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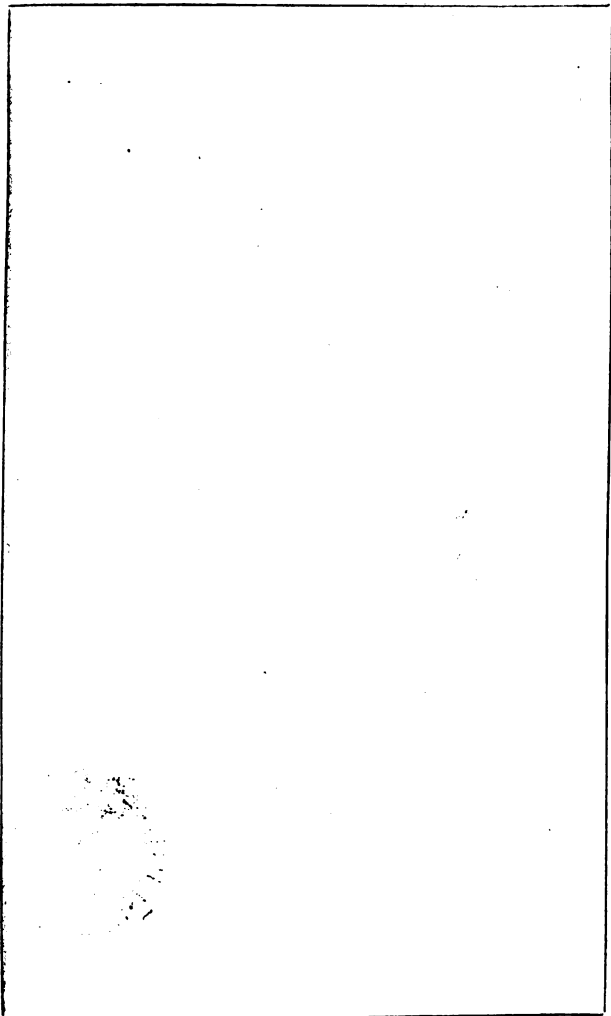


LYRA
EVANGELICA



EVANGELICA.

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Lyra Evangelica.

HYMNS

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF THE LATE

DR. MALAN,

BY

JANE E. ARNOLD.

With Prefatory Memoir of Dr. Malan.

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PREFATORY MEMOIR.



A FEW memorial words respecting the holy and illustrious author of these hymns, which are now presented to the public in a translated form, may not be an unfitting introduction to this little volume.

Dr. Malan was descended from an ancient Protestant family of Provence, who left France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was the first-fruits of that remarkable revival in Geneva which attended the visit of Mr. Robert Haldane in 1817. The way in which he was expelled the Establishment by the "Venerable Company of Pastors," as the General Assembly of the Genevese Church is called, was thus: Disapproving of evangelical

preaching, that degenerate body, in order, as they said, to secure peace and avoid scandal, ordained that every preacher should sign a declaration that he would not in preaching allude to the following points:—1. The union of the Divine nature in the person of Jesus Christ; 2. Original sin; 3. The operation of the Spirit of grace; 4. The doctrines of election. The tendency of such an arrangement as this would be entirely to destroy all freedom of Christian teaching, and to eliminate therefrom some of the most precious truths of Revelation. Refusing to sign, Dr. Malan was expelled the ministry, as were afterwards those distinguished pastors, his friends Gaussen and D'Aubigné. Dr. Malan was one well fitted to be a confessor, and, if necessary, a martyr. His career, therefore, furnishes an important chapter in the religious history of Switzerland. His preaching in the first part of the century is associated with the revival of religion in Geneva, and the attempt of the Arian and Socinian party to crush the truth by means of persecution. In reference to Church questions, he always remained faithful

to the primitive view of Genevese dissent, which was to look upon the separation as an act necessary for the moment, and not as a principle to be maintained when the necessity should have passed away. It was one of his last wishes, and one often expressed, that he might yet again take his place in one of the pulpits of the National Church; and this would most probably have been the case, if he had not been hindered by his great age and subsequent illness. But, in truth, the controversial character of Dr. Malan is that of which we most easily lose sight. His whole soul overflowed with love, tenderness, and earnestness. Those who made his acquaintance at once recognized the unconscious portrait which he has furnished of himself in his stories and in his hymns. That simple, childlike docility and faith, that constant realizing of the invisible world, that love towards the Saviour and the brethren, made him indeed a holy minstrel, "a sweet singer of Israel"—an impression which did not undergo the least diminution with those brought within the range of his personal influence. Many of his

little tracts have a strong autobiographic interest, and exemplify his own method of "opening the Scriptures" with any strangers or wayfarers with whom he might be brought in contact, the persuasiveness and the power with which in full confidence he delivered his message to them, and the blessed effects which so often accompanied this frank and affectionate dealing.

The writer of these lines well recollects the circumstances under which he had the happiness of forming the acquaintance of the late Dr. Malan. It is with peculiar pleasure that he recalls a visit made to him at his Genevan home about two years before his death. There are many who used to think that a visit to Geneva would be incomplete without seeing and hearing César Malan.

A charming country drive of about five miles brought me to the little hamlet in which the good pastor had pitched his tent for the remainder of his pilgrimage on earth. His home was quite destitute of pretension, but it was of sufficient size, stored with all necessary comforts, and even simple luxuries,

and had the advantage of a beautiful garden. Nothing more beautiful than the site can be well imagined. The kindly guidance of Providence had literally placed the faithful pastor by green pastures and still waters. He was within the neighbourhood of the most beautiful of lakes, and the most majestic of all mountains. I have rarely, I question if I have ever, been more impressed by any man's appearance than by Dr. Malan's. He was seventy-five years of age at this time ; but his eye was not dim, nor yet hardly his natural force abated. The freshness and earnestness with which he threw himself into conversation perhaps gave the idea of greater strength than was actually the case. The venerable figure, the bright, piercing eye, the snow-white locks, at once suggested to me the resemblance to the delineation by ancient masters of St. John the Evangelist. I had never seen him before, but he saluted me with affectionate cordiality, and exclaimed, " Ah ! whom have we here ? " or words to that effect, and added, in tones which I shall never forget, " A poor sinner saved through Jesus Christ ? "

We sat down and talked together over many subjects. He spoke English, not quite accurately, indeed, but with great force and intelligence. He took me out into the garden to see Mont Blanc, visible enough on a clear day, but not on this occasion, on account of some haziness of atmosphere. Somewhat regretfully he reminded me that the mount was no longer Swiss, but French. He talked to me about Merle d'Aubigné and his work, and appeared quite exultant about the success to which it had attained in England. Of England, indeed, and of his English friends, he spoke as familiarly as of his own Switzerland. He told me that he still went into Geneva every Sunday morning and ministered to a little flock. "There were many," he said, with a happy smile, and pleasant humour, "who did not know him, but looked upon him as an old fox." He told me that perhaps very few Christian ministers were really happy men; but I did not imagine that he was giving his own experience, for his whole being seemed suffused with peace and joy. He kindly gave verbal permission to myself or

a relative to translate and publish any of his writings in England.

This was the origin of the present translation of a selection of his hymns by the writer's sister. But he told me that he must make it a condition that the sense of what he had written should be accurately given, and that they should not be altered or adapted in any way to suit any purpose. He complained grievously of the ill-treatment he had sometimes received in this respect, his real sentiments being sometimes suppressed, and those attributed to him in which he did not share. He left the room, and returning, presented me with nearly an armful of his publications. I hardly liked availing myself of his kindness to such an extent. "Can you give me all these?" "Ah, yes; is not heaven given to us?" He clung fast to the doctrines of election and final perseverance of the saints. He illustrated the last in his usual earnest, forcible way. "If you have sinned against an earthly father, the relationship between father and child is not hereby destroyed; and so you go to your heavenly Father: 'My

Father, I have sinned.' And the loving Father forgives and restores His own child." I wish that I had made the fullest notes of his prolonged, instructive, and most interesting conversation.

Dr. Malan long suffered from a dangerous malady, in which his advanced age afforded but little hope for recovery. He died at his beautiful residence, near Geneva, on Sunday, the 8th of May, 1864. Vandœuvres will long be visited and recollected by Christian pilgrims. He was born on the 7th of July, 1787, and was consequently in his seventy-seventh year. His end was perfect peace. He bore his illness with humble and courageous resignation. He would listen quietly to the prayers and exhortations of his friends and his sons, and humbly add his amen. When he expressed his resignation and trust, and desire to go to his Saviour, it was in words in which the great preacher and theologian had quite disappeared, and left only the humble and loving disciple. He looked on his approaching departure as a deliverance from sin, from sorrow, and suffering; and as the hour of

that departure drew near, he frequently said that he was expecting the joyful moment when "a Friend should open the door," and welcome him into the mansions of everlasting happiness. It has been truly said by one of the Swiss religious journals, that the most eloquent of all his sermons was that which he thus almost silently preached from his deathbed, and which will long be imprinted on the hearts of those who were around him.

His death well-nigh coincided with the tercentenary of the death of Calvin, in the remembrance of whom few men would have joined with more hearty veneration. In Switzerland, and indeed in Europe, he was the most complete representative of the principles of Calvin, and reproduced Calvin's teaching so closely that his friends, at the period of the tercentenary, loved to dwell on the analogy between his own character and that of his illustrious master. It ought, however, to be recollected that in many important senses Calvin himself was little of a Calvinist.

He was interred on the Tuesday following his death. The funeral service in the house was celebrated by the pastor of the parish, and the funeral service at the cemetery by one of his own sons. No funeral address could be more fitted to the circumstances than this last, so full of truth, and lofty hope, and profound feeling. A great crowd of friends followed the coffin to the grave, of every age and every church. All controversy was forgotten, and he was remembered only as the kindly venerable man full of faith and of charity. It was felt indeed that it was a common loss to the "blessed company of all faithful people." The news of his death was received with the deepest sympathy in England by those who knew and loved him.

On the Sunday following his death, at the Oratoire in Paris, an eloquent and generous tribute to his memory was delivered by Pastor Guillaume Monod. It was Whitsunday, and the text was—"Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" (Acts xix. 2). The subject led with natural appropriateness to the instance of Dr. Malan, as one of whom it could be truly said,

that "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

The following letter from Dr. Malan to my sister will testify his cordial approbation of the present translation, and his sympathy and interest in the work.

FREDERICK ARNOLD.

"GENÈVE, Dec. 15, 1862.

"Amen! chère et vivante sœur en Jesus. Oui, qu'il plaise au Seigneur, de rapporter à sa gloire le beau et facile talent qu'il vous confie. Ah, c'est un grand honneur que l'Esprit Saint fait reposer sur mes faibles chants, quand Il les adresse aux âmes par le langage que vous leur avez donné. Et quelle bénédiction n'est ce pas sur nous, qu'Il daigne ainsi se servir de nos bouches pour répéter à plusieurs que connaître le don du Père en Jesus, c'est avoir, ici bas, déjà, des gages de l'éternelle joie. Je vous remercie donc, de nouveau et cordialement, et avec vous je demande à Celui qui seul bénit, qu'il fasse reposer sur votre belle et bonne ouvrage le regard de son approbation.

"Chère sœur, quelle allégresse sera la votre

quand vous verrez dans la demeure paternelle des âmes que vos chants avaient unis à Jesus !

“Votre cher frère est joint, dans mon cœur, à votre doux nom. Qu’il plaise au Tout Bon, de vous bénir l’un et l’autre, et aussi le ferait-il !

“CÉSAR MALAN.”

Lyra Evangelica.

*“ God, who commanded the light to shine out
of darkness, hath shined in our hearts.”—*
2 COR. iv. 6.

LET our voices now ascending,
Join in our Creator's praise ;
With the notes of angels blending,
Joyful anthems let us raise ;
Rising from this world of sadness,
Borne by faith to realms above ;
Filled with heaven's own light and gladness,
Let us join its hymns of love.

Lord, we worship Thee, whose power
Called the rolling worlds from nought,
And with bounteous hand didst shower
Gifts on all that Thou hast wrought.
Through this boundless, vast creation,
Shine Thy goodness and Thy might,
Where in wondrous combination,
Wisdom, power, and love unite.

Thou who mad'st the earth and heaven,
And their mighty frame hast planned ;
Life to us hast also given,
We are fashioned by Thy hand.
Thou hast called us into being ;
We are not our own, but Thine ;
Lord ! with heart and voice agreeing,
We confess Thy power divine.

Far from Thee, O Lord, we perish ;
But the blood of Christ alone—
Source of every hope we cherish—
Pleads for us before Thy throne.
Through our great and precious Saviour
Are eternal blessings given,
And in Him, Thy grace and favour,
Form our souls anew for heaven.

While in Him, our Lord, abiding,
We our homeward way pursue,
In His victory confiding,
Who hath made us conquerors too.
Grant us, Lord, Thy Holy Spirit,
To reveal to every heart,
All the treasures we inherit,
Who in Jesus Christ have part.

“Abide in me, and I in you.”—JOHN XV. 4.

In thee alone, my Saviour,
My spirit finds its rest,
Upon Thy love reposing,
And with Thy favour blest ;
Thy never-failing patience,
And constant mercy prove,
That daily I enjoy Thy care,
Thy kindness, and Thy love.

How sweet the blest assurance,
That wheresoe'er I stray,
My Father's love still follows me,
He hears me when I pray.
In every hour of sorrow,
When clouds of grief enfold,
He still will watch me tenderly
And still my faith uphold.

Sweet peace, and joy unfailing,
Thou hast bestowed on me ;
Celestial gifts of love divine
Shall now my portion be.

Before me still unfolding
The paths of peace are spread,
And ever on my homeward way,
A light from heaven is shed.

Conduct me, oh my Saviour !
Sustain my weariness ;
By Thy right hand uphold me,
And guide my feeble steps.
Oh, may Thy tender pity
And perfect wisdom prove
A strong defence to guard Thy child,
A panoply of love.

A pilgrim and a stranger,
I seek a better land ;
A city, whose foundations
Are planted by Thy hand.
Still with Thy counsel guide me,
Until no more I rove
From all the ills of earth set free,
Safe in Thy fold above.



“I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.”—ISAIAH xliv. 3.

As when in sultry summer hours
A gentle rain descends,
Reviving with refreshing showers
Each plant that drooping bends ;
So does my soul, oh God, receive
In each distressing hour,
The heavenly aid Thou dost impart
By Thine almighty power.

The dying flower upon the stem
Already bowed its head :
The fading leaves which fell around
No longer fragrance shed ;
The Lord beheld—at His command
The clouds their treasures gave :
The drooping plant again revived
And showed His power to save.

E'en thus, oh Lord, my fainting soul,
In hours of deepest grief,
Has owned Thy kind and watchful care,
Which brought me swift relief ;

Thy Spirit has consoled my heart,
In sorrow's deepest night ;
Has chased its doubts and fears away,
And made its darkness light.

“ Fear not,” Thou saidst, “ I am thy God,
To save thee and to bless :
Thy trembling heart may well repose
Upon my faithfulness.”
The sweet assurance of Thy love
Bade all my sorrows cease,
Renewed my failing spirit's strength,
And filled my soul with peace.

Therefore, through all my future days,
I'll trust Thy promised aid ;
Rest in my precious Saviour's love,
And be no more afraid.
For well I know my faintest sigh
Can reach His gracious ear,
On Him I may cast all my care,
And find Him ever near.



“And He said unto her, oh woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt.”
—MATT. XV. 28.

WHEN, Lord, before Thy mercy seat I bend,
Oh, that my prayers might with such faith
ascend,
As that sad mother's fervent zeal displayed,
Who came from Canaan's coasts to seek Thine
aid.

To Thee, O Lord, without restraint or fear,
With humble, earnest faith she ventured near ;
Casting her heavy load before Thy throne,
To Thee her sad complaint was freely shown.

She felt that Thine Almighty power and love
Could all her sufferings, all her cares remove ;
And that Thy mercy's rich and boundless store,
On her sad heart its plenteous streams would
pour.

Though doubts and fears her stedfast faith
assailed,
Like Jacob, wrestling, she, like him, prevailed,

Thou didst Thy succour bring, and help from
heaven,
And all her heart's desires were freely given.

Oh, blessed Saviour! Thine unchanging love,
From age to age, Thy happy children prove;
To-day, as yesterday, that love they claim,
And seek eternal blessings through Thy name.

Oh may Thy Spirit teach my heart to prize
Those heavenly treasures veiled from mortal
eyes,
And as I wait on Thee from day to day,
Lord, teach me what to ask, and *how* to pray.



“After this manner, therefore, pray ye.”—
MATT. VI. 9—18.

THOU, who reignest in the heavens,
To Thy throne we now draw near,
For the sake of Jesus, hear us,
Listen to our fervent prayer ;
While, through His all-prevailing name,
“ Our Father’s ” love we humbly claim.

Ever may Thy name be hallowed ;
Lord, that name from age to age,
Still has been Thy children’s refuge,
And their glorious heritage :
That sacred name confirms and seals
The truths Thy Holy Word reveals.

In our hearts Thy reign accomplish,
Christ, our king, we would obey ;
With His righteousness invested,
Following Him from day to day.
In Him accepted may we be,
A living sacrifice to Thee.

Here, on earth, we would obey Thee,
As those blessed ones above,
Who behold Thy face in glory,
Serving Thee with perfect love.
Thy heavenly grace, O Lord, impart,
And write Thy law upon each heart.

Travelling through a desert country,
Daily bread on us bestow ;
Daily trusting to Thy bounty,
Who Thy children's wants dost know.
Oh, be our souls sustained and fed
With living water, heavenly bread.

In Thy mercy, oh, forgive us
All our sins against Thee, Lord,
As we pardon all who wrong us,
In obedience to Thy word ;
May Thy free, forgiving love,
Each revengeful thought remove.

Succour us in all temptation,
By Thy power, oh, set us free,
From the snares and wiles of Satan,
Shield us from his subtilty ;
Washed and sanctified by Thee,
Help us from *all* sin to flee.

For to Thee, O Lord, belongeth
Might and majesty divine ;
Thine the kingdom and the glory,
Everlasting power is Thine.
Yet, through Christ, we venture near,
Lord, vouchsafe our prayer to hear.



“Ye will I be to them as a little sanctuary.”—
EZEKIEL xi. 16.

I SEEK 'Thy presence, Lord !
Thou seest my heart's desire,
In humble confidence and love
To Thee, my God, aspire.
To Thee in faith I would draw nigh,
My God, my Saviour ! hear my cry.

I seek for Thee in vain
In such a world as this ;
And when I raise mine eyes to heaven,
My Father's home of bliss,
The dazzling glory of that light
Conceals Thee from my failing sight.

Yet I may find Thee, Lord,—
There is a blessed place,
Where I, Thy happy child, behold
The brightness of Thy face ;
Where e'en on earth, my spirit knows
The joy which from Thy presence flows.

Before Thy mercy seat,
Sprinkled with Jesu's blood :
Thy ransomed children now draw near
To Thee, their gracious God ;
There Thou dost speak to every heart,
And there Thy light and truth impart.

There, in that sacred place,
My soul would seek Thee, Lord ;
There would Thy promised presence claim
According to Thy Word.
My Saviour ! while I wait on Thee,
Oh, manifest Thyself to me.



*"I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep,
and am known of mine."*—JOHN X. 14.

Oh Thou who keepest Israel ! Thou needest no
repose,
Thine ever watchful, constant care, no inter-
mission knows :
With never failing, tender love, from heaven,
Thy dwelling place,
Thine eyes behold Thy ransomed flock, Thine
Israel's chosen race.

The Lord Himself vouchsafes to be our
Guardian, and our Guide,
Therefore our hearts shall trust in Him, in Him
we will confide,
Yes, it is Thou, our Saviour God, whose
gracious, loving care
Protects us still by night and day, from every
hurtful snare.

How often in the hour of need, swift succour
Thou hast brought,
How often hast Thou shielded us, and our
deliverance wrought,

In every fear, Thy gracious voice, still whispers
tenderly :

“ Trust in thy heavenly Father’s love, He
taketh care for thee.”

To Thee, our gracious God we bring the
tribute of our praise,
And day by day will joyfully our Ebenezers
raise ;

Thy goodness which has crowned our days, in
all our journey past,
Endures to-day, as yesterday, and shall for
ever last.

Therefore, oh Lord, with confidence, ourselves,
our all, we place
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings, the shelter
of Thy grace ;
Oh, condescend to guide us still, and lead us in
Thy ways,
For in Thy gracious hand we leave the remnant
of our days.



*“In the morning will I direct my prayer unto
Thee, and will look up.”—PSALM v. 3.*

O God, to Thee I lift my heart,
Whose favour doth to me impart
 Again another day ;
Teach me, O Lord, its worth to know,
Nor let the hours Thou dost bestow
 Unheeded pass away. ·

How swiftly pass my fleeting years !
Like flowers, that bloom when morn appears,
 And fade e'er evening's light ;
Swift as the arrow cleaves the sky,
So haste the winged moments by :
 Lord, deign to bless their flight !

How transient is all here below !
This world is but a passing show
 Which vanishes away ;
Oh, may Thy Spirit teach my heart,
Gladly from earthly joys to part,
 Which must so soon decay. ✓

My Saviour ! still before mine eyes
May Thine own blest example rise,
Still draw me by Thy love.
While I behold Thee, and adore,
Earth's fading joys can charm no more ;
My treasure is above.

Constrain my heart to serve Thee, Lord,
Make me obedient to Thy word
Throughout each passing hour ;
With a glad heart, and spirit free,
Help me, O Lord, to follow Thee,
Supported by Thy power.

While journeying towards that glorious home,
From whence, my Saviour, Thou didst come
In Thy redeeming love :
Triumphant songs my path shall cheer,
Till in Thy presence I appear,
And sing Thy praise above.



“Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.”—PSALM cxli. 2.

HEAVENLY Father, hear us pray ;
We in Jesu's name draw nigh,
At the parting hour of day,
All our labours now laid by,
Hear us, ere we seek repose
In the rest Thy love bestows.

Lord, our earthly days are Thine,
All are in Thy gracious hand ;
Each uncertain hour of time,
Measured out by Thy command,
Fading swiftly from our view
As the morning's early dew.

Pardon all our faults this day,
Nor its many sins record ;
Into judgment enter not
With Thy servants, gracious Lord ;
For we own with shame and awe
Our transgressions of Thy law.

Jesus, may Thy righteousness
Peace to every soul impart ;
May Thy Holy Spirit bless,
Strengthen, and console each heart !
By His power oh, may we prove
All the sweetness of Thy love !

In these hours, so calm and still,
Which repose and silence bring,
Shield us, Lord, from every ill,
Shelter us beneath Thy wing,
And our failing strength repair
For the morrow's toil and care.

Lord, impress on every heart
That the night of death must come,
When we shall from hence depart,
And descend into the tomb.
May we, when this life is o'er,
Rest with Thee for evermore.



“ For I know their sorrows.”—EXOD. iii. 7.

SORROWS and conflicts here on earth
Must be the Christian's part ;
But, Jesus, Thou beholdest all—
His rock and strength Thou art.

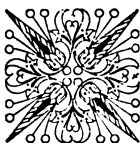
When my sad spirit strives in vain
Temptation's power to flee,
My Saviour sees my heavy grief,
And hastes to succour me.

Oft when I fear my worthless prayers
No more acceptance find,
Jesus, Thy sympathizing love
Supports my fainting mind.

Oft when I dread the bitter cup
Thy love appoints for me,
Jesus, I feel that Thou art near,
And drink it after Thee.

And when my heart, with care oppressed,
Delays to seek Thy face,
Thou dost behold my weariness,
And send Thy succouring grace.

Therefore I look to Thee each day,
And feel that Thou art nigh :
My gracious God, who knows my need,
Will all that need supply.



“Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.”—PSA. xxiii. 4.

A TRAVELLER here below,
As all my fathers were,
Like theirs, my earthly pilgrimage
Is full of toil and care.
Time bears me swiftly on,
Eternity draws near,
And days of weariness and grief
Are oft my portion here.

As a frail bark, which long
The threatening billows braves,
My mortal frame is sinking fast
Beneath life's surging waves.
My failing heart and flesh
Bow beneath sorrow's load,
With faltering steps I feebly tread,
To reach my last abode.

Yes, I must soon descend
Into the silent tomb ;
The opening grave before me spreads,
My long and quiet home.
All-conquering Death ! o'er me
Thine empire thou must claim ;
Among the trophies of thy power
Thou wilt enrol my name.

But, no, it is not death ;
I will no longer fear.
My soul ! it is thy Saviour-God
Who now is drawing near.
My bark has anchored now,
To breast the waves no more ;
The storms of life have wafted me
To the eternal shore.

My God, how sweet the peace
Thy promises impart,
Which Thine Eternal Spirit's grace
Has sealed upon my heart.
My Saviour ! I am Thine.
Gladly may I depart,
When Thou shalt call me to Thyself,
To see Thee as Thou art.

“ And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.”—MATT. ii. 10.

WHENCE appears this brilliant star
In the Eastern skies afar ?
Never hath a ray so bright
Pierced the gloomy shades of night.

See ! the glory of its beams
With celestial radiance streams
Towards Judea’s holy land,
Guiding there a faithful band.

There, a lowly infant made,
There, in Bethlehem’s manger laid,
Christ, the Prince of Life, they find—
Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

Ye who slight Emmanuel’s grace,
Who in Him no beauty trace ;
Here His love for sinners see,
In His deep humility.

Rise and shine, bright morning star !
Spread thy heavenly light afar,
Till each heart illumined be,
With the radiance shed by thee.



*“Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day,
and for ever.”—HEB. xiii. 8.*

WHY, my soul, these anxious fears?
Wherefore fall these bitter tears?
Has thy faith in Christ grown dim?
Where is now thy hope in Him?
What! hast thou no longer part
In thy loving Saviour's heart?

In thy grief, thy misery,
Far from Jesus thou dost flee,
Saying that before His face,
Thou canst never more find grace;
But thou shalt not cease to share
The Good Shepherd's tender care.

Deeply conscious of the sin,
Tainting every thought within,
God's just anger thou dost dread,
Fearing that his love has fled;
But thou shalt not cease to share
The Good Shepherd's tender care.

“ Oh,” thou sayest, “ I still must mourn,
Never can His love return ;
Never will His voice impart
Comfort to my faithless heart.”
What ! can Jesu’s grace remove ?
Can the Saviour cease to love ?

“ Justly now He hides his face,
And withdraws His slighted grace ;
Should His whole displeasure fall,
Justly I deserve it all.”
But thou shalt not cease to share
The Good Shepherd’s loving care.

My Redeemer ! Thou art near,
Pardon all my guilty fear ;
Ah, my sinful, wandering heart,
Cannot bid Thy love depart.
Jesu’s grace can ne’er remove ;
Jesus will not cease to love.



“Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.”—PHIL. i. 23.

To be with Thee, my Saviour-God,
Is all my heart's desire ;
My fainting soul, though bound to earth,
Towards Thee does still aspire.
In heaven Thy light and glory shines ;
There reigns celestial peace ;
There shall Thy presence evermore
My spirit's thirst appease.

The longest term of earthly life
Is nought but vanity ;
This world contains no lasting good,
Or true solidity ;
While from my Father's house I roam,
Where can my heart find rest ?
But there in my eternal home,
I shall be fully blest.

What bliss my Saviour will bestow
In those bright courts above !
What sweet repose my soul shall know,
Rejoicing in His love !

I go to join that blessed throng,
Church of the firstborn, there,
Where all His saints will welcome me,
Their endless bliss to share.

Oh, blessed hope ! I shall behold—
Shall see Him face to face,
Who hath redeemed me by His blood ;
Hath saved me by His grace.
And Thou wilt look on me with love,
For whom Thy life was given.
This is the portion of my soul ;
This is the joy of heaven.

Hasten, O Lord, that blessed day,
When I shall dwell with Thee ;
When grief no more shall fill my heart,
From all its woes set free.
When I shall see Thee as Thou art,
The Saviour whom I love ;
When I shall “ enter into peace,”
And rest with Thee above.



*“He shall guide you into all truth.”—JOHN
xvi. 13.*

SPIRIT of Truth ! Thy gracious beams
Of heavenly light impart ;
Revealing all the Father’s love,
To every waiting heart.

Cause us to taste and feed upon
The sweetness of Thy Word ;
There may our precious Saviour’s voice,
Celestial peace afford.

From pride and error guard our steps,
Their latent evils show ;
And lead us to the sacred founts,
Whence living waters flow.

Show us the glory of our Lord,
And consecrate our powers,
To Him through whose victorious love,
Eternal life is ours.

“Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.”—ISA. xli. 10.

THROUGH the dim forest's gloomy depths, beneath the shades of night,
See how the sun's enlivening ray hath poured a flood of light.
E'en thus the Spirit of the Lord disperses every cloud
Which, in temptation's trying hour, would our sad hearts enshroud.

How numerous are the cares which oft our weary souls oppress;
Oft through the dreary wilderness onward we sadly press;
Yet even there refreshing streams of living water glide,
And there, beneath the Eternal Rock, in safety we abide.

O Christian traveller, fear no more the storms
which round thee spread,
Nor yet the noontide's sultry beams on thy
defenceless head ;
A safe retreat and hiding-place thy Saviour
will provide,
And sorrow cannot fill thy heart while sheltered
at His side.

No, in thy darkest days on earth, when every
joy seems flown,
Believer, thou shalt never tread the toilsome
way alone ;
Although concealed from mortal sight, thy
Saviour still is nigh,
To guard thee with His ceaseless care, His
ever-watchful eye.

He sees thy suffering spirit's grief with tender
sympathy,
He who Himself has borne the weight of all
thy misery ;
Thy Saviour who, upon the cross, thy full re-
demption paid,
Will not from thee, His ransomed one, with-
hold His promised aid.

Press forward, then ; advance in peace, and
seek the heavenly land,
Nor fear to tread the path marked out by God
thy Father's hand ;
And when oppressed by earthly care, drooping
beneath its load,
Think that for *thee* the Saviour pleads before
the throne of God.



*“For what is your life? It is even a vapour,
that appeareth for a little time, and then
vanisheth away.”*—JAMES IV. 14.

TRAVELLERS through this vale of tears,
Swiftly pass our fleeting years,
Vain the pleasures here below,
Short repose our spirits know ;
But our Father reigns above,
And protects us by His love.

As the hours of morning light,
Quickly fading from our sight,
Thus our life soon disappears—
Childhood, youth, and manhood’s years ;
But if spent, O Lord, with Thee,
Calm and bright its course shall be.

Soon our fragile life is gone,
Flowing on without return ;
Soon it will have passed away,
As the course of one brief day ;
But if we to Christ belong,
In His love our hearts are strong.

All is perishable here,
Vain the joys we hold most dear ;
But a moment they endure,
Leave us, and return no more ;
But in Thee, our heavenly Friend,
Bliss is ours which ne'er can end.

Let our days, then, hasten by,
Proving "all is vanity."
Though the sun of life decline,
Though its beams no longer shine,
In our Saviour's light we see
The radiance of eternity.



“ Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.”—1 PETER v. 7.

How sweet, my Saviour, to repose
On Thine almighty power !
To feel thy strength upholding me
Through every trying hour.
With humble faith I rest on Thee,
And trust Thee day by day,
Whose wisdom will direct my path,
And ever guide my way.

It is Thy will that I should cast
My every care on Thee,
To Thee refer each rising grief,
Each new perplexity ;
That I should trust Thy loving care,
And look to Thee alone,
Calming each troubled thought to rest
In prayer before Thy throne.

Jesus, my Lord, Thy sweet command
Gladly I will obey,
To Thee commit the anxious cares
Of every passing day ;
For all things are ordained by Thee,
And work Thy gracious will ;
My times of sorrow and of joy
Are Thine appointment still.

Why should my heart, then, be distressed
By dread of future ill ?
Or why should unbelieving fear
My trembling spirit fill ?
Thine own sweet peace will still be mine
In every trying day,
Peace which the world cannot bestow,
And cannot take away.



*“Ye cannot do the things that ye would.”—GAL.
v. 17.*

I COME, O Lord, to tell Thee all my fears ;
Thy love alone can chase these bitter tears ;
For Thou hast bid me cast on Thee my care,
And Thou hast promised all my grief to bear.

Lord, I am Thine ; my soul desires to know
No other aim than serving Thee below.
I would in holy love my powers employ,
And find in Thee my source of purest joy.

Yes, from all evil I would gladly flee,
And shun whatever would dishonour Thee ;
Thy gracious warnings faithfully obey,
Nor ever from Thy sacred precepts stray.

But, Lord, I daily feel the power of sin,
Within my flesh there dwelleth no good thing ;
Thy holy law condemns my sinful will,
My treacherous heart conceals the traitor still.

Oh, when wilt Thou complete deliverance bring,
And free me from the law of death and sin ?
When, O my Saviour, shall I live to Thee,
Rest in Thy love, and serve Thee constantly ?

Until that blessed hour, oh, cheer my heart,
Renew my courage, and fresh strength impart.
Thou hast redeemed my soul, oh, deign to be
My Rock of strength against the enemy.



“So shall we be ever with the Lord.”—
1 THESS. iv. 17.

WHEN the short scenes of earth are past,
And things invisible at last
 Replace the things of time ;
Then shall the Church, the Saviour’s bride,
For ever with her Lord abide,
 And in His glory shine.

Already to their heavenly home
Myriads of ransomed spirits come,
 Arrayed in glory bright ;
Sorrow they never more can know,
Nor shall one bitter teardrop flow,
 In that sweet home of light.

Oh ! blest abode of boundless joy,
Eternal peace without alloy,
 And never-ending bliss ;
Their Father’s tenderness they know,
And see Him whom they loved below,
 The Saviour as He is !

For ever, through eternity,
That precious Saviour's love shall be,
Their joy unspeakable ;
For ever, all their conflicts o'er,
From death set free for evermore,
With Him, their Lord, they dwell.

We, too, shall share the bliss of heaven !
To us the heritage is given,
Of those who fear His name ;
Our spirits seek no earthly rest,
But in the mansions of the blest,
Their happy portion claim.

Let this bright hope our strength renew ;
Christians ! each work of love pursue,
For soon such toils shall cease ;
Redeemed by Christ from all their woes,
His servants with their Lord repose,
And enter into peace.



“Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.”—MATT. xxvi. 41.

OH ! had I kept my Lord's command,
Always to watch and pray,
And shunned the first approach of sin,
To draw my heart astray ;
My guilty weakness had not now
O'erwhelmed my soul with shame,
And still I might have served my Lord,
Rejoicing in His name.

Alas ! I have no inward strength,
Temptation's power to flee ;
My feeble faith cannot withstand
Its craft and subtlety ;
And oh ! my treacherous, faithless heart
Has harboured guilt within,
And dared from Jesus to depart,
To tread the paths of sin.

Oh ! that I could return to God,
To Him once more draw near,
Acknowledging my wretchedness,
With penitence sincere ;
But when to Him I lift my eyes,
And would attempt to pray,
My wandering heart is cold and dead,
Nor feels the words I say.

Lord Jesus ! Thou beholdest me,
Powerless to seek Thy grace,
Encompassed by dark clouds of sin,
Which hide Thy blessed face ;
And yet my few and fleeting years
Are quickly hastening by ;
The end of my short pilgrimage
Is swiftly drawing nigh.

Soon must I stand before Thee, Lord,
And at Thy bar appear,
For every talent to account,
Entrusted to me here ;
Oh ! in that great and dreadful day,
When Thou, my Lord, shalt come,
Must I, o'erwhelmed by sin and shame,
Expect a sinner's doom ?

Jesus, my Saviour, and my King,
Show forth Thy power in me ;
And stronger than the strong man armed,
Oh, set the captive free.
Lord, wash me, and I shall be clean,
Thy white robe o'er me fling ;
Reign Thou within my inmost soul,
Thy full salvation bring.



“It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.”—
ROM. viii. 34.

JESUS, God's well beloved Son,
Exalted on His Father's throne,
Our Friend, our Saviour, from above,
Still bends on us His eye of love ;
Our cares He knows, our cause He pleads,
And for us ever intercedes.

This heavenly Shepherd, faithful, true,
Keeps all His feeble ones in view ;
He opens to them day by day
Treasures of love to cheer their way ;
And when the tears of sorrow flow,
Then all His tenderness they know.

On earth, though sinless, holy, pure,
He deigned our sorrows to endure,
Made like to those for whom He died,
By every strong temptation tried ;
His tender love and pity flow,
To all His tempted ones below.

Therefore, accepted in His Son,
We may approach our Father's throne,
While His beloved name we plead,
He will supply our every need,
And send us sweet consoling grace
From heaven, His high and holy place.



*“Ye people, pour out your hearts before Him.
God is a refuge for us.”—PSA. lxii. 8.*

LORD ! Thou commandest me to seek Thy face,
Who dwellest in the high and holy place ;
Spirit of Christ ! Thy gracious influence send,
While all my heart’s desires to God ascend.

Thy hands have made and fashioned me, O
Lord,
And all my powers Thy wondrous power record ;
While all Thy daily bounties richly prove
Thy constant care and never-failing love.

But how shall I, a sinner, shadow forth,
Of my new life, the inestimable worth ?
How shall I speak of that amazing grace,
Which on my soul its image deigns to trace ?

Oh, why does my cold heart so thankless prove,
For all Thy wondrous and exhaustless love ?
Full of rebellion, and of pride within,
Alas ! I have returned Thee nought but sin.

O Lord, I blush to lift my face to Thee,
And can but weep o'er all my misery ;
Yet one sweet thought my trembling heart
shall fill,
For Thou, in Jesus, art my *Father* still.

Yes! Thou wilt hear me, Lord! In grief or
pain
Thy child can never call on Thee in vain ;
In Thy sure promises new strength I find,
And Thy sweet peace shall keep my heart and
mind.



*“ My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength
is made perfect in weakness.”—2 COR. xii. 9.*

THE cross which God has given me
To carry day by day,
Is joined to that eternal crown
Which fadeth not away.
It is my Saviour who appoints
The daily cross I bear,
And to His bosom I may flee,
And tell my sorrows there.

For He Himself hath borne the cross,
On Him its weight was laid,
And loved by Him, and following Him,
I cannot be afraid.
My soul, when He endured the cross,
Was precious in His sight ;
And now the daily grace He gives
Makes every burden light.

His boundless wisdom knows my path,
And graciously has planned
The course of my short pilgrimage
Towards heaven, the better land.
His hand hath traced the path for me,
Which day by day I tread,
And on his faithfulness I rest,
Who has my footsteps led.

Ah, I should often faint beneath
My heavy load of care,
If my frail heart should e'er be left
Alone its grief to bear ;
But still I hear my Father's voice
Which whispers, " I am near ;
I mark each sad and weary step,
I note each falling tear."

Take then, my soul, thy lightened cross,
And bear it willingly,
And bless the wisdom and the love
Appointing it for thee.
Thy God, thy faithful God is near,
He guides and guards thee still,
And should He call to suffering here,
Ah, learn to *love his will*.

“The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth.”—
PSA. cxlv. 18.

WHEN in dark affliction's hour,
Clouds of sorrow round me lour ;
Then with all my griefs I flee,
My Almighty Friend, to Thee.
Jesus listens to my prayer,
Bears the weight of all my care ;
And the strength His words impart,
Cheer and animate my heart.

When my soul has dared to stray
From the safe and narrow way ;
Tenderly, with accents mild,
He restores His wandering child.
Oft He chastens me in love,
All my wanderings to reprove,
Trials yielding, through His grace,
Precious fruits of righteousness.

Jesus, when He dwelt below,
Shared our suffering and our woe,
Hastening to our soul's relief,
Every step was marked by grief.
Now He leads us home to God,
In the way Himself has trod,
And His flock His voice obey,
Following where He led the way.

Heavenly Shepherd ! let me be,
Evermore thus near to Thee ;
Day by day Thy succour bring,
Shelter me beneath Thy wing.
When my heart is sad and faint,
Hear Thy feeble child's complaint,
While I feel that Thou art near,
All my grief shall disappear.



*“Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit ? or
whither shall I flee from Thy presence ?”*—
PSA. CXXXIX. 7.

O LORD, wherever I may be,
I know that I am still with Thee ;
No circumstance of time or place,
Can ever hide me from Thy face.

My days are passed within Thy sight,
And all the silent hours of night ;
To Thee each action is revealed ;
From Thee no thought can be concealed.

Thy Spirit knows my secret will,
All the desires I would fulfil ;
My inmost soul transparent lies,
Before Thy pure and searching eyes.

No hidden depths or shades of night
Can e'er conceal me from Thy sight ;
Where'er my wandering footsteps stray,
Lord ! Thou art there to guide my way.

O Lord, my God, to Thee I cry,
Whose presence is for ever nigh ;
Oh, grant me grace through every hour,
To realize its sacred power.

Subdue my sins, control my will,
Bid each rebellious thought be still,
That I may at my Saviour's side,
In peace and holiness abide.



“Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.”—ISA. xii. 3.

BEHOLD where streams of living water glide !
Verdure and beauty spring on every side.
And thus the Word of God restores the soul
Where'er the waters of salvation roll.

Taught by Thy Spirit, Lord, Thy children find
Within Thy Word all precious gifts combined ;
Treasures of wisdom, knowledge, truth, and
peace,
And guidance in the paths of holiness.

Here, 'midst the tempest's rage and battle's
heat,
The Christian finds a safe and calm retreat ;
Here a sweet haven of repose appears
From all his sufferings and from all his fears.

How precious, then, Thy law to me, O Lord !
How dear to me the guidance of Thy Word !
Daily it leads my spirit nearer Thee.
Oh, may I keep its precepts watchfully !

Lord, may my heart its sacred impress bear.
Spirit of Christ! engrave it deeply there.
And oh, when tempted from its paths to stray,
Preserve me in the safe and narrow way.



“If a man keep My saying, he shall never see death.”—JOHN viii. 51.

FROM this world's darkness to remove,
And dwell in heaven's unclouded light,
To see the Saviour whom we love,
Where there is no more night—
Can this be death ?

To quit the strife and cares of time
For heaven's eternal, deep repose,
To dwell in that celestial clime
Where joy for ever flows—
Can this be death ?

To stand before the Eternal King,
Called, in the fulness of His grace,
His voice to hear, His praise to sing,
And gaze upon His face—
Can this be death ?

Our Saviour's glory to behold,
No more to quit our Shepherd's side,
But in the shelter of His fold
For ever to abide—
Can this be death ?

To join the ransomed hosts above,
Who evermore His throne surround,
And sing the triumphs of His love,
With light and glory crowned—
Can this be death?

To see Thee, Saviour, as Thou art,
The fulness of that love to know
Whose earthly dawning could impart
Foretastes of heaven below—
This is *not* death.



“Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.”—2 TIM. i. 10.

A STRANGER and a pilgrim here,
Through this dark world I roam,
Without a certain dwelling-place,
Far from my heavenly home.
The flower which withers in an hour
But shadows forth my life,
And these short days are full of toil,
Of weariness, and strife.

Soon shall I sleep beneath the tomb,
And, numbered with the dead,
The earth shall cover me from sight,
And over me be spread :
Soon shall my mortal frame dissolve,
And mingle with the clay
Of those whose days on earth have like
A shadow passed away.

But oh! whence comes this glorious light
Which bursts upon the tomb?
This dawn of heaven, which shines around,
Dispersing all its gloom;
Which penetrates its dark abyss
With beams of heavenly day,
Wherefore, O Grave and Gate of Death,
Dost thou relax thy sway?

It is the brightness of Thy face,
My Saviour and my King,
Thy glance which pierces death's dark shades,
And doth deliverance bring;
Thy voice which triumphs o'er the grave,
And bids its darkness flee,
Which bids the tomb uncloseth its gates,
And set the ransomed free!

The glory of the Lord hath shined
To earth's remotest bound;
His chosen ones are gathered home,
And with salvation crowned.
Clothed with a new, immortal life,
My slumbering form shall rise
At Christ the heavenly Bridegroom's call,
To meet Him in the skies.

No longer shall thy power, O Death,
Strike terror to my heart,
Although my sinful flesh must fall
Beneath thy threatening dart.
No longer will I fear the grave,
Or dread its gloom to see :
Whether I wake or sleep, O Lord,
I shall be still with Thee.



"I am the Light of the world."—JOHN viii. 12.

O GLORIOUS Sun of righteousness,
Who on this sacred day
Didst o'er the dark domain of death
Thy wondrous power display—
Bright Morning Star ! arise and shine,
And pour Thy heavenly light,
Till all the world with one accord
To bless Thy name unite.

Beneath Thy healing beams alone
Can life and health be found ;
Oh, may their radiance now diffuse
Celestial light around ;
Till darkness and obscurity
Shall flee before Thy face,
And error's night no more enfold
Our frail and dying race.

Oh, may the light of truth prevail
Upon this sacred day,
To pierce the darkest depths of sin
With its enlivening ray ;

To rescue from guilt's captive thrall,
And save from endless woes,
The souls which now it holds enchained,
Lulled in a false repose.

Advance, O sacred fire of Love,
Thy light and joy display,
Until thy glorious dawn expand
To full and perfect day ;
Till every dark and gathering cloud
Shall far away be driven,
Which from so many hearts conceals
The light and love of heaven.

Light of the world ! arise and shine
With healing in Thy wings,
And to Thy universal sway
Subdue all earthly things.
Oh, make Thy light and glory known
In all their radiancy,
Until the day of Christ appear,
And all shall worship Thee.



“Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee.”—PSA. lxxiii. 25.

MY Saviour, whom have I in heaven but Thee?
In Thee alone my soul finds peace and rest;
And earth contains no joy apart from Thee
In which my spirit can be truly blest.

Here, in this sinful transitory world,
What object can with lasting bliss inspire?
What can this perishable earth afford
To satisfy the immortal soul's desire?

If my weak heart should for a moment turn
To seek for happiness in things below,
Thy Spirit teaches me such joy to spurn,
And gladly such vain pleasures to forego:

Thy grace, my Saviour, and Thy faithful love,
Alone can give me strength and true repose;
Possessing these, my spirit soars above,
And tastes the bliss which from Thy presence flows.

Thus, clinging ever to my Saviour's side,
His gracious hand supports and guides me
still ;
And joyfully, while I in Him abide,
I bear His yoke and seek to do His will.



“Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest Him out of Thy law.”—
PSA. xciv. 12.

•
COULD I have thought such grief as mine,
O'erwhelming sorrows, doubts, and fears,
Could e'er with beams of gladness shine,
Or sweetness mingle with my tears ?

I knew that God, when He afflicts,
Is ever near to heal and bless,
But I have found my heavy grief
The channel of His tenderness.

My Father, God, in sorrow's hour
From vain desires has turned my heart,
And by His Spirit has revealed
The joy His presence can impart.

He has disclosed my secret sins,
My hidden idols brought to light,
And made me hate the guilty things
Which hide my Saviour from my sight.

Jesus Himself has then drawn near,
And brought sweet comfort from above :
Henceforth I count each trial dear—
The pledge and token of His love.



“Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance. In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day, and in Thy righteousness shall they be exalted.”—PSA. lxxxix. 15, 16.

O GOD, our Saviour! when Thy love
Descends upon the heart,
Blessings far more than life can give,
Thy favour doth impart:
In Thee, forgetting all their woes,
Thine own redeemed ones find repose.

Thy happy children, day by day,
Their Father's bounty share;
Each day with tender love He makes
Their lightest wants His care.
With each returning morn they view,
His loving kindness ever new.

How sweet to know our pardon sealed,
Through Jesus' boundless grace ;
How sweet the peace which He bestows
On those who seek His face.
They hear His Spirit's gracious voice,
And in their Father's love rejoice.

Thus by celestial hope sustained,
Guided and blest by Thee ;
No more they dread Thy day of wrath,
Nor from Thy judgments flee ;
But walking in the light of heaven,
Its foretaste to their souls is given.



“This do in remembrance of Me.”—LUKE
xxii. 19.

Not in our righteousness, O Lord,
Do we presume to venture near,
When in obedience to Thy Word,
Around Thy table we appear ;
Our sin and misery alone
Are all that we can call our own.

In our unworthiness we come,
Invited by Thy sovereign grace,
Thus to approach our Father's throne,
And see His reconciled face ;
In humble faith, at Thy command,
Thy children in Thy presence stand.

We turn our eyes from all within,
And look to Jesus Christ alone ;
From all our weakness, all our sin,
We flee for refuge to Thy Son ;
On Him our trembling souls we stay,
Whose blood has turned Thy wrath away.

Oh, depth of love, surpassing thought,
Thy Son, Thy well-beloved, dies,
Sustaining all Thy righteous wrath,
As our atoning sacrifice ;
And thus our guilty, wretched race,
Behold once more their Father's face.

Jesus ! Thy precious blood hath flowed,
To wash away each guilty stain ;
Thou on the cross did'st bear our load,
And all our penalty sustain ;
On Thee the stroke of vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk our souls to hell.

Could we, rebellious and undone,
Thy pity and compassion claim ?
Ah, no ! Thy boundless love alone
Moved Thee to bear our sin and shame,
That love which in Thy parting breath,
Triumphed o'er all the powers of death.

Thy body, broken for our sake,
Thy precious blood's life-giving tide ;
In these salvation we partake,
And all our deep transgressions hide.
Transgressions of a crimson dye, ,
Which numbers fail to multiply.

Oh that Thy love from day to day,
 May rule and sanctify each heart ;
May every thought and action sway,
 And holy zeal and strength impart ;
Enabling us at once to flee
From all that would dishonour Thee.

For we are Thine—Thy purchased flock,
 Who feed beneath their Shepherd's eye ;
Thou art our Shelter, Shield, and Rock ;
 In Thee we live, to Thee we die ;
Oh, that our one desire may be,
While here on earth to follow Thee.

O Holy Spirit ! come with power,
 Make every heart Thy sacred shrine ;
Renew our souls from hour to hour,
 Till in Thy glorious light they shine,
Changed by Thy soul-transforming Word,
Into the likeness of our Lord. .



“*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.*”—GEN. iii. 19.

YES, I must die ! prepare my soul,
For thine eternal state ;
Soon shall I quit this earthly scene,
The summons I await.

A passing day's short pilgrimage,
Such are my earthly years ;
The morning dew, so soon dispersed,
Such my frail life appears.

Soon must my eyelids droop in death ;
Soon must my mortal frame
Descend to mingle with the dust,
From which at first it came.

Haste, then, my soul ! to Jesus fly,
Awake to watch and pray ;
Thy Saviour comes ! may'st thou be found
Accepted in that day.

“Who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world.”—
GAL. i. 4.

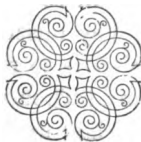
WHAT earthly joy can fill my breast,
While in my Saviour's love I rest?
From this vain world He set me free,
When made a sacrifice for me;
And still His faithfulness and love,
With each returning day I prove.

When Satan strives to wound my peace,
My Saviour brings my soul release;
The full salvation He has wrought,
Hath everlasting victory brought;
From Satan's power He set me free,
Who, dying, conquered death for me.

Oft, when my weak and treacherous heart
Would from the way of truth depart,
My Saviour's voice, in accents mild,
Recalls His wayward, wandering child:
Whispering, “Did I salvation win,
That thou should'st be the friend of sin?”

In weary hours of dark distress,
When earthly cares my heart oppress ;
Still does my Saviour's love appear
Delivering me from every fear,
For e'en should earthly parents flee,
My God my Father still would be.

Thus, without fear, in all my grief,
I fly to Him, and find relief ;
His Holy Spirit doth impart
New strength and comfort to my heart.
Oh, let Thy love my portion be,
My Saviour ! till I come to Thee.



“To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”—
PHIL. i. 21.

ANOTHER year has passed away,
And vanished as a fleeting day,
And thus our life flows swiftly on,
Each passing hour for ever gone.
But while I tread the narrow way,
Which leads to heaven's eternal day,
My soul with peaceful joy counts o'er
The years that shall return no more.

Yes, in sweet peace I journey on,
My Saviour-God, to that blest home
Where, in the fulness of Thy grace,
I shall behold Thy blissful face.
Thy Spirit whispers to my heart,
That to Thy child Thou wilt impart
The inheritance laid up in heaven
For those for whom Thy life was given.

I journey towards that heavenly land
Sustained by Thine almighty hand ;
And Thine abiding presence, Lord,
Does every day new strength afford ;

Through all my changing years below.
Thy loving-kindness I shall know.
Thou hast ordained each step for me—
The last shall bring me home to Thee.

I bless Thee, then, my gracious God,
For all the years Thou hast bestowed,
And trust Thy never-failing grace
To guide me all my future days.
“A little while,” and Thou shalt come
To take me to Thy blissful home,
Where I shall know Thy perfect love
For ever in Thy courts above.



"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—
PSA. xc. 9.

How short our life on earth !
Graves all around us spread ;
And soon we too shall dwell in dust,
With the forgotten dead.
All, all is vanity.

What lasting good rewards
Our earthly toils and cares ?
The brilliant chains we love so well,
False friends, vain hopes, and fears ?
All, all is vanity.

The sinful joys of earth
Are followed by remorse ;
The flowers whose fragrance tempted us,
Conceal a hidden curse.
All, all is vanity.

Our years fulfil their course
Towards eternity.
Almighty Saviour ! keep my soul ;
Clothe it with immortality ;
Cleanse in Thy blood its vanity.

“Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.”—PSA. li. 9.

AH, let me mourn for mine offence ;
Flow on, my tears, without control ;
I dare not seek to calm my grief,
Or raise to God my sinful soul.
Oh, I was happy in His love ;
Sweet peace and joy He had bestowed ;
Alas ! betrayed by sin, I fell,
And now I feel its heavy load.

I would not seek to hide my shame ;
My sin and wretchedness I own :
My heart condemns me ; all its guilt
Is known to Thee, O Lord, alone :
Temptation came ; Thou didst recall
That for my sake Thy blood was shed ;
I would not hear, but left Thee, Lord,
And dared in sin's broad paths to tread.

Thy Holy Spirit I have grieved ;
The thing Thou hatest I have done ;
Thy broken law demands my doom,
To endless wrath beneath Thy frown.

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*Do know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
 That, though He was rich, yet for your sakes
 He became poor, that ye through His poverty
 might be rich."*—2 COR. viii. 9.

O! wondrous mystery of love!
 The Saviour leaves His throne above;
 And on the earth He deigned to tread
 He had not where to lay His head.

Equal with God, He yet became
 A man of sorrows, grief, and shame,
 And led, while sojourning below,
 A self-renouncing life of woe.

He who possessed creation's throne
 Had nought on earth He called His own;
 Though Lord of all, He chose to be
 A lowly man of poverty.

How, then, O Christian, can thy heart
 Find in this world its chosen part?
 Wilt thou forsake the narrow road
 In which thy Lord and Saviour trod?

But, Jesus, has Thy blood no power
My deep transgressions to efface?
Wilt Thou be gracious, Lord, no more?
Wilt Thou for ever hide Thy face?

No, Thy compassions *never* fail.
Redeemer! Thou wilt not despise
The sorrows of a contrite heart;
Thou wilt receive its tears and sighs.
Lord Jesus, hear me! Oh return,
And heal my broken spirit's pain!
Grant me one look of pardoning love,
And let me hear Thy voice again.

O wondrous love! surpassing grace!
Thy Holy Spirit calms my fears.
It is Thy voice which whispers peace,
Thy bosom which receives my tears.
My Saviour and redeeming God,
O help me henceforth by Thy grace
To consecrate my days to Thee,
And by my life show forth Thy praise!



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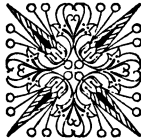
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Find in this world its chosen part ?
Wilt thou forsake the narrow road
In which thy Lord and Saviour trod ?

In earthly treasures canst thou find
Life for thy soul, and peace of mind ?
And when thy parting hour draws nigh,
Say, can they follow thee on high ?

Lord Jesus, set our spirits free
From this world's vain cupidity :
There may our heart's affections soar
Where we shall dwell for evermore.



*“I am the Lord, I change not ; therefore ye sons
of Jacob are not consumed.”—MAL. iii. 6.*

MY God, Thy faithful promises,
Can never change or fail ;
Nor can my heart of unbelief,
Against their truth prevail.

Thou hast declared that *all* who come
To Thee, in Jesus' name,
By Him completely justified,
Eternal life shall claim.

O Lord, this witness in my heart,
With humble faith I trace,
And shall I doubt the certainty
Of Thine abounding grace ?

Ah no ! upon Thy Word I rest
With confidence secure ;
Thy Word surpasses all my thought,
And is for ever sure.

And though I feel and deeply mourn
My sin and misery ;
I cannot doubt that Thou wilt still
My God and Father be.

For, O my Saviour, I may come
With all my woes opprest,
And find a safe retreat with Thee,
A refuge in Thy breast.

The recollection of Thy love
Shall dry each bitter tear,
And Thine unchanging faithfulness
Shall banish every fear.

I cannot doubt my Father's love,
Whate'er my earthly lot,
For Jesus whispers to my heart,
" Thy Saviour changes not."



“God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.”—
1 JOHN iv. 16.

My heavenly Father's love alone,
While here on earth I stray,
With light around my pathway thrown,
Illumes my homeward way ;
Though earthly joys must all depart,
This love can ne'er deceive my heart.

The love of God ! it forms the bliss
Of all the hosts of heaven ;
And is the glorious heritage
To all His children given ;
That love which every promise seals,
And everlasting life reveals.

This love inspires the faithful heart,
And forms its one desire,
Enkindling there the sacred flame
Of pure devotion's fire ;
Illumined by love's holy light,
Earth seems with heaven's own radiance
bright.

How vain and fleeting all things here !
E'en as we gaze they disappear ;
Our dearest hopes elude our grasp,
Joys wither in our eager clasp ;
Behold a smiling Eden stand—
We turn, and find an arid strand !

But love no variation knows,
Its sacred stream for ever flows ;
To love no parting hour is given,
Its days are as the days of heaven ;
Nought from my soul this hope shall sever,
God's love, in Christ, is mine for ever.



“ For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and the living.”—ROM. xiv. 9.

THE sting of death has lost its boasted power,
For ever vanquished in that glorious hour,
When Christ, the Holy One of God, arose,
And bade the portals of the tomb unclose.

Yes, the dark shades of death His voice obey,
And Hades owns our great Emmanuel's sway,
When on the cross He bore our sin and shame,
“ Lord of the dead and living ” He became.

At such a price His ransomed church was
bought ;
Thus hath our Saviour our deliverance wrought,
For us He drained the bitter cup of woe,
And from His death our life and pardon flow.

Children of God ! who claim a heavenly birth,
Arise ! shake off the sinful chains of earth ;
Shall children of the day, and of the light,
Still walk as those who dwell in error's night ?

Jesus ! our life is hid with God in Thee,
In Thee alone we find security ;
For us Thou deign'st a kingdom to prepare :
Oh, guide our feeble footsteps safely there.



“Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God, and him that serveth Him not.”
—MAL. iii. 18.

WHAT love the Father hath bestowed
On us, to call us sons of God !
Though shame and suffering be our lot,
Despised by those who knew Him not ;
Gladly for Christ we bear the cross,
And for His sake count all things loss.

Vainly the wisdom of the world,
Against His truth its darts hath hurled ;
Its hollow reasoning, false, impure,
That sacred light can ne'er obscure ;
The world in error's chain lies bound,
In Christ alone can truth be found.

But we, who hear the Saviour's call,
Are rescued from the world's vain thrall ;
Our Father's love, e'er time began,
Decreed salvation's glorious plan,
And mercy flowed, a boundless tide,
When on the cross the Saviour died.

Confiding in His gracious Word,
We wait the coming of our Lord ;
From heaven shall our Almighty King
Deliverance to His children bring ;
Therefore in joyful hope we raise
Glad and triumphant songs of praise.

The Church of Christ, His ransomed bride,
Shall ever in His love abide ;
Gladly submitting to His will,
Where'er He leads, she follows still,
And, knowing that her Lord is nigh,
Will on His promised aid rely.

But what shall be the scoffer's doom,
When Thou, O Son of God, shalt come ?
When Thy just wrath like fire shall glow,
And all their vaunted strength lay low ;
When reason's proud, presumptuous thought
Shall perish as a thing of nought ?

Their feet are taken in the snare,
Which wilfully they now prepare ;
All their unholy schemes must fail,
Nor can their righteousness avail ;
Oh ! who Thy judgments shall not fear,
When Thou in glory shalt appear ?

“Ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.”—2 COR. vi. 18.

SEE, where a tender mother fondly bends,
With sweet affection o'er her first-born
child!

And even thus our Father's care extends
O'er all on whom His saving grace hath
smiled.

Can He withdraw that everlasting love,
Which on His own redeem'd ones hath
shone?

Or can that free, exhaustless grace remove
From those whom He hath chosen in His
Son?

Shall the beloved child His grace hath sealed,
Like a sad orphan dwell on earth forlorn?
Or would the way of life have been revealed,
And then a Father's guiding hand with-
drawn?

Oh, child of God! confide in simple faith
In Him who watches o'er thee from the
skies ;

Sweetly repose on all thy Saviour saith,
And still to Him lift up thy longing eyes.

Gracious Redeemer ! teach my waiting heart
To trust in Thee, when anxious cares assail ;
Thy voice of love can bid all grief depart,
My heavenly Shepherd's care can never fail.



*“Every day will I bless Thee, and I will
praise Thy name for ever and ever.”—*
PSA. cxlv. 2.

MY Saviour's praises I will sing,
And all His love express,
Whose mercies each returning day,
Proclaim His faithfulness.

Redeemed by His Almighty power,
My Saviour and my King ;
My confidence in Him I place,
To Him my soul would cling.

On Thee alone, my Saviour God,
My steadfast hopes depend,
And to Thy holy will my soul,
Submissively would bend.

Oh, grant Thy Holy Spirit's grace,
And aid my feeble powers,
That gladly I may follow Thee,
Through all my future hours.

“And now, little children, abide in Him.”—
1 JOHN ii. 28.

MY Saviour ! who hast taught my heart to know
The peace and joy which Thou alone canst
give,
Abiding in Thy love while here below,
To Thee alone henceforth Thy child would live.

Since the blest hour when first I knew Thy
grace,
What sweet repose in Thee my heart has
found ;

And still Thy constant love and care I trace,
In all the blessings which my path surround.

As falls from heaven the soft and silent dew,
So does Thy grace upon my heart descend ;
Streams of eternal life my strength renew,
And countless mercies all my steps attend.

Oh, happy portion mine ! To share Thy love,
To know the riches of Thy saving grace ;
In all my griefs Thy faithfulness to prove,
In every joy my Father’s hand to trace.

To Thee may all my future days be given,
To Thee henceforth my all devoted be ;
Be this my joy, a foretaste here of heaven,
To hear Thy gracious voice, and follow Thee.



“Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.”—
EPH. v. 14.

WHAT sudden light from heaven illumes my
soul?

Enshrouded in dark clouds of sin and grief,
Before my raptured eyes,
Bright beams of day arise;
My Saviour! Thou hast brought my heart
relief.

In deepest shades of night I wandered far,
Awhile misled and lured by earth's false glare,
But now with heaven's own light,
My onward path is bright,
There is no darkness now! My Saviour's love
I share.

While yet unconscious of my misery,
Nor seeking Thy compassion, gracious Lord!
Thou didst Thy child behold,
And in Thine arms enfold,
And to the paths of life Thy wandering one
restored.

My life is hid with Thee, O Son of God,
Thou hast the Brother of my soul become ;
 Washed in the precious flood
 Of Thine atoning blood ;
God is my Father, heaven my purchased home.

Lord Jesus, come ! my spirit waits for Thee ;
Thou to my soul eternal life hast given,
 Saved and redeemed by Thee,
 Through all eternity,
Thy ransomed child shall dwell with Thee in
 heaven.



“Ye are not your own ; ye are bought with a price ; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God’s.”—
1 COR. vi. 19, 20.

CHILDREN of God ! ah, leave the world’s broad
way,
We have renounced its follies, hopes, and
aims ;
Let not its pleasures lead our hearts astray,
Jesus, our Lord, our whole obedience claims.

We are His flock, for us His life was given,
Bought with a price, we are no more our own ;
And shall we turn from Him who speaks from
heaven,
And slighting Him, live to ourselves alone ?

Oh, had not His Divine compassions flowed,
Still had our souls sustained the wrath of
God ;
But ours is now the promise sealed with blood,
And in our hearts His love is shed abroad.

Oh, listen to His voice, who bids us wear
His easy yoke, and His light burden take ;
To such a gracious Friend, oh, could we bear
For all His love such cold returns to make ?

No, blessed Saviour, Thine our *lives* shall be,
We would not thus Thy blessed Spirit grieve ;
Oh may our hearts, from vain desires set free,
With glad obedience *all* Thy laws receive.



“Pour out your heart before Him; God is a refuge for us.”—PSA. lxii. 8.

How sweet the hour of prayer, O Lord,
When to my waiting soul is given
Bliss which Thy love alone affords,
A foretaste of the joys of heaven.

In secret, and alone with Thee,
Through Christ I humbly seek Thy face,
And there Thou dost unfold to me
The heavenly treasures of Thy grace.

There, Thy poor, weary, troubled child,
May shed his tears upon Thy breast;
No more he fears the tempest wild,
His heart has found in Thee its rest.

Jesus, be Thou my sanctuary,
And all my unbelief remove,
For often in my misery,
My spirit coldly doubts Thy love.

O Holy Spirit, teach my heart
To plead my Saviour's precious name ;
Do Thou that child-like faith impart,
Which shall His promised blessing claim



“ Sanctify them through Thy truth ; thy Word is truth.”—JOHN xvii. 17.

O LORD, while here on earth I stray,
Be this my joy from day to day,
 To glorify thy name ;
From earthly vanities set free,
To find my happiness in Thee,
 And still Thy praise proclaim ;
Far from my heart may each vain passion fly,
Which shuns the glance of Thine all-seeing eye.

While journeying towards my home in
 heaven,
To me Thy Holy Word is given,
 My precious portion here ;
In every scene of earthly woe,
The source whence streams of comfort flow,
 My fainting heart to cheer ;
Oh, write Thy sacred Word upon my heart,
Nor let me from its precepts e'er depart.

Lord ! I would listen to Thy voice,
In my Redeemer's love rejoice,
 And all His laws obey ;
But ah, my heart deceitful proves,
Too oft, alas ! from Thee it roves—
 Too oft my footsteps stray ;
Thy grace alone, Thy mercy freely given,
Can lead Thy wandering, wayward child to
 heaven.

Oh ! grant me strength to persevere ;
Set free from every guilty fear,
 And every anxious care ;
Led by Thy Spirit's gracious sway,
Gladly may I from day to day,
 Each cross Thou sendest bear ;
O Lamb of God, where'er Thy steps I see,
There would Thy child undaunted follow Thee.

Oh ! cleanse my heart from every sin ;
Wash me, and make me pure within,
 My inmost thoughts renew ;
From vanity, oh turn mine eyes,
Nor let one sinful thought arise,
 To hide Thee from my view ;
Oh ! that my every word and deed may prove
The evidence of faith which works by love.

“ In me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing, for to will is present with me ; but how to perform that which is good I find not.”—
ROM. vii. 18.

ALAS ! how treacherous is my heart,
Full of deceit and guile within ;
Weak and defiled in every part,
And subject to the law of sin.

To God I made my vows sincere,
Resolved His righteous paths to tread ;
But ah ! temptation’s hour drew near,
And from the Saviour’s cross I fled.

My faithless heart, by sin betrayed,
Enjoys no more His precious love ;
Nor can the stains which guilt has made,
From my polluted soul remove.

My God ! is this the sacred zeal
With which my ransomed soul should
burn ?
And is it thus Thy children feel,
Who watch and wait for Thy return ?

But, O my God! Thy wrath remove,
My Father's mercy I implore;
Let me Thy kind compassion prove,
Which can my wandering soul restore.

My broken heart, by sin cast down,
With deep repentance seeks Thy grace;
Lord! in Thy presence let me mourn,
And shed my tears before Thy face.



“And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.”—EPH. ii. 1.

UPON this sad and sinful earth
Is there one soul of heavenly birth,
Who in his Maker's sight could stand,
Or claim one blessing from His hand ?

We all, O God, have gone astray,
We all have wandered from Thy way ;
Did not Thy grace Thy wrath restrain,
None could escape from endless pain.

But God the Eternal Spirit gives
That faith by which the sinner lives ;
Redeemed by Christ, before Thy face
He stands complete in righteousness.

The Spirit's witness then is given,
The imperishable hope of heaven ;
Thy child shall all Thy goodness prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

With peace and hope that heart is blest
Which finds in Thee its perfect rest ;
What shall disturb his sweet repose,
Who Jesu's loving kindness knows ?

And oh ! what bliss beyond the skies
Awaits the heir of Paradise :
His earthly toils and labours o'er,
He dwells with God for evermore.



*“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all
acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the
world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.”*
—1 TIM. i. 15.

My soul with sin and grief oppressed,
O'erwhelmed beneath the heavy load,
Falls at Thy feet in deep distress,
And seeks relief from Thee, O God.

Jesus! I would draw near to Thee,
And humbly stand before Thy gate;
To Thee in these dark hours I flee,
With all my sorrow's heavy weight.

Alas! I have despised Thy grace,
And slighted all Thy wondrous love,
Justly Thou mightest hide Thy face,
And my ingratitude reprove.

But is Thy door of mercy closed?
Thy faithfulness forbids it, Lord;
Should my petition be refused,
Where were the mercies of my God?

Thy Holy Word does not declare,
Salvation only for the just,
That they alone Thy love shall share,
Nor sinners dare in Thee to trust.

But Thou hast said that *all* who seek
Thy boundless mercy, shall obtain ;
Thou givest to each suppliant meek,
And all who knock shall entrance gain.

O Lord ! I deeply feel my need ;
My sinfulness and misery ;
My want emboldens me to plead,
Oh, manifest Thy grace in me.

Let me Thy great compassion prove,
Let manna to my soul be given,
And may I find in Jesu's love,
All that I need in earth or heaven.



*“ My meditation of Him shall be sweet ; I will
be glad in the Lord.”—PSA. CIV. 34.*

My Saviour ! full of tenderness,
Thou art my spring of joy ;
Thou who hast taught the songs of praise
Which now my heart employ ;
Thy bounties crown my happy days,
And as they onward flow,
Thou wilt, through all their future course,
Thy loving kindness show.

Ah ! I have known the weariness
Of earthly toil and care,
When in a lonely path I trod,
With none my grief to share ;
Far from Thy great salvation, Lord,
Far from thy blessed face,
With wayward steps I blindly sought
The desert's paths to trace.

But Thou, my Saviour, didst appear,
To set the captive free,
Before Thy love all earthly griefs
Like morning shadows flee.
Transporting thought! to know by faith,
My Lord, that I am Thine ;
And now Thy heaven, Thy joy, Thy peace,
For evermore are mine.

Ah ! such redemption teaches me
To yield myself to Thee,
And with an undivided heart,
To serve Thee constantly.
Lord, bend my spirit to Thy will,
And bid it daily rise
Towards heaven, where Thine own hand
hath placed
My treasure in the skies.



*“Nevertheless I am continually with Thee :
Thou hast holden me by my right hand.”—
PSA. lxxiii. 23.*

ALONE, without a friendly hand,
To aid him day by day,
How could a feeble infant stand,
Or guide his onward way?
A wanderer through life's desert wild,
Possessing no resource ;
How should an unprotected child,
Direct his future course ?

And where shall I, as frail and weak,
The creature of a day,
Some sure support and guidance seek,
While here on earth I stray ?
Jesus ! Thy Word assures my heart,
And banishes my fear ;
My heavenly Friend will ne'er depart,
My God is ever near.

And oh, if Thou art with me, Lord,
If on Thine arm I lean,
That arm shall be my strong defence
In every trying scene.
No refuge need I seek beside,
Nor any darkness fear,
For while with Jesus I abide,
Night is as noonday clear.

Therefore my heart shall fear no more,
But in Thy love be strong,
Trusting the hand of might and power
Which leads my soul along ;
His faithful hand from whom alone
Each heavenly blessing flows,
The Shepherd who will guard His own,
And save from all their foes.

No more the wilderness I dread,
Nor fear the battle's strife ;
For Thou art with me while I tread
The toilsome path of life.
Thy praise shall all my powers employ,
While thus on earth are given,
Foretastes of that eternal joy
Laid up for me in heaven.

“Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath.”

—HEB. vi. 17.

I KNOW in whom I have believed ;
Calmly my soul relies
On the unchanging oath of God,
When trembling fears arise.
The promise of eternal life,
So fully, freely given,
My heart receives and rests upon,
Earnest and pledge of heaven.

The Lord has spoken. I believe
The witness of His Word,
The testimony of His grace,
In Jesus Christ my Lord ;
His Spirit testifies of Him,
And deeply on my heart
Seals all the precious promises
Which endless life impart.

And what shall e'er my hope remove ?
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth, and all that dwell therein,
Are hastening to decay ;
But God abideth still the same
My Father and my Friend,
Whose love throughout eternal years
Shall know no change nor end.

Jesus for evermore is mine,
The Saviour of my soul,
Whose great redemption shall avail
While endless ages roll ;
O Son of God ! Thou ne'er wilt cease
My all in all to be ;
Thou who upon the cross didst shed
Thy precious blood for me.

Through Thee I overcome the world,
And Satan's power defy,
Secure from all the tempter's wiles,
While Thou, my Lord, art nigh.
Victorious Lord ! to Thee I owe
The peace which fills my breast ;
That deep, ineffable repose,
Pledge of eternal rest.

“If any man be in Christ he is a new creature : old things are passed away ; behold, all things are become new.”—2 COR. v. 17.

LONG had I sought in vain for bliss
Among the transient joys of earth,
Nor found the pearl of happiness,
’Midst all their hollow pomp and mirth
Until my Saviour’s gracious voice,
Bade my sad heart in Him rejoice.

Ah, then what transport filled my breast—
The raptures of a soul forgiven ;
The foretaste of eternal rest,
And endless joy reserved in heaven.
Salvation’s treasures full and free,
Through Jesu’s love bestowed on me.

Such wondrous, unexampled grace,
Still fills my soul with sweet surprise,
And as Thy boundless love I trace,
Adoring hymns of praise arise ;
With Thy sweet peace so richly blest,
How pure the joy which fills my breast.

Oh, what a debt of love I owe !

To Thee, myself, my all, I give ;
And gladly leaving all below,

To Thee alone would henceforth live,
Keeping Thy holy law in sight,
Led by its pure and sacred light.

And as my years glide swiftly by,

Calmly I view them all depart ;
Soon shall I reach my home on high,
And see Thee, Saviour, as Thou art ;
And from a dying world set free,
For ever dwell, my Lord, with Thee.



“God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”—
JOHN iii. 16.

LET the eternal Father's sovereign love
Be now the subject of our songs of praise,
That wondrous love which e'er the world
began,
Hath made us heirs of Jesu's saving grace.

He saw the fallen sons of Adam's race,
Born in iniquity, corrupt within,
Hardening their hearts, though doomed to
endless death,
And still delighting in their shame and sin.

Amazing love ! which such a race could save,
And raise such rebels to a throne on high ;
In sinners such as these could aught be found
To plead for those so justly doomed to die ?

Ah, no ! Eternal love alone can give
The sinner life, and his transgressions hide ;
Justice proclaims his doom, but grace prevails,
And Thou, O God, in all art glorified.

To Thee alone Thy ransomed children owe
That heavenly life which Thou alone canst
give ;
So vast a gift Thou freely dost bestow
On us Thy chosen ones, in *Thee* we live.

For Thou didst give Thy well-beloved Son,
Whose precious blood hath full atonement
made ;
Thou, blessed Saviour, didst our flesh assume,
On Thee were all our deep transgressions
laid.

United now to those Thou hast redeemed,
Made sin for them, and bearing all their
woes ;
Their punishment has all been spent on Thee,
And Thou dost lead them to Thine own
repose.

Oh, ransomed of the Lord! by Christ redeemed,
Adore the depths of His almighty love ;
The Lord is for us ! let our hearts rejoice ;
Soon will He call us to our rest above.



“What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”—
MARK viii. 36.

WHAT are the pleasures of the world, its
honour, joy, and care?
They are but splendid vanities, but trifles light
as air;
The things which those who know not God, so
eagerly pursue,
Oh, what shall they avail the soul, when death
appears in view?

Sinner! how wilt thou rue thy choice in that
tremendous day,
When by the wrath of God consumed, this
world shall pass away;
When all the earth contained for thee, shall
perish from thy sight,
Where shall man's glory then appear, his
boasted power and might?

Oh, senseless and unhappy ones, who for such
worthless toys,
Will barter their immortal souls, and lose
eternal joys ;
The flattering but delusive hopes, to which
they vainly cling,
They cannot save from endless woe, the just
desert of sin.

From danger such as this, O Lord, in mercy
set me free,
Oh, guard Thy weak and helpless child from
such idolatry.
Guide and direct my heart's desires, with holy
zeal and love,
To seek those things Thou hast prepared for
all Thy saints above.

There, where my treasure is, O Lord, there my
heart too would be,
O'er all the vanities of earth, grant me the
victory !
O Holy Spirit, give me strength, and draw me
day by day,
From the vain glory of a world, so soon to
pass away.

*“ Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that
He will send forth labourers into His
harvest.”—MATT. ix. 38.*

BLESSED messengers of peace,
Heralds of Jehovah's grace !
Jesus' righteousness proclaim,
Preach salvation through His name.
Be your hope, your glorious aim,
Wandering sinners to reclaim,
Lost ones to repentance bring,
Leading them to Christ our King.

See afar a glorious sight !
Harvest fields already white ;
But how small the little band
Reaping at their Lord's command.
May His word all-powerful prove
To renew our zeal and love,
Till unnumbered souls we bring
To the feet of Christ our King.

Oh ! how beautiful appear
Their feet who bring salvation near,
Bearing messages from heaven,
Peace from God to man forgiven !
Changed into a fruitful field,
Desert lands their increase yield ;
Ransomed souls, His praises sing,
And worship Christ, their Lord and King.

Children of the light and day,
They pursue their heavenly way ;
Strong in faith, inspired with love,
Nought their steadfast souls shall move.
Through the mists of error's night,
Holding forth salvation's light,
Broken idols triumph bring
To the name of Christ our King.

Sacred combat ! holy war !
May its conquests spread afar,
Leading, by constraining force,
Willing captives of the cross ;
Till the Saviour's gracious sway
Earth's remotest tribes obey,
And all nations tribute bring,
Owning Jesus Christ their King.

Lord ! Thy gospel's joyful sound
In our hearts hath entrance found ;
Even here we taste Thy love,
Even here its sweetness prove ;
But what great and endless joy
Shall in heaven our powers employ,
When He, to whom in faith we cling,
Shall ever reign, our glorious King.

Son of God ! in that blest hour
All shall see and own Thy power ;
All shall then Thy will obey ;
Earth shall own Thy righteous sway.
Till in glory Thou appear,
We, Thy waiting children here,
Bear Thy cross, Thy praises sing,
Following Jesus Christ our King.



“That they all may be one.”—JOHN xvii. 21.

OH, happy bond of Christian love !
Can earth such fellowship afford
As saints in sweet communion prove,
 Joined by one Spirit to their Lord ?
Illumined by His heavenly light,
Accepted in the Father’s sight,
Through Him their prayers and praises rise
As hallowed incense to the skies.

With their Redeemer’s presence blest
 Made one in Him for evermore,
They in this blest communion rest,
 And joyfully His name adore.
Rejoicing in the sacred tie
Of holy love and unity,
Gladly with one accord they raise
Their tribute of adoring praise.

O Lord, Thy children scattered far,
Through every land and every clime
Partake alike Thy loving care,
Which changes not with age or time,
Where'er Thy people dwell below,
The waters of salvation flow,
And every waiting soul is fed
With the same true and living bread.

Lord, by Thy gracious hand is sown,
Throughout the world's wide-spreading field,
Seed which Thou markest for Thine own,
Which shall a glorious harvest yield.
When the great reaping-day shall come,
And all Thy sheaves be gathered home,
May we, through 'Thine abounding grace,
Find in that blessed home a place !

Planted by God our Father's hand
As branches of the Living Vine,
Jesus ! in Thee alone we stand,
Clothed in Thy righteousness divine.
Redeemed by Thine atoning blood,
Cleansed in that pure and precious flood,
From earthly vanities set free,
O may each heart Thy temple be !

O God of love ! such grace bestow,
That every ransomed soul may be
A channel for that love to flow,
Which springs immediately from Thee.
And while around Thy sacred board
Thou deign'st to feed Thy children, Lord,
By this sweet token may we see
That all Thine own are one with Thee.



“Mary sat at Jesus’ feet, and heard His word.”—LUKE x. 39.

LET mine be Mary’s happy choice,
While at Thy feet, my Lord,
I listen to Thy gracious voice,
And hear Thy holy Word ;
And while it whispers to my heart
Of that blest home where now Thou art,
My Saviour ! let my spirit prove
The depths of Thine exceeding love.

Ah ! here alone my soul can find
Her true and lasting bliss :
Could every earthly joy combined
Yield gladness such as this ?
Ah, no, apart from Thee, my Lord,
And the rich treasures of Thy Word,
No earthly pleasure to my heart
Can real happiness impart.

But in Thy Blessed Word I find
A calm and deep repose—
The only source of joy and strength
My wearied spirit knows.
Lord, with Thy lovingkindness blest,
In Thee my troubled heart finds rest ;
Thy word of promise whispers peace,
And sorrow's dark forebodings cease.

O Heavenly Shepherd ! feed me still
In pastures so divine ;
And ever to obey Thy will
My wandering heart incline.
And while I hear Thy gracious voice,
Which bids my inmost soul rejoice,
My Saviour ! may my spirit be
Filled with absorbing love to Thee.



*“The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil.
He shall preserve thy soul.”—PSA. cxxi. 7.*

To Thee, O God! in humble faith,
I lift my waiting eyes,
Resting on that almighty Power,
Which formed the earth and skies.

Jesus! while I repose on Thee,
What cause have I for fear?
What danger shall alarm Thy child,
While Thou, my Lord, art near?

Thou art my Guardian and my Guide,
Thou art my sure defence;
My soul is safe beneath the shield
Of Thine Omnipotence.

Thine eye, which slumbers not, nor sleeps,
Keeps constant watch o'er me;
Thy heart of love, in all distress,
My present help will be.

Thy grace, O Lord, shall guard me still,
And all my way prepare ;
And my weak footsteps turn aside,
From every hurtful snare.

On Thee, O God of Truth ! I rest
In sweet security ;
My going out and coming in
Are still preserved by Thee.



“O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted.”—ISA. liv. 11.

How cold and faint the sunbeam's wintry ray,
When summer's golden hours have passed
away!

And thus the radiant beams of joy and light,
Have ceased to shine in dark affliction's night.

Ah, then our spirits feel afar from God,
We dread His frown, we fear His chastening
rod;

We see no more our heavenly Father's face,
Nor feel His Spirit's sweet constraining grace.

But, Lord, Thy patience, Thy exhaustless love,
From Thy redeemed ones never can remove;
Which of Thy children e'er approached Thy
throne,
Nor found Thy loving kindness freely shown?

Yes, Thou art ever near ! in sorrow's hour
When threatening clouds of grief around me
 lour ;

E'en then the hand that strikes is near to bless,
And suffering teaches me Thy faithfulness.

Therefore, I lean on Thee, through life's brief
 day,

Nor tremble as the bright hours fade away ;
Though evening's gathering shadows close
 around,

Nor though I walk in midnight's gloom pro-
 found.

Thy voice, my Saviour, bids all fear depart,
In each dark hour it cheers my drooping heart ;
And when the shades of death appear in view,
Thy hand alone shall lead me safely through.



*"Into Thine hand I commit my spirit:
Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of
Truth."*—PSA. xxxi. 5.

YES, I must die.—The hour will come
Which calls my soul from earth away,
And when my flesh within the tomb,
Shall mingle with its kindred clay.

Yes, I must die.—And all the joys
And sorrows of this changing scene—
All that each anxious thought employs,
Shall be as though it ne'er had been.

Yes, I must die.—And all below—
All that could charm or grieve me here ;
Each passing scene of joy or woe,
Alike shall fade and disappear.

Yes, I must die.—But 'midst the gloom
I see a heavenly light arise !
The midnight shadows of the tomb,
Dispelled by radiance from the skies.

Yes, I must die.—But e'en in death,
To new and endless life I soar ;
My God recalls my mortal breath,
To give me life for evermore.

Yes, I must die.—But on Thy breast,
In sweet assurance of Thy love ;
My Father ! I shall sink to rest,
Then rise to light and life above.

Yes, I must die.—But, Lord, I know
This is the way that leads to Thee ;
And leave these fading scenes below,
With songs of joy and victory.

Yes, I must die.—Through Thee alone,
Jesus ! my ransomed soul is calm ;
By faith I see Thee on the throne,
And wear the crown, and wave the palm.



"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's-day."—
REV. i. 10.

LOED! at the close of this Thy day,
We humbly seek Thy face,
To thank Thee with unfeigned hearts,
For all Thy wondrous grace.

Our heavenly Father has vouchsafed,
His presence to impart,
And with the tidings of His love,
To cheer each waiting heart.

His Word hath shined upon our souls,
With beams of sacred light ;
Treasures of everlasting truth,
Disclosing to our sight.

To-day, through every land and clime,
Where'er Thy Name is known,
Thy children's prayers, O Lord, have soared
As incense to Thy throne.

Thy Spirit's grace has sealed their hearts,
With influence from above ;
And kindled there the sacred flame,
Of everlasting love.

Oh ! sweet communion of the saints !
Where all with one accord,
Unite in spirit and in truth,
To worship Thee, O Lord !

Here is our failing strength renewed,
And thus, made one in Thee,
The sacred bond of faith becomes
A holy sympathy.

O Lord, we pray that in our hearts,
Thy blessed Word may dwell ;
There springing up to endless life,
Salvation's living well,

Whose pure and never-failing streams,
Shall constant strength supply,
Until our ransomed spirits soar,
To see Thy face on high.

Yes, may that true, eternal rest,
The sweet repose of heaven,
Of which this blessed day is now
The type and earnest given—

Be evermore our steadfast hope,
Our longing hearts' desire,
To which with an unshaken faith,
We earnestly aspire.

It comes—that blissful Sabbath day,
When all our toils shall cease ;
And earth's long warfare be exchanged,
For heaven's eternal peace.

O King of Glory ! strong to save,
Lord Jesus, hear our prayer ;
Complete in us Thy victory,
O'er every earthly snare.

Oh, draw us with Thy cords of love,
Sustain us by Thy grace ;
Until in our bright home above,
We see Thee face to face.

“The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.”—GAL. v. 17.

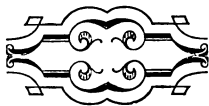
HEAR me, O Lord! oh, listen to my prayer,
Thy wandering child would turn again to
Thee;
Thou, who hast ever shown a Father's care,
Oh, deign once more to look with love on me.

I know that in the fulness of Thy grace,
Jesus was made a sacrifice for sin;
And covered with my Saviour's righteousness,
The law no more can condemnation bring.

And yet Thy faithful promises of love,
O'er my cold heart, alas! have little power;
Too oft my best desires to serve Thee, prove
Weak and inconstant in temptation's hour.

I would obey Thee, Lord ; my heart approves
And loves the holiness of Thy commands,
But oft my heart neglects what most it loves,
And oft my wayward will Thy law with-
stands.

Jesus, my Saviour, show Thy power in me,
And reign the rightful sovereign of my soul ;
May every thought be subject, Lord, to Thee,
And Thy just precepts all my life control.



“ Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.”—JOHN vi. 68.

OH, what shall soothe my spirit's misery?
Is there no consolation left for me?
Bright beams from heaven no more their light
impart,
And grief and weariness oppress my heart.

How oft have silent tears o'erflowed mine eyes?
How oft have I concealed my secret sighs?
But now the torrent of my grief must flow,
And my full heart must pour forth all its woe.

But who will listen to my mournful cry,
If Thou, my Saviour, art no longer nigh?
Oh, who can calm my fears or cheer my heart,
Almighty Comforter, if Thou depart?

How can the world console, or ease my care?
Its vanities all end in deep despair;
No solid comfort can they e'er bestow,
In hours of grief to chase away our woe.

Ah no! No creature can support the mind,
The child of God no refuge here can find:
Oft has he proved the world a broken reed,
Which breaks and fails him in the hour of
need.

In Thee alone, my Saviour, can I meet
Rest for my troubled soul and weary feet;
Thou who hast shed Thy precious blood for me,
Hast still for every grief a remedy.



“Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.”—1 PETER ii. 7.

JESUS ! Thy sacred name how dear
To every soul divinely taught ;
With grace to help, with hope to cheer,
Thy precious name is ever fraught.

Emmanuel ! Thou, enthroned on high,
The Father’s well beloved Son,
In love descending from the sky,
Celestial gifts for man hast won.

Yes ! to our guilty, helpless race,
Thy heavenly voice has been addressed,
Inviting us to seek Thy grace,
And enter into endless rest.

Thy precious blood for sinner’s shed,
Has opened wide the gate of heaven ;
That blood, O Lamb of God, we plead,
And know the joy of *sin forgiven*.

Oh, that our hearts were wholly Thine !
Hast Thou not bought them for Thine own ?
Henceforth, inflamed by love divine,
Lord, we would live for Thee alone.

May we Thy full salvation know,
And may our hearts, from care set free,
Detached from all things here below,
Be consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

'Midst earthly scenes that pass away,
Without Thee all is dark and drear ;
May it be mine from day to day,
To feel my Saviour ever near.



“ Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.”—ROM. xi. 33.

Who shall declare the wondrous theme
Of Thine eternal grace, O Lord ?
What heart, with zeal and love inspired,
Shall all its benefits record ?

Eternal Saviour ! Thou didst leave
Thy bright and glorious home on high,
And, for us sinners, didst become
Partaker of our misery.

Oh, wondrous love ! which thus displays
The greatness of Thy mighty power,
With the rich treasures of Thy grace,
Our heritage for evermore.

Jesus, our Saviour-God ! Thy life,
Thy precious life, for us was given ;
Thy love, as strong as death, prevailed
To raise our sinful souls to heaven.

O Lamb of God! whose precious blood
Has saved us from the sinner's doom,
How shall we love Thee, who hast deigned
Our Friend and Brother to become?

Ah, we will serve Thee constantly,
With grateful hearts Thy Name adore,
And through Thy Spirit live to Thee
Who art our hope for evermore.



*“Enter not into judgment with Thy servant :
for in Thy sight shall no man living be
justified.”—PSA. cxliii. 2.*

IF Thou, O Lord, shouldst judge me by Thy
Law,
Oh, never in Thy sight could I appear.
The thought has filled my trembling soul with
awe,
With deep repentance, and with secret fear.
Oh, hear my prayer, although by sin defiled,
Nor enter into judgment with Thy child.

Since that blest hour when Thine almighty
grace
Brought me to Christ, and pardoned all my
sin,
Alas ! how often, e'en before Thy face,
My heart has shown its depths of guilt
within.
Thou hast beheld my proud and stubborn will
Dare to rebel and disobey Thee still.

Oft have I seemed to share the worldling's
part,

Nor dared to own the cross of Christ my
Lord.

Alas! Thy Spirit, who beholds my heart,

Sees it too often disregard Thy Word.

Did not Thy grace abound o'er sins so great,
My soul would justly sink beneath their
weight.

But, O my Saviour, Thine unwearied love

Still in Thy wandering child's behalf appears,
And while again Thy wondrous grace I prove

With deep repentance and with silent tears,
E'en as a child upon its parent's breast,
I come to Thee for pardon, peace, and rest.



“ Thus saith the Lord, If heaven above can be measured, and the foundations of the earth searched out beneath, I will also cast off all the seed of Israel for all that they have done, saith the Lord.”—JER. xxxi. 37.

ISRAEL and Judah have not lost their God,
Though now upon the earth despised they
roam,
Their heritage for ever is secured,
And to their glorious portion they shall come.
God's everlasting covenant was made
Ere the foundations of the world were laid.

For Israel's Rock and Judah's Strong Defence
Is the Eternal God, the Almighty King,
Who all a Father's blessings will dispense,
And strong salvation to His people bring.
Their great Redeemer will His power display,
And aid them in the dark and cloudy day.

We, His dear flock, repose beneath His care,
Safe in the blissful pastures of His grace,
Where we our Saviour's goodness largely
share,

And find a shelter and a hiding-place.
His peace is ours ; nor need His children fear,
The world's vain threatenings cannot harm
them here.

How often have we known Thy gracious aid !
How oft our cause has been maintained by
Thee !

In each distress Thou hast Thy power dis-
played,

Fulfilled Thy promises, and set us free.
And Thou wilt still appear to save Thine own ;
In their behalf Thy majesty is shown.

When for our sins Thy righteous anger burns,
And Thou dost punish our rebellions, Lord,
Swiftly Thy pardoning love to us returns
When we repent and plead Thy gracious
word.

Soon as we raise to Thee our suppliant cry,
We hear our Father's voice, " Fear not, for I
am nigh."

O God our Saviour ! while on Thee we lean
What shall disturb the peace which Thou
hast given ?

Calmly we view each changing earthly scene ;
Our refuge is in Thee, the God of heaven.
Monarch and Judge of all that Thou hast
made,
We find in Thee our ever-present aid.



“Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee : thou saidst, Fear not.”—LAM. iii. 57.

O PROMISED Comforter ! I seek Thine aid,
In dark affliction's hour ;
Oh, come and shed abroad within my heart,
Thy sweet consoling power.

Our days are passed in sadness and in gloom,
When Thou dost hide Thy face ;
No joy or sweetness can our spirits know,
Without Thy heavenly grace.

My soul is downcast, and oppressed with grief,
While day and night I sigh ;
O Lord my God, hast Thou forsaken me,
Art Thou no longer nigh ?

Where are the days when Thou didst shed on
me,
Thy pure and peaceful light ?
My prayers, alas, no longer seem to find
Acceptance in Thy sight.

But yet I know Thou art not far from me,
E'en in this trying hour ;
My soul shall own Thy gracious presence still,
And feel its healing power.

Before Thee then in peace I will abide,
Believing Thou art near ;
Still praising Thee—till to my waiting heart,
In love Thou dost appear.



“Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.”—PSA. CXXX. 1.

HAST Thou not heard my cry of deep distress,
O Thou, my Saviour God, my Rock, my all?
Art Thou no longer nigh to save and bless,
Or wilt Thou hear no longer when I call?

I do not seek to hide my guilt and fear,
My numerous sins to Thee I would confess;
Thine anger, Lord, I have deserved to bear,
My only hope is in Thy sovereign grace.

My Father! Thou dost know my heart sincere,
With true repentance at Thy feet I mourn;
Why dost Thou hide Thy face and close Thine
ear,
Nor to Thy child with pardoning love return?

Who shall console me if Thou dost forsake?
Is there in heaven or earth a God but Thee?
No other refuge shall Thy children make,
To which in all their sorrows they may flee.

But hush, my soul ! thy sinful, sad complaint,
Nor dread a Father's discipline of love ;
His mercy towards thee is without restraint ;
But for a moment will His anger move.

Therefore, O Lord, I still will wait on Thee,
And patiently endure my heavy load ;
Jesus, my Saviour, suffered once for me,
Like Him I would submit to Thee, my God.



*“From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee,
when my heart is overwhelmed : lead me to the
Rock that is higher than I.”—PSA. lxi. 2.*

YES, O my Father ! I will trust in Thee,
In every hour of sad perplexity ;
To Thee alone my spirit turns for rest,
And seeks her calm repose in Jesu’s breast.

“ My grace is all-sufficient,” Thou dost say,
“ To strengthen thee in every trying day.
My powerful hand sustains thy drooping soul,
My love shall make thy wounded spirit whole.”

Oh, what a rock of strength Thy Word appears !
Our refuge and support in all our fears ;
My trembling spirit overwhelmed with grief,
Found in that Word alone her sure relief.

Yes, Thou hast heard me, Lord ! Thy Spirit’s
voice

Again has bid my soul in Thee rejoice ;
And Thou has taught my heart that peace
shall be,
The heritage of those who wait on Thee.

Therefore, my gracious God, I bless Thy name,
To all around I will Thy love proclaim ;
And say to those who mourn, " In every fear
Still trust in God, for He is ever near."



“Why art thou so heavy, O my soul : and why art thou so disquieted within me ? O put thy trust in God : for I will yet give Him thanks which is the help of my countenance, and my God.”—PSA. xliii. 5, 6.

As when the wearied hart, oppressed and faint,
Pants for the waterbrook's refreshing spring,
So does my drooping spirit seek Thy grace ;
So thirsts my soul for Thee, my God and
King.

My heart cries out for Thee, the living God ;
For Thee I long, and for Thy presence sigh ;
Oh hear from heaven, Thy holy dwelling-place,
And to my soul in mercy now draw nigh.

Before Thee, day and night, with bitter tears,
My burdened spirit pours forth all her grief
But ah ! I cannot feel Thy presence, Lord,
And seek in vain for solace and relief.

Oh, where are now those calm and happy
hours,
When Thy sweet peace made all my sky
serene ;
When cheered and strengthened in Thy holy
ways,
Thy presence gladdened every passing scene ?

Then with all those who feared and loved Thy
name,
Gladly to Thy blest courts I would repair ;
Unite with them in joyful hymns of praise,
And seek Thy throne of grace in fervent
prayer.

But wherefore, O my soul, art thou cast down ?
Why art thou thus disquieted with grief ?
Hope thou in God : on Him cast every fear ;
Confide in Him, and He will send relief.

Yes ! thou shalt yet His promised blessing find,
And praise thy Saviour's name with cheerful
voice ;
Again, His countenance shall on thee shine,
And in His love thou shalt once more rejoice.

“Thy Word is truth.”—JOHN xvii. 17.

THE world may boast the brilliant light
Of science, which so oft deceives ;
But oft, in clouds of error's night
Her dazzled votaries she leaves.

What shall man's intellect avail,
When God His judgments shall display ?
How soon its boasted power shall fail
Before the terrors of that day.

Jesus ! Thy words alone impart
Eternal truth and sure repose ;
No doubts shall overwhelm the heart,
Which Thee, and Thy salvation knows.

How precious to my thirsting soul,
The truths Thy sacred words convey ;
Mighty to strengthen and console,
And which shall never pass away.

Here will I rest, beneath Thy cross,
Where faith the way of life discerns ;
And counting all things else but loss,
My soul *eternal* wisdom learns.



“Oh that I were as in months past.”—
JOB xxix. 2.

MY soul, alas ! is troubled and cast down ;
No more that sacred influence cheers my
heart,
Which, in past hours of converse with my God,
Gave me the joy His presence can impart.

I think of those blest days when Jesu's love
Seemed as with light from heaven revealed to
me ;
Now desolate, through this dark world I rove,
His blessed countenance no more I see.

Deep waters of affliction rise and swell,
Their waves and billows o'er my spirit roll,
And each new trial adds its heavy weight
To those which overwhelm my fainting soul.

But, Lord, Thy loving-kindness cannot change,
Each passing day is with Thy mercy crowned,
And in the night my prayer shall rise to Thee,
And songs of love and thankfulness abound.

God of my life ! my Saviour ! Thou wilt ne'er
Despise the humble vows I breathe to Thee ;
Thy child is not alone ; in each dark hour,
I know Thou never hast forsaken me.

Why, then, my soul, art thou disquieted ?
What though the world reproach thee still,
and say,
“Where is thy God ?” Thy Saviour will
appear,
And who shall dare condemn thee in that
day ?

Fear not ! the eternal God is thy defence ;
Wait on the Lord, and He will strength
impart ;
Thy Saviour's love claims all thy confidence ;
Oh, trust that love, it shall sustain thine
heart.



“He shall testify of Me.”—JOHN xv. 26.

O HOLY SPIRIT, blessed Comforter,
Who hast revealed the Saviour to my heart,
Lead me again to Him whom I adore,
And the assurance of His love impart.

Once in blind ignorance I loved to stray,
And only lived the world's vain smile to
share,
And thus while wandering in error's way,
My onward path was darkness and despair.

Eternal Spirit! Thine almighty power
Illumined this dark scene with heavenly
light,
And graciously revealed in that blest hour,
Jesus, the Anointed Saviour, to my sight.

But, Lord, I could not realize Thy love,
Nor dared to trust Thy Word, and venture
near,
Until, through faith in Jesu's precious blood,
“Peace in believing” banished all my fear.

O Holy Comforter ! I bless Thy name,
Who hast my soul to life eternal sealed ;
By Thee my precious Saviour's love I claim,
And to His will would glad obedience yield.

Lord ! ever speak of Jesus to my heart ;
Help me to love Him, serve Him, and adore,
And thus prepare my spirit here on earth,
To dwell with Him in heaven for evermore.



*“The world passeth away, and the lust thereof:
but he that doeth the will of God abideth for
ever.”—1 JOHN ii. 17.*

YES! let all earthly joys depart,
Jesus, my Saviour, claims my heart ;
Afar from Him my footsteps strayed,
Where the vain world its snares displayed ;
But He has shown the blissful way,
From shades of night to heaven's bright day.

No longer can the world deceive,
Its vanities I gladly leave ;
Its boasted wisdom, pomp, and glare,
No more can dazzle and ensnare ;
My soul has heard the Saviour's voice,
And can in Him alone rejoice.

Long did the world my heart beguile,
Concealing, with its treacherous smile,
The secret sorrow and despair,
The fading hopes, and withering care,
Blighting each hour of sinful mirth,
Each joy which sprang alone from earth.

But Lord ! in mercy Thou didst break
The sleep of death, and bid me wake ;
My closèd eyes Thou hast unsealed,
The way of life Thou hast revealed,
And taught me in Thy light to see
There is no life apart from Thee.

O Son of God ! in that blest hour,
My spirit owned Thy Word of power ;
My ransomed soul from death set free,
Now finds its life alone in Thee,
Thy Word hath loosed sin's galling chain,
And shed abroad Thy gentle reign.

Jesus, my King ! Thy law I own,
Thee would I serve, and Thee alone,
For evermore in Thee abide ;
Thy love my bliss, Thy voice my guide,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
And love and serve Thee *perfectly*.



“ Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.”—JOHN v. 24.

To those who in the Son believe, eternal life is
given,
The Holy Spirit witnesseth that they are heirs
of heaven ;
By faith in Christ from sin and death for
evermore set free,
The lost ones are restored again, and live
eternally.

From the dread judgment's awful doom they
now have nought to fear,
Nor Satan, or the broken law, against them
shall appear ;
Safely enclosed within the fold, secure from all
their foes,
The sheep beneath the Shepherd's eye, in
pastures green repose.

Their happy souls no want shall know, their
Shepherd still is nigh,
And night and day His watchful care shall all
their need supply ;
His Holy Spirit strengthens them to walk
before His face,
And teaches them to livè to God, who calls
them by His grace.

Adopted by their Saviour's love, His easy yoke
they take,
Gladly obey His holy will, or suffer for His
sake ;
They never can be desolate, their Father ever
lives,
His gracious voice directs and guides, His
presence comfort gives.

The Saviour, though unseen, is near, in dark
temptation's hour,
Sustaining and delivering them by His almighty
power ;
Sin cannot bind them with its chain, for Christ
hath set them free,
Made more than conquerors they rejoice in
holy liberty.

Nor life, nor death, nor earth, nor hell, God's
purpose shall withstand,
Or pluck His ransomed children from their
heavenly Father's hand ;
Nought shall deprive them of the bliss He hath
laid up in store,
Eternal treasures hid in Christ, and *theirs* for
evermore.



“Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.”—REV. i. 5, 6.

O LAMB of God! who in Thy dying love
Hast borne our heavy grief and guilty load;
Who hast redeemed us by Thy precious blood,
And made Thy people kings and priests to
God!

Together we unite to sing Thy praise,
And in our hearts Thy sacred name adore.
All glory be to Thee through endless days,
Honour and majesty for evermore.

Amen! Saviour! Amen!



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THE END.

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