go the way whence I shall not return. But blessed be thy name that though time to me shall be no more, yet that thou permittest me by faith to look unto the things which, though now unseen, are eternal—to have a glimpse of that better land, even the heavenly, that city which has foundations that can never be moved, whose maker

and builder is God ; that city in which there shall be no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

Blessed be thy name, for the peace and joy I have in believing that, when absent from the body, I shall be present with the Lord — that as thy goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, so I shall ere long be admitted, through the merits of my dear Redeemer, to dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Then, though the silver cord shall soon be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken, and the pitcher be broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern, yet shall the clods of the valley be sweet unto me, when my rest is in the dust ; for there my Lord hath lain, and sanctified even the tomb by his hallowed presence ; and I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth ; and that the hour is coming when all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and come forth—they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life—and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation. How blissful the hope, that Christ shall then change this vile body, and fashion it like unto his own glorious body, and I shall be satisfied when I awake with his likeness, for I shall see him as he is, and shall be admitted to a participation of those great blessings which he hath prepared for them that love him—which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. Then indeed shall death be swallowed up in victory, when the Lord himself shall wipe away all tears from all eyes.

Having this hope, may I account my present sufferings not worthy to be compared with the glory hereafter to be revealed in me. For I have not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire; nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest; but unto Mount Zion, unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new Covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.

In that precious blood may I be washed, and purified, and sanctified. May thy work of grace be speedily perfected in my heart—every cloud removed which unbelief would interpose to prevent my seeing thy glory as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ, and an abundant entrance ministered unto me into thine everlasting kingdom. Then may I join with all spirits of the just made perfect in that new song which they sing before the throne. “Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever.” Amen.

Through sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of a heavenly King,
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labors done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
 Unheeded o'er our silent dust
 The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, in the grave,
 The vital spark shall lie ;
 For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
 To seek its kindred sky.

These ashes too—this little dust—
 Our Father's care shall keep,
 Until the final trump shall break
 The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
 Shall shed its mildest rays,
 And our long-silent dust shall rise,
 With shouts of endless praise !

“ And they came to him, and awoke him, saying, Master, master, we perish. Then he arose, and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water : and they ceased, and there was a calm. And he said unto them, Where is your faith? ”—
 Luke 8 : 24, 25.

“ Master, carest thou not that we perish? ”—Mark 4 : 38.

“ You have entered the ship with Christ ; what do you expect? Fine weather. Rather look for wind, tempests, and waves to cover the vessel till she begins to sink. This is the baptism with which you must first be baptized, and then the calm will follow.”

The billows swell ; the winds are high ;
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky :
 Out of the depths to thee I call ;
 My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord! the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me through the storm;
 Defend me from each threatening ill;
 Control the waves; say: "Peace! be still."

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of every shape and name
 Attend the followers of the Lamb,
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
 And leave it to return no more.

Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
 My Saviour through the floods I seek;
 Let neither winds nor stormy rain
 Force back my shattered bark again.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5 : 8.

"*Absent from the body*, and *present with the Lord*. Methinks there is a heaven contained in the first part of these words, *absent from the body*; and a double happiness in the last, *present with the Lord*."

And let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint and die,
 My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high;

Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest—
That only bliss for which it pants—
In the Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain ;
I suffer on my threescore years
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

Oh ! what hath Jesus done for me ;
Before my raptured eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there ;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

Oh ! what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet !
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away ;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day !

“And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.”—Isa. 35 : 10.

“Mark very carefully, brethren, none of their pains or tribulations, however great, secured for them the joyful welcome into the city of the living God. Oh! no. ‘They washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.’ They fled by faith, every one of them, as poor perishing sinners, to that atoning blood which cleanseth from all sin; and thus their welcome and their entrance into glory was procured. See to it that you are personally interested in Christ, and then all shall be well.”

Who are these in bright array ?

This innumerable throng,

Round the altar, night and day

Tuning their triumphant song ?

“Worthy is the Lamb once slain,

Blessing, honor, glory, power,

Wisdom, riches, to obtain

New dominion every hour.”

These through fiery trials trod ;

These from great affliction came ;

Now before the throne of God,

Sealed with his eternal name :

Clad in raiment, pure and white,

Victor palms in every hand,

Through their great Redeemer’s might,

More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,

On immortal fruits they feed :

Them the Lamb amidst the throne

Shall to living fountains lead :

Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels their fears ;
 And, forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

“ Oh ! remember not against us former iniquities : let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us, for we are brought very low. — Ps. 79 : 8.

“ God often withdraws his sensible presence from his people in the trying hour, that they may walk, even in the dark valley, by faith, and not by sight or sense.”

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer ;
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh ;
 Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely pressed,
 By war without, and fear within,
 I come to thee for rest.

Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That, sheltered near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him, “ Thou hast died.”

O wondrous love ! to bleed, and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name.

“Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.”
— Habbakuk 3 : 17, 18.

“He who always stands, if we may use the expression, close by Christ, secures for himself that all things work together for good.”

Jesus I know hath died for me—
This is my hope, my joy, my rest!
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
And look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubts and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there!

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be
gone;
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn:
Steadfast on this my soul relies,
Father—thy mercy never dies.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,
When heart shall fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

“I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.” — Phil. 3 : 8.

“Why are not the followers of the Lamb more eager for their rest? Does the sailor, tossed by storms, long once more to reach his home? the sick man rest? Ah! stupified hearts! to love a toilsome, painful journey, more than an everlasting home, whence toils and dangers are banished forever.”

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.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course :
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source.
 So a soul new-born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon the Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies.
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?”—Rom. 8 : 35.

“Our most beloved friends must die ; and we must die ; but death shall never terminate the friendship of Jesus with his humble flock. That sweet, that awful word, makes him ours forever.”

Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
 For the day is passing by ;
 See ! the shades of evening gather,
 And the night is drawing nigh :
 Tarry with me ! tarry with me !
 Pass me not unheeded by.

Dimmed for me is earthly beauty ;
 Yet the spirit's eye would fain
 Rest upon thy lovely features ;
 Shall I seek, dear Lord ! in vain ?
 Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
 Let me see thy smile again.

Many friends were gathered round me,
 In the bright days of the past ;
 But the grave has closed above them,
 And I linger here the last :
 I am lonely ; tarry with me,
 Till the dreary night is past.

Dull my ear to earth-born music ;
 Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer ;
 Feeble, tottering my footstep,
 Sinks my heart with sudden fear :
 Cast thine arms, dear Lord ! around me,
 Let me feel thy presence near.

Faithful Memory paints before me
 Every deed and thought of sin ;
 Open thou the blood-filled fountain,
 Cleanse my guilty soul within :
 Tarry, thou forgiving Saviour,
 Wash me wholly from my sin.

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
 Lord, I cast myself on thee ;
 Tarry with me through the darkness
 While I sleep, still watch by me
 Till the morning, then awake me,
 Dearest Lord, to dwell with thee !

“Surely I come quickly, amen, even so, come Lord Jesus.”
 — Rev. 22 : 20.

“Secure for thy sins the advocate with the Father ; and so, when the hour cometh that thou shalt be summoned to depart, thou shalt have nothing left to do but to welcome the call. ‘*Now* is the accepted time. Do it while the evil days come not. Do it before it must be undone forever.’ ‘And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come ; and let him that heareth say, Come ; and let him that is athirst come ; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. Amen.’”

Arise, and come to Jesus !
 He calleth thee to-day ;
 The busy crowd are thronging
 The broad and easy way ;
 No loitering in the foot-path,
 No dallying there with sin ;
 The narrow gate is open,
 Arise ! and enter in !

Arise, and follow Jesus !
Wherever he may lead ;
Though rough the path, or stormy,
Press on with all thy speed.
His feet were torn and bleeding,
Who trod the path for thee ;
But where his rest remaineth
He is—and thou shalt be !

Arise, and dwell with Jesus !
The end is drawing nigh ;
Who taught thee how to journey,
Now teacheth how to die.
Firm in his strength relying,
Yield up thy latest breath !
Then rise in him triumphant,
The conqueror of death !

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Why should I murmur or repine.....	<i>Macduff</i>	40
Why should we start and fear to die.....	<i>Watts</i>	83
Wish not, dear friends, my pain away.....	<i>Keble</i>	27
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With years oppressed, with sorrow torn.....	<i>R. Grant</i>	97
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