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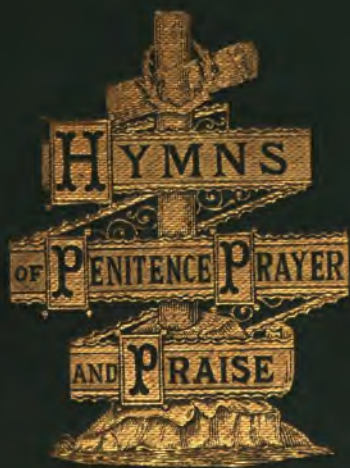
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Rev. F. H. Kay L.L.D.
Christmas 1888

~~W. A. Emery~~

1st Ed.

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HYMNS

OF

Penitence, Prayer, and Praise;

BY

REV. W. A. ESSERY,

Marlborough Chapel, London.



“BE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT; SPEAKING TO YOURSELVES
IN PSALMS, AND HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,
SINGING AND MAKING MELODY IN
YOUR HEART TO THE LORD.”



LONDON:

W. M. HUTCHINGS, 5, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

1872.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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A PSALM FOR ANNO DOMINI 1900.

—o—


MOTTO.

*Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel,
And afterward receive me to glory.—Ps. lxxiii., 24.*

O Jesu, Lead.

Who opes the New Year's gate refrains to say
What scenes our eyes shall meet,
Nor can the dreams of fancy show the way
God marks for pilgrims' feet.

How rough or smooth, how sad or bright, who tells
What losses, crosses wait ?
We hush, no voice replies, no vision swells,
We look, LOVE holds the gate.



Along the path of bygone years we see
The fair memorial stones,
Inscribed, " Jehovah, faithful Friend is He
Who turned to joy our moans."

The past is one long avenue of love,
O'erarched by mercies' bloom ;
Our faithful Guide shall ever faithful prove,
Come days of light or gloom.

Oh, not by sight, but by the better way
Of faith, He leads His own
Through fire, and flood, and dell, by night, by day,
In paths they had not known.

Who softly opes the New Year's door afresh,
In goodness hides the road :
O Jesu, take my hand, how weak is flesh !
Lead on and up to God. W. A. ESSERY.





The Soul's appeal to Jesus.

Science cannot tell me
What I find to know,
Art Thou mine,
Am I Thine,
Jesus, is it so?

Music softest, sweetest,
Fails to soothe my woe;
Art Thou mine,
Am I Thine,
Jesus, is it so?

Beauty, riches, pleasure,
Comfort me. Ah! no;
Art Thou mine,
Am I Thine,
Jesus, is it so?

Slight not Lord my anguish,
Hourly does it grow;
Art Thou mine,
Am I Thine,
Jesus, is it so?

Love alone can tell me,
Love, I want to know;
Art-Thou mine,
Am I Thine,
Jesus, is it so?

Gently opens a vision,
To His Cross I go;
Thou art mine
I am Thine,
Jesus, tells me so.

Traumatic joy spreads through me,
Peace with calmest-flow;
Thou art mine,
I am Thine,
Jesus, yes, 'tis so.

Higher, deeper, richer
Nothing here below;
Thou art mine,
I am Thine,
Jesus knows 'tis so.

W. A. Essery. 29 May 1890.
Sheermess-on-Sea.

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IN LOVING AFFECTION,
THIS VOLUME OF
SACRED SONG
IS
DEDICATED TO MY CONGREGATION,
AT THE CLOSE OF
TWELVE YEARS' SERVICE
IN THE
MINISTRY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.





**Rev. W. A. ESSERY, Hon. Sec. of Bible
Lands Missions' Aid Society from 1892.**



PREFACE.



CHRISTIAN SONG, from the foundation of the Church, has been regarded as one of the gracious gifts of the Spirit for the edification of saints ; and the holy service of providing "spiritual songs" has never been monopolised by any special order in the Church.

No Christian singer becomes such by the mere appointment of office, or election of his will. Rather he feels within the gathering of a fountain breaking forth, at length, in streams of melodious words, expressive of his soul's divinest experiences. The Hymn is the child of his awe, his penitence, his faith, his love, his joy, his hope, his profoundest spiritual travail. But the personal experiences of the singer fit other souls, and thus "the Brotherhood" of Believers adopts his "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs" as precious vehicles for the movements of their own inner life.

The title, "Hymns of Penitence, Prayer, and Praise," is not meant as an exact description, but as representing the chief characteristics of the contents of the Volume. These three must enter essentially and continually into the history

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.



A PSALM FOR ANNO DOMINI 1900.

—o—


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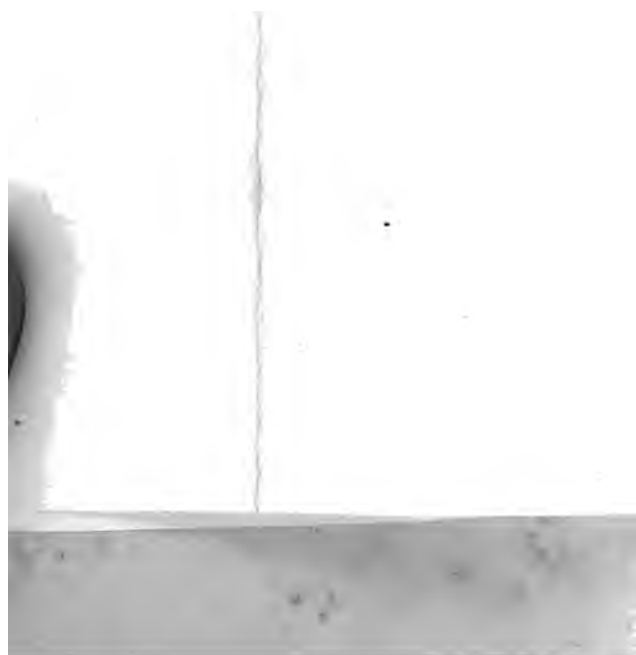


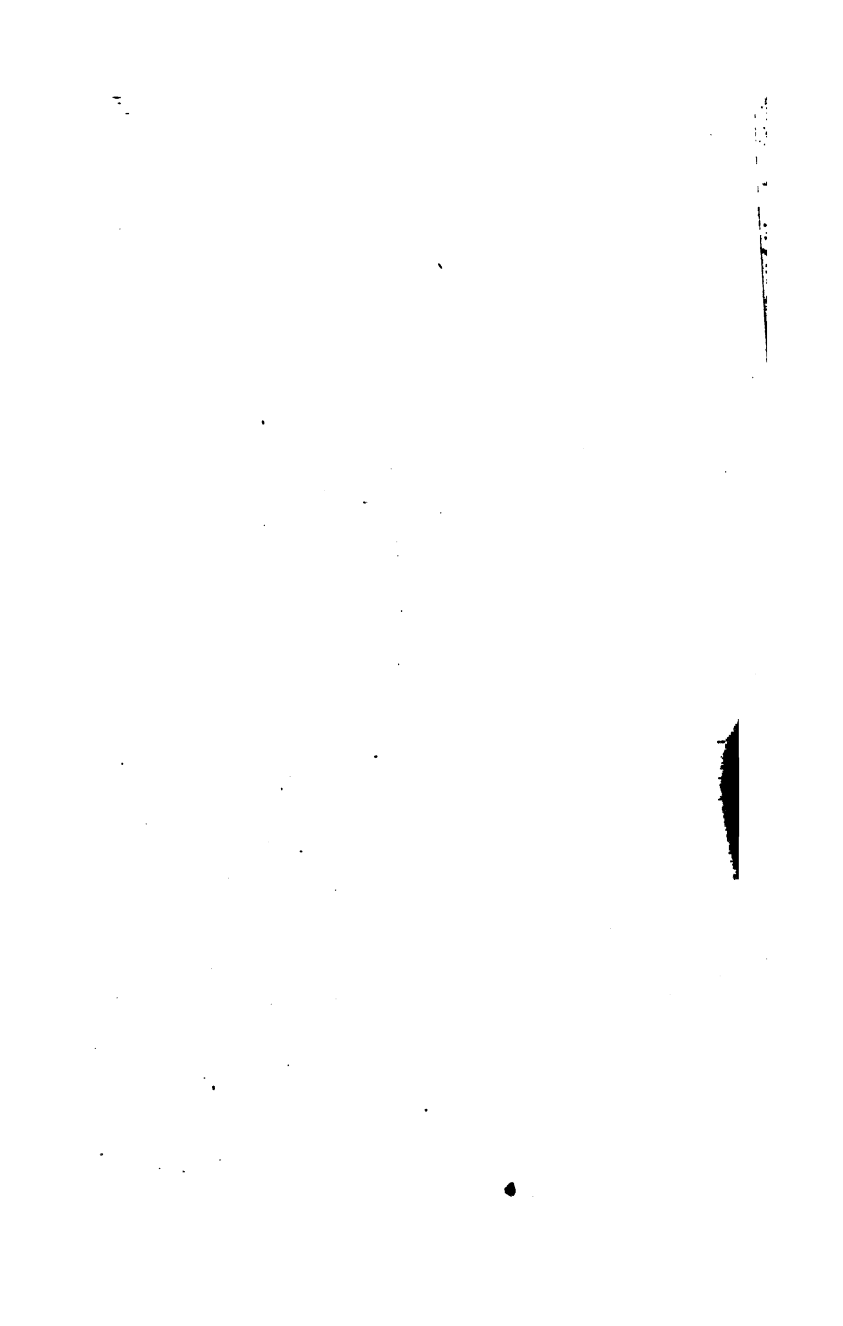
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W. A. Essery. 29 May 1890.
Sheerness-on-Sea. 1

For God's own will decreeing,
Hath made Him Lord above
The realm of creature being ;
He ruleth all in love.

With special love He careth
For all His brethren blest,
As heirs of God, He weareth
Their names upon His breast ;
Yea, shares with them their sorrow,
And makes it work for good,
From bitter sweet doth borrow,
Himself their constant food.

Nor shall they be forsaken,
Joint-heirs with Him are they,
His love hath undertaken
To give them victory ;
Then, they His grace confessing,
The heritage shall share;
Full glory thus possessing,
Each humble brother heir.



Lonely Calvary.

And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him.—ST. LUKE.



ONLY Calvary doth rise,
Cloth'd with beauty in our eyes,
Crown'd with love's divine surprise :
Lonely Calvary.

Here an altar lifts its head,
Holy victim, dying, dead ;
Sacrifice in sinners' stead :
Lonely Calvary.

Here the Stone which turn'd aside
Into channel, blest and wide,
Onward flowing human tide :
Lonely Calvary.

Here, in crimson cradle rock,
Giant forces sin to mock,
Lo ! they smite with conq'ring shock :
Lonely Calvary.

Here a motto'd banner waves,
"None need perish, Jesus saves,"
Hope it sends to earth's deep caves :
Lonely Calvary.

Here the throne of mercy set,
With the blood of sprinkling wet ;
Sinners come, full pardon get :
 Lonely Calvary.

Here a mystic staircase springs,
Touching throne of King of kings ;
Down The Angel blessing brings :
 Lonely Calvary.

Here a living Door wide stands,
Mercy beckons with her hands,
Points the way to golden lands :
 Lonely Calvary.

Here the Cross in which I boast,
Stronger far than hell's great host,
Me it guards to heaven's coast :
 Lonely Calvary.

Lonely Calvary, to thee
Faith lifts up her eye to see
All thy glorious mystery :
 Lonely Calvary.



Faithful His Love.

The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him; and the LORD shall cover him all the day long.—MOSES.

Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.—THE LORD.



ESUS, let me find

 Thee most near and kind,
When the world is cold and faithless ;
Guard my soul and hold it scathless ;
 Wipe the briny tear,
 Strengthen me, and cheer.

 Tell me I am Thine,
 Now, and through all time :
This shall fill my heart with gladness,
Casting out each thought of sadness ;
 Spurn I then the world,
 Down it shall be hurled.

 Thou art all I need ;
 How the world doth breed
Pain, and shame, and worthless sorrow,
Hope to-day—despair to-morrow ;
 Thee I find the same,
 Faithful Love Thy name.

Dwell within my heart,
This the true "good part ;"
Thee I see, my "one thing needful,"
How to keep I will be heedful ;
Hold me near Thy side,
Close I would abide.

Though the world I lose,
Better part I choose ;
Christ is o'er my march presiding,
Upward to His home is guiding
Me, His feeble child,
Through this tangled wild.

Jesus I will trust
Till I sink in dust ;
Visions bright shall then reward me,
Holy angels sing and guard me,
In my upward flight,
To Thy home of light.



Precious Yoke.

Lo! we have left all and have followed Thee.—ST. PETER.
Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross,
and follow me.—THE LORD.



WITHOUT regret the world forsake,
 Nor for her treasures longer rake ;
 Despise her kiss,
 It brings no bliss ;
 The Yoke of Christ upon thee take.

Though she reproach, and call thee fool,
 Resist her lie with courage cool,
 Sustain her shock,
 Howe'er she mock ;
 Let Yoke of Christ be thy sole rule.

That sacred badge, the cross, wear thou,
 Not on thy garb, nor on thy brow ;
 But in thy heart,
 That hidden part ;
 To Yoke of Christ submissive bow.

His Cross within shall conflict bring,
 Shall cause sharp, painful cries to ring ;
 Yet patient bide,
 In love confide,
 Through Yoke of Christ thy soul shall sing.

Ah ! easy is that cross to bear,
By such as practise ceaseless prayer,
 To Jesus look,
 As Cross he took ;
Dear Yoke of Christ, their sweetest care.

Press onward, soul, the world disown,
Oh ! love the Cross, thy Master's own ;
 All else despise,
 This only prize,
Thus, Yoke of Christ becomes a Crown.



De Profundis.

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord: hear my voice. Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy and plenteous redemption.—PSALMIST.



N these low depths I am the prey
Of hopeless fears and chill dismay ;
Great tribulations constant rise,
I shrink and fall before their eyes ;
Weird shadows pass along my soul,
Hot, surging waves within me roll.

Vain are my supplicating cries
To all who dwell below the skies ;
Their hands too short to lift me up,
Their light too dim to send me hope,
Their hearts too cold to wipe my tears,
Their voice too weak to quell my fears.

Vainly I cast mine eyes around,
To see if comfort can be found ;
Asylum nowhere can I find
To shelter this desponding mind ;
No refuge built by mortal art
Can hide or cheer my sinking heart.

Great Father ! hid by dazzling light,
Mysterious, dark, to my sad sight,
 Canst Thou look down this soul to see ?
 Canst Thou send grace and help to me ?
Or must I, sinking, reach the grave,
No heart to love, no hand to save ?

Blest star of hope ! I see thy ray
Through blackness, pierce an open way ;
 Along that path my God comes nigh,
 To end all fear, to raise me high ;
O waves, be still ! O darkness, flee !
My soul rejoice ! God raiseth thee.



Coming for Rest.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.—THE LORD.



LONG have I searched the world in vain,
By day, by night, o'er land and main ;
Peace, joy, and light, and truth to gain ;
Jesus, I come for rest.

Weary, ashamed of every sin,
No hope without, no help within ;
Shaken by disappointment's din ;
Jesus, I come for rest.

With fiery zeal, I've sought to cure
My heart's deep wounds, yet only more
I learn it lies beyond my power ;
Jesus, I come for rest.

Without a word of vain excuse,
With tears of grief for long abuse
Of thy dear grace, and much misuse,
Jesus, I come for rest.

My soul has heard Thy gracious voice,
"Come, weary one, to me, rejoice,"
In faith and hope, at mercy's choice ;
Jesus, I come for rest.

Beside Thy Cross, where Thou didst die ;
Before Thy throne, where angels cry ;
Beneath Thy wings, outspread on high ;
Jesus, I come for rest.

Within that door, where pity stands,
Within that Rock, not made with hands,
Within Thy heart, who heaven commands,
Jesus, I come for rest.

Oft as my heart shall meet distress,
In marching through this wilderness,
With chasten'd joy, I will confess,
Jesus, I come for rest.

When all my days of life shall end,
My dying song shall then ascend
To Him who will my soul befriend :
Jesus, I come for rest.

When on bright angels' wings I rise,
To see my Saviour in the skies,
My lips shall say, with glad surprise :
Jesus, I come for rest.

Our Father's Hand.

Thy right hand upholdeth me.—DAVID.



OUR Father's hand can wipe
Each anguish-laden tear,
Or calm the vexèd, troubled sea
Of secret, anxious fear.
His hand can ease the heart
Of all its throbbing pains,
Can counterpoise the greatest loss
With everlasting gains.
Our Father's hand can guide
In burdened mazy ways,
And help to do the solemn work
He sets us all our days ;
His hand can lead the feet
To perfect founts of bliss,
Where souls may drink refreshing draughts
Not known in worlds like this.
Our Father's hand can lift
To Pisgah's sacred mount,
Thence show the widespread landscape clear,
Whose glories none can count ;
Kind Father, lo, I come,
My hand I place in Thine ;
O lead me as and where Thou wilt
Along the path of time.

Matchless Speaker.*Grace is poured into Thy lips.—DAVID.**All bare Him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth.—ST. LUKE.**Never man spake like this Man.—THE JEWS.*

MATCHLESS Speaker, though we search
 The world's great history through,
 No prophet, bard, nor thinker sage,
 Spake words like Thine so new,
 Though passing strange, they mighty were,
 And living, blessèd, true.

Thy voice was known by roaring sea,
 Obeyed by tempest wind ;
 It drove away the maniac's rage,
 Then soothed his vacant mind ;
 Deaf death was startled by its tones
 His captives to unbind.

But mightier still, Thy voice awoke
 Dead sleepers from their sin ;
 Gave freedom to the slaves of hell,
 Spread light their heart within ;
 It pointed out the way of life,
 Helped pilgrims to begin.

How sweet its tender accents were !
Soft music, notes of grace ;
It quelled the fears of troubled souls,
And wiped the mourner's face ;
Thy words were angels in the heart,
All sorrows thence to chase.

O peerless Speaker, let me hear
Thy gracious words alway ;
Clear lights they are in darkest night,
Directions to convey ;
And Bread of life to feed the soul
All through its thorny way.

Yea, let Thy voice ring round the globe
The reign of Sin to end,
A sharp two-edged sword, to slay
Her armies who defend ;
A trumpet peal of jubilee,
Full liberty to send.



Trust always.

Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.—JOB.

The LORD is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him.—NAHUM.



TRUST in Jesus ever,

All His words are true ;
Pitiful, and tender,
All His thoughts to you.

Trust in Jesus ever,
Strong His glorious arm ;
Never shalt thou quiver,
Never feel alarm.

Trust in Jesus ever,
Though the thunder roll,
He will thee deliver,
Safely keep thy soul.

Trust in Jesus ever,
Through the battle day ;
In the hour of prayer,
All the darksome way.

Trust in Jesus ever,
Smiling at the storm,
He will surely never
Let thee suffer harm.

Trust in Jesus ever,
None will He deceive ;
Nothing from Him sever,
Only still believe.

Trust in Jesus ever,
Trust His faithful love ;
Trust and never waver,
Never from Him move.

Trust in Jesus ever ;
In thy dying hour,
Thou shalt then discover
Great His saving power.



Facing the Tomb.*The light shall not be clear, nor dark.—ZECHARIAH.*

WHEN the final steps are taken,
 Down the valley to the tomb,
 Let me not by fear be shaken,
 In the solemn chilly gloom ;
 O, my Lord, Thy grace reveal,
 Treat me as Thy servant leal.

Let no tempter then come near me,
 Vile temptations to inject,
 Bright above the flinty archway
 Bid the dawn of hope reflect ;
 Holy radiance ! on me gleam
 With Thy calm, celestial beam.

Cold the shadows when I, bending,
 Pass the stony tunnel through,
 Yes, I know it is the ending
 Come to all that sin can do ;
 Death I vanquish when I die,
 Through the cross of Jesus nigh.

Gone the shadow, left the darkness,
 Now I see the Blessèd Face
 On me looking, free from hardness,
 Lit with love for me to trace ;
 Blessèd Jesus ! glad I come,
 Oh, receive and take me home.

Our Life.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth, also, as a shadow, and continueth not.—JOB.



SHADOW is our life,
Fast fleeing o'er the scene ;
Nor shall it leave a trace behind
To show where it has been.
Like vapour in the sky,
Bright, fleecy, pale, and thin,
So life shall soon dissolve away,
Weak transitory thing.
A flower springing up
With many coloured hue ;
Then in a moment cut and gone
For ever from our view :
Like grass upon the lawn,
We make appearance bright ;
Yet, ere the sun shuts gate of day,
We sink to dreary night.
There is no help for us,
The great decree is firm,
We all must pass the well-trod way,
No travellers return :
Thou Fount of life divine,
The Father, Spirit, Son,
Eternal life bestow on us,
O Triune Living One.

Holy Spirit.

Likewise the Spirit, also, helpeth our infirmities : for we know not what we should pray for as we ought.—ST. PAUL.



HOLY Ghost, for Thee we wait ;
 See our weak and helpless state ;
 With Thy sevenfold fire descend,
 Of our coldness make an end.

End the churches' lukewarm life,
 End their jealousy and strife ;
 Banish all contention, fear ;
 Stir them up to faith and prayer.

End our carnal worldly ways,
 End our low and cheerless days ;
 All Thy living power impart,
 Give to each a burning heart.

End our many doubts and fears,
 End our many useless cares ;
 Grant us witness from above
 Of our Father's changeless love.

Holy Ghost, for Thee we pray,
 For Thy coming here we stay ;
 And before we hence depart,
 Fire ! O fire, our every heart.

Hymn of Praise.

*The Lord reigneth; exalt ye the LORD our God, and worship at His
footstool; for He is holy.—PSALMIST.*



YE HOSTS, arise, declare
The Lord in love is reigning ;
All creatures have a share,
To worship thus constraining ;
O, let no voice be silent now,
Your silver clarions, angels, blow !
Before His throne veiled seraphs bow,
In solemn strains chant full and low,
Holy, holy, holy ;
Hallelujah.

We join yon sacred choir,
Who here on earth are living ;
In humble, strong desire,
To God true worship giving ;
He rules our world with faultless right,
He gilds our path with guiding light,
He arms our souls with moral might,
He glads our hearts with heavenly sight ;
Holy, holy, holy,
Hallelujah.

AMEN.

Appear to me.

The ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves; for the wind was contrary. And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.—ST. MATTHEW.



ESUS, in the dark rough night,
 When all stars refuse their light,
 When the storm is at its height,
 Then appear to me.

In the blacker, gloomier day,
 When my soul has lost her way,
 And my heart is all dismay,
 Lord, appear to me.

When perplex'd with doubts and fears,
 Mourning much, with many tears,
 Open thou Thy gracious ears,
 Oh, appear to me.

In temptation's dreariest hour,
 In affliction's greatest power,
 During sorrow's heaviest shower,
 Lord, appear to me.

Though my sins be mountains high,
Though Thy law against me cry,
Though I quail, and fear to die,
Yet, appear to me.

By Thy deeds, and tears of love,
By Thy cross, and death, and blood,
By Thy prayer in heaven above,
Come, appear to me.

When these eyes grow dim and fade,
When I tread the gloomy glade,
When I sink where Thou wast laid,
Oh ! appear to me.

As my Saviour from the fall,
As my Lord with welcome call,
As my everlasting All,
Then appear to me.



Resurrection.

The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth ; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life ; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of condemnation.—THE LORD.



GREAT Prince of resurrection might,
 Life-words Thy voice has spoken,
 Dead souls, by Thee, are raised to light,
 A witness and a token
 That Thou wilt come in strength divine,
 And clothed in majesty sublime ;
 Thy word shall be unbroken.

Thy voice shall then ring through the air ;
 Though aged death affraying,
 A melody to quench despair
 For sleepers on Thee staying ;
 Unhinged the door of every grave,
 The dead shall wake in deepest cave,
 Not one Thy voice gainsaying.

In wonder shall the sleepers rise—
 A burning world appalling ;
 The saints in resurrection guise,
 With ecstasy enthralling—

The wicked try themselves to hide,
A wrathful Lamb can none abide,
His vials on them falling.

O mighty Judge of quick and dead,
I fear Thy condemnation ;
To Thee I turn, once thorn-crowned Head,
And pray, be my salvation ;
I shall not then the thunder fear,
The trumpet blast when Thou art near
Shall make no consternation.



Christ's Bride.

Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion.—ISAIAH.

Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.—

ELISHA.



SUFFER not dejection

Around thy heart to hang,
Thou Bride of God's election,
Fear not the foemen's clang;

Though hot their cruel valour,
And deep their hellish hate,
O trust thy Bridegroom's favour,
Look up, and be elate.

Behold around thee champions,
Ten thousand myriads strong,
Whose brave and flashing falchions
Shall cut them down ere long;
Then give to thee the trophies
Of all their daring fight,
Escort thee to the Holies,
Thy bridal home of light.

Then cast away weak doubting,
These foes shall conquered be,
And on their necks with shouting
Proclaimed thy victory;

The kings shall do Thee homage,
Their golden treasures bring,
All nations Thee acknowledge
Queen Bride of heaven's King.

Upraise thine eyes beholding
The purple twilight bloom,
Thy sacred hope unfolding,
Far vanishing the gloom:
Lo, day of triumph dawneth,
Her herald fills the sky,
On dewy mount he warneth,
The vapour shadows fly.

Thou Bride of God's Belovèd,
Thou transformed of the earth,
The Bridegroom's love unmovèd
By blood, gave thee thy worth ;
O celebrate their bridal,
Ye mighty sons of God,
They pass the pearly portal,
Sound, sound His praise abroad.



Go with Me.*If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.—MOSES.*

FATHER, hear my humble pleading,
 Offered low on bended knee ;
 I, Thy gracious presence needing,
 Plead the promise made by Thee ;
 By Thy promise,
 Let Thy presence go with me.

In past days of dreadful darkness,
 I have found Thee near to be,
 Heard Thee, seen Thee, felt a calmness
 Through Thy grace so sweet, so free ;
 By past mercies,
 Let Thy presence go with me.

Father, do not chide my weeping,
 I am dust, Thine eye can see ;
 New this load, which Thou art heaping
 On my soul, I dare not flee ;
 By new sorrows,
 Let Thy presence go with me.

Prophets clad in robes of sadness,
Voiced like thunder of the sea,
Prophesy the death of gladness,
Waves of fire, extremity ;
By these voices,
Let Thy presence go with me.

Though I start, and fear, and shudder,
Father, hear my strongest plea ;
Thou dost love me like no other,
Though I search immensity ;
By Thy true love,
Let Thy presence go with me.

Then shall trials end in glory,
Glory to the Holy Three,
Fountain of redemption's story ;
Thrice adorèd. Trinity,
By that glory,
Let Thy presence go with me.



Church Chorus.*In whom we have redemption through His blood.—ST. PAUL.*

RAISE Him who did redeem
 His Church from sin enthralling,
 And cleanse her in the stream,
 From Riven Rock down-falling ;
 His love came girt with might,
 He broke the tyrant's chain,
 His might came girt with love,
 He won us, praise His name.

Praise Him who faithful guides
 His chosen in their journey,
 On fiery cloud He rides,
 His help is near right early ;
 He never fails to send
 Such succour as we need,
 He keeps each word of truth,
 For us works mighty deed.

Praise Him who will fulfil
 His royal promise surely,
 Will plant on Zion's hill
 His saints, to dwell securely ;
 We then shall rest in light,
 His worshippers shall be,
 To bless His might and love
 In praise eternally.

Song of the Frightened.

About the fourth watch of the night, He cometh unto them, walking upon the sea, and would have passed by them. But when they saw Him walking upon the sea, they supposed it had been a spirit, and cried out; for they all saw Him, and were troubled.—ST. MARK.



H, One there is whose love intense
 No coldness knows, nor change can see ;
 He draws not back, nor spares expense
 To prove His love is true to me.

And yet I shrink, like frightened men
 On tempest sea, in dingy night,
 When Thou dost come with some strange mien
 To seek my soul, and set me right.

Or when I walk through sorrow's land,
 With brooding heart, with hopeless eye,
 If Thou shouldst come and near me stand,
 I know Thee not, I deeper sigh.

Thou Saviour dear ! Thy strange disguise,
 By cruel hands is brought about ;
 Two veils they hold before mine eyes—
 The veil of fear, the veil of doubt.

These quivering veils distort Thy face,
Transform Thy smile, my terrors make ;
Rend both away by Thy strong grace,
Oh, do it soon, for Thy dear sake.

Thy coming near I then shall know ;
In blackest night, in saddest day,
My heart shall sing, though tears should flow,
Dear Jesus comes to lead my way.

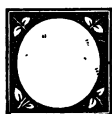
Thou Lover true ! one gift I crave,
Thy face of love unveiled to see,
Then welcome storm or darksome grave,
I shall be safe if I see Thee.



Truant Heart.

Will ye also go away ?—THE LORD.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul.—PSALMIST.



RUANT, Lord, this heart would play,
Wilful, wanton in its way,
Leaving Thee, Thou sweetest ray ;
Strange it is, a syren's smile
Should from Thee my steps beguile.

Never do I comfort find
When I leave Thy cross behind,
Wander with the lost and blind ;
Nothing to my taste is sweet,
Nothing, save swine husks, to eat.

Pity, Lord, this truant heart ;
Why from Thee do I depart ;
Winning nought but anguish smart ?
O receive me at Thy cross,
Heal my soul, restore its loss.

I would settle in the shade,
By Thy cross on Calvary made,
On that rock be ever stayed ;
Draw me with Thy cord of love,
Bind me that I never rove.

Behold the Lamb.

The next day, John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!—JOHN BAPTIST.



BEHOLD the Lamb of God !
 His austere herald cries,
 To make disciples turn
 On Him their longing eyes ;
 This is the Lamb in figure slain
 By priests, as God did once ordain.

Behold the Lamb of God !
 He stoops to taste our woe,
 To shatter then the cup ;
 A new one to bestow ;
 By love divine, His feet are brought
 To give us light and peace unsought.

Behold the Lamb of God !
 Each guilty man he calls,
 Would cleanse away his sins,
 And pardon all his falls ;
 His hands are full of richest grace,
 Arise, and come, and see His face.

Behold the Lamb of God !
A cross He carries now,
His face is scarred with wounds,
A thorn-crown on His brow ;
Behold upon that cross He hangs,
A sacrifice in dying pangs.

Behold the Lamb of God !
Apocalyptic cries,
Like solar orb He shines,
His glory rules the skies ;
On crystal sea ten thousands sing,
“ Of men and angels Thou art King.”

Behold the Lamb of God !
Ye happy myriads shout,
O'er mountain top and vale,
Till all the earth cry out,
We see the Lamb who bore our guilt,
We conquer sin through blood He spilt.



Sabbath Morning.

*Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.
Be thankful unto Him, and bless His name.—PSALMIST.*



BEFORE Thy throne, O glorious King,
We stand, a thankful throng,
Thy loving-kindness to extol,
Who dost our lives prolong ;
Come, let us join to praise our God
In Sabbath morning song.

Thy works, through nature's vast domain,
All blend their anthems long ;
The earth, the sea, the stars of light,
Bless Thee with constant tongue ;
Come, let us join to praise our God
In Sabbath morning song.

Heaven's host of angels, bright and fair,
Full raptures spread along,
And fill the arches high of light
With chorus, sweet and strong ;
Come, let us join to praise our God
In Sabbath morning song.

Thou art our strength in this dark world
To which we now belong,
Thy cloud our guide, Thy love our life,
Whilst marching foes among ;
Come, let us join to praise our God
In Sabbath morning song.

Though sins have stained our daily life,
Thy patience still is long,
Mercy is wrestling with our sins,
Through Christ, we see them gone ;
Come, let us join to praise our God
In Sabbath morning song.

For all the light, and rest, and hope,
Of Sabbaths as they come,
To Thee, our Father, shall our voice
Full harmonies prolong ;
Come, let us join to praise our God
In Sabbath morning song.



Jesus Only.*He arose, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still.—ST. MARK.*

NO voice but Thine can calm
 A conscience-troubled sea,
 O Lord, let now Thy voice be heard,
 Speak as on Galilee ;
 These angry waves shall then
 Sink down to perfect rest,
 And zephyrs soft from holy hills
 Spread music through the breast.
 No light but Thine can shine
 Throughout my pilgrim way,
 To guide my feeble feet aright
 To bright, eternal day ;
 Shine then, O morning star !
 All other lights may die,
 Thy beauteous beams alone suffice
 To help me to the sky.
 No love but Thine can love
 As loved I need to be,
 All creature love could not regain
 My soul to purity ;
 I fall before Thy cross,
 Thy precious love I crave,
 O Jesus ! hear my fervent cry,
 Stoop down, and love, and save.

Sweet Charity.

And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is Charity.—ST. PAUL.

Beloved, let us love one another ; for love is of God.—ST. JOHN.



SWEET Charity ! thou grace divine,
The Master's favourite bosom guest,
Forth from His heart thy rays did shine,
And made the circle round Him blest ;
Descend on us, His followers true,
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling too.

Subdue the progeny of sin,
The native-born of every heart,
Though oft disguised, they work within
Defilement deep and sharpest smart ;
Before thy full, pacific sway,
They perish must, or pass away.

As angel sat inside the tomb
On Easter morn, and made it light,
So sit within our hearts' dark room,
And then shall flee our nature's night ;
For death and gloom by thy bright face
Extinguished are in every place.

How sweet thy reign ! thy coming brings
Peace, faith, and hope, and joy, and rest ;
In concert how their music rings
With gladness none can dare molest ;
Felicity, the holy crown,
Thou dost with thee from heaven bring down.

Thy presence gilds the way of life,
The pure beatitudes of joy
Surround the steps in calm or strife,
No ills can then the soul destroy ;
Come, come, sweet Charity, oh, come,
And make our hearts thy holy home.



Spirit's Standard.

When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.—ISAIAH.



HOLY Spirit, raise Thy standard,
Floods are raging all around,
Vindicate our ancient watchword,
Come with mighty rushing sound,
Driving back the leaguèd foe,
Breathing threatenings, slaughter, woe.

Closing round the grand foundation,
Full of hate, how Satan toils,
Changing truth for vain tradition,
And for peace, sectarian broils ;
Sapping, too, the Church's life
Under guise of lawful strife.

Holy Spirit, raise Thy standard,
Rally Thou the sons of God,
All who from Thy truth have wandered
Cleanse once more in precious blood ;
Oh, baptise God's host with fire ;
Holy Ghost, the Church inspire.

Far beyond her gates expelling
 Envy, error, brood of sin,
All her schisms, discords quelling,
 Charity shall reign within,
Then the Church shall, pure and bold,
Live like Christ, be never cold.

Then the Dragon shall be vanquished,
 Rollèd back his surging tide,
O'er the earth, all evil banished,
 Christ's right sceptre shall preside ;
Raise Thy standard, Holy Ghost,
Instant scatter Satan's host.



God's Message.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.—THE LORD.



OD hath loved the lost and guilty,
Helpless, thankless, prayerless world ;
For them all His heart felt pity,
Read the message Christ unfurled.

Great His love beyond all measure,
Gave He not His own dear Son,
Best Beloved, Eternal treasure,
None like Him since time begun.

Strong His love, He sent the Saviour
Sin to fight, for sin to die,
Thus to open door of favour,
Free for all, to life on high.

Trust His love, O every mortal,
Perish then you never can,
Christ shall guide you through the portal
Whence Eternal life you scan.

Praise His love, O angels glorious,
Praise it, all ye sons of men,
Praise it, ransomed host victorious,
Praise and trust, Amen, Amen.

Backslider's Litany.

I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Cast me not away from Thy presence. Restore unto me the joy of Thy Salvation. Make me to hear joy and gladness.—DAVID.



LORD, with sorrow I confess,
 My heart hath travelled far away
 Beyond the paths of righteousness ;
 In dangerous regions now I stray :
 Direct this wanderer how to find
 The love of God he left behind.

Base idols drew my soul from Thee,
 With lying tongue, they promised gain,
 Before their shrines I bent the knee,
 My recompense is guilt and pain ;
 Direct this wanderer how to find
 The love of God he left behind.

Calm region that I did forsake,
 Beguiled by sin's delusive snare,
 Once more its bliss I would partake,
 If God can such a sinner spare ;
 Direct this wanderer how to find
 The love of God he left behind.

Ah, could I see the Cross of love,
The Mercy-seat once more behold,
Methinks this heart would never rove,
But clasp that Cross with deathless hold.
Direct this wanderer how to find
The love of God he left behind.

The wicket gate again reveal,
O call me with Thy tender voice,
These darkened eyes anew unseal,
Bid the lost traveller rejoice ;
Direct this wanderer how to find
The love of God he left behind.



Eternal Word.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him ; and without Him was not anything made that was made.—ST. JOHN.



ETERNAL Word ; Beam uncreate,
 Bright essence, God Immaculate,
 With awe we sing of Thee :
 Before the worlds their course began,
 Or time had made one trembling span,
 Thine was eternity.

All fulness of the Godhead Thine,
 Strength, truth, and light, and love sublime,
 All perfect in Thee shone ;
 Thy Father found delight to be
 Sweet, mystic fellowship with Thee,
 His own belovèd Son.

Yet, Father, Spirit, Word divine,
 Ye would not on each other shine,
 A lonely blessèd Three ;
 Then spake with might the Living Word,
 Then time and all obeyed their Lord,
 Creation came to be.

Effulgence on effulgence breaks
As each successive fiat speaks,
 And all things glorious rise ;
Vast hosts of stars, and angels fair,
In rapturous symphonies declare
 Their joy and high surprise.

Eternal Word, Thou glory-King,
Thine image new in all who sing
 Thou dost with love behold ;
Ye morning stars, raise high your strains,
Because your great Creator reigns
 In wisdom, grace untold.

We bring our songs in these last days
To swell the tribute of Thy praise,
 O everlasting Word ;
We glorify Thee for the hour
When Thy creative voice had power,
 Thou glorious Sovereign Lord.



Notes of Sadness.

If need be ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations. In whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.—ST. PETER.



TUNED with notes of sadness

Here our songs must be ;
Yonder land is gladness,
Blest Eternity.

Now through hours of twilight,
We our way must grope ;
Far above is daylight,
I look up, and hope.

Thorns our flesh are wounding,
Sin they mortify,
And by grace abounding
Us they glorify.

Here we have no haven,
Tossed upon the sea ;
Rest there is in heaven,
Weary soul, for thee.

Storms of sorrow thunder,
Lightnings glare around ;
Days of peace are yonder,
Full of balmy sound.

Always, always battle,
Here there is no rest ;
Hushed the warlike rattle
Where the saints are blest.

Darkly is our vision
Of the Saviour's face,
Bright with all fruition
In the holy place.

Patient, patient labour ;
All on Christ depends ;
Making sure His favour
Bringeth rich amends.

Glory, glory, glory,
Soon shall we receive ;
Joy shall crown our story,
We through Christ believe.



Voices in the Dawn.

What is man that Thou shouldest magnify him? and that Thou shouldest set Thine heart upon him? and that Thou shouldest visit him every morning, and try him every moment?—JOB.



WITH the dawn of opening day,
Voices reach me calm and clear;
Through the golden gates they say,
“Child of earth, give ear, give ear.”

Shining with a sapphire hue,
Mercy speaks with silvery voice:
“Praise God’s goodness ever new,
Shout His name, rejoice, rejoice!”

In a deeper, solemn key,
Duty sends her message down:
“In thy path no trifer be,
Win the race, the goal, the crown.”

Mantled like the morning star,
Crowned with brilliants, Hope appears,
Bids me fix mine eyes afar,
On the land of endless years.

Hark ! a voice of sweeter tone,
Falls upon the listening ear ;
Whence it comes, I long to own,
Music from some higher sphere.

From the heart of love it flows,
Trilling through the morning skies ;
Comes from one my life who knows,
One, the Fount of all my joys.

Through the rosy smiling gates,
Christ each morning bends to see,
For my rising gently waits,
Sweetly saying, " Follow me."

I will follow Him, my choice,
Long or short as life may be ;
Wait His resurrection voice,
" Rise, come near, now follow Me."



Victory.

He bowed the heavens also, and came down ; and darkness was under His feet ; and He rode upon a cherub, and did fly ; and He was seen upon the wings of the wind.—DAVID.



N cherub wings, the Lord made haste

To bring His host salvation ;

He heard their wailing cry, abased

By Pharaoh's cruel nation ;

His thunders whelmed the warriors' deeds,

His waves their chariots and their steeds ;

Uprose high exultation.

He never fails His chosen flock,

Though lamb, He comes a lion,

To break in pieces those who mock,

And war against His Zion ;

They fly like chaff before His breath,

Or sink into abyss of death ;

Him laud with pealing clarion.

Who trampling rides yon starry field,

With squadrons strong and gleaming ?

The Lord of Hosts with mighty shield,

Lo ! crimson banner streaming ;

That awful sign beneath His feet

Foretells to foes a swift defeat,

His face redemption beaming.

Faith.

Ask, and it shall be given you : seek, and ye shall find : knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—THE LORD.

Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—ST. PAUL.

The end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.—ST. PETER.

This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.—ST. JOHN.



FAITH is the seeking eye,
Bedewed with contrite tear,
Of prodigal who longs to fly
Abyss of burning near.

Faith is the asking voice,
Which pleads for pardon sure,
And looks alone as sacrifice,
To Christ, the Lamb, most pure.

Faith is the knocking hand,
Held up at Mercy's door ;
For empty there it dares to stand,
And beg from God's great store.

Faith is the resting tread,
On Rock of Ages, cleft.
The soul by penitence there led,
All other rocks has left.

Faith is the clinging grasp
Of soul, around that tree
Where Jesus hangs in dying gasp,
Victim of Calvary.

Faith is the wrestling arm
Locked in the heart of love,
Which cries, I will not feel alarm,
My Saviour's grace I prove.

Faith is the soldier's shield,
Who fights the Holy War ;
Against it Satan's darts must yield,
Faith shall be conqueror.

Faith is the Spirit's gift,
O Spirit, grant it now ;
To Thee our fervent cries we lift ;
In Mercy to us bow.

Faith in the Trinity,
Of Father, Spirit, Son,
We offer in our litany ;
The great Eternal One.

Fear not, Fear not.

Be strong and of a good courage ; fear not, nor be afraid of them ; for the LORD thy God, He it is that doth go with thee ; He will not fail thee nor forsake thee ; fear not, neither be dismayed.—MOSES.



AST off thy doubts, my heart,
 God will fulfil His part ;
 Fear not, fear not.
 Though clouds may hide His face,
 They cannot stay His grace,
 To help He will make haste :
 Fear not, fear not.

Let angry billows roar,
 Dashing along life's shore :
 Fear not, fear not :
 He reins the crested wave,
 He tones its loudest rave,
 His arm doth Israel save :
 Fear not, fear not.

Bleak rocks choke up the way,
 Frowning, thy march to stay :
 Fear not, fear not.
 If legion foes appear,
 Sing thou, thyself to cheer,—
 In Sinai, God is near :
 Fear not, fear not.

In glowing fires He may
Appoint thy trial day ;
Fear not, fear not:
His wisdom chooses when,
His love ignites the flame,
His presence rules the same ;
Fear not, fear not.

No perils can arise,
To take Him by surprise ;
Fear not, fear not :
His word is pledged to keep
His precious blood-bought sheep,
Through life and in death's sleep :
Fear not, fear not.

Banish thy fears, my heart,
God shall fulfil His part ;
Fear not, fear not :
I will in Him confide,
Though earth and hell deride,
I will, whate'er betide,
Fear not, fear not.



Humility.

Those that walk in pride He is able to abase.—NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.—THE LORD.



SOUL, be humble, lie in dust,
Great thy God, the Holy Just ;
Seraphs hide, with wings, their face,
Bending low in lofty place.

God still hates the sin of pride,
Hurls it down to hell's deep tide,
Laughs to scorn its daring thought,
Brings its purposes to nought.

Soul, be humble, great thy sin,
Weak thou art, and dark within ;
Full of danger, guilty too,
Wrath, by dreadful merit, due.

God will hear the humble plead,
Send them peace, supply their need,
Give His spirit such to raise,
Lift them up His grace to praise.

Glory to the Father bring,
To the Son and Spirit sing,
Lo, they hear the humble cry,
And exalt them to the sky.

His Name, Wonderful.

And His name shall be called Wonderful, the Mighty God, the Prince of Peace.—ISAIAH.

*The chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did.—
ST. MATTHEW.*

They were all amazed, and glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion.—ST. MARK.



HE prophet watched on mount sublime ;
Proud monarchs came, great nations rose ;
They marched along the course of time,
And filled the world with brilliant shows :
New vision dawned, he cried, Behold
The Wonderful, so long foretold.

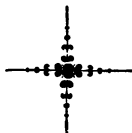
A herald stood in wilderness,
To myriads of Judean land
He preached, Your sins renounce, confess
The judgment King is near to hand :
Meek Lamb passed by, he cried, Behold
The Wonderful, so long foretold.

Great throngs collect, strange sights to view,
Blind men can see, the lame can walk,
The dumb can speak with language new ;
Upraised the dead, and living talk :
All worship Christ, and cry, Behold
The Wonderful, so long foretold.

Oh, stranger still, before Him bow
The maniac, free from demon chain,
Lost, guilty souls, all pardoned now,
And foul ones washed from vilest stain,
With Hallelujahs cry, Behold
The Wonderful, so long foretold.

On tree of shame a sufferer hangs,
By darkness hid from mortal gaze ;
His heart sore beats with woeful pangs,
The angels hear in sad amaze ;
He dies for sin, they sigh, Behold
The Wonderful, so long foretold.

With noise shall flee the melting sky ;
On glory-cloud the Lord shall come ;
His voice the dead shall vivify,
Their prison shakes, He calls them home ;
They leave the grave, they shout, Behold
The Wonderful, so long foretold.



Chorus of Love.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye Him, sun and moon, and all ye stars of light : mountains, and all hills ; fruitful trees, and all cedars ; beasts, and flying fowl ; kings, and all people : let them praise the name of the Lord.—PSALMIST.



HARK, hark the song which angels joyful sing
 In holy chant, in everlasting hymn,
 With which they make the Jasper City ring :
 God's love is everywhere.

Those queenly stars who march across the night,
 And from a thousand lamps shed down their light,
 Reflect God's love as well as sovereign might :
 God's love is everywhere.

That kingly orb whose morning fire doth glow,
 In ruby flames aslant the mountain's brow,
 Proclaims, whilst beautifying all below,
 God's love is everywhere.

The birds, whose songs cathedral forests fill,
 The music tones of silvery flowing rill,
 They say, with golden cornfield on the hill,
 God's love is everywhere.

The hills, the vales, the flocks take up the strain ;
With blending thunder voice, the solemn main ;
Grand chorus thus rings through the wide domain,
God's love is everywhere.

Should silence reign in man's cold heart alone ?
He dumb, when music trills from every stone ?
Arise, the chorus lead in trumpet tone,
God's love is everywhere.

On Calvary's knoll, behold the lonely tree,
By love there set, a sun of love to be,
Its beams o'erflow the universe, most free,
God's love is everywhere.

On eye of faith that light most richly dwells,
It shows the heart of God, and sweet compels
The world to join the chorus as it swells :
God's love is everywhere.



Nameless Burden.*The heart knoweth its own bitterness.—SOLOMON.*

LONG a narrow path of storms,
 My spirit gropes her lonely way ;
 A nameless burden ever forms
 A starless, midnight canopy.

I suffer, but I know not why,
 Nor can I any riddance gain ;
 My strongest efforts lifeless lie,
 By disappointment's arrows slain.

No sounding to the deep abyss,
 With any plummet can I find,
 Nor reason why ordained it is
 No hand my burden shall unbind.

On pain my spirit feeds, such pain
 As immaterial natures know ;
 No anguish of this fleshly frame
 Is slightest shadow of my woe.

No human eye can I permit,
 This nameless burden once to see
 To man I never can commit
 The mystery of my agony.

Almighty God ! didst Thou ordain
This nameless burden for my load ?
Oh ! tell me, why this ceaseless pain,
Oh ! why this lonely, joyless road ?

Ah ! dost Thou mean my soul to crush !
Her spark of life a curse to make !
Her all to blight !—Oh, Tempter, hush,
Eternal Love did me create.

My soul, thy burden is designed
To sever thee from common joy ;
To force thee where thou mayest find
Celestial bliss without alloy.

Aside to His pavilion turn,
Alone with Love for ever dwell,
Amidst that light thou shalt discern
Thy God is doing all things well.

My hand in His, His light on me,
Abiding thus, my load I'll bear ;
And when it heavier seems to be
My tears shall pray ; This burden share.



Change Not.

He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.—ST. PAUL.



LOWERS droop, and fade, and die,
 Laugh to scorn the loving eye,
 Heeding not the mournful sigh :
 Rose of Sharon, joy to see,
 Be not Thou like them to me.

Sunbeams wane, and sink away,
 Ending all the joys of day,
 Making men of gloom the prey :
 Sun of heaven, hear my plea,
 Be not Thou like them to me.

Stars grow pale, and hide their light,
 Leave to blackness all the night,
 Full of terror and affright :
 Star of morning, never flee,
 Be not Thou like them to me.

Rocks, though strong, do not abide
 Ebb and flow of rolling tide,
 Keep no place in which to hide :
 Rock of Ages, stronger be,
 Be not Thou like them to me.

Fountains dry, and never rise,
Grieving many longing eyes,
Causing loud despairing cries :
 Fount of water, living, free,
 Be not Thou like them to me.

Roots fail life, no sap supply,
Sapless branches wither, die,
Fruit, and bloom, and leaf deny :
 Root of Jesse, Living Tree,
 Be not Thou like them to me.

Friends wax cold, and soon forsake,
Each alone his path must take,
Careful lest his heart should break :
 Friend of sinners, hear my plea,
 Be not Thou like them to me.



Sabbath Evening.

And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it : because that in it He had rested from all His work which God had created and made.—MOSES.

Blessed are your ears, for they hear.—THE LORD.

There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God.—ST. PAUL.



OR Thy Temple, Lord, we bless Thee,
 Home of peace and house of prayer :
 In Thy presence we have waited,
 By Thy mercy found Thee here :
 Thou hast shed Thy glory on us,
 From the throne of heavenly light,
 We have felt Thy presence gracious,
 Here, Thou hast renewed our might.

For Thy Gospel, Lord, we bless Thee,
 Word of peace and voice of power ;
 In Thy temple we have heard it,
 And will trust it evermore :
 Let it, all our footsteps guiding,
 Bring us to Thy heavenly light,
 There to dwell, with love abiding,
 In Thy holy, happy sight.

For Thy Sabbath, Lord, we bless Thee,
 Day of peace and time of rest ;
 Whilst we worship in Thy temple
 Of all days it is our best ;

Type of joys divine and glorious,
How it makes our prospects bright,
Beaming heavenly radiance on us,
Shining with eternal light.

For Thy Heaven, Lord, we bless Thee,
Scene of peace, our home on high ;
When we reach Thy crystal mansion
Songs of praise shall fill the sky :
For Thy Gospel, for Thy Sabbaths,
For the House of Prayer we'll praise,
For the grace which they have brought us,
We will bless Thee endless days.



Linger Not.*Remember Lot's wife.*—THE LORD.**L**INGER not, O sinner, hear !

Death and hell are pressing near ;

How for thee we quake and fear: Linger not.

Linger not, though lusts may plead,

Look not back with eye of greed,

Fly, oh, fly, with all thy speed : Linger not.

Linger not, lest Mercy's light

Sink eclipsed in sudden night,

Then thy soul is lost outright : Linger not.

Linger not, for yonder door

Soon will shut, all grace be o'er,

Those outside despairings pour : Linger not.

Linger not, this gracious day

Passes swift for aye away,

Angels join us whilst we pray : Linger not.

Linger not, thy Father cries,

Jesus pleads with earnest sighs,

Haste to Him, the Rock that hides : Linger not.

Linger not, thy sins confess,

Kneel, and pray for righteousness,

God, the Spirit, waits to bless : Linger not.

Linger not, for death is sure,

Christ is ready, thee to cure,

Let Him wash thy conscience pure : Linger not.

Penitence.

Lord, save me, or I perish.—ST. PETER.



OH! am I left alone
In sorrow's darkest zone?
Ah! sin, which brought me here,
Deserts me now to fear!

Will God come forth no more,
Oh! hath He barred His door?
Around my guilty soul
Black terrors raging, roll.

I sink! I deeper sink,
I hang on horror's brink,
My steps begin to slide,
Save, save from hell's fierce tide.

Hear, hear my wailing cry,
Make speed with Thy reply,
Haste, haste on mercy's feet;
I sink, O Lord, be fleet.

Oh! reach me through the gloom,
Oh! stay my guilty doom;
Come, Jesus, rescue me,
From sin deliverance be. AMEN.

Glad News.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.—ST. JOHN.

God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—ST. PAUL.



LOST sinner, hear, glad news I bring
To heal thy heart, and kill the sting
Of all thy woe, and make thee sing :
God is love, God is love.

Thou heir of wrath, give ear, give ear,
Though great thy guilt, thou may'st not fear,
A voice divine speaks thee to cheer :
God is love, God is love.

A pardon full you may obtain,
Through blood of Christ, the atonement slain
To prove the truth we now proclaim :
God is love, God is love.

O child of faith, is dark thy day,
Bethorned thy path, and lone the way ?
Thy Saviour guides, then hear Him say,
God is love, God is love.



Is great thy load, and crook'd thy lot,
The waters deep, the furnace hot,
The tempter strong ? Oh, fear thou not,
God is love, God is love.

Though waves should break in angry spray,
And flames should, raging, spread dismay,
Yet true this word from day to day :
God is love, God is love.

Within this Rock let sinners hide,
Here let the saints in peace abide ;
This Rock is sure, whate'er betide :
God is love, God is love.



Good Shepherd.

What man of you having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing.—THE LORD.



GOOD Shepherd, to Thee
 My song I will raise,
 To publish how free
 Thy pitiful ways,
 The lost to recover,
 Their sins to forgive,
 To save the mad rover,
 And cause him to live.

Through desert and brake,
 Entangled and torn,
 My way did I take
 Accursèd, forlorn ;
 Dark tempest descended,
 All lights had gone out ;
 Alone, unbefriended,
 I wandered about.

In terror I cry ;
 For echo came back
 The wolf's dread reply :
 He followed my track ;

For blood he was panting,
I heard his hard breath,
A dirge was he chanting,
In hope of my death.

Good Shepherd Divine !
A form new appeared,
I knew it was Thine,
As swift it me neared ;
The thorn and blood streaming
Were signs to my gaze,
With light they were beaming,
Around the wild maze.

How gentle Thy word !
How tender Thy touch !
Thy tear was a sword,
It wounded me much ;
Yet great is the wonder,
Thy love made me whole,
And raised on Thy shoulder,
Was brought to the fold.

Oh ! angels, rejoice !
The sheep lost is found,
Your shepherd's glad voice
Through heaven doth sound ;
To Him give ye glory,
His mercy extol,
And publish the story ;
Him praise above all.

HOSANNA.

And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way : others cut down branches from the trees and strawed them in the way : and the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David : blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord : Hosanna in the highest.—ST. MATTHEW.



OSANNA ! to Messiah sing,
Sustain His royal fame ;
Jerusalem comes forth to bring
Her plaudits to His name.

Hosanna ! echoes Olivet ;
The palmers track His march ;
His loving deeds they celebrate,
With praises Him they arch.

Hosanna ! this is David's son,
And David's regal Lord ;
To Him belongs His father's crown,
The kingdom is restored.

Hosanna ! came He not from God
To sleep in manger-bed,
To spend His life in doing good,
To weep, to raise the dead.

Hosanna ! Zion's King sees where
This glad procession leads ;
Nor cup, nor scourge, nor cross, can scare ;
He dies for man's misdeeds.

Hosanna ! soften down your tune,
He sleeps, and Romans watch ;
His cry has hushed the knell of doom,
The cry at death's fell touch.

Hosanna ! lo, the grave is left,
A living Christ appears,
With key of death and seal of life ;
Him praise through highest spheres.

Hosanna ! join, ye angel throngs,
Our risen King to laud ;
Hosanna ! crown Him in your songs,
He is our Saviour, God.

Hosanna ! in the highest heaven,
To Father, Spirit, Son ;
Hosanna ! by all hosts be given,
The Holy Three, the One.



He Dies, He Lives.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. Joseph, of Arimathæa, came and took the body of Jesus. And then came, also, Nicodemus, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes.—ST. JOHN.



HE, of Virgin born, is dead,
 Darkness covers now His head ;
 Weeping Mother, Magdalene,
 Languish near the mystic scene.

Two disciples once afraid,
 By their love courageous made,
 Aloes bring with spice and myrrh,
 Reverent they His corse inter.

All to death their Lord they leave,
 Anguish sword each soul doth cleave ;
 Guard of tomb, they see Despair,
 Faith and Hope had vanished there.

Weep not as in orphanage,
 Comfort speaks, your grief assuage,
 Patient wait, He must arise,
 Break the fetters, greet the skies.

You shall see His living form
On the dewy Easter-morn,
Angels shall his triumph sing,
Rising up as Glory's King.

Lo, the dawn ! day opes its gate,
Third from that which sealed His fate,
Signal this to death below,
He must let his captive go.

Calm the Conqueror lifts His head,
Death retires, his power is fled,
Jesus grasps the awful key,
Death falls down to Victory.

Fill the Easter morn with song,
Let it rise from every tongue ;
Heaven, repeat our boasting strains,
Jesus binds grim death in chains.



*Perfection.**They are without fault before the throne of God.—ST. JOHN.*

ORN of the Spirit's breath,
 I yearn to conquer death,
 Be, Christ, like Thee :
 Pure, gentle, holy, true,
 Patient, and prayerful too,
 Doing as Thou didst do,
 All purity.

I strive ; alas ! I fail ;
 Weep, watch, yet sins prevail :
 Imperfect still :
 Fire hath not purged the dross,
 Pride yet survives the cross,
 Self-love outlives all loss,
 Stiff-necked my will.

Dear Lord, a perfect place
 I see before Thy face ;
 Perfect the just :
 Thither in faith I turn,
 Panting with hope I yearn,
 Loving, my heart shall burn,
 Then win I must.

Root of Life.

His branches shall spread, and His beauty shall be as the olive tree, and His smell as Lebanon. From me is thy fruit found.—HOSEA.

I am the Root and the Offspring of David.—THE LORD.

Rooted and built up in Him.—ST. PAUL.



LRUE Root of life, concealed afar,
Beyond the ken of loftiest star,
My heart would reach to Thee ;
Thine open ear can catch the voice

Which travels hence : I make the choice
Of Christ my life to be.

I find no root from which to grow,
This world is sand, as Thou dost know,
For here Thy days were spent ;
Send down to me the vital sap,
I then shall live : whatever hap,
My soul is upward bent.

Like Thee, I crave pure fruit to bear,
In holy clusters, rich and rare,
For Thy sole glory's sake ;
When fed by Thee from upper springs,
My barren soul in fruitage sings,
And summer joys partake.

I then can brave the wintry blast,
Unshrivelled as the heats go past,
 Be ever strong and fair ;
Nor axe of foe my life could kill,
My root lies high beyond their will,
 Nor can they reach it there.

My gracious Root, fail not supply
As long as here my way shall lie,
 Me feed and tend through time ;
Then raise me up to Paradise,
To bloom above the starry skies,
 Bear flowers and fruits like Thine.

I pant to grow in sunny plains,
Where drought and heat produce no pains,
 And storms are ever mute ;
In foliage bright and fruits of grace,
I then shall see Thee face to face,
 My Lord, my Life, my Root.



Care-Loads.

Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.—ST. PETER.



HY should sad burdens on thee weigh,
Excessive caring soul?
Hear thou thy Lord with kindness say,
On me thy care-load roll.

Heed thou the sermons lilies preach,
And birds that cleave the air;
They live a life beyond the reach
Of anxious, fretful care.

Their wants are met by Providence,
God gives them gay attire;
He will not leave thy needs to chance,
Oh, trust Him, never tire.

The cares that tramp within thy heart
Are foes to holy rest;
Through faith alone will they depart,
Believe, they flee thy breast.

Roll thou on God thy daily load,
He bids thee so to do;
Then swiftly, gladly, all the road
Thy feet to heaven shall go.

Song of Praise.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O most High: for Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work: I will triumph in the work of Thy hands.—PSALMIST.



GIVE God all praise,
 To Him upraise
 Strong shouts of adoration ;
 For He is good,
 We therefore should
 With songs fill wide creation.

The sun He lights,
 Sends stars through nights,
 To give illumination :
 Their precious beams,
 In radiant streams,
 Spread far o'er every nation.

He rules the sea,
 And God is He
 To fix each destination :
 For tender flower,
 For thunder-shower,
 He makes due preparation.

His love intense
Guides Providence
Through all its mystic action :
He wills to bring
Some joyful thing
From every dark transaction.

He sends His Son
For man undone,
To win a great Salvation ;
The Saviour dies,
Lift up your eyes
In holy transportation.

He answers prayer,
And quells the care
Of humble application :
With joy He fills
The soul that wills
To bow in supplication.

Give God all praise,
To Him upraise
Strong shouts of adoration ;
For He is good,
We therefore should
With songs fill wide creation.

Millennial Longings.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them ; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing : the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God.—ISAIAH.



HAIL, glorious day, by bards foretold !
 The moral wastes shall bud and bloom
 In Carmel's verdure, as of old ;
 O'erspread with Sharon's rose perfume ;
 No sin scorched track to meet the eye,
 The scene shall Lebanon outvie.

Sweet peace enthroned, by love shall quell
 Ambition, envy, lust, and greed,
 Nor shall man's home be made a hell
 By warriors' sanguinary deed ;
 Oppressors shall no longer reign,
 For Justice shall all rights maintain.

On mountain top God's house stands forth
 In clear, pacific, hallowed ray :
 The tribes from east, west, south, and north,
 With songs shall seek the holy way ;
 God's knowledge then, like ocean tide,
 All hearts shall cover, bless, and guide.

Creation sighs, the Church implores,
O come, Redemption's perfect day ;
With blossoms deck these barren moors,
Drive sin's fell discords far away ;
Let hymns of gladness fill the world,
To see Thy silken flag unfurled.

O Spirit God, descend in showers
Of rain and light, that seed to bless
Which Sower sowed, in tearful hours
Of patient love and sore distress ;
Our paths with flowers of peace should glow,
And earth her sweet millennium know.

From David's lyre grand music peals,
Isaiah swells the boastful chords,
From God Himself the message steals,—
My Son shall be the Lord of Lords ;
Come quickly, come, Thou Prince of Peace,
Oh, bring our Jubilee release.



Second Advent.

The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven, with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe.—ST. PAUL.



WHEN Thou comest in Thy glory,
 Brighter than the noonday sun ;
 When the stars have fled before Thee,
 And the end of time is come ;
 Glorious Saviour,
 Be a Refuge, near and strong.

Whilst the trumpet blast is pealing,
 O'er the land, and through the sea ;
 Whilst the dead are all uprising,
 Thee to greet, or Thee to flee ;
 Mighty Saviour,
 Be a Refuge true to me.

Whilst the heavens are blazing dreadful,
 Whilst the mountains crash and fall ;
 When the wicked cry, most fearful,—
 “ Shattered rocks ! Oh, hide us all ! ”
 Lofty Saviour,
 Be a Refuge at my call.

Whilst their sickles angels plying,
Reap and clear the harvest field ;
When the nations, they dividing,
Right or left, all men must yield ;
Judging Saviour,
Be my Refuge, perfect shield.

When before Thy face, in judgment,
Thou hast brought my soul to stand ;
When the books of man's indictment,
Full and true, are in Thy hand,
Gracious Saviour,
Be my Refuge, me defend.

When with iron rod thou breakest
All Thy foes to powdered dust ;
When with loving voice Thou callest
To Thy bliss the lowly just ;
Kingly Saviour,
Be my Refuge, own my trust.

When Thou goest to Thy kingdom,
Followed by the ransomed train ;
When the Father each shall welcome
With a smile, 'midst high acclaim ;
Victor Saviour,
Be my Refuge, call my name.

Victorious Grace.*The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet.—ST. PAUL.*

Y God, let self and sin expire,
 Consumed in flame of sacred fire,
 For ceaseless they Thy grace torment,
 Their death I yield with glad consent :

In vain I try to reconcile
 Thy grace with foes who me defile,
 They rage and war with demon force,
 And oft in battle grace is worse.

Within this heart, on trampled plain,
 Lies vanquished grace, to seeming slain,
 Whilst self and sin loud boasting, cry,
 "We win the lawful victory :"

For Satan comes, who fought Thy Son,
 He helps my foes in battles won ;
 He hates my soul, and hates Thy grace,
 And wars to keep me from Thy face.

Blest Trinity ! with love and might
 Befriend me in this secret fight ;
 Inspire Thy grace with victor's strength,
 My triple foe to crush at length ;
 Crown grace with absolute control,
 In every province of the soul,
 Then self and sin, and Satan too,
 Shall all be foiled in what they do.

Alleluia.

Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.—

GLORIFIED SAINTS.



WORD of God, who wrought creation,
He who came by Incarnation,
Hath for us won full salvation.
Alleluia! Amen.

Angels celebrate His coming,
Men His cradle seek, fast running,
Devils tremble, vain their cunning.
Alleluia! Amen.

Light He pours on earth benighted,
Woes depart, by Him affrighted,
Dead ones rise, with life delighted.
Alleluia! Amen.

Pardon free for tears He giveth,
Oil of joy the sad receiveth,
Hope to all as each believeth.
Alleluia! Amen.

See! He fights the wild temptation,
Treads the vale of tribulation,
Toils for man without cessation.
Alleluia! Amen.

Nought can stay His onward keeping :
Hatred, lies, or bitter weeping ;
On, His heart in sadness steeping.
Alleluia ! Amen.

Drains He all the cup of sorrow,
Angels' strength He will not borrow,
Lone, on cross shall die to-morrow.
Alleluia ! Amen.

Lo ! He breaks from death's rock prison,
Myriads chant, "The Lord is risen,"
Easter-light on all shall glisten.
Alleluia ! Amen.

Girt with clouds, the Lord ascending,
Clarion tones around Him blending,
Christ salvation wins, unending.
Alleluia ! Amen.

Holy, heavenly congregation
Throne the King. With celebration,
Rings the court of Coronation.
Alleluia ! Amen.



Saints' Litany.

Unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.—ST. PAUL.



IN my darkness,
Send me light ;
In my weakness,
Be my might ;
In my dulness,
Make me bright ;
In my wrongness,
Set me right,
Jesus, Saviour, Infinite.

In my tossing, Give me rest ;
In my searching, Grant my quest ;
In my watching, Guard my breast ;
In my waiting, Yield me best,
Jesus, Saviour, ever blest.

By Thy sighing,
Ease my sigh ;
By Thy weeping,
Wipe mine eye ;
By Thy bleeding,
Draw me nigh ;
By Thy dying,
Raise me high,
Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry.

Response.

Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land I will show thee : and I will bless thee.—JEHOVAH.



ES, we have heard the call divine,
 " Arise, and leave your land behind,
 Come, travel to the skies ;"
 We have renounced this world and sin,
 Put on the armour of our King,
 We strive to win the prize.

Examples great we keep in view
 Of those whose footsteps we pursue,
 And hope to meet on high :
 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, here
 Have vanquished sin, and death, and fear ;
 Like them, we live to die.

To Thee, O Christ, we chiefly look,
 Thou art our Captain, Leader, Hope ;
 Inspire us with Thy love :
 Be Thou our bright and morning star,
 Guiding our steps to heaven afar,
 Till Thee we greet above.

Legions of foes surround our way,
 Who never sleep by night or day,
 Who would our souls devour ;

Great Champion of the pilgrims' band,
Oh, help us by Thy grace to stand,
And fight in danger's hour.

Shout, shout, ye warriors of the Lord,
Let everywhere your voice be heard,
With bold, triumphant ring :
“ Who shall from me Christ's love remove ?
Shall depth below, or height above,
Or any evil thing ? ”

“ Through Him that tasted death for me,
I more than conqueror shall be
Of angels, death, or life ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall keep me from my Father's home,
When ends my day of strife.”

Blest Jesus, to Thy grace we owe
Our hope and confidence below,
Oh, may they never die !
Soon let us all translated rise,
Behold Thy glory in the skies,
And live with Thee on high.



Help me always.

*Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest ;
for I will not leave thee.—JEHOVAH.*



WHEN sinking sun leaves dark my lonely steps,
And I, bowed down with guilty, sore regrets,
Seek rest on stony pillow, then in dream
Let angel guards and Thy bright face be seen.

If prison walls should e'er my soul surround,
And ring with echoes of a tragic sound,
Yet show my soul, O Lord, Thou hast the key,
Which at Thy will unlocks the door to me.

Again, should danger mountains block my way,
Or Red Sea waves baptise me with their spray,
Oh, then thy rod extend, the floods divide,
Thus shall I march in triumph through the tide.

Should whirlwind storms crash down my greatest hope,
Should native strength refuse with grief to cope,
Then, Lord, upon the tempest wings appear,
And on salvation's chariot draw Thou near.

If burning fire around should glare and rage,
The furnace seven times hot, do Thou engage
To tame the furious, flaming, dreadful ire ;
With courage let Thy presence me inspire.

When to the wilderness my feet are led,
To fight with him whom Thou hast vanquishèd,
Forget me not, nor let me go alone,
Be Thou my shield, the war with victory crown.

Dear Saviour, crowned with power, to Thee we cry,
There is no help save in Thy Majesty ;
Be Thou our Strong Deliverer, our Defence,
Till woes are passed, and we are summoned hence.



Workday Song.*The night cometh, when no man can work.*—THE LORD.

DAY is shining, go thee forth,
 Child of God and heir of light,
 Jesus knows the day's great worth,
 Bids thee work with all thy might,
 Night shall come and darkness fall,
 Ending day and work for all.

Take the task by Christ assigned,
 Ask no questions, only serve ;
 Work it out with fervent mind,
 Patient heart and fearless nerve ;
 Night shall come and darkness fall,
 Ending day and work for all.

Forces great may show their strength,
 Frowning, scoffing, thwarting thee,
 Shrink not thou, assured at length
 Christ will lead to victory :
 Night shall come and darkness fall,
 Ending day and work for all.

Work then, work while day it is,
 Treasure win and store on high ;
 Bear the cross, its fruit is bliss,
 Pressed along by Jesus' cry :
 Night shall come and darkness fall,
 Ending day and work for all.

Rend the Heavens.

*Oh, that Thou wouldest rend the heavens, that the mountains might flow down
at Thy presence.—ISAIAH.*



H, rend the heavens, Almighty Fire !
The mountains then shall flow ;
And Gospel Truth, our great desire,
O'er levelled foes shall go.

Melt down the mountains dark and great,
Where sinners blinded hide ;
Reveal their false and guilty state,
Then show the Crucified.

Burn up the mountains of our ease,
Where idlers love to dwell
In vain security and peace,
Hard by the verge of hell.

Consume those mountain barriers high
That check celestial light
Descending where in darkness lie
Millions in heathen night.

Oh, rend the heavens, Almighty Lord !
Come, Holy Ghost, descend !
In triumph march, Incarnate Word,
To earth's remotest end.

Christ's Voice.

My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me.—

THE LO



HEAR Christ's voice, ye chosen sheep,
 Deaf to all that others say ;
 List to Him when low you weep,
 Or when glad your heart is gay :
 He who reigns, your Shepherd King,
 Speaketh words for every change ;
 Strength and comfort will they bring,
 Never stray beyond their range.

 Shepherd good, He knows His sheep,
 Name, and need, and daily care ;
 Over each close watch doth keep,
 Eye of love sees everywhere.
 All thy failures and thy sighs,
 Lone hard struggle made by thee,
 Knows He well, then seek supplies,
 For His grace shall bounteous be.

 Follow thou Thy Shepherd's track,
 Bright as gold, His footsteps shine ;
 Though the clouds be thick and black,
 Let Gethsemane be thine ;
 Thence ascend the Cross-crowned hill ;
 Bearing shame, thy way pursue ;
 Scorn to linger or stand still ;
 Keep thy Shepherd clear in view.

Pilgrims' Song.

Behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth ; and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you.—JOSHUA.



OD of the pilgrim band,
 By whose free grace I stand,
 Never leave me ;
 I have no native might,
 No strong sufficient light
 To journey through life's night,
 If left by Thee.

In dark and cloudy days,
 In steep and toilsome ways,
 Be ever near :
 To give me gracious help,
 To save me from myself,
 To fill my soul with health
 And Thy good cheer.

With ease Thou canst display,
 Grace equal to my day,
 And never fail :
 Thy hand has built the sky,
 Has fixed the stars on high ;
 Thy power is ever nigh,
 I dare not quail.

Though Satan's rage arise,
Touching the lofty skies,
Thou stronger art :
Thy staff can strike him down,
Thy grace can fully crown
Thy mercy's work begun,
In my poor heart.

Jesus, I will not fear,
Though Satan should be near,
Thy love is all :
If crooked paths I meet,
Rough places for my feet,
Oh, let Thy hand be fleet
To stay my fall.

God of the pilgrim band,
Soon shall I trembling stand
On death's cold shore :
Then guide me safely through,
Reveal Thy face anew,
Let heaven burst forth to view,
Thine evermore.



Jesus Wept.

In the days of His flesh, He offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death.—

ST. PAUL.

When Jesus, therefore, saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, He groaned in spirit, and was troubled: Jesus wept.—

ST. JOHN.



ESUS wept ! how changed His face ;
Once that visage sunlike shone,
When He met on holy place
Those who long to rest had gone ;
Saints from glory saw no speck,
Whilst they tarried at His beck ;
He was full of brightness then,
More like angels than like men.

Jesus wept ! He shows how dread
Curse of sin and sting of death ;
Tearful eyes in bending head,
Trembling frame and groaning breath,
Plainly tell His sore distress,
Wrung by man's unrighteousness ;
Burdened He with our disgrace,
Therefore grief thus dims His face.

Jesus wept ! those precious tears
Mirror true His heart's deep love,
Love for him whose grave He nears,
Love for those who with Him move ;
How He felt their nameless woes !
Thus for them He troubled goes,
Willing so to bear their grief,
By His voice to fetch relief.

Jesus wept ! ye mourners gaze,
Sun of Comfort is the Lord,
From those tears Love darts her rays,
Come ye near, be full assured
Jesus still hath wish to bear
In your sorrows greatest share,
Never can you weep but He
Shall with you a weeper be.



Gethsemane Cup.

Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me; nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done.—THE LORD.



JESUS, must I be

Calm, resigned like Thee,
Bending to the Father's will ?

Must I meekly say,

“ Father, take Thy way,
Only be my Father still ? ”

Should the flesh be weak,

Dare I never speak,

“ Father, let this cup pass by ? ”

Should the darkness grow

Dense with midnight woe,

Silent must I watch and lie ?

If my cup be filled,

Bitterness distilled,

Must I fully drink it up ?

If no angel face

Glow within the place,

Jesu, must I drain the cup ?

O my Lord, be near,

Then I will not fear

Blackest midnight agony ;

Though I sob and bleed,

Thou art all I need,

Hear this fervent, lonely cry.

Sleeping in Hope.

Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake to everlasting life.—DANIEL.

Our friend Lazarus sleepeth ; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep.
—THE LORD.



LEEP I must some day,
Down on stone bed lay ;
Night her curtain round me drawing,
Stars their lamps afar withdrawing ;
Quiet darkness reigns,
Dreamless, free from pains.

Over then the strife,
Ceased the woes of life ;
Calm, asleep on rocky pillow,
Dread I not the crested billow ;
Never strikes the wave,
Sleeper, in the grave.

Brood and crash in vain
Storms on land or main,
Round the tomb the Lord is keeping,
All the while His friends are sleeping,
Faithful watch and ward,
Nought shall foil His guard.

I shall sleep in hope ;
Christ with Death can cope ;
His dread key by Christ is taken,
His strong house by Christ is shaken ;
Me He will set free,
I awaked shall be.

Christ shall come in light,
Ending all the night ;
Happy morn ! no more shall slumber
Keep me with her captive number ;
Stony bed I leave,
Through the sky I cleave.



I Live Christ.*For to me to live is Christ, and to me to die is gain.—ST. PAUL.*

FOR me to live is Christ,
 His image fair to show,
 That sinful men around may see
 His glory here below.

For me to live is Christ,
 His holy works to do,
 Tell others of His wondrous love,
 And point the way to go.

For me to live is Christ,
 He all things will provide,
 Though flocks should fail and olives die,
 Whilst keeping near His side.

For me to live is Christ,
 My life from Him to draw ;
 With Him to die upon the Cross,
 To sin, the world, the law.

For me to die is gain,
 Rest from my pilgrim strife,
 In that dear land of endless day,
 Where reigns the Prince of Life.

For me to die is gain,
Bliss, pure, without a tear,
Shall then in rapture fill my soul,
Whilst angels sing to cheer.

For me to die is gain,
Christ then mine eyes shall see,
I in His perfect image shine
To all eternity.

For me to live is Christ,
For me to die is gain,
O, Blessed Saviour, by Thy grace,
This song in me maintain.



Holy Communion.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.—THE LORD.



IN this feast now may we find
 Jesus, Saviour of mankind;
 Here, without that presence near,
 All is dull, and dark, and drear.

Through these symbols may we see
 God's most holy mystery,
 More than bread and more than wine,
 Have we in this sacred sign.

Draw aside the mystic veil,
 Holy Ghost, in us prevail;
 On these emblems shed Thy light,
 Vivify this hallowed rite.

Love divine, I joy to own
 Love of Father, Spirit, Son;
 Love which gave the Son to death,
 Love which sends the Spirit's breath.

Love to me a guilty child,
Love that makes me reconciled,
Love to work my second birth,
Love which lifts my heart from earth.

Love beyond all words to tell,
Love which saves my soul from hell,
Love to give me hope divine,
Love, O Christ, that makes Thee mine.



Church Confession.

From the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed : all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her enemies ; her adversaries are the chief, her enemies prosper ; she dwelleth among the heathen, she findeth no rest.—JEREMIAH.



IN our fallen desolation,
 Bridegroom, look upon Thy Bride ;
 We have left, by our transgression,
 Thee, our Head, the Crucified.

Lo, our garments tattered, spotted,
 Tell the mire wherein we laid ;
 Sport of Babylonian, mockèd,
 Captive by the world-power made.

Dim our lamp, whose holy lightness
 Should the world's deep midnight chase ;
 Dull the fire whose faithful brightness
 Would all sinful stains erase ;

Cold the love whose patient labour
 Might for Thee great victory win,
 Damped our zeal, Thou zealous Saviour,
 Fettered by the gyves of sin ;

Mixed the faith Thy Church once preachèd
With a martyr's quenchless fire,
Error now for truth is teachèd,
Friends and foes alike conspire.

Bridegroom, hear this sad confessing,
Sadder still for Thee to see
Blood-bought bride the world caressing,
Dallying with Thine enemy.

Pardon, pardon, and restore us,
Clothe Thy bride in saintly white ;
Tune her song—Redemption's chorus—
Nerve her arm with ancient might ;

Crown and bless with joy transcending,
Lead and guide Thy wayward Bride,
All her shame and weakness ending,
Ever keep her near Thy side.



Spirit River.

I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.—

ISAIAH.

I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.—JOEL.

And every thing shall live whither the river cometh.—EZEKIEL.

Rivers of living water. This spake He of the Spirit.—ST. JOHN.



FOUNTAIN of the Living water,
 Send it forth in gushing streams,
 Let a thousand-branched river
 Travel like the sun's bright beams,
 Blessing, blessing,
 Ever blessing where it gleams.

Life shall then revive the desert,
 Deck with bloom its arid sand ;
 Turn the waste to fertile cornfields,
 Eden smiling through all lands ;
 Spirit River,
 For Thy flow we stretch our hands.

Flow Thou forth through Christian nations,
 War shall fly and peace shall reign,
 Justice, truth, and love, and concord,
 Thy wide circle shall maintain ;
 Rolling waters,
 Gird ye round the Church domain.

In Thy deep and widening channel,
Roll Thou swift to farthest zone,
Till from polar ice to tropic
Songs shall burst from every home :
Living Spirit,
Joy is ours, for Thou art come.

Dress the earth with vernal beauty,
Tender flower and graceful palm ;
Heal the woes of millions standing
On Thy banks, Thou Stream of Balm :
Healing Jordan
All shall praise in lofty psalm.

Christ, the Lord, Thou art the Fountain
Whence the Spirit River flows ;
Father, high enthroned in glory,
Send that River, foil Thy foes :
Hallelujahs
Fill the earth as wide it grows.



Adoration.*Stand up, and bless the Lord your God.—THE LEVITES.*

WITH gladness, Lord, we come
 To stand before Thy throne,
 Thy truth and mercy to extol ;
 We will Thy love declare,
 For we Thy goodness share,
 Thy goodness reigneth over all.

Thy guardian hand is near
 To save us when we fear,
 To point the true and narrow way ;
 Thou hast subdued our foes,
 The lion when he rose
 By Thee was filled with dread dismay.

Through shadows dim we see
 Light of eternity,
 That city where Thy glory dwells ;
 The pearly gates appear,
 The golden streets draw near,
 Our soul with hope's high fervour swells.

Bid Thou this joy increase,
 Enlarge our holy peace,
 Oh, raise us to Thy blest abode ;
 Our voices then shall ring,
 Thy praise eternal sing,
 With perfect love to Thee our God.

Dying Song.

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep.—DAVID.



WHEN I lay me down
Within my final bed,
And yield to dust her own,
Am reckoned with the dead,
Ah ! then may I in peace
Rejoice in full release,
From sin and sorrow free,
From life's captivity.

O star of morn, thy ray
Sheds lustre on the grave,
A harbinger of day,
Of One all strong to save ;
Ah ! let Thy clear sweet beam
On closing eyelid gleam,
To guide my spirit's flight
To worlds that see no night.

O Jesu ! hear this prayer ;
I soon in shroud must lie,
The curse of sin to bear ;
Must wither, droop, and die :
Ah ! none can give me rest
Save He who loves me best,
On Thee I hope and lean
For help and peace serene.

Easter Tears.

The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre... Woman, why weepest thou? Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.—ST. JOHN.



LET us, with the twilight's dawning,
 Hasten to the holy tomb,
 Where we left our Master's body
 Low in death, enwrapped in gloom ;
 There to muse, and weep, and wonder,
 Till we learn His further doom.

Angel splendours flash around me !
 Sinks my sad and drooping heart,
 All this brightness only darkens,
 I can understand no part
 Of these grand and awful marvels ;
 Christ is gone, I must depart.

Lo ! the sepulchre is empty,
 Open wide its door appears ;
 Gone the torn and sacred body
 Laid therein with love's hot tears ;
 Who can tell me where my Lord is ?
 Calm my spirit, end my fears ?

Stay ! O disappointed weeper,
Hear the Easter angel speak,
Christ, thy Lord, from death is risen,
Dry thy tears and cease to weep,
Full of life He is ascended,
Thus His promise He doth keep.

He, the King of life and glory,
Could not stay among the dead :
Heaven is waiting to receive Him,
Thus He raised His glorious head ;
Soon at God's right hand exalted,
Shall He forth the Spirit shed.

Then the purpose of His sorrow,
Bitter death, and open grave,
Shall be made as bright as noon-day,
Thus He stooped to win and save ;
Crowns of glory, crowns of glory,
He, the Worthy, then shall have.



Scourger Divine.

When He had made a scourge of small cords, He drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables; and said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence.—ST. JOHN.



OH, Great Unknown, Thou knowest all :
That hidden world—the soul of man—
Lies clear to Thee, as sun's bright ball ;
Its smallest, greatest, Thou dost scan.

Within my heart canst Thou perceive
A lawless traffic, vile exchange,
A tumult none would dare believe
Whose sight was shorter in its range.

Scourger divine ! with whip of cords,
Go through this desecrated place,
Detect, drive out what not accords
With Thy pure will and holy grace.

In fury break the idols down,
Their altars crush to worthless dust ;
O purge this temple, filthy grown,
By demolitions great and just.

Though pride and lust cry out amain
Against Thy revolution zeal,
Heed not, Thy sovereign right maintain,
Subdue me to a servant leal.

Strong Christ, this edifice restore,
Reconsecrate to God and Thee,
Ascend its throne, nor evermore
Let other in it worshipped be.

Thou rightful King, to Thee I give
The trust of prayer, the love of praise,
Give Thou to me, whilst here I live,
Thy smile and peace, my song to raise.



God's Will only.*The will of the Lord is done.—LUKE, &c.*

FATHER, God, I crave to know
 All Thy will for me below,
 All the purpose of Thy mind,
 All Thy way for me designed ;
 Long to know that I may prove,
 By obedience, if I love.

Teach me by Thy Spirit's grace
 How to wait before Thy face ;
 How to watch Thy sovereign hand ;
 How Thy signs to understand ;
 Show me plain Thy gracious will,
 When to march and when stand still.

Make my will submit to Thine,
 Let it cheerfully incline,
 Let it never murmuring be,
 Let it always yield to Thee ;
 As a child to parent's voice,
 May my heart in Thee rejoice.

Arm me with Thy promised might,
 In Thy will I shall delight,
 In Thy way shall always walk,
 In Thy Spirit live and talk ;
 So my life true joy shall see,
 When Thy will is done in me.

Christ's Triumph.

This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.—ANGELS.



HE King who rose from Olivet,
To God's right hand ascending,
His farewell pledge will not forget,
Then made to saints attending ;
He will appear on great white throne,
With majesty to us unknown,
Through burning sky descending.

He comes to crush His ancient foes,
With righteous indignation,
Sin's tyrant reign He now o'erthrows,
Smites Hell with consternation,
Binds Satan with a chain of might,
Downcast with death to endless night,
In awful desolation.

He comes to raise His saints elect,
Of every time and nation ;
Avenging thus their long neglect,
With gorgeous coronation ;
He gives a crown, a throne secure,
A kingdom ever to endure,
To each, 'midst adoration.

Christmas Carol.*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace.—ANGELS.*

OPEEP in darkness lay the earth
 At the hour of Jesus' birth ;
 When arose His natal star,
 Light for Jews and Gentiles far,
 Streamed across the gloomy sky,
 Like the beams from songsters high,
 Angels sing their advent hymn,
 Light breaks forth from Bethlehem.

Peace began her mission then,
 Checked the strifeful sons of men,
 Raised her banner, stainless white,
 Signal in the new-born light,
 Guiding rebels to the road,
 Rest to find through Christ in God ;
 Angels sing their advent hymn,
 Peace goes forth from Bethlehem.

Hope sublime her face revealed,
 Tongue of truth and lips unsealed,
 Spake of life beyond the grave,
 Spake of One who stoops to save
 Men from sin to righteousness,
 Mortal men to endless bliss ;
 Angels sing their advent hymn,
 Hope springs forth from Bethlehem.

Perseverance.

Brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure.—ST. PETER.



I MUST not faint, nor loiter,
Along the heavenly way,
Stern foes are pressing after,
Who would my progress stay.

I must not look nor hanker,
For aught the world can show,
Those gaudy toys will canker,
I will their joys forego.

I must not hide nor squander
The talents lent to me,
Wherever, Lord, I wander,
A reckoning day I see.

I must gird on the armour,
And trim my silver lamp,
Press on with quenchless ardour,
Which nought shall ever damp.

I must pursue my Saviour,
Within His footsteps tread,
Show Him in my behaviour,
My Lord, my Life, my Head.

Bridal Hymn.

There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee ; and the mother of Jesus was there : and both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage.—

ST. JOHN.



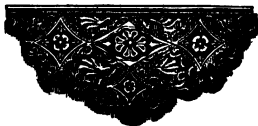
HE first of brides and bridegrooms stood
 Before an altar new,
 It wreathèd was with graceful flowers,
 And gems of pearly dew ;
 Around it rose a temple grand,
 Reflecting purest light,
 A paradise of stainless joy,
 Of sanctified delight.

By Father, God, the knot was tied,
 To make of twain but one,
 Whilst angels sing the wedding lays
 To bless what He had done,
 Who meant that marriage tie to bring
 Strong help and solace pure,
 A fund of mutual blessedness
 As long as life endure.

At Cana's happy bridal feast,
 God's Son, by mother brought,
 To sanction bonds of wedded love
 A miracle He wrought ;

His blessing fell, a holy light,
Upon the favoured pair,
He mingled with their social joys,
Of gladness took a share.

Kind Jesus, here with us to-day
Thy presence manifest,
And on the bridal matèd twain
Ten thousand blessings rest ;
Life's journey through Thy guidance grant,
Protect, and keep them Thine,
O, let them share Thy marriage feast,
And drink Thy heavenly wine.



Home Canticle.*The Lord hath blessed the house of Obed-Edom.*

OR our home we sing to bless Thee,
 Maker of the sacred tie ;
 Father, mother, children worship
 God, their Father in the sky.

Let our home be like the ark, when
 Noah rode above the flood,
 Safe amid life's waves and tempests,
 In the keeping of our God.

Let our home be as a fortress,
 Guarding all who dwell within
 From the shafts of Satan's malice,
 And the world's discordant din.

Let our home be as a garden,
 Rich with flowers, fed with dew ;
 Let it be a joyful temple,
 Filled with prayers and praises true.

For our home we seek Thy blessing,
 Holy concord, peace, and love,
 Then our earthly habitation,
 Figures Thy pure home above.

Mercy's Call.

I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me.—THE LORD.



TELL me what that voice I hear,
So silvery, sweet, melodious, clear,
It thrills the heart, it starts the tear,
And strangely seems the soul to cheer :
How sweet Thy word, dear Lord, to me,
“Come, sinner, come and follow Me.”

Hark, hark, my soul, that music springs
From Jesu's love, the King of kings,
The Sun of light, those beams He flings
To show how worthless mundane things :
How sweet Thy word, dear Lord, to me,
“Come, sinner, come and follow Me.”

My soul, arise, His steps pursue,
His presence ever keep in view,
Through trials old and perils new,
Nor fail to yield Him worship due :
How sweet Thy word, dear Lord, to me,
“Come, sinner, come and follow Me.”

He calls, my soul, to give thee light,
To dress thee in a robe of white,
To shield thee in the solemn fight,
To crown thee with divine delight :
 How sweet Thy word, dear Lord, to me,
 “ Come, sinner, come and follow Me.”

I will pursue and not complain
Of cross or thorn, of rod or pain,
Will count all loss a glorious gain,
If I may thus my way maintain :
 How sweet Thy word, dear Lord, to me,
 “ Come, sinner, come and follow Me.”

If sins draw near, with hate assail,
If terrors strike and make me quail,
If death should come, at last prevail,
O never let Thy sweet word fail !
 How sweet Thy word, dear Lord, to me,
 “ Come, sinner, come and follow Me.”



War Song.

Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles:—Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let them come up.—JOEL.



OUND the trumpet, go to war,
Haste to pull the strongholds down,
Satan's captives near and far,
With a glorious freedom crown.

On to battle, weapons bright,
Your Commander hath bestowed,
Truth and faith and love and light,
These shall break each idol god.

Rise and march to heathen lands,
Soldiers, lift the mighty cross ;
Hurry forth in hallowed bands,
Counting all things else but dross.

Christ our Lord commands the war,
He would all the heathen save ;
Linger not, urge on His car,
Win His victory, O ye brave.

Day of Jubilee, appear,
Let thy notes of triumph ring,
All the nations singing clear,
Christ is universal King.

Soldier's Prayer.

The sons of Reuben, and the Gadites, and half the tribe of Manasseh, made war with the Hagarites, and the Hagarites were delivered into their hand: for they cried to God in the battle, and He was intreated of them; because they put their trust in Him.—CHRONICLER.



EACH me, Lord, the art of fighting!
 Not with carnal weapons smiting,
 Nor with dagger words, keen, biting.

Seek I not the laurel gory,
 Won by heroes great in story,
 Prized by generations hoary.

Teach me how to fight the Devil,
 Prince of sin who tempteth evil,
 Fiery darts he oft doth level.

This false world I would, subduing,
 Stamp beneath my feet, not ruing
 All the loss I gain so doing.

Flesh, that deadliest foe, I'd vanquish,
 Though it cost me nameless anguish,
 Ah, for this my soul doth languish.

Oh, let shame and pride and folly,
Doubt and mirth and melancholy,
Crucified, be conquered wholly.

Gird me, Lord, with armour shining,
Breastplate holy, girdle twining,
Helm of hope, salvation lining.

Spirit's sword of matchless temper,
Shield of faith, to foil the tempter,
Captain, me let nothing hamper.

Make me strong and non-compliant,
Weak in self, on Thee reliant,
Humble, yet of Hell defiant.

Fight I thus, glad songs upraising,
Father, Son, and Spirit praising ;
Glory to their grace amazing.

Amen.



Come and see.

Then Jesus turned and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye? They say unto Him, Rabbi (which is to say, being interpreted, Master), where dwellest Thou? He saith unto them, Come and see.

—ST. JOHN.



EARNEST seeker, thou art known
 By One who watches all;
 He heard thy first repentant breath,
 Thy burning tears saw fall.

He knows thy troubled journeys made
 'Midst mazy hopes and fears,
 Those painful searchings after truth,
 Through many weary years.

Those failures sad of spirit life,
 Of inner battle true,
 Were witnessed by His friendly eye,
 He saw what thou wouldst do.

He listened in the evening shade,
 And heard thee, groaning, pray;
 He felt the throbs of thy poor heart,
 And read what thou wouldst say.

Christ calls thee now, "O come and see,"
He would thy steps entice,
Would bring thee to His banquet spread
With fruits of Paradise.

Obey His word, come, follow Him,
Strong rest shall then be yours,
Your eye shall see yon heavenly things,
The great angelic powers.

Believe, believe, that He is God,
Accept as Israel's King ;
Thus you His love and truth shall know,
His praises ever sing.



Hear my Cry.*Cried I, and Thou heardest my voice.—JONAH.*

COME and help me,
 Saviour, hide me ;
 Fierce the storm, cold the blast,
 Near the foe, strong and fast ;
 Hear my cry,
 Be swiftly nigh.

Come and light me,
 Darkness frights me ;
 Sun is gone, stars are fled,
 Joy unknown, comfort dead ;
 Hear my cry,
 Thy light supply.

Come and guide me,
 Go before me ;
 Shepherd true, lead the way,
 Through the night, through the day ;
 Hear my cry,
 With succour fly.

Come and save me,
 Never leave me ;
 Weak I am, bruised reed,
 Smoking flax, Thee my need ;
 Hear my cry,
 Uplift me high. Amen.

Bethesda.

Now there is at Jerusalem, by the sheep market, a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches : in these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.—ST. JOHN.



HIS Sabbath day appear,
 And make Bethesda here,
 Lord of the Sabbath, come Thou nigh ;
 Our many wants observe ;
 We show without reserve
 How great our souls' infirmity.

Walk through our midst this hour,
 Reveal Thy healing power,
 Blind, halt, and withered, wait Thy word ;
 In mercy look around,
 The porches fill with sound
 Of health, and strength, and life, O Lord.

Our eyes look up to Thee,
 For mercy rich and free,
 In mercy's house, on mercy's day ;
 These souls with grace baptise,
 From sickness we shall rise,
 And full of strength shall take our way.

Those who have tarried long
Inspire with thankful song,
Thy mercy may they see and know ;
Now pardon all their guilt,
And, in the blood once spilt
Their conscience washed, make white as snow.

Create in us a joy
No foe shall e'er destroy,
Bethesda here we then shall own,
And mercy's King adore ;
Now and for evermore,
Before Him cast our golden crown.



Hymn to the Trinity.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.—CHERUBIM.



RAISE God, the Father, True,
The Holy, Holy, Holy ;
All glory is His due,
The Fount of Godhead solely ;
Eternal Being His,
Reflections creatures fling,
Light shadows of His bliss,
Redemption's primal spring.

Praise God, the Son of God,
The Holy, Holy, Holy ;
Effulgent, equal Word,
For us the Meek and lowly—
Who veiled His burning light
With servant's form in clay,
Expired in noonday night,
Redemption's price to pay.

Praise God, the Holy Ghost,
The Holy, Holy, Holy ;
His lamps of fire, the host
Behold, who dwell in glory ;
Those tongues of flame can purge
The sinful souls we own ;
Descend, O Fire, we urge,
Redemption's work to crown.

Saints' Ascension.

We are confident, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to present with the Lord. I am ready to be offered up, and the time my departure is at hand.—ST. PAUL.



SEE the soul ascending !
 Life of shadows ending,
 Going up to light ;
 Broken chains are lying
 On the place of dying,
 Lost their lifelong might ;
 From her prison how she mounteth,
 Far above the stars God counteth,
 Leaving them in night.

Angels come with greeting,
 Happy is the meeting
 In the crystal air ;
 Break they forth in singing,
 Loud their triumphs ringing,
 Reach the City fair ;
 Onward, upward, how she wingeth !
 Full of gladness, how she singeth !
 “ Let me enter there.”

Pearly gates are swinging,
Ready, escort bringing
 Blessèd pilgrim home ;
Trumpet tones far-wending,
Harper strains rich blending,
 Fill the sky, come ! come !
Now her song she slowly stilleth,
Hushed to hear what Jesus willeth ;
 Lo ! His voice,—“ Come ! come ! ”

Low before Him bending,
Joy the air is rending,
 Glad the soul to see,
Victor now receiving
Crown, through once believing
 Christ upon the Tree ;
Crowned with diadem she riseth,
New-born song her lips surpriseth,—
 “ Jesus bled for me.”

When my soul is leaving
Time, and upward cleaving,
 Heaven may I find ;
By Thy self-denying,
By Thy crucifying,
 Jesus, then be kind ;
Upward as my spirit flieth,
All shall hear her as she crieth,—
 “ Jesus, Lord, is kind.”

Eyes Unsealed.*I am come that they which see not might see.*—THE LORD.

LIGHT of the world, our eyes unseal,
 By nature's birth we blind are born,
 We see Thee not, yet groping feel
 Our piteous need and woe forlorn ;
 This midnight of the soul destroy,
 All fear, confusion, peril end ;
 Oh, give us light to give us joy,
 We then to Thee our praise will send.
 Blest hour, when Thou dost open wide
 The gates of light on blind-bound souls ;
 They see Thy Cross, the crimson tide
 Which for man's cleansing ever rolls ;
 Their Father's face is clearly seen,
 It shines with reconciling love :
 Jerusalem, in golden sheen,
 Fills all the vision far above.
 Light of the world, have mercy, hear,
 Thy miracles in us recount,
 Though foes should mock, we will not fear,
 But publish how Siloam's fount
 At Thy command can purge the sight,
 Fill darkness with eternal day ;
 In faith we call, now send us light
 For life, for death, O Lord, we pray.

Seek and find.

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.—THE LORD.



SE search, yet do not find,
Jehovah, dread I AM,
Strange phantoms fill our eyes half-blind,
Interpret none we can ;
Incarnate Truth, we cry,
Our Father let us see,
That vision us shall satisfy,
The Father is in Thee.

For higher life we pant,
A life above all death,
No creature powers such life can grant,
They live by borrowed breath ;
Eternal Life, we turn
To Thee our yearning groan,
Oh, breathe on us, within shall burn
New life, true life, Thine own.

Afar from home in pain !
Our Father's house is high,
Nor can we find a road to gain
Admission to the sky ;
Thou Living Way, we come,
Oh, suffer Thou our feet
On Thee to tread our journey home,
Thee then in glory greet.

Gospel Feast.

Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you. I am the Living Bread which came down from heaven.—THE LORD.



HUNGRY, cheated, famished,
Bowed down with pinching pain,
Why spend your anguish labour
Sad recompense to gain?

The desert where you sojourn
No spirit-bread can yield,
A famine land of danger,
A withered, blasted field.

Your Father, high in heaven,
Sends living manna down,
The Bread of life eternal,
As eating you shall own;
How strong and full the chorus
Of those this food who taste!
Come try, then blend your voices,
The Saviour calls, make haste.

A banquet table laden
For all is daily spread,
Rich bounty and provision,
Milk, wine, and Living Bread:

Whoever will may, coming—
So ample is the store—
Find room and gracious welcome,
For open stands the door.

The Master, He will greet thee,
And eating thou shalt find
Peace, joy, and inward pleasure,
New life and health of mind :
Then tarry not, nor linger,
Come swiftly, enter in,
To make excuse or parley
Is grievous, fatal sin.



Psalm of Life.*Who knoweth what is good for man in this life?—SOLOMON.*

OUR life is meant for gladness,
 Thus nature sweetly sings ;
 There is no need for sadness,
 Her echo loudly rings.

Our life is meant for trial,
 Deep undertones declare,
 For daily self-denial,
 Strict watchfulness and care.

Our life is meant for doing
 Christ's pattern work with zeal ;
 His golden steps pursuing
 To further human weal.

Our life is meant for waiting
 On God's most blessèd will,
 With guarded heart, and praying,
 Sweet Spirit, keep me still.

Our life is meant for prayer ;
 O God, we now draw nigh ;
 This supplication answer,
 Us teach to live and die.

Marching Song.

*Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.—JEHOVAH.
Be strong and courageous, be not afraid: with us is the Lord our God to
help us, and to fight our battles.—HEZEKIAH.*



THE hand of time is raising
The new year's banner high ;
Our duty is to follow,
Fast marching to the sky ;
Gird on your strength for battle,
Nor fear to face the foe,
The Lord of our Salvation,
Is with us where we go.

Through sombre, haunted places,
Our path may sink and rise ;
By constant prayerful watching,
We baffle all surprise ;
Gird on your strength for battle,
Nor fear to face the foe,
The Lord of our Salvation,
Is with us where we go.

The Lord we serve with pleasure
May choose our grace to try
With fiery fierce temptations—
His aim to sanctify ;

Gird on your strength for battle,
Nor fear to face the foe,
The Lord of our Salvation,
Is with us where we go.

He surely calls His warriors
To duties stern and grand,
In martial spirit welcome
The orders of His hand ;
Gird on your strength for battle,
Nor fear to face the foe,
The Lord of our Salvation,
Is with us where we go.

His pattern glows before us,
Our Champion—General—Chief ;
His promises are angels
To bring us full relief ;
Gird on your strength for battle,
Nor fear to face the foe,
The Lord of our Salvation,
Is with us where we go.

On scroll of time now hidden
The sentence may be writ,—
Ye meet the King of terrors
Before the year is quit ;
Gird on your strength for battle,
Nor fear to face the foe,
The Lord of our Salvation,
Is with us where we go.

Spirit Fellowship.

If any fellowship of the Spirit.—ST. PAUL.



COMMUNION Spirit, Mystic Light !

By whom the gulf of night is spanned
From man to God, the Infinite,
Come down to us from His right hand ;
Without Thy grace we never hear
Our Father's voice, nor see Him near.

Within these ruined temples come,
The captive, troubled hearts of men ;
Create them new, Thy holy home,
In beauty let them shine again :
Replete with godlike form and grace,
Like Israel's ancient holiest place.

Commune with us apart from all ;
The secret love of God Thy theme,
Its height, its depth, to us extol,
Its length and breadth, till we shall seem
All swallowed up in love Divine,
Eternity submerging time.

God's perfect will shall then be ours,
No lack of comfort shall we know,
Rapt prayer and praise shall fill the hours,
Absorbed in God, like Christ we grow,
All fulness of the Godhead then
Shall dwell in us ; Amen, amen.

Watchful Shepherd.

I am the Door ; by Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.—THE LORD.



HE watcheth thee, thy Shepherd true,
 Marks all thy thoughts, what thou wouldst do,
 Nor will He turn His eye away
 In longest night or stormiest day ;
 Then raise the song,
 This note prolong,
 He watcheth me, He watcheth me.

He keepeth thee, thy Shepherd strong,
 The wolf may rage and demons throng,
 His faithful arm strict guard shall keep,
 To baffle all who seek His sheep ;
 Then raise the song,
 This note prolong,
 He keepeth me, He keepeth me.

He leadeth thee, thy Shepherd's hand
 Doth ever grasp the feeblest lamb,
 Through rocky paths and lonesome glens,
 To thee and all His might He sends ;
 Then raise the song,
 This note prolong,
 He leadeth me, He leadeth me.

He feedeth thee, thy Shepherd Door
Unlocks God's love in boundless store,
By waters still, in pastures green,
His loving sheep are resting seen ;
Then raise the song,
This note prolong,
He feedeth me, He feedeth me.

He guideth thee, thy Shepherd's rod,
Like magnet true, must point to God,
His flock He guides with faithful might,
To tearless plains of perfect light ;
Then raise the song,
This note prolong,
He guideth me, He guideth me.

He loveth thee, thy Shepherd Good,
Full ransom paid in tears and blood ;
And still for thee He works and prays,
Nor will He fail through all thy days ;
Then raise the song,
This note prolong,
He loveth me, He loveth me.



Mighty to Save.*He is able to save to the uttermost.—ST. PAUL.*

LOST and blind, we wandered far,
 Down a treacherous land of night,
 Till arose a tranquil star,
 Laden with celestial light ;
 Jesus spoke in tender tone,
 Gone our darkness, ever gone.
 Captives bound, the prison walls
 Round us frowned in iron strength ;
 Satan's restless, dreaming thralls,
 Strong his chains, to Hell their length ;
 Jesus smote the door anon,
 Gone our fetters, ever gone.
 Leprous, vile without, within ;
 Vain our cries and works and groans,
 None could cleanse the stain of sin,
 Helpless, hopeless were our moans ;
 Jesus sprinkled blood alone,
 Gone our vileness, ever gone.
 Condemnation on us lay,
 Weight too vast for man to move ;
 How we wrestled night and day
 Nameless agonies could prove ;
 Jesus showed a mercy throne,
 Gone our burden, ever gone.

Humility Pattern.

I have given you an example.—THE LORD.



PATTERN of humility,
Low before Thy servants' feet !
Yet art Thou Divinity,
Angels Thee behold and greet ;
We abashed with wonder own
Strange Thy posture, bowing down.
Ever let Thy menial deed
Pictured in our heart abide,
So that in the time of need
We may quench our rising pride ;
Pointing to Thy humble Form,
Quelling thus the threatening storm.
Master, wash our heart and head
Every whit, and keep us clean ;
O that all of pride were dead,
Pride which breeds the greatest sin ;
Servants to Thy servants we,
Patterns of humility.
Hard this lesson, yet we crave
Truly all its worth to learn ;
Come again our feet to lave,
We would not Thy teaching spurn ;
Gracious Master, humble, meek,
Answer whilst Thy servants speak.

Eternal Life.

And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.—ST. JOHN.



RITE, Lord, this truth within,
 Oh let us ne'er forget
 That we are moving to the grave ;
 There is our portion yet.

Nor can the will of man
 Avoid that stern decree ;
 Like autumn leaf, we, fading, must
 Fall off from life's doomed tree.

Still let us not be sad,
 As if there were no joy ;
 Beyond the cold dark grave there shines
 A bliss without alloy.

The shadow, vapour, flower,
 Must not flee by in vain ;
 O let us watch, and trust, and pray,
 Eternal bliss to gain.

Blest region, land of life,
 Eternally the same ;
 The holy, happy souls go in
 Through Jesus' mighty name.

I will with ardour use
My days of vanity :
Then death shall lead to perfect life,
Praise ye the Trinity.

Thee, Father, Spirit, Son,
We gratefully adore,
By Thy redemption work we gain
Life, life for evermore.



Sweet the Rod.

Despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be ye weary of His correction; for whom the Lord loveth He correcteth.—SOLOMON.



HE rod is sweet,
 I feel it meet
 That I should be chastisèd ;
 My life how wrong,
 How chilled my song,
 Since first I Christ receivèd.

He then revealed
 A pardon sealed,
 With precious blood atoning ;
 I vowed to serve,
 And never swerve,
 His blessèd kingship owning.

Temptations came,
 Sank down the flame
 Of early loving ardour !
 He tried to keep
 His wayward sheep,
 Within a love-built arbour.

I broke away—
 Alas! the day—
 A poor backsliding sinner ;

I stumbled, fell,
So near to hell
That Satan seemed my winner.

Within had grown
A flinty stone :
A crop of evil passion,
Of lust and pride,
My heart did hide,
Though life bore saintly fashion.

The Lord could see,
And grieved was He
Such havoc dark beholding ;
“ Sharp scourge,” He cried,
“ Must be applied,”
His hand the scourge thong holding.

His stroke I feel,
He seeks my weal :
By bitter anguish bringing
My footsteps back
Upon the track
Where taught the art of clinging.

And cling I will,
Be mute and still,
Beneath my Lord’s chastising ;
He doth restore
My joy once more,
His love my soul baptising.

Living Water.

Come, take the water of life freely.—THE SPIRIT.



ROAMERS o'er the grassless plains,
Seeking where to quench your pain;
Hither turn, Christ's well supplies
Living water ; see it rise.

Broken cisterns now forsake,
Deeper thirst they only make :
Myriads near them parched and dry,
Sink in agony and die.

Christ has dug a living fount,
By His travail on the mount ;
Rolling thence a crystal tide,
Ever since He loved and died.

Come and drink, no more delay,
Urge your steps this gospel day ;
Christ will none who come deny ;
Try His mercy, come and try.

You shall then new pleasure find,
Life and peace for wearied mind,
Hope eternal in the sky,
Try His mercy, come and try.

Holiness.

Be ye holy, for I am holy.—JEHOVAH.



MAKE us hòly, send this cry
Through our hearts, O Lord Most High,
Thence ascending to Thy throne,
Let it bring Thy Spirit down.

Make us holy, crucify
Lust of flesh, and lust of eye,
Slay our every inward foe,
Though it cost us pangs of woe.

Make us holy, all within
Cleanse with fire, and, free from sin,
Beautify our souls with light,
Arm us with divinest might.

Make us holy, like Thy son,—
Lowly, gentle, blessèd One ;
Then to us Thy face shall be
Loving, smiling, open, free.

Make us holy, thus to climb
Pisgah's prospect-height sublime,
Thence to see the landscape o'er,
Clasp our hope and fear no more.

Resurrection Song.

I am the Resurrection and the Life.—THE LORD.

And when He had thus spoken, He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And He that was dead came forth.—ST. JAMES.



HE stands, the Resurrection Power,
 Confronted by the gates of death ;
 The terror monarch grim doth lower,
 Yet waits to hear what Jesus saith :

“Thy captive loose, send forth to light ;”
 The prisoner heard that word of might.

All hail ! Redeemer, glorious Prince !
 Thou hast o’ercome our ancient foe ;
 Thy first-fruit trophy must convince
 There is for death full overthrow ;
 With joy, ye angels, crown His head,
 Whose voice to life hath called the dead.

We will not fear the fatal dart,
 Though drink it shall the body’s life ;
 Our Lord’s great triumph doth impart
 Assurance for our final strife ;
 Let death then bear us to the tomb,
 The grave shall be our new life’s womb.

Thou tyrant king, oh, not for long
Shall we within Thy clutches lay,
For one short night, and then the song
Of angel brings Eternal day ;
The Resurrection Prince shall stand,
And pluck us from thy icy hand.

When Christ our prison shall unlock,
To Him we will our anthems raise ;
But thee, O Death, with scorn we'll mock,
The Lord we will surround with praise :
Great Resurrection Life, maintain
Our faith till Thou shalt come to reign.



Holy Spirit Litany.*And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.—ST. LUKE.*

BREATH of God, and Fount of might,
 Force of Life, the primal Light,
 Presence hid, though Infinite :
 Holy Spirit, come.

See the world is void and dead,
 Beauty, truth, away are fled,
 Crown once more our crownless head :
 Holy Spirit, come.

Groping men by nature blind,
 Truth to calm, renew the mind,
 Oft they hope, yet never find :
 Holy Spirit, come.

Goad of God, of sin convince,
 Though with pain the conscience wince,
 Guilty conscience Thou canst rinse :
 Holy Spirit, come.

Faith is weak and love is cold,
 'Mongst the sheep of Jesus' fold ;
 Burning Fire, come as of old :
 Holy Spirit, come.

Fill the Church with living zeal,
All distractions calm and heal ;
Charity, thy reign reveal :
 Holy Spirit, come.

Show the things of Christ anew,
Bring His mysteries to our view,
Hidden, old, and precious, new ;
 Holy Spirit, come.

Arm with power the Gospel word,
Let the haunts of death be stirred,
Bid the sounds of life be heard :
 Holy Spirit, come.

Make the earth with beauty bloom,
Scatter every cloud of gloom,
Banish sin, fill Thou its room :
 Holy Spirit, come.

By the deadness of the earth,
By the Church's throes of birth,
By the soul's all-priceless worth,
 Holy Spirit, come.

By the word of Father, free,
By the Son from Calvary,
By the grace of Trinity,
 Holy Spirit, come.

Reconciliation Court.

*We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us : **u**
pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.—ST. PAUL.*

Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.—THE LORD.



O, a court of Reconcilement,
Fabric fair, of pearly white,
Planned by Mercy, built by Sorrow,
Filled with pure celestial light ;
Blessèd angels stand before it,
Sending far their mighty shout :
Come to Jesus—Hallelujah !—
Jesus will not cast thee out.

On a throne of royal splendour,
Sits the Saviour, Glorious Prince ;
Riches His beyond all measure,
Overwhelming proofs convince ;
Pardons He hath freely given,
Let none question, let none doubt :
Come to Jesus—Hallelujah !—
Jesus will not cast thee out.

Though thy life be false and guilty,
Though thy soul dread-loaded be,
Filthy rags thy only clothing,
Satan's captive, grief to see ;

Draw thou nigh just as thou standest,
Nor for help look thou about :
Come to Jesus—Hallelujah !—
Jesus will not cast thee out.

He will give thee reconciliation,
God's great wrath shall pass away,
In His arms He will embrace thee,
Angels pouring out their lay,
All the court shall ring with gladness,
All within and all without ;
Come to Jesus—Hallelujah !—
Jesus will not cast thee out.



Two Tones.*The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain.—ST. PAUL.*

UP through the world's dead hum,
 A living tone is gone ;
 In yearning fragments sad it cries,
 To awful God inside the skies ;
 Oh, rend Thy brazen gate,
 Come to us who wait,
 Out-purge the dross of life,
 Give us rest from strife :
 Thou Holy Spirit, Infinite,
 Come, be swift, and quench our longsme night.

Down through the world's dead hum,
 A living tone is come ;
 It falls, in drops of life, on ear
 Of faith, her heart, so slow, to cheer ;
 The noisy night of earth
 Shakes with pangs of birth ;
 The Holy Ghost from God
 Spreads His wings abroad ;
 Pure beauty shall out-pour her beam,
 God's new light in every heart be seen.
 Hallelujah. Amen.

Try the Saviour.

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—ST. PAUL.



MAKING sinner, mournful, sad,
Ruins all that made thee glad,
When thy heart through sin was mad :
Try what Christ can do.

Heavy laden, clad in shame,
Breathing low thy guilty fame,
Hope there is in one sweet Name :
Try what Christ can do.

Broken-hearted, aching, sore,
Longing much for Mercy's door,
See it ! marked with purple gore ;
Try what Christ can do.

He can dry the mourner's tears,
He can calm thy heart-felt fears,
He can pardon, word that cheers :
Try what Christ can do.

Come at once, just as thou art,
Come, He cannot say depart,
Come with lowly, trustful heart :
Try what Christ can do.

Looking unto Jesus.

*Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus,
Author and Finisher of our faith.—ST. PAUL.*



LOOKING unto Jesus
 Brought my soul relief;
 When I saw Him dying
 Fled away my grief:
 Then He gave me freedom,
 Broke sin's dreadful chain,
 Washed away transgression,
 Healed my sorest pain.

Looking unto Jesus
 Lightens every care;
 Sanctifies affliction,
 Disappoints despair;
 Makes the spirit joyful
 In the darkest day;
 Turning all its sorrow
 Into thankful lay.

Looking unto Jesus
 Keeps our courage strong;
 Saves our feet from danger
 As we march along:

Then we fight with triumph
Every deadly foe,
Chanting songs of gladness
As we onward go.

Looking unto Jesus
Purifies the heart,
Cleansing each affection
From its sordid part ;
Then we see the palace
Of our Saviour's joy ;
Hope becomes fruition,
Free from all alloy.

Looking unto Jesus
Makes the heart to shine
With a holy radiance,
Heavenly and divine ;
Fills the soul with gladness,
From celestial fount,
Bears it up triumphant
To the wondrous mount.



Life's Task.*Do all to the glory of God.—ST. PAUL.*

OUR task assign each day,
 Map Thou our desert way,
 Lord of our life ;
 Strength give us to fulfil
 All that Thy love shall will,
 Of peace or strife.

Whate'er Thy love elect,
 Where'er Thy hand direct,
 That would we do ;
 Nor may we ever pine,
 For any will but Thine :
 Before us go.

Hard work, or sudden loss,
 Sickness, or hidden cross,
 May crook our lot ;
 Yet would we not rebel,
 Nor cease Thy grace to tell :
 Forsake us not.

No will but Thine is right,
 All others grope in night,
 Even our own ;
 Submissive, then, we pray,
 Thy will be ours each day,
 O Lord, our crown.

Immanuel.

The Desire of all nations shall come.—HAGGAI.



Y E nations, sing, for angels tell
Of wonder-love, your fears to quell :
Lo ! God is man, Immanuel ;
Hallelujah.

No crown of gold this prince doth wear,
No robe of state His shoulders bear,
Lo ! humbleness divine lies there ;
Hallelujah.

He comes to keep the prophet's page,
To meet desire of ancient sage,
And fill with light the midnight age ;
Hallelujah.

His birth shall change the course of time,
His mighty Name fill every clime,
Till all the hours His praises chime ;
Hallelujah.

He comes to reign as Mercy's King,
To pluck from sin and death their sting :
Oh, come all nations, rise and sing,
Hallelujah. Amen.

Matin Hymn.*Bring your sacrifices every morning; offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving.—AMOS.*

MORN is come, I will arise,
 And my thanks devoutly pay;
 Good is God, who me supplies
 With the light of new-born day;
 Thanks like incense through the skies
 Shall ascend before I pray.

Morn is come, new needs I feel,
 Open, Lord, Thy palace door;
 Suffer me adown to kneel
 On Thy golden pavement floor;
 On me set Thy Spirit's seal,
 Thine to be for evermore.

Morn is come, at duty's call,
 Looking up the steep of life,
 I can see what may befall,
 Perils close around are rife;
 Give me strength to meet them all,
 Then I conquer in the strife.

Morn is come, sweet voice I hear,
 "Follow Me, I am the Way,
 On My footprints, bright and clear,
 Tread from hour to hour this day,
 By My presence I will cheer,
 And with might thy spirit stay."

Morn is come, by Jesus sent,
 Blessings rich, its burden is ;
Rise, my soul, to His intent,
 Scorn all other will but His ;
Then like Him, through vigour lent,
 Thou shalt spend the day in bliss.

Morn is come, another morn
 Throws a gleam upon mine eye ;
Purer light ! no spot forlorn
 Taints its brilliant sapphire sky ;
Call me, Jesus, when that morn
 Brings the day undoomed to die.



Vesper Hymn.*Day goeth away ; the shadows of the evening are stretched out.*—JEREMIAH.

NIGHT is come, I will review
 All the steps my feet have trod ;
 From the early morning hue,
 I have been sustained by God ;
 For ten thousand mercies new,
 I will spread His fame abroad.

Night is come, of sin I think,
 Sins have marred my life this day ;
 From the cross why did I shrink ?
 Why from shame turn face away ?
 By the Cup my Lord did drink,
 By His Cross, forgive, I pray.

Night is come, I think of those
 Circling round my heart most dear ;
 And of some who are my foes :
 From revenge, O keep me clear ;
 Bid Thy angels near them close,
 Save them all, my Father, hear.

Night is come, in pity bless
 All who roam unfriendly sea ;
 Homeless ones in deep distress ;
 Sick, and those who watchers be ;
 Helper ! help with fearlessness,
 All, this night, who death must see.

Night is come, I seek for rest,
On my pillow lay this head ;
But my heart upon Thy breast,
Jesus, risen from the dead :
Down I lie by hope possest,
In the morn I leave this bed.

Night is come, another night
Throws its shadow, then I sleep
Cold in death, adone the fight ;
Jesus, watch the sleeper deep :
Call me up, O morning Light,
Endless life with Thee to reap.



New Year.

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness. Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.—DAVID.



REAT God, Thy hand hath opened wide
The portal of the new-born year,
Yet all the future Thou dost hide,
We cannot tell what days are near ;

Thy presence grant, Thy might bestow,
O Jesus, light us here below.

Dark days may come, and darker nights,
Made dark by tribulation's shade,
Whilst rough our path up rocky heights,
A path by God's own wisdom made ;
Thy presence grant, Thy might bestow,
O Jesus, light us here below.

Temptations strong may gather nigh,
With subtle voice and bitter hate ;
May bruise and buffet till we cry,
And tremble on the brink of fate :
Thy presence grant, Thy might bestow,
O Jesus, light us here below.

To duties hard Thy way may lead,
Thy foes to fight, Thy Cross to bear,
Thy shame to taste, Thy cause to plead,
Thy love to publish everywhere :
Thy presence grant, Thy might bestow,
O Jesus, light us here below.

Dear Saviour, hear our earnest plea,
Thy yoke we wear, by Blood are bought,
In former times our prayer to Thee
Has won the blessings we have sought ;
Thy presence grant, Thy might bestow,
O Jesus, light us here below.



Going Away.

They heard a great voice from heaven, saying, Come up hither. And they ascended up to heaven in a cloud.—ST. JOHN.



AM going away from a world of sin,
From temptations without, from battles within ;
Farewell, I can say, nor feel a regret,
To Jesus I go, by Angels I'm met.

I am going away from a vale of tears,
A realm of deep sorrows and manifold fears ;
No more shall I weep, no more shall I sigh,
The desert is past, my triumph is nigh.

I am going away to the land of light,
No clouds cross the sky, and a stranger is night ;
No shadows there fall, no darkness is known,
Eternal the light surrounding God's throne.

I am going away to a city fair,
Replete with all wonders, all beauty is there ;
The gates are of pearl, the streets are of gold,
The mansions are filled with pleasures untold.

I am going away to the home of rest
Where the weary find quiet, are tranquil and blest ;
No wave of distress shall ruffle the heart,
Those crystalline walls full shelter impart.

I am going away to the angels' land,
Amidst their bright millions to joyfully stand ;
Adorned with a crown and clothèd in white,
Their bliss I shall know with perfect delight.

I am going away my Jesus to see,
Who lovèd me, callèd me, then set me free ;
I conquer by Him both death and the grave,
He, loving me still, is mighty to save.

I am going away with Jesus to walk
'Midst flowers of paradise, with Him to talk
Of wonders bygone, of mercies below,
Haste, ye bright angels, I flutter to go.

I am going away with Jesus to dwell,
In glory for ever His praises to swell :
Transfigured like Him, my soul shall abide,
Eternity long to spend at His side.



Hope in Sorrow.*Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him.—DAVID.*

OD shall scatter all the gloaming,
 Drive away harsh midnight roaming;
 End, my soul, thy tears and moaning.

Loves He not the Son forsaken,
 Torn by nails, by pangs deep shaken,
 Pangs for us in pity taken?

Soon shall fly the clouds that hover,
 Raven robe His soul to cover,
 Fly they shall, returning never.

Thus from God, my soul, believing,
 Thou shalt help and grace receiving,
 Suffer till the hour relieving.

Fear thou not, though sorrow tangle;
 Though with thee old serpent wrangle,
 Nor if life seem endless jangle.

Soul, I will not yield to sorrow,
 Light shall gild the hours to-morrow,
 This from hope I dare to borrow.

Spurn Me Not.

Thy sins are forgiven ; go in peace.—THE LORD.



ING of Mercy, Thou didst hear
Weeping woman kneeling near ;
Spurn me not, a like release
Speak to me with word of peace.

Quickly, too, Thy blessing came,
Raised the soul in palsied frame ;
Word of might on me bestow,
Ending all my guilty woe.

On his cross the felon prayed,
Swift from hell his soul was stayed ;
For like mercy, Thee I crave,
King of Mercy, pity, save.

Earnest, humble, heed my knock,
I remember Calvary's rock,
Lord, I cannot be denied,
Art Thou not the Crucified ?

Crucified, and crowned with thorn,
Desolate, forsaken, torn,
For my sin I see Thee die,
Give me mercy, bring it nigh.

All from Christ.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—ST. PAUL.

There is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—ST. PETER.



NEEDY, helpless, dying ;

I for mercy crying,

Fly to Thee,

Who only canst my Saviour be.

Lost and guilty, urgent,

Lord, I will be fervent,

Seeking Thee,

Who only canst my Saviour be.

Sighing, weeping, pleading ;

Hear my interceding,

Offered Thee,

Who only canst my Saviour be.

Cold, and heartless, silent,

Treat not, Lord, Thy client,

Praying Thee,

Who only canst my Saviour be.

Looking, loving, saving,
Then my nature laving,
Clean for Thee,
Who only canst my Saviour be.

Hopeful, thankful, cheerful,
I no longer tearful,
Praise give Thee,
Who only canst my Saviour be.

Happy, holy, blessèd,
Pardoned, saved, caressèd,
All by Thee,
Who only canst my Saviour be.



Renewer Spirit.

Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.—EZEKIEL.



RETURN, Life-Spirit, let Thy breath
 Fall, rushing through the vale of death,
 The Church again inspire ;
 These are the latter days foretold,
 For scoffers mock, assaults are bold,
 And faith and love are waxèd cold,
 They flicker to expire ;
 Thy breath should make them quick again,
 Their long-lost victories regain,
 In flames to heaven aspire.

Renewer Spirit, spread Thy wing,
 And o'er the earth's long midnight fling
 The new creation's morn ;
 The world shall then cast out her shame,
 Bow down to One adorèd Name,
 With boundless joy proclaim His fame,
 Through Thee of Virgin born,
 As Second Root to all our race,
 The gift of God's redeeming grace ;
 Come down on world forlorn.

Amen.

True Worship.

Worship the Father in spirit and in truth.—THE LORD.



THROUGHOUT creation God the Father seeks
For worshippers, such as His nature speaks ;
Nor can He search that temple vast in vain,
Angelic myriads raise the holy strain.

Not for the gifts of frankincense and gold,
Nor for the blood of beasts as poured of old,
But for the humble contrite heart of man,
He seeks, whose eye that heart doth ever scan.

No longer haste we to the sacred mount,
Nor holy place, Jerusalem, can count ;
For God our Father's house is everywhere,
And every spot is consecrate to prayer.

Great Spirit, thus to Thee we worship bring,
In spirit and in truth we now would sing ;
Send down Thy witness in our heart to show
That we are Thine, and in Thy image grow.

For worship must the worshippers exalt,
By worship may we grow, and never halt
In daily growth, till death shall close our eyes,
Our spirits gone to worship in the skies.

Christ's Attraction.*And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.—JESUS.*

BEHOLD, on cross-framed tree
 The Lamb is lifted up,
 A sacrifice is He
 On whom the thunders drop ;
 By all His woes, and burning pains,
 He thus for man Redemption gains.

Again lift up your eyes,
 The glorified appears
 Enthroned amidst the skies,
 Jesus our nature wears ;
 He now receives the great reward
 For all the griefs He here endured.

With wealth of grace and might,
 For man He is possess,
 In pardon, life, and light,
 And for the weary rest ;
 His treasures vast no tongue can tell,
 His riches are unsearchable.

Draw near, O helpless race,
 From every latitude,
 Receive His matchless grace,
 With heart-felt gratitude ;
 He will your fear and guilt destroy,
 He prays you come and taste His joy.

Draw, princely Saviour, draw
The captive, lost and sad,
From Satan's lion jaw
Deliver, make them glad ;
With cord of love, oh, draw them near,
With seal of love, oh, stamp them clear.

Exalted Prince, we cry,
Fulfil Thy gracious word,
To Thee draw all men nigh,
Be Thou their Rest and Lord ;
The world's acclaim shall crown Thee King,
From isle to isle Thy praise shall ring.





BREAK ye forth in joyful psalm,
Bright star in azure plains,
Huge mountain wild, and feathery pa
Blue ocean, raise your strains ;
One monarch great o'er all doth rule,
In silent glory nigh ;
Proclaim His wise benign control,
His gracious majesty.

O, break ye forth in joyful psalm,
Sad, long-lost sons of night ;
Your God would heal with Gilead's balm
The conscience dread affright ;
To throne of grace and cleansing blood,
He calls thee, weary soul,
Would give thee rest and ghostly good,
Would pardon, make thee whole.

O, break ye forth in joyful psalm,
Dear children of His grace,

O, break thou forth in joyful psalm,
Meek pilgrim to the skies ;
Agone thy fears, the victory palm
Shall wave before thine eyes ;
And soon thy soul, in glory clad,
The Captain's face shall see ;
His grace extol with rapture glad
In psalms eternally.



Day for Ever.

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



THY light, O Christ, is now too bright
 For sinners groping in the night,
 Yet, Lord, I turn to Thee ;
 No other sun can give me heat,
 No other star can guide my feet
 To immortality.

Then chase away the painful gloom
 Which hovers near and shades yon tomb,
 For I would live with Thee ;
 If this, my Lord, must be denied,
 Yet hold me near Thy wounded side,
 Safe then, though dark it be.

A day all light shall come at last,
 The clouds all gone, the shadows past,
 For ever fled away ;
 'Midst light divine I then shall walk
 On golden street, and with Thee talk
 Through one eternal day.





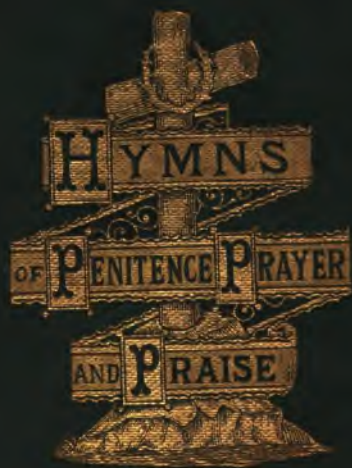
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