

The
BLESSSED LIFE

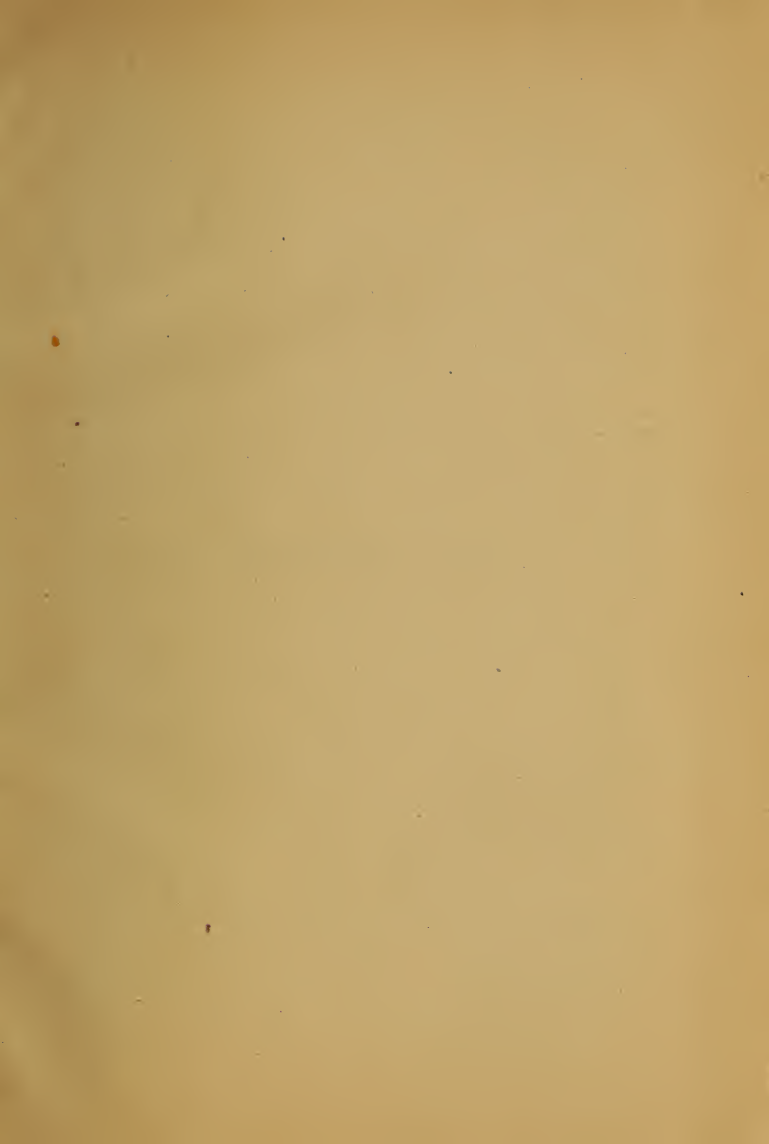
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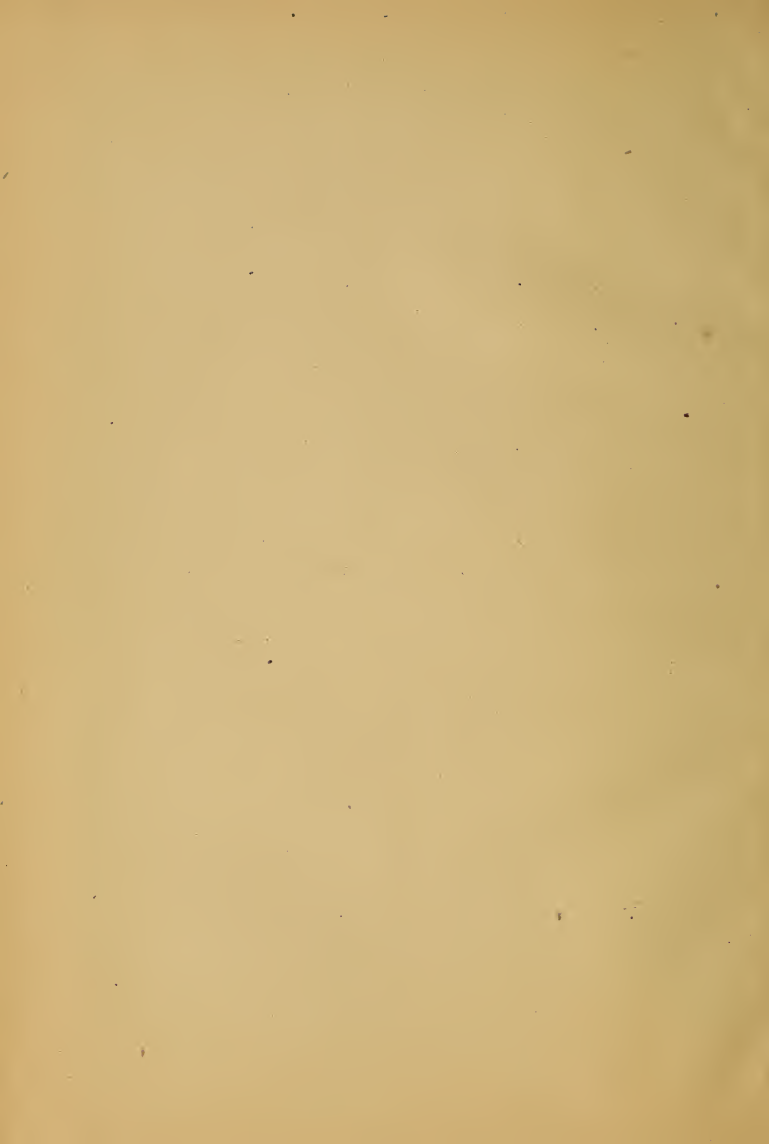
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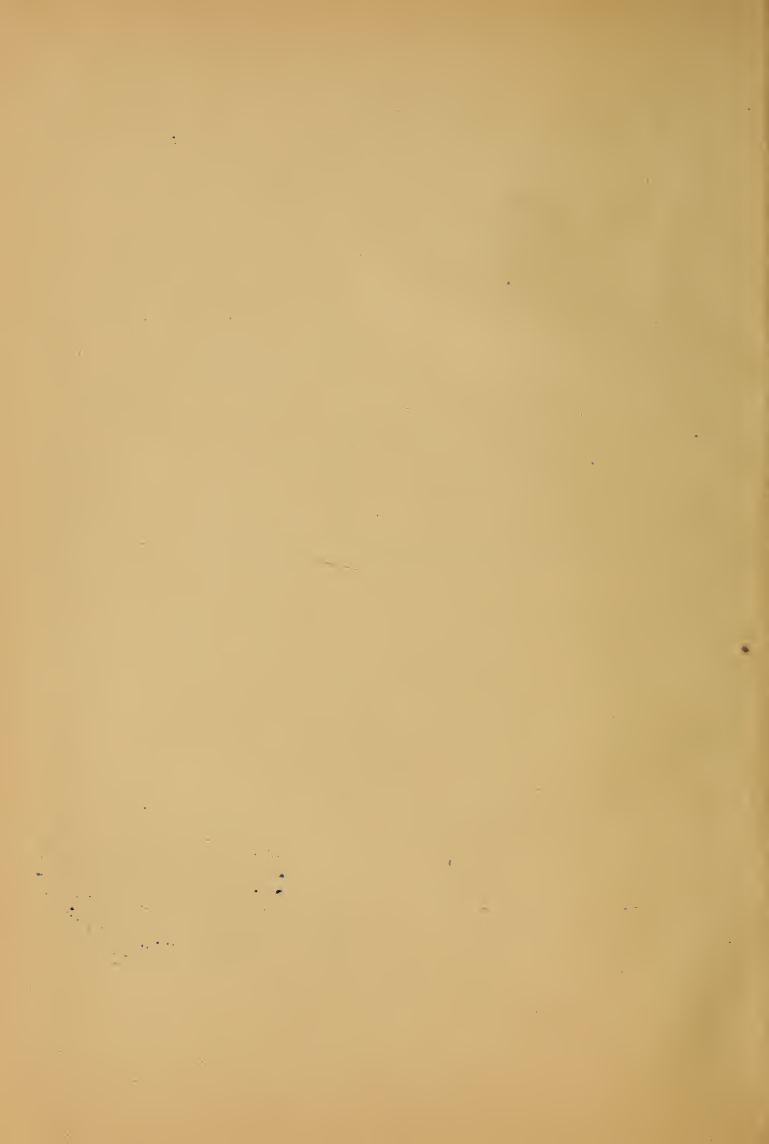
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







THE BLESSED LIFE.



THE BLESSED LIFE.

Favorite Hymns

SELECTED BY

THE EDITOR OF "QUIET HOURS," "SURSUM CORDA," &c.

(*M. W. T. J. S.*
Mary W. T. J. S.)

"There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime ;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."



BOSTON:

ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1878.

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Preface.



MY object in making this little collection has been to bring together in small compass a number of the best hymns, to which we are all attached, and such as are worth learning by heart. There are so many hours of sickness and sorrow, so many wakeful seasons in the night, when nothing soothes and calms the spirit so much as psalms and hymns, that it is well to store the mind with them, in readiness for the time of need. It is especially desirable to do this in childhood; for verses thoroughly learned then generally remain longest in the memory.

Fully three-quarters of these hymns are those which our mothers and our grandmothers loved, and are full of sacred and sweet associations. Here are the fervent outpourings of prayer and praise of Watts and Wesley, of Doddridge and Montgomery, of Cowper and Newton. Here are also hymns which seem equally full of fer-

vor and devotion by Keble and Lyte, by Miss Elliott and others, of more recent times, and by many who are still with us.

All, with the exception of a portion of Mr. Whittier's poem of "The Eternal Goodness" (which seems to me to belong here), are taken from hymn-books, and are intended for singing. Many of them sing themselves, from long association with special tunes, or from an inborn melody of their own. I have gathered them from the Methodist and Episcopal hymnals, from old-fashioned and new-fashioned hymn-books; so that, while all will not be familiar to all readers, there are hardly any which will not seem like old friends to some. I have endeavored to restore the hymns to their original form, as the authors wrote them; but in many instances it is very difficult to ascertain the correct reading, and there are some cases in which the alterations have made a great improvement; such as the substitution of "When my eyelids close in death," for "When my eyestrings break in death," in "Rock of Ages." I have sometimes hesitated to restore a word or line, when the altered version has become almost authorized by long usage, so that a change would strike harshly on the ears of those who have always known it in the current shape. "Before Jeho-

vah's awful throne," was originally written, "Nations attend before his throne," and was preceded by another verse. It was altered by Wesley, and would not be readily recognized in its true form. "Glory to thee, my God, this night," was written, "All praise to thee, my God, this night." And the list might be greatly extended.

I offer my thanks to the authors who have so kindly given me permission to use their hymns; and also to Messrs. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD, & Co., for allowing me to print here several copyrighted poems.

M. W. T.

OCTOBER, 1878.

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Morning and Evening.



I.

A MORNING PRAYER.

C. M.

NOW that the sun is beaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That he, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

And, while the hours in order flow,
O Lord, securely fence
Our gates beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.

ST. AMBROSE.

2.

A MORNING HYMN.

7.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night :
 Dayspring from on high, be near !
 Daystar, in my heart appear !

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by thee ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine ;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, radiancy divine ;
 Scatter all my unbelief ;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

3.

A MORNING HYMN.

L. M.

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

In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, whilst I slept !
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

THOMAS KEN.

4.

COME TO ME, LORD.

L. M.

COME to me, Lord, when first I wake,
As the faint lights of morning break ;
Bid purest thoughts within me rise,
Like crystal dewdrops to the skies.

Come to me in the sultry noon,
Or earth's low communings will soon
Of thy dear face eclipse the light,
And change my fairest day to night.

Come to me in the evening shade ;
And if my heart from thee have strayed,
Oh ! bring it back, and from afar
Smile on me like thine evening star.

Come to me in the midnight hour,
When sleep withholds her balmy power ;
Let my lone spirit find its rest,
Like John, upon my Saviour's breast.

Come to me through life's varied way ;
And when its pulses cease to play,
Then, Saviour, bid me come to thee,
That where thou art thy child may be.

H. V. T.

5. STILL WITH THEE. II. 10.

STILL, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee !

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning-star doth rest,
So in this stillness thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with thee ! as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be, at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee !

6.

A MORNING HYMN.

L. M.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow every wandering star.

Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

ISAAC WATTS.

7. IN SLEEP'S SERENE OBLIVION. L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

8.

MORNING.

L. M.

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

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

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

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

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

Seek we no more : content with these,
 Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
 As heaven shall bid them, come and go, —
 The secret this of rest below.

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

JOHN KEBBLE.

9. O THOU TRUE LIFE. L. M.

O THOU true Life of all that live,
 Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway ;
 Who dost the morn and evening give,
 And through its changes guide the day, —

Thy light upon our evening pour ;
 So may our souls no sunset see,
 But death to us an open door
 To an eternal morning be.

Thee in the hymns of morn we praise,
 To thee our voice at eve we raise ;
 Oh, grant us, with thy saints on high,
 Thee through all time to glorify.

10.

EVENING HYMN.

L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

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

Oh, may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close, —
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake !

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

THOMAS KEN.

I I.

ABIDE WITH US.

L. M.

'TIS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

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

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

JOHN KEBLE.

12.

AN EVENING HYMN.

L. M.

THUS far the Lord has led me on ;
 Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace .

Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past ;
 He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

Faith in his name forbids my fear :
 Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart ;
 And in the morning make me hear
 The love and kindness of thy heart.

ISAAC WATTS.

13.

THE SINKING SUN.

6. 4.

THE sun is sinking fast,
 The daylight dies ;
 Let love awake, and pay
 Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live ;

So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide, —
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.

Thus would I live ; yet now
Not I but he
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

14.

VESPERS.

C. M.

O SHADOW in a sultry land,
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love enfolding like the night
Brings quietude and rest,
Glimpse of the fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed !

From aimless wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro ;
The wave of being mingles deep
Amid its ebb and flow ;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know.

That which the garish day had lost,
The twilight vigil brings,
While softer the vesper bell
Its silver cadence rings, —
The sense of an immortal trust,
The brush of angel wings !

Drop down behind the solemn hills,
O Day, with golden skies !

Serene above its fading glow,
Night, starry crowned, arise !
So beautiful may heaven be
When life's last sunbeam dies !

CAROLINE M. PACKARD.

15. THE DAILY GOODNESS OF GOD. L. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

16.

EVENING HYMN.

L. M.

I REST beneath the Almighty's shade ;
 My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
 Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
 Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

Wherefore in confidence I close
 Mine eyes, for thine are open still ;
 My spirit, lulled in calm repose,
 Waits for the counsels of thy will.

After thy likeness let me rise,
 If here thou willest my longer stay ;
 Or close in mortal sleep mine eyes,
 To open them in endless day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

17.

UNCEASING WORSHIP.

S. M.

OUR day of praise is done ;
 The evening shadows fall ;
 Yet pass not from us with the sun,
 True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire ;
But, oh, the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir !

Yet, Lord, to thy dear will,
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to thy name ;

Till dawns that day again,
The day that knows no end,
When songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

JOHN ELLERTON.

18.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

7.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

G. W. DOANE.

The Glory of the Lord.



19. JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE. L. M.

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

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

We are his people ; we his care ;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

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

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

20.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

C. M.

O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
 That thou the only Lord
 And everlasting Father art,
 By all the earth adored.

To thee all angels cry aloud ;
 To thee the powers on high,
 Both cherubim and seraphim,
 Continually do cry, —

“ O holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Whom heavenly hosts obey,
 The world is with the glory filled
 Of thy majestic sway.”

The apostles' glorious company,
 And prophets crowned with light,
 With all the martyrs' noble host,
 Thy constant praise recite.

The holy Church throughout the world,
 O Lord, confesses thee,
 That thou eternal Father art,
 Of boundless majesty.

21. THE BOUNTIES OF PROVIDENCE. L. M.

FATHER of lights, we sing thy name,
Who kindledst up the lamp of day ;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

Fountain of good, from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which through the hills and through the meads
Revive the grass and swell the grain.

Oh, let not our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;
But what thy liberal hand imparts
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God, enjoyed in all.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

22.

GLORY TO THEE.

L. M.

GLORY to thee, whose powerful word
 Bids the tempestuous winds arise ;
 Glory to thee, the sovereign Lord
 Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies !

Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
 And seas thine awful will perform ;
 From them we learn to own thy sway,
 And shout to meet the gathering storm.

What though the floods lift up their voice,
 Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry ;
 They cannot damp thy children's joys,
 Or shake the soul when God is nigh.

Roar on, ye waves ! our souls defy
 Your roaring to disturb our rest ;
 In vain to impair the calm ye try, —
 The calm in a believer's breast.

CHARLES WESLEY.

23.

ETERNITY OF GOD.

C. M.

OUR God ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home !

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

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

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light ;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

Our God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS

24.

CROWNING MERCIES.

L. M.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand :
 The opening year thy mercy shows ;
 That mercy crowns it, till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still are we guarded by our God,
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own ;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

25.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

S. M.

MY soul repeat His praise,
 Whose mercies are so great,
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

ISAAC WATTS.

26.

MAJESTY OF GOD.

C. M.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

THOMAS STERNHOLD.

27.

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart !
But thou canst read it there.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

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

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I 'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

28. GLORY OF GOD IN THE HEAVENS. L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

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

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing, as they shine, —
 "The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

29. COME, CREATOR SPIRIT. L. M.

OH, come, Creator Spirit blest !
 Within these souls of thine to rest ;
 Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
 To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

Come, Holy Spirit, now descend !
 Most blessed gift which God can send ;
 Thou Fire of love, and Fount of life !
 Consume our sins, and calm our strife.

With patience firm and purpose high,
 The weakness of our flesh supply ;
 Kindle our senses from above,
 And make our hearts o'erflow with love.

GREGORY THE GREAT.

30.

YEA, I WILL EXTOL THEE.

6. 5.

YEA, I will extol thee,
 Lord of life and light !
 For thine arm upheld me,
 Turned my foes to flight :
 I implored thy succor,
 Thou wert swift to save,
 Heal my wounded spirit,
 Bring me from the grave.

Grief may, like a stranger,
 Through the night sojourn,
 Yet shall joy to-morrow
 With the sun return.
 "Hear me, Lord ! in mercy ;
 God, my helper, hear ;"
 Long thou didst not tarry,
 Help and health were near.

Thou hast turned my mourning
 Into minstrelsy,
 Girded me with gladness,
 Set from thralldom free :

Thee my ransomed powers
 Henceforth shall adore, —
 Thee, my great Deliverer,
 Bless for evermore !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

31.

THE DIVINE GOODNESS.

C. M.

GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
 We own thy power divine ;
 We hear thy breath in every storm,
 For all the winds are thine.

Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
 They work thy sovereign will ;
 And, awed by thy majestic voice,
 Confusion shall be still.

Thy mercy tempers every blast
 To them that seek thy face,
 And mingles with the tempest's roar
 The whispers of thy grace.

Those gentle whispers let me hear,
 Till all the tumult cease ;
 And gales of paradise shall lull
 My weary soul to peace.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

32. MY MAKER AND MY KING. S. M.

MY Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe :
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.

Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live :
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

Oh, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

ANNE STEELE.

33.

THE NEW COVENANT.

L. M.

O GOD, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart ;
'Stablish with me the covenant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget ;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore,
With speechless wonder, at thy feet.

O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move ;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

Then every murmuring thought, and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost :
I cannot of my cross complain, —
I cannot of my goodness boast.

CHARLES WESLEY.

34.

THOU SEEST ALL.

C. M.

TO thee, my God, my days are known ;
My soul enjoys the thought ;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.

Each secret breath devotion pours
Is vocal to thine ear ;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve ;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

35.

BLESS THE LORD.

S. M

O H, bless the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul !
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

ISAAC WATTS.

Servent in Spirit.



36.

THY BOUNDLESS LOVE.

L. M.

FATHER, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

O Love, how cheering is thy ray !
All pain before thy presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.

Oh, let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind ;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind,

Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace ;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong ;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

PAUL GERHARDT.

37. WHEN I QUIT THIS EARTHLY STAGE. L. M.

LORD, when I quit this earthly stage,
 Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
 For I have sought no other home,
 For I have learned no other rest.

I cannot live contented here,
 Without some glimpses of thy face ;
 And heaven, without thy presence there,
 Would be a dark and tiresome place.

When earthly cares engross the day,
 And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
 The shining hours of cheerful light
 Are long and tedious years to me.

And if no evening visit 's paid
 Between my Saviour and my soul,
 How dull the night ! how sad the shade !
 How mournfully the minutes roll !

My God ! and can an humble child,
 That loves thee with a flame so high,
 Be ever from thy face exiled,
 Without the pity of thine eye ?

Impossible ! for thine own hands
 Have tied my heart so fast to thee ;
 And in thy book the promise stands
 That where thou art thy friends must be.

38.

FOR DIVINE STRENGTH.

II. 10.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
 Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love ;
 For we are weak and need some deep revealing
 Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sor-
 row,

And thou hast made each step an onward one ;
 And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
 Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
 Abides ; and when pain seems to have her will,
 Or we despair, oh ! may that peace rise slowly,
 Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father — now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
 Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love ;
 Now make us strong, — we need thy deep revealing
 Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

39.

GOD OF MY LIFE.

L. M.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
 Through various deaths my soul hath led,
 Or turned aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head :

In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see :
Oh ! help me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

On thee my helpless soul is cast,
And looks again thy grace to prove :
I call to mind the wonders past,
The countless wonders of thy love.

Whither, oh ! whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast ?
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest !

Foolish and impotent and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known :
Bring me where I my heaven may find, —
The heaven of loving thee alone.

Enlarge my heart to make thee room ;
Enter, and in me ever stay ;
The crooked then shall straight become ;
The darkness shall be lost in day.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1740.

40.

HUMBLE WORSHIP.

C. M.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode ;
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God.

Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight ;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne ;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

There all the heavenly hosts are seen ;
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in
With wonder and with love.

Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
The adoring armies fall ;
With joy they shrink to nothing there
Before the Eternal All.

ISAAC WATTS.

41. ETERNAL, IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE. L. M

ETERNAL and immortal King !
 Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;
 But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
 When God with all his lustre 's there.

Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
 The great Invisible can see ;
 And with its tremblings mingle joy,
 In fixed regards, great God, to thee.

Then every tempting form of sin,
 Shamed in thy presence, disappears ;
 And all the glowing, raptured soul
 The likeness it contemplates wears.

O ever conscious to my heart !
 Witness to its supreme desire !
 Behold it presseth on to thee,
 For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

This one petition would it urge, —
 To bear thee ever in its sight ;
 In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
 Its only portion and delight !

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

42. EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE. C. M.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face ;
 My thirsty spirit faints away
 Without thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.

I've seen thy glory and thy power
 Through all thy temple shine ;
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
 That vision so divine.

Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As thy forgiving love.

ISAAC WATTS.

43. MY GOD AND MY PORTION. C. M.

MY God, my Portion, and my Love,
 My everlasting All,
 I've none but thee in heaven above,
 Or on this earthly ball.

In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light ;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

And whilst, upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.

To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode ;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.

Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore, —
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

ISAAC WATTS.

44. AS THE HART PANTETH. L. M.

AS, panting in the sultry beam,
 The hart desires the cooling stream,
 So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee ;
 Athirst to taste thy living grace,
 And see thy glory, face to face.

Ah, why, by passing clouds oppressed,
 Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
 Turn, turn to him, in every pain,
 Whom suppliants never sought in vain ;
 Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
 Thy hope when joy has passed away.

JOHN BOWDLER. 1783-1815.

45. THE LOVE OF GOD. C. M.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
 A soundless, shoreless sea !
 Wherein at last our souls must fall,
 O Love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes ;
The other leads us, safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind !

But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win ;
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within !

And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee !

ELIZA SCUDDER

46. MY STRENGTH AND MY HOPE. S. M.

MY God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up
And know thou hear'st my prayer :
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do ;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill ;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss ;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less :
This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want ;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

I rest upon thy word ;
The promise is for me ;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee :
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

47.

AS PANTS THE HART.

C. M.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams
 When heated in the chase,
 So longs my soul for thee, O God,
 And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsting soul doth pine ;
 Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou Majesty-Divine !

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God, who will employ
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

TATE AND BRADY.

48.

LOVE DIVINE.

8. 7.

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.

Father, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, oh breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast !
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest ;
Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive :
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and sinless let us be :
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

49.

FOR RENEWED GRACE.

7.

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love Divine, thyself impart ;
Every fainting soul inspire,
Shine in every drooping heart.
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
Love of God, appear, appear ;
To thy human temples come.

Come, in this accepted hour ;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in ;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin ;
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less :
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

50.

DIVINE LOVE.

8.

O LOVE, I languish at thy stay ;
I pine for thee with lingering smart ;
Weary and faint through long delay,
When wilt thou come into my heart ?
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in thee !

Come, O thou universal good !
Balm of the wounded conscience, come !
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wandering pilgrim's home ;
Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
My everlasting rest from sin.

Be thou, O Love, whate'er I want ;
Support my feebleness of mind ;
Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint
Revive, illuminate the blind ;
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
And heal the sick and raise the dead !

CHARLES WESLEY.

51. RETIREMENT AND MEDITATION. L. M.

MY God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee :
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour, go?

Call me away from flesh and sense ;
 One sovereign word can draw me thence :
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
 Let noise and vanity be gone :
 In secret silence of the mind,
 My heaven, and there my God, I find.

ISAAC WATTS.

52. DIVINE WISDOM. 10.

THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
 Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
 On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
 And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
 With silent confidence and holy rest :
 From thee, great God, we spring ; to thee we tend ;
 Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

BOËTHIUS. Tr. by DR. JOHNSON.

53.

PSALM LXIII.

L. M.

O GOD, thou art my God alone,
 Early to thee my soul shall cry ;
 A pilgrim in a land unknown,
 A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
 When I remember on my bed,
 Thy presence makes the darkness light,
 Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself thy love,
 Dearer than all beside to me ;
 For whom have I in heaven above
 Or what on earth compared to thee ?

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

54.

SEEKING GOD.

S. M.

MY God, permit my tongue
 This joy, to call thee mine ;
 And let my early cries prevail
 To taste thy love divine.
 For life without thy love
 No relish can afford ;
 No joy can be compared to this, —
 To serve and please the Lord.
 Since thou hast been my help,
 To thee my spirit flies,
 And on thy watchful providence
 My cheerful hope relies.
 The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps :
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And he supports my steps.

ISAAC WATTS.

55.

OH, DRAW ME.

L. M.

OH, draw me, Father, after thee ;
 So shall I run and never tire :
 With gracious words still comfort me :
 Be thou my hope, my sole desire ;
 Free me from every weight ; nor fear
 Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

From all eternity, with love
 Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,
 Thy tender mercies me pursued :
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on every side.

MORAVIAN.

56. DELIGHT IN GOD. C. M.

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
 To see thy lovely face,
 To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
 And feel thy vital rays.

While the bright nation sounds thy praise
 From each eternal hill,
 Sweet odors of exhaling grace
 The happy region fill.

Thy love, a sea without a shore,
 Spreads life and joy abroad ;—
 Oh, 'tis a heaven worth dying for
 To see a smiling God.

Show me thy face, and I'll away
 From all inferior things ;
 Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
 And stretch my airy wings.

ISAAC WATTS.

57.

LONGING AFTER GOD.

L. M.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest :
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise :
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

ISAAC WATTS.

58. THE SPRING OF ALL MY JOYS. C. M.

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

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

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

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe :
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

59.

THEE WILL I LOVE.

8.

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all thy works, and thee alone :
 Thee will I love till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

Ah ! why did I so late thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men !
 Ah ! why did I no sooner go
 To thee, the only ease in pain !
 Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn
 That I so late to thee did turn.

In darkness willingly I strayed :
 I sought thee, yet from thee I roved :
 Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than thee I loved ;
 And now, if more at length I see,
 'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright beams on me have shined ;
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes and healed my wounded mind ;
 I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way ;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears ;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires ;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod ;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

JOHANN SCHEFFLER, 1657. Tr. by JOHN WESLEY.

60.

IN THE NIGHT WATCHES.

C. M.

'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power ;
I kept thy lovely face in sight,
Amidst the darkest hour.

While I lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high ;
My God, my Life, my Hope, I said,
Bring thy salvation nigh.

My spirit labors up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road ;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings ;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

ISAAC WATTS.

61. THE WHISPERS OF GRACE. 7. 6.

OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice ;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

From the world of sin and noise
And hurry I withdraw ;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe ;
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move ;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

62. DESIRES FOR GOD'S PRESENCE. 6. 10.

WILT thou not visit me ?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew ;
Each blade of grass I see
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Lends but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

Come ! for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;
Come, like thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes ! thou wilt visit me ;
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
My spirit loves with thine in peace to dwell.

JONES VERY.

63.

DIVINE MAJESTY.

L. M.

UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon, —
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

Then they might fight and rage and rave :
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

ISAAC WATTS.

64. THE SOUL ASPIRING TO HEAVEN. 7. 6.

R ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

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

ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

65.

IN A HURRY OF BUSINESS.

S. M.

THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart,
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my anxious heart.
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed :
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize ;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

CHARLES WESLEY.

66.

NEARER TO THEE.

6. 4.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me :
 Still all my song would be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee, —
 Nearer to thee !

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

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

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise :
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee !

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee !

SARAH F. ADAMS. 1848.

67. I GIVE MYSELF TO THEE. 8.

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
 The image of thy Godhead here ;
 Who soughtest me with tender care
 Through all my wanderings wild and drear, —
 O Love, I give myself to thee,
 Thine ever, only thine to be.

O Love, who soon shalt bid me rise
 From out this dying life of ours ;
 O Love, who soon o'er yonder skies
 Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers, —
 O Love, I give myself to thee,
 Thine ever, only thine to be.

JOHANN SCHEFFLER (ANGELUS SILESIVS). 1657.

68. THE HOLY SPIRIT THE COMFORTER. 8. 6. 4.

O UR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
 His tender, last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
 With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless, too.

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

And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

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

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see ;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

HARRIET AUBER.

69. ETERNAL SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. C. M.

ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

Light in thy light, oh, may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove ;
Revived and cheered and blest by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven ;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Serving the Lord.



70.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

C. M.

AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye, —

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

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

71.

FOR A NEW YEAR.

10. 5. 11.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear.

His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

Our life is a-dream ; our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown ; the moment is gone ;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

Oh, that each, in the day of his coming, may say, —
 “ I have fought my way through ;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.”

Oh, that each from his Lord may receive the glad
 word, —
 “ Well and faithfully done !
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.”

CHARLES WESLEY.

72.

BEFORE LABOR.

L. M.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue ;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil !
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given ;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

73.

GOD OUR STRENGTH.

L. M.

AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears ;
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint, —

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

ISAAC WATTS.

74.

SONG OF THE PILGRIM.

S. M.

COME, brothers, let us go !
Our Father is our guide :
And, if our way be bright or dark,
He's ever at our side.

Our spirits he will cheer
With sunshine of his love ;
He guards us, and we need not fear,
With such a friend above.

The strong be quick to raise
The weaker when they fall :
Let love and peace and patience bloom
In ready help for all.

Come, brothers, let us go !
We travel hand in hand :
Each with his brother walks in joy
Through this dear Fatherland.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

75.

A CHARGE TO KEEP.

S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky ;
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil :
 Oh, may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will !

Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And, oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give :
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forsaken die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

76.

FOR A HOLY HEART.

S. M.

GREAT Source of life and light,
 Thy heavenly grace impart,
 And by thy Holy Spirit write
 Thy law upon my heart :

My soul would cleave to thee ;
Let naught my purpose move ;
Oh, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love.

Imbue my constant mind
With deep humility,
And let an ardent zeal be joined
With perfect charity ;
That grace to me impart,
With meekness to reprove,
To hate the sin with all my heart,
And still the sinner love.

Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
Oh, let my soul on thee be cast
In confidence and prayer !
Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storm and tempest rise no more,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

CHARLES WESLEY.

77.

MADE PERFECT IN LOVE.

C. M.

FATHER, united by thy grace,
 And each to each endeared,
 With confidence we seek thy face,
 And know our prayer is heard.

Make us into one spirit drink ;
 Baptize into one name ;
 And let us always kindly think,
 And sweetly speak the same.

Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
 Let all our hearts agree ;
 And ever towards each other move,
 And ever move towards thee.

Grant this, and then from all below
 Insensibly remove :
 Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
 Made perfect first in love !

Yet when the fullest joy is given,
 The same delight we prove ;
 In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
 Our all in all is love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

78.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

C. M.

FATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.

Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man ;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign.

The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin ;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in, —

The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

79. "MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND." C. M.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee, —
More careful, — not to serve thee much,
But to please thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes thy children "free ;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

80.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

S. M.

FOR ever with the Lord !
Amen ! so let it be !

Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality !

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies :
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace !

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

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

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

For ever with the Lord !
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that gracious word,
E'en here, to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand,
Then shall I never fail ;
Uphold me, and I needs must stand ;
Fight, and I shall prevail.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

81.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

C. M.

HELP us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear ;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
 Our little stock improve ;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.

Up into thee, our living Head,
 Let us in all things grow,
 Till thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.

CHARLES WESLEY.

82.

THRICE HAPPY SOULS.

C. M.

THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven
 While yet they sojourn here,
 Thus all their days with God begin,
 And spend them in his fear !

'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne,
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought ;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought !

When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast ;
And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.

In solid, pure delights, like these,
Let all my days be past ;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear, the last.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

83. FOR THE SPIRIT'S INFLUENCES. L. M.

I WANT the spirit of power within,
 Of love and of a healthful mind ;
 Of power to conquer every sin,
 Of love to God and all mankind ;
 Of health, that pain and death defies,
 Most vigorous when the body dies.

Oh, that the Comforter would come,
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast ;
 And make my soul his loved abode,
 The temple of indwelling God !

CHARLES WESLEY.

84. LOVE. C. M.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast ;
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear ;
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.

This is the grace that lives and sings
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of love bear us away
 To see our smiling God.

ISAAC WATTS.

85.

SERVING THE LORD.

L. M.

MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
 To every service I can pay,
 And call it my supreme delight
 To hear thy dictates and obey.

What is my being, but for thee,
 Its sure support, its noblest end?
 Thy ever-smiling face to see,
 And serve the cause of such a Friend?

Thy work my hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigor is no more,
 And my last hour of life confess
 Thy love hath animating power.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

86.

LO! I COME.

7. 6. 8.

LO! I come with joy to do
 The Master's blessed will ;
 Him in outward works pursue,
 And serve his pleasure still.
 Faithful to my Lord's commands,
 I still would choose the better part ;
 Serve with careful Martha's hands,
 And loving Mary's heart.

Careful without care I am,
 Nor feel my happy toil,
 Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
 Supported by his smile :
 Joyful thus my faith to show,
 I find his service my reward ;
 Every work I do below,
 I do it to the Lord.

Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
 Dost all my burdens bear !
 Lift my heart to things above,
 And fix it ever there !
 Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
 'Midst busy multitudes alone,
 Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
 Till all thy will be done.

Oh, that all the art might know
 Of living thus to thee !
 Find their heaven begun below,
 And here thy glory see !
 Walk in all the works prepared
 By thee to exercise their grace,
 Till they gain their full reward,
 And see thy glorious face.

CHARLES WESLEY.

87.

GOD'S FATHERLY CARE.

10.

FATHER, there is no change to live with thee,
 Save that in Christ I grow from day to day ;
 In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
 I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
 And I, new-wakened, find a morn within,
 And in its modest dawn around me shed
 Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.

Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend ;
 Yet they could never reach as far as me,
 Did not thy love its kind protection lend,
 That I, thy child, might sleep in peace with thee.

JONES VERY.

88.

WATCHFULNESS.

C. M.

I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to find it near.

I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.

Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God ! my conscience make ;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

CHARLES WESLEY.

89.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

C. M.

WORKMAN of God ! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blessed is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is in the field when he
Is most invisible !

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye !

For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin !

FREDERICK W. FABER.

90. LET US JOIN, AS GOD COMMANDS.

7.

LET us join, as God commands,
 Let us join our hearts and hands ;
 Help to gain our calling's hope ;
 Help to build each other up ;
 Carry on the Christian's strife ;
 Walk in holiness of life ;
 Faithfully our gifts improve
 For the sake of him we love.

Hence may all our actions flow,
 Love the proof that Christ we know ;
 Mutual love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee ;
 Love, thine image, love impart ;
 Stamp it on our face and heart ;
 Only love to us be given ;
 Lord, we ask no other heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY.

91. YOUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST. L. M.

YE faithful souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place ;
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies ;
And glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

92.

A LIVING SACRIFICE.

L. M

O GOD, what offering shall I give
 To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
 My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
 A holy, living sacrifice :
 Small as it is, 'tis all my store ;
 More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

Now then, my God, thou hast my soul ;
 No longer mine, but thine I am :
 Guard thou thine own, possess it whole,
 Cheer it with hope, with love inflame.
 Thou hast my spirit ; there display
 Thy glory to the perfect day.

Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
 Devoted solely to thy will :
 Here let thy light for ever shine :
 This house still let thy presence fill :
 O Source of life ! live, dwell, and move
 In me, till all my life be love.

JOACHIM LANGE. Tr. by JOHN WESLEY.

93.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

S. M.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
 With a glad heart and free,
 Myself, my residue of days,
 I consecrate to thee.

Thy ransomed servant, I
 Restore to thee thine own ;
 And from this moment live or die
 To serve my God alone.

CHARLES WESLEY.

94.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

S. M.

THAT blessed law of thine,
 Jesus, to me impart ;
 The Spirit's law of life divine,
 Oh, write it on my heart !

Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove,
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.

Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity ;
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

95.

ONE HEART AND MIND.

7.

FATHER, we look up to thee ;
Let us in thy love agree :
Show thyself the God of peace,
Bid our jars for ever cease.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear ;
Ready when reviled to bless ;
Studious of the law of peace.

Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide ;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Rejoicing in Hope.



96.

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

C. M.

O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here !
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees ;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

ISAAC WATTS.

97.

JOY IN THE LORD.

S. M.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas ;

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

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

ISAAC WATTS.

98.

BLESSEDNESS.

L. M.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
 Who feel the joys of pardoned sin !
 Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
 Their minds have heaven and peace within.

The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
 Made up of innocence and love ;
 And soft and silent as the shades
 Their nightly minutes gently move.

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
 But fly not half so swift away ;
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,
 And calm as summer evenings be.

How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
 Where groves of living pleasure grow,
 And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
 Sit undisturbed upon their brow !

ISAAC WATTS.

99.

THE LORD IS MY PORTION.

C. M.

MY heart is resting, O my God, —
I will give thanks and sing ;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel thou hast made
No hand but thine shall fill ;
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set :
Glory to thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to thy breast
For what is most my own.
There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest, —
A calm assurance for to-day
That to be poor is best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love,
That waits all day on thee,
With the service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see ;
The faith that, in a hidden way,
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

ANNA L. WARING.

100.

HAPPINESS FOUND.

7.

L ORD, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny ;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows ;
Peace and happiness are thine ;
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

101.

CITY OF GOD.

8. 7.

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

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

JOHN NEWTON.

102. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

11.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know ;
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
 Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
 With perfume and oil thou anointest my head ;
 Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more ?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet thee above ;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
 Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

103.

RÉJOICE.

C. M.

RÉJOICE, believer in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die !
For God, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence ;
Then what have you to fear ?

As surely as Christ overcame,
And triumphed once for you ;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

JOHN NEWTON.

104. UNITE, MY ROVING THOUGHTS. C. M.

UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet ;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend ;
For lo ! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey ;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more ;
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

105.

REST IN BELIEVING.

C. M.

LORD, I believè a rest remains
 To all thy people known ;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone ;

A rest where all our souls' desire
 Is fixed on things above ;
 Where doubt, and pain, and fear expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.

Oh, that I now the rest might know,
 Believe, and enter in !
 Now, Father, now the power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin !

Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove ;
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The Sabbath of thy love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

106.

THE HIGHWAY TO ZION.

C. M.

SING, ye redeemèd of the Lord ;
 Your great Deliverer sing ;
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.

See the fair way his hand hath raised ;
How holy, and how plain !
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound :
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head,
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

March on in your Redeemer's strength ;
Pursue his footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

107.

UNTO THE HILLS.

L. M.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes, —
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my almighty Refuge lives.

He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest :
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

ISAAC WATTS.

108. FROM GRACE TO GLORY.

TAKE, my soul, thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear :
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
What a Father's smile is thine ;
What a Saviour died to win thee ;—
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim-days ;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HENRY F. LYTE.

109. O LORD, HOW HAPPY IS THE TIME! C. M.

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

That is not losing much of life
Which is not losing thee ;
Thou art as present in the strife
As in the victory.
And when life's fiercest storms are sent
Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident
Because it holdeth thee.

Thou art my strength, on thee I lean ;
My heart thou makest sing,
And to thy pastures green at length
Thy chosen flock wilt bring.
To others death seems dark and grim,
But not, O Lord, to me :
I know thou ne'er forsakest him
Who puts his trust in thee.

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

WOLFGANG DESSLER. 1692.

Patient in Tribulation.



110. TRUST IN DIVINE GOODNESS. L. M.

MY God, I thank thee ; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will.

ANDREWS NORTON.

III.

ABIDE WITH ME.

10.

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

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

I need thy presence every passing hour ;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me !

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me !

Hold, then, thy cross before my closing eyes !
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

HENRY F. LYTE.

112. FROM WHOM ALL GOODNESS FLOWS. C. M.

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

When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me !

Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee :
Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my day,
For good remember me !

Distressed in pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see !
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear, and remember me !

When in the solemn hour of death,
I lift my soul to thee,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,—
Good Lord, remember me !

113. DEAR REFUGE OF MY WEARY SOUL. C. M.

DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise, —
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

But oh ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

ANNE STEELE.

114. "BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN." L. M.

O H, deem not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night !
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny ;
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear ;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

115. PRAYER FOR GRACE IN TRIAL. C. M.

FATHER of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
Oh, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

116.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

GO not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey ;
Take from me any thing thou wilt,
But go not thou away, —
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

On thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress :
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love thee less :
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need thy tenderness !

Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace ;
And my heart sees thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with thee 'mid the storm
As in a secret place.

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,
How blest soe'er it be, —
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see ;
And, oh ! it is not hard to bear,
What must be borne in thee.

Safe in thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore ;
Borne onward, — sin and death behind,
And love and life before, —
Oh, let my soul abound in hope,
And praise thee more and more !

Deep unto deep may call ; but I
With peaceful heart will say, —
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away ;
And let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

ANNA L. WARING.

117.

TEMPTATION.

L. M.

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM COWPER.

118.

PREPARATION OF THE HEART.

C. M.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
 With reverence and with fear ;
 Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
 We may, we must, draw near.

Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

God of all grace, we bring to thee
A broken, contrite heart ;
Give what thine eye delights to see, —
Truth in the inward part.

Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live ; —

Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

Give these, and then thy will be done ;
Thus, strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

119.

I WILL NOT FEAR.

L. M.

THY will be done ! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love ;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dim with tears ;
And, though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours the immortal years ?

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

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

That glorious life will well repay
This life of toil and care and woe ;
O Father ! joyful on my way,
To drink thy bitter cup, I go.

120.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

L. M.

THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers .
Troubled with storms, and big with showers ;
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But Nature pours forth all her tears.

Yet let the sons of grace revive ;
God bids the soul that seeks him live ;
And from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.

The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown ;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes !

In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain ;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home :
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

121.

SAFETY AND HELP IN GOD.

7. 6. 8

TO the haven of thy breast,
 O God of love, I fly ;
 Be my refuge and my rest,
 For, oh, the storm is high.
 Save me from the furious blast ;
 A covert from the tempest be ;
 Hide me, Father, till o'erpast
 The storm of sin I see.

Welcome as the water-spring
 To a dry barren place,
 Oh, descend on me, and bring
 Thy sweet, refreshing grace.
 First and last, in me perform
 The work thou hast begun ;
 Be my shelter from the storm,
 My shadow from the sun.

In the day of my distress,
 Thou hast my succor been,
 In my utter helplessness
 Restraining me from sin.
 Oh, how swiftly didst thou move,
 To save me in the trying hour !
 Still protect me with thy love,
 And shield me with thy power.

CHARLES WESLEY.

122.

GOD IS LOVE.

L. M.

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

Oh, let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn, —
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

WILLIAM COWPER.

123.

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

L. M.

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

If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
 No foes, no violence I fear,
 No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

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

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

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. 1731.

124.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

C. M.

O UT of the deeps of long distress,
 The borders of despair,
 I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
 My groans to move thine ear.

Great God ! should thy severer eye
And thine impartial hand
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

I wait for thÿ salvation, Lord ;
With strong desires I wait ;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes, —

So waits my soul to see thy grace ;
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

Then in the Lord let Israel trust ;
Let Israel seek his face ;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.

ISAAC WATTS.

125.

SEEKING AID FROM GOD.

S. M.

FATHER, thine aid afford,
 If still the same thou art ;
 To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,
 Lift up my helpless heart.

Thou seest my troubled breast,
 The strugglings of my will,
 The foes that interrupt my rest,
 The agonies I feel.

In thee all fulness dwells,
 And all for erring man ;
 Fill every want my spirit feels,
 And sunder every chain.

I long to see thy face,
 Thy Spirit I implore, —
 The living water of thy grace,
 That I may thirst no more.

CHARLES WESLEY.

126.

ISRAEL OF THE LORD BELOVED.

L. M.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out of the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze ;
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray !

And, oh, when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

127. LOOKING UPWARDS IN A STORM. L. M.

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM COWPER.

128.

IN TIME OF TRIBULATION.

7. 6.

IN time of tribulation,
 Hear, Lord, my feeble cries ;
 With humble supplication,
 To thee my spirit flies :
 My heart with grief is breaking,
 Scarce can my voice complain ;
 Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
 Still watch and weep in vain.

Remembered songs of gladness,
 Through night's lone silence brought,
 Strike notes of deeper sadness,
 And stir desponding thought.
 Hath God cast off for ever ?
 Can time his truth impair ?
 His tender mercy never
 Shall I presume to share ?

Hath he his loving-kindness
 Shut up in endless wrath ?
 No : this is my own blindness,
 That cannot see his path.
 I call to recollection
 The years of his right hand ;
 And, strong in his protection,
 Again through faith I stand.

129.

RESIGNATION.

C. M.

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

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

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

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779.

130.

THY WILL BE DONE.

8. 4.

MY God and Father, while I stray,
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will be done !"

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me "be still," and murmur not ;
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done !"

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done !"

Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine :
I have but yielded what was thine :—
"Thy will be done !"

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay ;
My Father, still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done !"

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest ;
My God, to thee I leave the rest :
"Thy will be done !"

Renew my will from day to day !
Blend it with thine ; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done !"

131.

OUR FATHER.

C. M.

MY God, my Father ! blissful name !
 Oh, may I call thee mine !
 May I with sweet assurance claim
 A portion so divine ?

This only can my fears control,
 And bid my sorrows fly ;
 What harm can ever reach my soul
 Beneath my Father's eye ?

Whate'er thy providence denies,
 I calmly would resign ;
 For thou art just, and good, and wise ;
 Oh, bend my will to thine !

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
 Oh, give me strength to bear ;
 Still let me know my Father reigns,
 And trust his tender care.

ANNE STEELE.

132.

WALKING WITH GOD.

C. M.

OH for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER.

133. THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD. P. M.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead thou me on !
 The night is dark, and I am far from home, —
 Lead thou me on !
 Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead thou me on !
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

134. PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING. L. M.

I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power ;
For now my shallow cistern's spent,
I find thy founts, and thirst no more.

I take thy hand, and fears grow still ;
Behold thy face, and doubts remove ;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect truth and boundless love ?

That love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thine eternal calm ;
And tune its sad and broken speech,
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

Oh, be it patient in thy hands,
And drawn, through each mysterious hour,
To service of thy pure commands,
The narrow way to love and power.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

135.

HYMN OF TRUST.

L. M.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
 On thee we cast each earth-born care ;
 We smile at pain while thou art near !

Though long the weary way we tread,
 And sorrow crown each lingering year,
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 Our hearts still whispering, thou art near !

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
 Shall softly tell us, thou art near !

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
 O Love Divine, for ever dear ;
 Content to suffer while we know,
 Living and dying, thou art near.

O. W. HOLMES.

136.

REJOICING IN GOD.

L. M.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
 My Help and Refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am while thou art mine :

And, lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Father, in thy name.

Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above ;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love :
To me, with thy dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

Father, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The healing of my broken heart ;
In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
In shame, my glory and my crown ;—

In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, my almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My light in evil's darkest hour ;
In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
My life in death, my all in all.

CHARLES WESLEY.

137.

HELP US, LORD.

C. M.

O GOD, that madest the earth and sky,
 The darkness and the day,
 Give ear to this thy family,
 And help us when we pray.
 For wide the waves of bitterness
 Around our vessel roar,
 And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
 To view the rocky shore.

The cross our Master bore for us,
 For him we fain would bear ;
 But mortal strength to weakness turns,
 And courage to despair.
 Then mercy on our failings, Lord ;
 Our sinking faith renew ;
 And, when his sorrows visit us,
 Oh, send his patience too !

REGINALD HEBER.

138.

A CRY FOR HELP.

H. M.

THOU, infinite in love,
 Guide this bewildered mind,
 Which, like the trembling dove,
 No resting-place can find

On the wild waters : God of light,
Through the thick darkness lead me right.

Bid the fierce conflict cease,
Terror and anguish fly ;
Let there again be peace,
As in the days gone by ;
In Jesus' name, I cry to thee,
Remembering Gethsemane !

Fain would earth's true and dear
Save me in this dark hour ;
And art not thou more near ?
Art thou not love and power ?
Vain is the help of man, — but thou
Canst send deliverance even now.

Though, through the future's shade,
Pale phantoms I descry,
Let me not shrink dismayed,
But ever feel thee nigh :
There may be grief and pain and care,
But, O my Father, thou art there.

SARAH E. MILES.

139.

THE HOPE OF HEAVEN.

C. M.

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

Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all :

There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest ;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

ISAAC WATTS.

140.

SEEKING AFTER GOD.

L. M.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
 I see from far thy beauteous light ;
 Inly I sigh for thy repose ;
 My heart is pained ; nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove ;
And fain I would ; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee ;
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend ?

O Love, thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there ;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may " Abba, Father," cry !

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
" I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

141.

THOU VERY PRESENT AID.

S. M.

THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul which still on thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.
The soul by faith reclined
On his Redeemer's breast
Midst raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears ;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
It hallows every cross ;
It sweetly comforts me ;
And makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

Peace to the troubled heart,
Health to the sin-sick mind,
The wounded spirit's balm thou art,
The Healer of mankind.

In deep affliction blest
 With thee I mount above,
 And sing, triumphantly distrest,
 Thine all-sufficient love.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

142.

WELCOME, CROSS.

7.

'TIS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss :
 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all, —
 This is happiness to me.

God in Israel sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil :
 These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil :
 Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to prayer ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

WILLIAM COWPER.

143.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

8.

O THOU, in whom the weary find
 Their late, but permanent repose ;
 Physician of the sin-sick mind,
 Relieve my wants, assuage my woes ;
 And let my soul on thee be cast,
 Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

Loosed from my God, and far removed,
 Long have I wandered to and fro ;
 O'er earth in endless circles roved,
 Nor found whereon to rest below ;
 Back to my God at last I fly ;
 For, oh, the waters still are high.

Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
 The things of earth, for thee I leave ;
 Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace ;
 Into the ark of love receive ;
 Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
 And lodge it, Father, in thy breast.

Fill with inviolable peace ;
 'Stablish and keep my settled heart ;

In thee may all my wanderings cease,
From thee no more may I depart :
Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love !

CHARLES WESLEY.

144.

EVERLASTING LOVE.

L. M. 61.

THOUGH waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father ! thy mercy never dies.

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

JOHANN ANDREAS ROTHE. 1728. Tr. by JOHN WESLEY. 1740.

145.

SEEKING REFUGE.

L. M.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Father, we seek thy shelter here :
 Weary and weak, thy grace we pray ;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

Long have we roamed in want and pain ;
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

REGINALD HEBBER.

146.

PRAYING FOR DIVINE HELP. . C. M.

OH, help us, Lord ! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succor give ;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.

Oh, help us, when our spirits bleed,
 With contrite anguish sore ;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 Oh, help us, Lord, the more.

Oh, help us, Father, from on high ;
 We know no help but thee ;
 Oh, help us so to live and die,
 As thine in heaven to be.

HENRY H. MILMAN.

147.

THE HAND OF GOD.

S. M.

IT is thy hand, my God !
My sorrow comes from thee :
I bow beneath thy chastening rod ;
'Tis Love that bruises me.

I would not murmur, Lord,
Before thee I am dumb :
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
To thee for help I come.

My God ! thy name is Love,
A Father's hand is thine ;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, "Thy will be mine."

I know thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe ;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it oft appear.

Here my poor heart can rest, —
My God ! it cleaves to thee ;
Thy will is Love, thine end is blest,
All work for good to me.

148.

SECRET PRAYER.

C. M.

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

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Trust in the Lord.



149. HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS! S. M.

HOW gentle God's commands !
How kind his precepts are !
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell :
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind ?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day :
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

150.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

7.

DAY by day the manna fell :
 Oh, to learn this lesson well !
 Still by constant mercy fed,
 Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

“ Day by day,” the promise reads ;
 Daily strength for daily needs :
 Cast foreboding fears away ;
 Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in thy hand ;
 All my sanguine hopes have planned
 To thy wisdom I resign,
 And would make thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give ;
 Day by day to thee I live :
 So shall added years fulfil,
 Not my own, my Father’s will.

Oh, to live exempt from care,
 By the energy of prayer ;
 Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
 Yet elate with gratitude !

151.

TRUST IN GOD.

L. M.

BE still, my heart ! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?

Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call ?
And has he not his promise passed
That thou shalt overcome at last ?

He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to his endless praise.

JOHN NEWTON.

152. AWAY, MY NEEDLESS FEARS ! S. M.

AWAY, my needless fears,
 And doubts no longer mine !
 A ray of heavenly light appears,
 A messenger divine.
 Thrice comfortable hope,
 That calms my stormy breast ;
 My Father's hand prepares the cup,
 And what he wills is best.

He knows whate'er I want,
 He sees my helplessness,
 And always readier is to grant
 Than I to ask his grace.
 My fearful heart he reads,
 Secures my soul from harms,
 And, underneath, his mercy spreads
 Its everlasting arms.

Here is firm footing ; here,
 My soul, is solid rock,
 To break the waves of grief and fear,
 And trouble's rudest shock :

This only can sustain
 When earth and heaven remove :
 Oh, turn thee to thy rest again, —
 Thy God's eternal love !

CHARLES WESLEY.

153.

IN THEE I TRUST.

L. M.

IN thee, O Lord, my trust I place :
 They cannot fail who rest on thee ;
 Thou hast upheld me by thy grace,
 On to the close my refuge be.

Brought into life by thee at first,
 My childhood's guide, my manhood's friend ;
 By thee till now sustained and nursed, —
 Why should I doubt thee to the end ?

The guardian of my earliest hours,
 The strengthener of my feeble frame,
 Will not desert my sinking powers,
 But love and tend me still the same.

Strong in thy righteousness I stand ;
 On in thy might I hope to move ;
 And each new blessing from thy hand
 Shall wake from me new praise and love.

HENRY F. LYTE.

154.

LOOKING UNTO GOD.

C. M.

“God’s hand in all things, and all things in God’s hand.”

I LOOK to thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again ;
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road ; —
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still ;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will ;
Thy presence fills my solitude ;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law I stand ;

Thy hand in all things I behold,
 And all things in thy hand ;
 Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
 And turn'st my mourning into praise.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

155.

THE WILL OF GOD.

C. M.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God !
 And all thy ways adore,
 And, every day I live, I seem
 To love thee more and more.

When obstacles and trials seem
 Like prison-walls to be,
 I do the little I can do,
 And leave the rest to thee.

He always wins who sides with God,
 To him no chance is lost ;
 God's will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that he blesses is our good,
 And unblest good is ill ;
 And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be his sweet will !

FREDERICK W. FABER.

156. THE SHADOW OF THE ALMIGHTY. 7. 6.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed ;
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

Fear thou not the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow ;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.
Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
God, thine hope, shall bear through all ;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.

He shall charge his angel-legions,
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

Since, with pure and warm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of his protection
 He will shield thee from above.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

157. MY STRENGTH AND MY SALVATION. 7. 6.

GOD is my strong salvation,
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My Light, my Help, is near :
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand ;
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right hand ?

Place on the Lord reliance,
 My soul, with courage wait ;
 His truth be thine affianced,
 When faint and desolate :
 His might thine heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase ;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
 The Lord will give thee peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

158.

PERPETUAL PRAISE.

L. M.

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

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

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

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

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

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

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

159.

PATIENCE.

L. M.

WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope !
 And let his word support your soul :
 Well can he bear your courage up,
 And all your foes and fears control.

He waits his own well-chosen hour
 The intended mercy to display ;
 And his paternal pity moves,
 While wisdom dictates the delay.

Blest are the humble souls, that wait
 With sweet submission to his will ;
 Harmonious all their passions move,
 And in the midst of storms are still ;—

Still, till their Father's well-known voice
 Wakens their silence into songs ;
 Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
 And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

160. COMMIT THOU ALL THY GRIEFS. S. M.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands, —

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To him commend thy cause ; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Thy everlasting truth,
Father ! thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time ; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord !
Our hearts are known to thee :
Oh ! lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !

Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care !

161.

HEAR, MY PEOPLE.

8. 7.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken : —
 “ O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you ;
 Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls ‘ Salvation,’
 And your gates shall all be ‘ Praise.’

“ There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow ;
 Still, in undisturbed possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign :
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

“ Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me ;

God shall rise, and, shining o'er ye,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
 God your everlasting Light."

WILLIAM COWPER.

162.

MY HELPER, GOD.

L. M.

MY helper, God ! I bless his name ;
 The same his power, his grace the same :
 The tokens of his friendly care
 Open, and crown, and close the year.

I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
 Supported by his guardian hand ;
 And see, when I survey my ways,
 Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
 Thus far I make his mercy known ;
 And, while I tread this desert land,
 New mercies shall new songs demand.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

163. CAST YOUR CARE ON HIM. C. P. M.

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

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

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,
 Then rise with lightened cheer ;
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear, in that we fear !

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

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

JOSEPH ANSTICE. 1836.

164. THE DIRECTION OF GOD'S SPIRIT. L. M.

LEADER of Israel's host, and Guide
 Of all who seek the land above,
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of thy protecting love ;
 Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
 Our end the glory of the Lord.

By thine unerring Spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray ;
 We shall not full direction need,
 Nor miss our providential way ;
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While Love, almighty Love, is near.

CHARLES WESLEY.

165.

TRUST.

7. 6.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings :
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
" E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may !

" It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too ;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

“ Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice :
 For, while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.”

WILLIAM COWPER.

166.

THE CHILD OF GOD.

7.

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

What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care :
 Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies

On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone, —
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide. JOHN NEWTON.

167. HE THAT COMFORTETH YOU. C. M.

SWEET is the solace of thy love,
My heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home with thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of thy peace
My feet would often stray,
Thy mercy follows all my steps,
And will not turn away ;
Yea, thou wilt comfort me at last,
As none beneath thee may.

Oft in a dark and lonely place,
I hush my hastened breath,
To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith ;
And feel my safety in thy hand
From every kind of death.

Oh ! there is nothing in the world
To weigh against thy will ;
Even the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil ;
And when the pleasant morning dawns
I find thee with me still.

Then in the secret of my soul,
 Though hosts my peace invade,
 Though through a waste and weary land
 My lonely way be made,
 Thou, even thou, wilt comfort me :
 I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place
 I would awhile abide,
 Till with the solace of thy love
 My heart is satisfied ;
 And all my hopes of happiness
 Stay calmly at thy side.

ANNA L. WARING.

168. THEY WHO ON THE LORD RELY. 7.

THEY who on the Lord rely
 Safely dwell, though danger's nigh ;
 Lo ! his sheltering wings are spread
 O'er each faithful servant's head.

When they wake or when they sleep,
 Angel guards their vigils keep ;
 Death and danger may be near,
 Faith and love have nought to fear.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

169.

UP TO THE HILLS.

7. 6.

TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The everlasting hills,
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
 My soul the Spirit feels.
 Will he not his help afford?
 Help, while yet I ask is given:
 God comes down; the God and Lord
 Who made both earth and heaven.

Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
 And still in God confide;
 He thy feeble steps shall stay,
 Nor suffer thee to slide.
 Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
 He thy quiet spirit keeps;
 Rest in him, securely rest;
 Thy watchman never sleeps.

Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
 Thy Keeper can surprise;
 Careless slumbers cannot steal
 On his all-seeing eyes;
 He is Israel's sure defence;
 Israel all his care shall prove;
 Kept by watchful Providence,
 And ever-waking love.

See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near ;
Lo ! he holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear ;
Shadows with his wings thy head ;
Guards from all impending harms ;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

He shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in ;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin ;
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
Filled with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
Henceforth and evermore.

CHARLES WESLEY.

170.

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

C. M.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear :
That heart shall rest on thee !

171.

THE WANDERER'S HYMN.

L. M.

O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My Lord ! How full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment.

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,
In heaven, on earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time :
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But, with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

172.

I LIFT MY WAITING EYES.

C. M.

TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes ;
There all my hopes are laid ;
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

Their feet shall never slide to fall
Whom he designs to keep ;
His ear attends the softest call ;
His eyes can never sleep.

He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

Israel, rejoice, and rest secure ;
Thy keeper is the Lord ;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite ;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
 Where thickest dangers come ;
 Go and return, secure from death,
 Till God commands thee home.

ISAAC WATTS.

173.

SEEKERS OF GOD'S THRONE.

7.

THEY who seek the throne of grace
 Find that throne in every place ;
 If we live a life of prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

In our sickness, in our health,
 In our want, or in our wealth,
 If we look to God in prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

When our earthly comforts fail,
 When the woes of life prevail,
 'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;
 God is present everywhere.

Then, my soul, in every strait,
 To thy Father come, and wait ;
 He will answer every prayer ;
 God is present everywhere.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

174.

THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN.

C. M.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

And though in dreadful whirls they hang,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid ; the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

From all our griefs and straits, O Lord,
Thy mercy sets us free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Our hearts take hold on thee.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness we'll adōre ;
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

175. I WOULD DELIGHT IN THEE. C. M.

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend ;
 To thee in every trouble flee,
 My best, my only Friend.

When all created streams are dried,
 Thy fulness is the same ;
 May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in thy name !

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
 Who has a fountain near, —
 A fountain which will ever run
 With waters sweet and clear ?

O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
 I triumph and adore :
 Henceforth my great concern shall be
 To love and please thee more.

JOHN RYLAND.

176.

RELIANCE ON GOD.

L. M.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,

Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

177.

THE DIVINE WILL.

L. M.

O THOU, who hast at thy command
 The hearts of all men in thy hand !
 Our wayward, erring hearts incline
 To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control ;
 Mould every purpose of the soul ;
 O'er all may we victorious be
 That stands between ourselves and thee.

Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
 When we can look through them to thee ;
 When each glad heart its tribute pays
 Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

And while we to thy glory live,
 May we to thee all glory give,
 Until the final summons come,
 That calls thy willing servants home.

MRS. M. J. COTTERILL.

178.

YE TREMBLING SAINTS.

S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
Fastened within the vail,
Hope be your anchor strong ;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale
That wafts you smooth along.
Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.
When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at his control ;
 His loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.
 Still on his plighted love
 At all events rely ;
 The very hidings of his face
 Shall train thee up to joy.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

179.

WHERE IS REST ?

S. M.

O H, where shall rest be found, —
 Rest for the weary soul ?
 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
 Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love.
 Here would we end our quest :
 Alone are found in thee
 The life of perfect love, — the rest
 Of immortality.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

180.

TRUST IN GOD.

C. M.

O H, happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell ;
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

He helped his saints in ancient days
Who trusted in his name ;
And we can witness, to his praise,
His love is still the same.

His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light ;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine ;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

Let us enjoy and highly prize
The tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship thee above.

JOHN NEWTON.

181.

RECONCILIATION.

L. M.

COME, O ye sinners, to the Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored ;
His proffered benefits embrace, —
The plenitude of gospel grace ;

The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
Th' unutterable tenderness ;
The genuine, meek humility ;
The wonder, why such love to me ;

The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face ;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The Good Shepherd.



182. THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS. 8. 7.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art ;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver ;
Born a child and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own indwelling Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

183.

FEEBLE, HELPLESS.

7.

FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die?
 Who, O God, my guide shall be?
 Who shall lead thy child to thee?

Blessèd Father, gracious One,
 Thou hast sent thy holy Son ;
 He will give the light I need,
 He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
 Let me ever lean on him ;
 From his precepts wisdom draw,
 Make his life my solemn law.

Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
 Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
 In my weakness thus shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die ;—

Learn to live in peace and love,
 Like the perfect ones above ;—
 Learn to die without a fear,
 Feeling thee, my Father, near.

184.

JOY OF LOVING HEARTS.

L. M.

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of life ! thou Light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on thee call ;
To them that seek thee, thou art good ;
To them that find thee, all in all.

Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see ;
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light !

ST. BERNARD. Tr. by RAY PALMER.

185.

THOU LOVER OF SOULS.

7.

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

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

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

186.

LOVEST THOU ME?

7.

HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
“ Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?

“ I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

“ Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be ;
Yet will I remember thee.

“ Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

“ Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ? ”

Lord, it is my chief complaint
 That my love is weak and faint ;
 Yet I love thee and adore !
 Oh, for grace to love thee more !

WILLIAM COWPER.

187. THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. L. M.

ETERNAL Beam of Light divine,
 Fountain of unexhausted love,
 In whom the Father's glories shine,
 Through earth beneath, and heaven above !

Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
 Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;
 With steadfast patience arm my breast,
 With spotless love and lowly fear.

Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh :
 So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
 And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
 As clouds before the mid-day sun.

Speak to my warring passions, " Peace ;"
 Say to my trembling heart, " Be still ;"
 Thy power my strength and fortress is,
 For all things serve thy sovereign will.

CHARLES WESLEY.

188.

ROCK OF AGES.

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

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

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

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

189.

THY NAME IS LOVE.

L. M.

COME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee :
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

Wilt thou not yet reveal to me
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech thee tell ;
To know it now resolved I am ;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;
Be conquered by my instant prayer :
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is Love.

'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! — thou diedst for me :
I hear thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure, universal Love thou art.
To me, to all, thy mercies move ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

190.

JUST AS I AM.

L. M.

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

Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings and fears, within, without,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am (thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down),
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, of that free love
 The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
 Here for a season, then above,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

191. OUR HEAVENLY FATHER CALLS. S. M.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
 And Christ invites us near ;
 With both our friendship shall be sweet,
 And our communion dear.

God pities all my griefs ;
 He pardons, every day ;
 Almighty to protect my soul,
 And wise to guide my way.

Here fix, my roving heart,
 Here wait, my warmest love,
 Till the communion be complete
 In nobler scenes above.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

192.

"IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

C. M.

"REMEMBER me," the Saviour said,
On that forsaken night,
When from his side the nearest fled,
And death was close in sight.

Through all the following ages' track
The world remembers yet ;
With love and worship gazes back,
And never can forget.

But who of us has seen his face,
Or heard the words he said ?
And none can now his look retrace,
In breaking of the bread.

Oh, blest are they who have not seen,
And yet believe him still !
They know him, when his praise they mean,
And when they do his will.

We hear his truth along our way,
We see his light above,
Remember when we strive and pray,
Remember when we love.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

193.

COMMUNION HYMN.

S. M.

COMMUNION when we meet
Around this loaf and wine,
With memory for its lowly seat,
And love its lofty sign.

Communion when we part :
It ne'er can shrink nor break ;
For, Saviour, all thou wast thou art,
And always for our sake.

Communion every hour
With all that's good and true ;
Its food, — we taste its constant power ;
Its joy, — “ we drink it new.”

And what of bitter bread,
Of cups that sorrows be,
When courage shall lift up the head,
And patience bow the knee ?

And when life's troubles past,
Its glories but a mist,
Then, Father, may we spread our last,
Our lowliest Eucharist.

194.

HE GAVE THANKS.

S. M.

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

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

Thanks, o'er that loaf's dread sign ;
Thanks, o'er that bitter food ;
And o'er the cup, that was not wine,
But sorrow, fear, and blood.

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

Shall we unthankful be
For all our blessings round,
When in that press of agony
Such room for thanks he found ?

Oh, shame us, Lord, — whate'er
 The fortunes of our days, —
 If, suffering, we are weak to bear,
 If, favored, slow to praise !

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

195.

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

C. M.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord, —
 I will remember thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be ;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember thee.

Remember thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me ;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Within the Veil.



196. GIVE ME THE WINGS OF FAITH. C. M.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, — how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

197. ALLELUIA, LORD, TO THEE.

8. 7.

HARK ! the sound of holy voices,
 Chanting at the crystal sea,
 Alleluia, alleluia,

Alleluia, Lord, to Thee :
 Multitude, which none can number,
 Like the stars in glory stands,
 Clothed in white apparel, holding
 Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
 Who prepared the way of Christ,
 King, Apostle, Saint, and Martyr,
 Confessor, Evangelist,
 Sainly maiden, godly matron,
 Widows who have watched to prayer,
 Joined in holy concert, singing
 To the Lord of all, are there.

Marching with thy cross their banner,
 They have triumphed, following
 Thee, the Captain of salvation,
 Thee, their Saviour and their King.
 Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered,
 Gladly, Lord, with thee they died ;
 And by death to life immortal
 They were born and glorified.

198. YE GOLDEN LAMPS OF HEAVEN. C. M.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light !
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night !

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed ;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode ;
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite ;
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

199.

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

L. M.

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

200. THE LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

201.

OUR BLESSED HOME.

6.

THERE is a blessed Home
 Beyond this land of woe,
 Where trials never come,
 Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
 Where faith is lost in sight,
 And patient hope is crowned,
 And everlasting light
 Its glory throws around.

Look up, ye saints of God,
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe ;
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER. 1861.

202. HIS SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM. C. M.

THE waves of trouble, how they rise !
 How loud the tempests roar !
 But death shall land our weary souls
 Safe on the heavenly shore.

There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
 Our speedy feet shall move ;
 No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
 Or cool our burning love.

There shall we sit, and sing and tell
 The wonders of his grace,
 Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
 And smile in every face.

ISAAC WATTS.

203. ONE ARMY OF THE LIVING GOD. C. M.

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

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

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

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

CHARLES WESLEY. 1759.

204.

WHAT ARE THESE ?

7.

WHAT are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song :
 " Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod ;
 These from great affliction came ;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white, *
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might
 More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead ;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels all fear,
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tear.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

205.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

C. M.

LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes !

The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing :

“ Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King !

“ The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode ;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

“ His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye ;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.”

How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

206.

THE HOLY JERUSALEM.

7. 6.

JERUSALEM, the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.
 I know not, oh, I know not,
 What joys await us there ;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the blessèd
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.
 And they who, with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

207. IT BELONGS NOT TO MY CARE. C. M.

NOW it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live :

To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

If death shall bruise this springing seed
Before it come to fruit,
The will with thee goes for the deed,
Thy life was in the root.

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

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

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

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

208. JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME. C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me !

When shall my labors have an end
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold ?

Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :

Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe ?
 Or feel at death dismay ?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
 Around my Saviour stand ;

And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee ;

Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

209.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

C. M.

I LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long ;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove :
I can but give the gifts he gave,
And plead his love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

210.

ALL SAINTS.

S. M.

FOR all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.

They all in life and death,
With thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

Thy mystic members, fit
To join thy saints above,
In one unmixed communion knit,
And fellowship of love.

For this, thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee ;

With them, the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost to praise,
As in the ancient days was done,
And shall through endless days.

RICHARD MANT.

211.

ON WINGS SUBLIME.

L. M.

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

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

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

Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets my longing soul at large ;
Unbinds my chains, breaks up my cell ;
And gives me with my God to dwell.

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

THOMAS GIBBONS.

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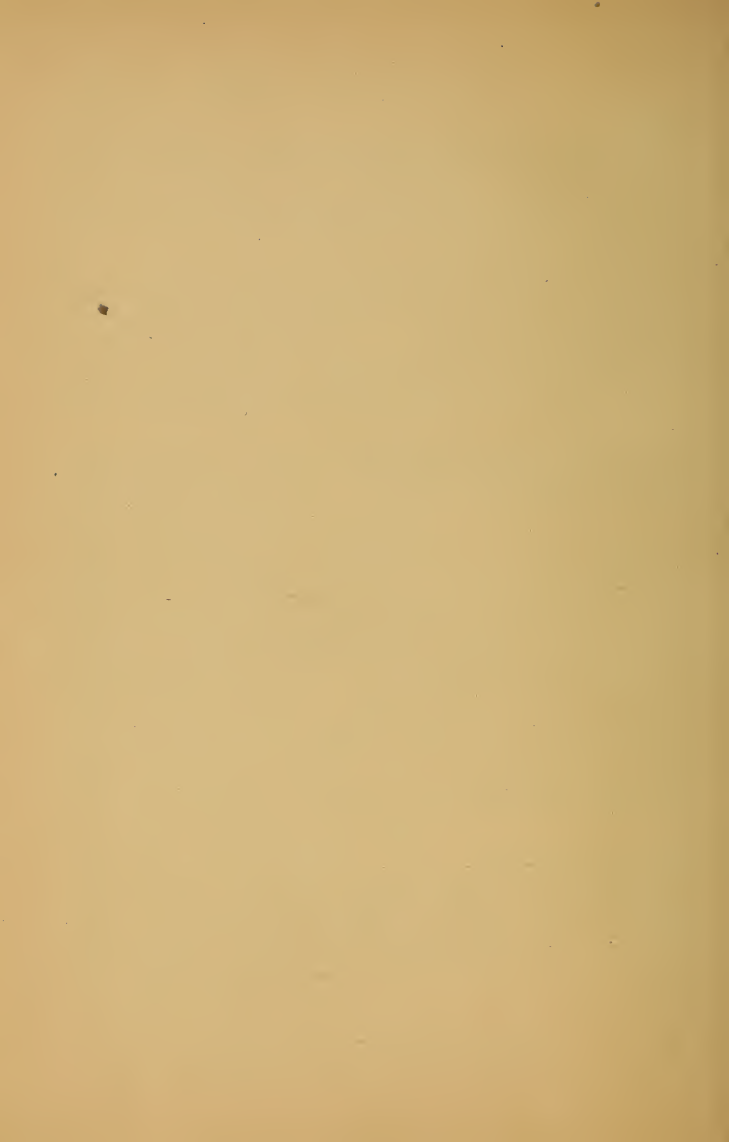
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