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**H Y M N S**  
FROM  
**T H E L A N D O F L U T H E R**

C. M. Brown

from her very affectionate

J. A. Pruton

October 30<sup>th</sup> / 50-





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# H Y M N S

FROM THE

*Hymns  
10*

## LAND OF LUTHER.

Translated from the German.

THIRD THOUSAND.

EDINBURGH :

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A FEW of the following Poems may be considered as rather *imitations* than Translations, although the ideas and structure are too much borrowed to allow them to be called Original. It is hoped this small Selection may give pleasure to some who are not acquainted with the German language, and lead others to explore further for themselves its treasures of Devotional Poetry.

EDINBURGH, *December* 1853.

## Gymns from the Land of Luther.

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### JOYS TO COME.

“Wird das nicht Freude seyn?”

“Everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: they shall obtain gladness and joy.”—ISA. li. 11.

WILL that not joyful be,  
When we walk by faith no more,  
When the Lord we loved before,  
As Brother-man we see ;  
When He welcomes us above,  
When we share His smile of love,  
Will that not joyful be ?

Will that not joyful be,  
When to meet us rise and come  
All our buried treasures home,  
A gladsome company !  
When our arms embrace again  
Those we mourned so long in vain,  
Will that not joyful be ?

Will that not joyful be,  
When the foes we dread to meet,  
Every one, beneath our feet  
    We tread triumphantly !  
When we never more can know  
Slightest touch of pain or woe,  
    Will that not joyful be ?

Will that not joyful be,  
When we hear what none can tell,  
And the ringing chorus swell  
    Of angels' melody !  
When we join their songs of praise,  
Hallelujahs with them raise,  
    Will that not joyful be ?

Yes! that will joyful be.  
Let the world her gifts recall,  
There is bitterness in all ;  
    Her joys are vanity !  
Courage, dear ones of my heart !  
Though it grieves us here to part,  
    There, we will joyful be !

H. C. VON SCHWEINITZ.

## DYING PETITIONS.

“Gedenke mein, mein Gott!”

“Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.”—Acts vii. 59.

“REMEMBER me, my God! remember me  
In hour of deepest woe;  
Thou art my only hope, my only plea,  
Against th’ accusing foe.  
Oh, show me now Thy full salvation,  
Oh, hear my dying supplication!  
Remember me!”

“I think on thee, believer! tremble not,  
Thy Saviour still is near:  
Here is My cross, My blood to cleanse each spot,  
My promises to cheer.  
Is not My love unchanged, unshaken?  
How shall Mine own be e’er forsaken?  
I think on thee!”

“ Remember me ! man’s help can nought avail  
    In the dark valley’s shade ;  
My strength must faint, my flesh and heart  
    must fail,  
    Oh ! haste Thou to mine aid !  
Silence and darkness o’er me stealing,  
Oh, be Thou still Thyself revealing,—  
                                    Remember me !”

“ I think on thee ! soon in the better land  
    Thou shalt with Me rejoice ;  
The harps of heaven are waiting for thy hand,  
    The chorus for thy voice :  
The angel bands are round thee bending,  
Thy parting spirit close attending,—  
                                    I think on thee !”

“ Remember me ! by Thine own hour of pain,  
    Appear in mine to save !  
Smooth for my rest the couch where Thou hast lain,  
    The pillow of the grave ;  
And while the years of time are flying,  
In that lone place of darkness lying,—  
                                    Remember me !”

“ I think on thee ! thine own Redeemer lives,  
Thy hope shall not be vain :  
When the last trump its solemn summons  
gives,  
Thou shalt arise again.  
Now, go in peace, securely sleeping,  
Thy dust is safe in angels' keeping,—  
I think on thee !”

“ Remember me, and the afflicted band  
Whom I must leave behind !  
Pour consolation from Thine own rich hand  
On mourning heart and mind.  
Oh, hear this one, this last petition,  
Then shall I go in glad submission,—  
Remember me !”

“ I think on thee ! with that sad band of love  
I will in mercy deal ;  
My tender sympathy their souls shall prove  
My Spirit's power to heal.  
The long-sought bliss shall yet be given,  
The lost of earth are found in heaven,—  
I think on thee !”



## CHORUS OF THE CHURCH.

“ Now, sweetly sleep ! angels thy soul receive,  
And bear to Jesus' breast !  
Long in our hearts thy memory shall live,  
Here let thy body rest.  
Secure from earthly pain and sorrow,  
Till dawns the resurrection morrow.

Now, sweetly sleep !”

UNBEKANNTES.

## WEEP NOT.

" Weine nicht !"

"The Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping."—PSALM VI. 8

WEEP not,—Jesus lives on high,  
Oh, sad and wearied one !  
If thou with the burden sigh,  
Of grief thou canst not shun,  
Trust Him still,  
Soon there will  
Roses in the thicket stand,  
Goshen smile in Egypt's land.

Weep not,—Jesus thinks of thee  
When all beside forget,  
And on thee so lovingly  
His faithfulness has set,  
That though all  
Ruin'd fall,  
Everything on earth be shaken,  
Thou wilt never be forsaken.

Weep not,—Jesus heareth thee,  
Hears thy moanings broken,  
Hears when thou right wearily  
All thy grief hast spoken.  
    Raise thy cry,  
    He is nigh,  
And when waves roll full in view,  
He shall fix their “Hitherto.”

Weep not,—Jesus loveth thee,  
Though all around may scorn,  
And though poison'd arrows be  
Upon thy buckler borne,  
    With His love,  
    Nought can move ;  
All may fail,—yet only wait,  
He shall make the crooked straight.

Weep not,—Jesus cares for thee,  
Then what of good can fail ?  
Why shouldst thou thus gloomily  
At thought of trouble quail ?  
    He will bear  
    All thy care ;

And if He the burden take,  
He will all things perfect make.

Weep not,—Jesus comforts thee,  
He yet shall come and save,  
And each sorrow thou shalt see  
Lie buried in thy grave.

Sin shall die,  
Grief shall fly,  
Thou hast wept thy latest tears  
When the Lord of life appears !

B. SCHMOLK.

## HERE IS MY HEART.

“Hier ist mein Herz.”

“My son, give me thine heart.”—PROV. xxiii. 26.

HERE is my heart!—my God, I give it Thee,  
I heard Thee call and say,  
“Not to the world, my child, but unto Me,”—  
I heard, and will obey.  
Here is love’s offering to my King,  
Which in glad sacrifice I bring.  
Here is my heart.

Here is my heart!—surely the gift, though poor,  
My God will not despise;  
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,  
To meet Thy searching eyes;  
Corrupted first in Adam’s fall,  
The stains of sin pollute it all.  
My guilty heart!

Here is my heart!—my heart so hard before,  
Now by Thy grace made meet ;  
Yet bruised and wearied, it can only pour  
Its anguish at Thy feet :  
It groans beneath the weight of sin,  
It sighs salvation's joy to win.  
My mourning heart !

Here is my heart !—in Christ its longings  
end,  
Near to His cross it draws ;  
It says, “Thou art my portion, O my Friend,  
Thy blood my ransom was.”  
And in the Saviour it has found  
What blessedness and peace abound,—  
My trusting heart !

Here is my heart !—ah ! Holy Spirit, come,  
Its nature to renew,  
And consecrate it wholly as Thy home,  
A temple fair and true.  
Teach it to love and serve Thee more,  
To fear Thee, trust Thee, and adore.  
My cleansed heart !

B

Here is my heart!—it trembles to draw near  
The glory of Thy throne ;  
Give it the shining robe Thy servants wear,  
Of righteousness Thine own :  
Its pride and folly chase away  
And all its vanity, I pray.  
My humbled heart !

Here is my heart !—teach it, O Lord, to cling  
In gladness unto Thee ;  
And in the day of sorrow still to sing,  
“ Welcome, my God’s decree.”  
Believing, all its journey through,  
That Thou art wise, and just, and true.  
My waiting heart !

Here is my heart !—O Friend of friends, be near  
To make each tempter fly,  
And when my latest foe I wait with fear,  
Give me the victory !  
Gladly on Thy love reposing,  
Let me say, when life is closing,  
“ Here is my heart !”  
EHRENFRIED LIEDICH.

## DISCIPLINE.

“Zage nicht.”

“It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes.”—PSALM cxix. 71.

TREMBLE not, though darkly gather  
Clouds and tempest o'er thy sky,  
Still believe, thy Heavenly Father  
Loves thee best when storms are nigh.

When the sun of fortune shineth  
Long and brightly on the heart.  
Soon its fruitfulness declineth,  
Parched and dry in every part.

Then the plants of grace have faded  
In the dry and burning soil,  
Thorns and briars their growth have shaded,  
Earthly cares and earthly toil.



But the clouds are seen ascending,  
Soon the heavens are overcast,  
And the weary heart is bending  
'Neath affliction's stormy blast.

Yet the Lord, on high presiding,  
Rules the storm with powerful hand ;  
He the shower of grace is guiding  
To the dry and barren land.

See at length the clouds are breaking,  
Tempests have not pass'd in vain ;  
For the soul, revived, awaking,  
Bears its fruits and flowers again.

Love divine has seen and counted  
Every tear it caus'd to fall,  
And the storm which love appointed,  
Was its choicest gift of all.

UNBEKANNTES.

## A MOTHER'S PRAYER IN THE NIGHT.

"Dunkel ista."

"Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."—  
PSALM CXXI. 4.

DARKNESS reigns—the hum of life's commotion  
On the listening ear no longer breaks ;  
Stars are shining on the deep blue ocean,  
All is silent, Love alone awakes.

Love on earth its lonely vigils keeping,  
Love in heaven that rests or slumbers not ;  
Peace, my anxious heart ! though thou wert sleeping,  
Love divine has ne'er its charge forgot.

And for you, my brightest earthly flowers,  
You, my children, Love divine has cared ;  
Sleep, beloved ones ! through these dark hours  
Angels by your pillow watch and guard.

Here the winged messengers of heaven,  
As beheld at Bethel, come and go,  
Angel guardians, whom the Lord has given  
To each little one while here below.

Thou, O Saviour, while on earth residing,  
Never didst Thou scorn a mother's prayer,  
Faith may still behold Thee here abiding,  
Still commend her treasures to Thy care.

Were not all my hope on Thee reposing,  
Thou sole refuge for a sinner's fears,  
Then, the future all its ills disclosing,  
I could give my children only tears.

From their earthly parents they inherit  
Nought save sin and weakness, grief and pain,—  
Give them, Lord, Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Spiritual birth and life again.

Hide and guard them in Thy tender arms,  
Till the wilderness of life be past ;  
Save them from temptation's fatal charms,  
Seal them for Thine own, from first to last !

Let Thy rod and staff in mercy lead them  
In the footsteps of Thy flock below,  
Till 'mid heavenly pastures Thou shalt feed them,  
Where the streams of life eternal flow.

- CHRISTOPHE AGTE.

## JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.

"Jesu, geh voran."

"They forsook all, and followed Him."—LUKE v. 11

JESUS, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won!  
And although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow, calm and fearless;  
Guide us by Thy hand  
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,  
If the foe be near,  
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
Let not faith and hope forsake us,  
For, through many a foe,  
To our home we go!

When we seek relief  
From a long-felt grief,—  
When oppressed by new temptations,  
Lord, increase and perfect patience ;  
Show us that bright shore  
Where we weep no more !

Jesus, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won !  
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, console, protect us,  
Till we safely stand  
In our Fatherland !

LUDWIG VON ZINZENDORF.

## TO A DYING CHILD.

“Zeuch-hin, mein Kind.”

“Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.”—MARK x. 14.

DEPART, my child! the Lord thy spirit calls  
To leave a world of woe:  
Sad on my heart the heavenly summons falls;  
Yet since He wills it so,  
I calm the rising agitation,  
And say, with humble resignation,  
Depart, my child!

Depart, my child! lent for a little while  
Our drooping hearts to cheer;  
Dear is thy loving voice, thy gentle smile,  
Ah! who can tell how dear?  
The sands are run,—too quickly falling,  
The Giver comes,—His own recalling,—  
Depart, my child!

Depart, my child! enjoy in heaven's pure day  
    What earth must still deny,  
Here many a storm awaits thy longer way,  
    And many a tear thine eye.  
Go, where the flowers have never faded,  
Where love may smile unchilled, unshaded,—  
    Depart, my child!

Depart, my child! soon shall we meet again  
    In the good land of rest :  
Thou goest, happy one! ere grief or pain  
    Have reached thy gentle breast.  
Happy, our thorny path forsaking,  
From life's vain dream so early waking,—  
    Depart, my child!

Depart, my child! angels are bending down  
    To set thy spirit free,  
The Saviour holds in heaven the golden crown  
    He won on earth for thee.  
Yes! now in Him thou art victorious,  
Go, share His rest and triumph glorious,—  
    Depart, my child!  
GOTTFRIED HOFFMANN.



**ARISE!**

Wachet auf."

"It is high time to awake out of sleep.--Rom. xiii. 14.

**ARISE!** ye lingering saints, arise!

Remember that the might of grace,  
When guilty slumbers sealed your eyes,  
Awakened you to run the race ;  
And let not darkness round you fall,  
But hearken to the Saviour's call.

**Arise!**

**Arise!** because the night of sin

Must flee before the light of day ;  
God's glorious Gospel shining in,  
Must chase the midnight gloom away :  
You cannot true disciples be  
If you still walk in vanity.

**Arise!**

Arise ! although the flesh be weak,  
The spirit willing is and true,  
And servants of the Master seek  
To follow where it guideth to.  
Beloved ! oh, be wise indeed,  
And let the spirit ever lead.

Arise !

Arise ! because our Serpent-foe  
Unwearied strives by day and night,  
Remembers time is short below,  
And wrestles on with hellish might :  
Then boldly grasp both sword and shield,  
Who slumbers on the battle-field ?

Arise !

Arise ! before that hour unknown,  
The hour of death that comes ere long,  
And comes not to the weak alone,  
But to the mighty and the strong.  
Beloved ! oft in spirit dwell  
Upon the hour that none can tell.

Arise !

Arise ! that you prepared may stand  
Before the coming of the Lord ;  
The day of wrath draws nigh at hand,  
According to th' eternal Word.  
Ah ! think, perhaps this day shall see  
The dawning of eternity !

Arise !

Arise ! it is the Master's will,  
No more His heavenly voice despise,  
Why linger with the dying still ?  
He calls—Arouse you, and arise !  
No longer slight the Saviour's call,  
It sounds to you, to me, to all.

Arise !

LUDWIG GOTTER.

## GOD WITH ME.

“Gott bei mir in jedem Ort.”

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.”—*ISA.* xliii. 2.

MY God with me in every place!  
Firmly does the promise stand,  
On land or sea, with present grace  
Still to aid us near at hand.  
If you ask, “Who is with thee?”  
God is here—my God with me!

No depth, nor prison, nor the grave,  
Can exclude Him from His own;  
His cheering presence still I have,  
If in crowds or all alone.  
In whatever state I be,  
Everywhere is God with me!

My God for me!—I dare to say,  
God the portion of my soul!  
Nor need I tremble in dismay  
When around me troubles roll.  
If you ask, “What comforts thee?”  
It is this—God is for me!

Ah! faith has seen Him cradled lie,  
Here on earth a weeping child;  
Has seen Him for my vileness die,  
He, the sinless, undefiled!  
And thus I know it true to be,  
God, my Saviour, is for me!

In life, in death, with God so near  
Every battle I shall win;  
Shall boldly press through dangers here,  
Triumph over every sin!  
“What!” you say, “A victor be?”  
No, not I, but God in me!

C. F. ZELLER.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

“O wie selig seyd ihr doch, ihr Frommen.”

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.”—REV. xiv. 13.

CHURCH ON EARTH.

“OH! how blessed are ye, saints forgiven,  
Through the gate of death now safe in heaven,  
All trials over,  
All the ills, which round us darkly hover!”

CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

“Yes, dear friends, our joys are still increasing,  
Our songs of praise are new and never ceasing,  
All preparing  
For the time when you shall all be sharing.”

C

## CHURCH ON EARTH.

“ We are now as in a prison dwelling,  
Storms of care and trouble o'er us swelling ;  
All around us  
Only sins and griefs, to snare and wound us.”

## CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

“ Ah, beloved friends ! be not complaining,  
Wish not joy while still on earth remaining,  
Be still confiding  
In your Father's love and tender guiding.”

## CHURCH ON EARTH.

“ In your quiet home so gently resting,  
Safe for evermore from all molesting,  
No care or sorrow  
Can *you* feel to-day, or fear to-morrow !”

## CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

“ In your conflicts we were once engaging,  
Long with sin and Satan warfare waging ;  
All your distresses  
Once were ours, to weary and oppress us.”

## CHURCH ON EARTH.

“ Christ has wiped away your every tear,  
You enjoy what we are seeking here,  
The harps of heaven  
Sound in strains to mortals never given.”

## CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

“ Yet in patience run the race before you,  
Long for heaven, where Love is watching o'er you,  
Sow in weeping,  
Soon the fruit with joy you shall be reaping.”

## CHURCH ON EARTH.

“ Come, come quickly, long expected Jesus,  
From all sin and sorrow to release us,  
Quickly take us  
To Thyself, and blest for ever make us !”

## CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

“ Ah, beloved souls! your palms victorious,  
Golden harps, and thrones of triumph glorious,  
All are waiting,—  
Follow on with courage unabating.”



## CHORUS.

“ Let us join to praise His name for ever,  
To us both of every good the Giver,  
Life undying  
We shall each obtain, on Him relying.

“ Praise Him, men on earth, and saints in heaven !  
To the Lamb be praise and glory given,  
Praise unending,  
Glory through eternity extending !”

SIMON DACH.

## EVENING HYMN.

"Nun ruhen alle Wälder."

"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."—PSALM iv. 8.

QUIETLY rest the woods and dales,  
Silence round the hearth prevails,  
The world is all asleep:  
Thou, my soul, in thought arise,  
Seek thy Father in the skies,  
And holy vigils with Him keep.

Sun, where hidest thou thy light?  
Art thou driven hence by Night,  
Thy dark and ancient foe?  
Go! another Sun is mine,  
Jesus comes with light divine,  
To cheer my pilgrimage below.

Now that day has past away,  
Golden stars in bright array  
    Bespangle the blue sky :  
Bright and clear, so would I stand,  
When I hear my Lord's command  
To leave this earth, and upward fly.

Now this body seeks for rest,  
From its vestments all undrest,  
    Types of mortality :  
Christ shall give me soon to wear,  
Garments beautiful and fair,—  
White robes of glorious majesty.

Head, and feet, and hands, once more  
Joy to think of labour o'er,  
    And night with gladness see.  
Oh, my heart, thou too shalt know  
Rest from all thy toil below,  
And from earth's turmoil soon be free.

Weary limbs, now rest ye here,  
Safe from danger and from fear,  
    Seek slumber on this bed :

Deeper rest ere long to share,  
Other hands shall soon prepare  
My narrow couch among the dead.

While my eyes I gently close,  
Stealing o'er me soft repose,  
Who shall my guardian be ?  
Soul and body now I leave  
(And Thou wilt the trust receive),  
O Israel's Watchman ! unto Thee.

O my friends, from you this day  
May all ill have fled away,  
No danger near have come ;  
Now, my God, these dear ones keep,  
Give to my beloved sleep,  
And angels send to guard their home !

PAUL GERHARD.

## MY GOD! I KNOW THAT I MUST DIE.

“Mein Gott! ich weiss wohl dass ich sterbe.”

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

MY GOD! I know that I must die,  
My mortal life is passing hence,  
On earth I neither hope nor try  
To find a lasting residence.  
Then teach me by Thy heavenly grace,  
With joy and peace to end my race.

My God! I know not *when* I die,  
What is the moment, or the hour,  
How soon the clay may broken lie,  
How quickly pass away the flower;  
Then may Thy child prepared be  
Through time to meet Eternity.

My God! I know not *how* I die,  
For death has many ways to come,  
In dark mysterious agony,  
Or gently as a sleep to some.  
Just as Thou wilt! if but I be  
For ever blessed, Lord, with Thee.

My God! I know not *where* I die,  
Where is my grave, beneath what strand,  
Yet from its gloom I do rely  
To be delivered by Thy hand.  
Content, I take what spot is mine,  
Since all the earth, my Lord, is Thine.

My gracious God! when I must die,  
Oh, bear my happy soul above,  
With Christ, my Lord, eternally  
To share Thy glory and Thy love!  
Then comes it right and well to me,  
When, where, and how my death shall be.  
B. SCHMOLK.

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."—ROM. viii. 28.

How weary and how worthless this life at times  
appears !

What days of heavy musings, what hours of bitter  
tears !

How dark the storm-clouds gather along the wintry  
skies,

How desolate and cheerless the path before us lies !

And yet these days of dreariness are sent us from  
above,

They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness and  
love ;

They come to teach us lessons which bright ones  
could not yield,

And to leave us blest and thankful when their pur-  
pose is fulfilled.

They come to draw us nearer to our Father and our  
Lord,  
More earnestly to seek His face, to listen to His  
word,  
And to feel, if now around us a desert land we see,  
*Without* the star of promise, what would its dark-  
ness be !

They come to lay us lowly, and humbled in the  
dust,  
All self-deception swept away, all creature-hope and  
trust ;  
Our helplessness, our vileness, our guiltiness to  
own,  
And flee for hope and refuge to Christ, and Christ  
alone.

They come to break the fetters which here detain us  
fast,  
And force our long reluctant hearts to rise to heaven  
at last ;  
And brighten every prospect of that eternal home,  
Where grief and disappointment and fear can never  
come.



Then turn not in despondence, poor weary heart  
away,

But meekly journey onwards, through the dark and  
cloudy day ; .

Even now the bow of promise is above thee painted  
bright,

And soon a joyful morning shall dissipate the night.

Thy God hath not forgot thee, and, when He sees it  
best,

Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee bowers  
of rest ;

And all thy pain and sorrow, when the pilgrimage  
is o'er,

Shall end in heavenly blessedness, and joys for ever-  
more !

SPITTA.

## LET ME FIND THEE!

“Sieh, hier bin ich, Ehren-König.”

“Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.—ISA. lv. 6.

BEHOLD me here, in grief draw near,  
Pleading at Thy throne, O King ;  
To Thee each tear, each trembling fear,  
Jesus, Son of man ! I bring.  
Let me find Thee,—let me find Thee,  
Me, a vile and worthless thing !

Look down in love, and from above,  
With Thy Spirit satisfy ;  
Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me,  
And Thy purchase, Lord, am I.  
Let me find Thee,—let me find Thee,  
Here on earth, and then on high !

No other prayer to Thee I bear,  
O my Lord, but only this,—  
To share Thy grace, to see Thy face,  
And to know Thy people's bliss.  
Let me find Thee,—let me find Thee,  
Thee to find is blessedness !

Hear the broken, scarcely spoken  
Utterance of my heart to Thee ;  
All the crying, all the sighing  
Of Thy child accepted be.  
Let me find Thee,—let me find Thee,  
Thus my soul longs vehemently !

Worldly pleasures, earthly treasures,  
Joys and honours will not stay ;  
They often pain, and, oh ! how vain,  
Looking to eternity !  
Let me find Thee,—let me find Thee,  
Find Thee, O my God, this day !

JOACHIM NEANDER.

## GRIEF AND CONSOLATION BY A MOTHER'S DEATH-BED.

“Klage und Trost.”

“Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.—1 THESS. iv. 13.

“NEVER couldst thou bear to grieve us,  
Dearest mother, why to-day?  
Wherefore wilt thou thus forsake us,  
Why, oh why, refuse to stay?”  
“Were it but our Father's will,  
Gladly had I tarried still.”

“Mother, see the bursting anguish  
Of thy dear ones, loved so well;  
See our eyes with grief o'erflowing,  
Grief which words refuse to tell!”  
“Children, bid me not remain,  
Let me see our Carl again!”

“Ah! and art thou really going  
To that dark and distant shore?  
All *our* cares, our joys, our sorrows,  
All forgotten, shared no more!”

“ Children, think not, say not so,  
To the land of *love* I go.”

“ From the circle of affection,  
Mother, must *thou* next depart ?  
Ah ! how many a link is broken  
Once uniting heart to heart !”  
“ Closer draw that gentle chain  
Round the lov'd who yet remain.”

“ Canst thou then so gladly leave us,  
Is our grief unheeded now ?  
For thine eye is brightly beaming,  
Calm and cloudless is thy brow.”  
“ Yes ! for faith, and hope, and love,  
Draw me to my Lord above.”

“ Yet even there, in bliss undying,  
When thou numberest thine own,  
Mother, shall not *we* be wanting,  
We, who here in bondage groan !”  
“ Come, beloved ! quickly come,  
Join me in our heavenly home !”

MÖWES.

## AH! GRIEVE NOT SO.

"Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr."

"Godliness with contentment is great gain."—1 TIM. VI. 6.

AH! grieve not so, nor so lament,  
My soul! nor troubled sigh,  
Because some joys to others sent  
Thy Father may deny;  
Take all as love that seems severe,  
There is no want if God is near.

There is no right thou canst demand,  
No title thou canst claim,  
For all are strangers in the land  
Who bear the human name;  
Earth and its treasures are the Lord's,  
And He the lot of each accords.

D

How thankless art thou, child of man !  
For favours that abound ;  
Thy God has given thee eyes to scan  
The glory all around ;  
Yet seldom for this priceless sight,  
Hast thou been heard to praise aright.

Number thy limbs, thy members tell,  
And ask thy thankless soul,  
If to another thou wouldst sell  
The smallest of the whole ?  
There is not one from which thy heart  
Would willingly submit to part.

Now, go and search the depths of mind,  
Explore its wondrous power,  
New proofs of benefits to find,  
That meet thee every hour ;  
More than the sand upon the shore,  
And ever rising more and more.

He knows, who lives on Zion's hill,  
What we in truth require,  
Knows too how many blessings still  
This flesh and blood desire ;

And could He safely all bestow,  
He would not let thee sorrowing go.

Thou wert not born that earth should be  
    A portion fondly sought ;  
Look up to heaven, and smiling see  
    Thy shining, golden lot !  
Honours and joys, which thou shalt share,  
Unending and unenvied there !

Then journey on to life and bliss,  
    God will protect to heaven ;  
And every good that meets thee is  
    A blessing wisely given.  
If losses come,—so let it be,  
The God of heaven remains with thee.

PAUL GERHARD.



## PILGRIM SONG.

“ Kommt, Kinder, lass uns gehen.”

“ Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”—  
HEB. xiii. 14.

COME, brothers, let us onward,  
Night comes without delay,  
And in this howling desert  
It is not good to stay.  
Take courage, and be strong,  
We are hasting on to heaven,  
Strength for warfare will be given,  
And glory won ere long.

The Pilgrim's path of trial  
We do not fear to view ;  
We know His voice who calls us,  
We know Him to be true.  
Then, let who will contemn,  
But, strong in His almighty grace,  
Come, every one, with steadfast face,  
On to Jerusalem !

If we would walk as pilgrims,  
    We must not riches heap ;  
Much treasure to have gathered  
    But makes the way more steep.  
We march with laggard speed,  
Till every weight is cast aside,  
Till with the little satisfied  
    That pilgrimage can need.

Here, all unknown we wander,  
    Despised on every hand,  
Unnoticed, save when slighted  
    As strangers in the land.  
Our joys they will not share,  
Yet sing,—that they may catch the song  
Of heaven, and the happy throng  
    That now await us there !

Come, gladly, let us onward,  
    Hand in hand still go,  
Each helping one another  
    Through all the way below.

One family of love,—  
Oh, let no voice of strife be heard,  
No discord, by the angel-guard  
Who watch us from above.

Oh, brothers ! soon is ended  
The journey we've begun,  
Endure a little longer,  
The race will soon be run.  
And in the land of rest,—  
In yonder bright, eternal home,  
Where all the Father's loved ones come,  
We shall be safe and blest !

Then, boldly, let us venture,  
This, this is worth the cost !  
Though dangers we encounter,  
Though everything is lost.  
Oh world ! how vain thy call !  
We follow Him who went before,  
We follow to th' eternal shore,  
Jesus, our All in All !

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

## MY FATHER IS THE MIGHTY LORD.

“Mein Vater ist der grosse Herr der Welt.”

“All things are yours.”—1 COR. iii. 21.

My Father is the mighty Lord, whose arm  
Spans earth and sky, and shields his child from  
harm,

Whose still, small voice of love is yet the same  
As once from Horeb's fiery mount it came ;  
Whose glorious works the angel-choirs declare,  
He hears their praise,—and hearkens to my prayer.  
My King is God's eternal, holy Son,  
And He anoints me as a chosen one ;  
He has redeemed me with His precious blood,  
And for unnumber'd debts has surety stood,  
He fought the foe, and drew me by His hand,  
Out from His camp, into His Father's land.

My Brotherhood's a circle, stretching wide  
Around one fount, although a sea divide ;  
With fathers, who behold the Lord in light,  
With saints unborn, who shall adore His might,  
With brothers, who the race of faith now run,  
In union and communion, I am one !

My journey's end lies upward and afar,  
It glimmers bright, but vaguely as a star,  
And oft as faith has caught some glimpse serene,  
So often clouds and mists obscure the scene ;  
Yet, in this longing ends each vision dim,  
To see my Lord !—and to be made like Him !

My grave, so long a dark and drear abyss,  
Is now scarce noticed on the way to bliss ;  
Once at the gates of hell it yawning lay,  
Now stands as portal to the land of day ;  
It takes me to the Father's home so blest,  
It brings me to the feast, a welcome guest.

LANGE.

## THY WILL BE DONE.

"Mein Jesu, wie du wilt!"

"It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."—1 SAM. iii. 18.

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

MY Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
If needy here and poor,  
Give me Thy people's bread,  
Their portion rich and sure.  
The manna of Thy word  
Let my soul feed upon ;  
And if all else should fail—  
My Lord, Thy will be done !

My Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
If among thorns I go,  
Still sometimes here and there  
Let a few roses blow.  
But Thou on earth along  
The thorny path hast gone,  
Then lead me after Thee,—  
My Lord, Thy will be done !

My Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear.  
Since Thou on earth hast wept  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with Thee,  
My Lord, Thy will be done !

My Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
If loved ones must depart,  
Suffer not sorrow's flood  
To overwhelm my heart :

For they are blest with Thee,  
Their race and conflict won,  
Let me but follow them—  
My Lord, Thy will be done !

My Jesus, as Thou wilt !  
When death itself draws nigh,  
To Thy dear wounded side  
I would for refuge fly.  
Leaning on Thee, to go  
Where Thou before hast gone ;  
The rest as Thou shalt please—  
My Lord, Thy will be done !

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

B. SCHMOLK.



## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"Ja fñhrwahr! uns fñhrt mit sanften Hand  
Ein Hirt durch Pilger-land."

"I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord  
God."—EZEK. xxxiv. 15.

YES! our Shepherd leads with gentle hand  
Through the dark pilgrim-land,  
His flock, so dearly bought,  
So long and fondly sought,—  
Hallelujah!

When in clouds and mist the weak ones stray,  
He shows again the way,  
And points to them afar  
A bright and guiding star.  
Hallelujah!

Tenderly He watches from on high  
With an unwearied eye ;  
He comforts and sustains,  
In all their fears and pains.

Hallelujah !

Through the parch'd, dreary desert He will guide  
To the green fountain-side,  
Through the dark, stormy night,  
To a calm land of light.

Hallelujah !

Yes! His "little flock" are ne'er forgot,  
His mercy changes not ;  
Our home is safe above,  
Within His arms of love.

Hallelujah !

KRUMMACHER.

## REJOICE.

“Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen.”

“Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.”—  
MATT. xxv. 6.

REJOICE, all ye believers,  
And let your lights appear;  
The evening is advancing,  
And darker night is near.  
The Bridegroom is arising,  
And soon He draweth nigh,—  
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle,  
At midnight comes the cry!

See that your lamps are burning,  
Replenish them with oil,  
And wait for your salvation  
The end of earthly toil.  
The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
Go, meet Him as He cometh,  
With Hallelujahs clear!

Ye wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
Till in songs of jubilee  
They meet the angel-choir.  
The marriage-feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand ;  
Up! up! ye heirs of glory,  
The Bridegroom is at hand !

Ye saints, who here in patience  
Your cross and suff'rings bore,  
Shall live and reign for ever,  
When sorrow is no more.  
Around the throne of glory,  
The Lamb ye shall behold,  
In triumph cast before Him  
Your diadems of gold !

Palms of victory are there,  
There, radiant garments are,  
There stands the peaceful harvest  
Beyond the reach of war.

## HYMNS FROM THE

There, after stormy winter,  
The flowers of earth arise,  
And from the grave's long slumber  
Shall meet again our eyes !

Our Hope and Expectation,  
O Jesus ! now appear ;  
Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere !  
With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption  
That brings us unto Thee !

LAURENTIUS LAURENTI.

## THE ANGEL AND THE INFANT.

"It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."—MATT. xviii. 14.

SMILING, a bright-eyed seraph bent  
Over an infant's dream,  
To view his mirrored form he leant  
As in the crystal stream.

"FAIR INFANT, come," he whispered low,  
"And leave the earth with me;  
To a bright and happy land we'll go,  
This is no home for thee.

"Each sparkling pleasure knows alloy,  
Nor cloudless skies are here,  
A care there is for every joy,  
For every smile a tear.

E

“ The heart that dances free and light,  
    May soon be chained by sorrow ;  
The sun that sets in calm to-night,  
    May rise in storm to-morrow.

“ Alas ! to cloud a brow so fair,  
    That griefs and pains should rise ;  
Alas ! that this dark world of care  
    Should dim these laughing eyes !

“ To seek a brighter land with me,  
    Infant, thou wilt not fear ;  
For piteous heaven the sad decree  
    Recalls, that sent thee here.”

It seemed on him the sweet babe smiled,  
    His wings the seraph spread ;  
They're gone—the angel and the child,  
    Poor mother ! thy son is dead !

UNBEKANNTES.

## THE SERVICE OF THE LORD.

“Der Dienst der Herrn.”

“If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be.”—JOHN xii. 26.

How blessed, from the bonds of sin  
And earthly fetters free,  
In singleness of heart and aim,  
Thy servant, Lord to be!  
The hardest toil to undertake  
With joy at Thy command,  
The meanest office to receive  
With meekness at Thy hand!

With willing heart and longing eyes,  
To watch before Thy gate,  
Ready to run the weary race,  
To bear the heavy weight;  
No voice of thunder to expect,  
But follow calm and still,  
For love can easily divine  
The One Beloved's will.



Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord!  
Thus ever Thine alone,  
My soul and body given to Thee,  
The purchase Thou hast won.  
Through evil or through good report  
Still keeping by Thy side,  
By life or death, in this poor flesh  
Let Christ be magnified!

How happily the working days  
In this dear service fly,  
How rapidly the closing hour,  
The time of rest draws nigh!  
When all the faithful gather home,  
A joyful company,  
And ever where the Master is,  
Shall His blest servants be.

SPITTA.

THE DESIRED HAVEN.

“Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word.”—LUKE II. 29.

“LORD, the waves are breaking o’er me and around,  
Oft of coming tempests I hear the moaning sound,  
Here there is no safety, rocks on either hand,  
’Tis a foreign roadstead, a strange and hostile  
land,  
Wherefore should I linger? others gone before  
Long since safe are landed on a calm and friendly  
shore :  
Now the sailing orders in mercy, Lord, bestow,—  
Slip the cable, let me go!

“ Lord, the night is closing round my feeble bark,  
How shall I encounter its watches long and dark ?  
Sorely worn and shattered by many a billow past,  
Can I stand another rude and stormy blast ?  
Ah ! the promised haven I never may attain,  
Sinking and forgotten amid the lonely main ;  
Enemies around me, gloomy depths below,—  
Slip the cable, let me go !

“ Lord, I would be near Thee, with Thee where  
Thou art,  
Thine own word hath said it, 'tis ‘ better to de-  
part,’  
There to serve Thee better, there to love Thee  
more,  
With Thy ransomed people to worship and adore ;  
Ever to Thy presence Thou dost call Thine own,  
Why am I remaining, helpless and alone ?  
Oh ! to see Thy glory, Thy wondrous love to  
know,—  
Slip the cable, let me go !

“ Lord, the lights are gleaming from the distant shore,  
Where no billows threaten, where no tempests roar.

Long beloved voices calling me I hear,  
Oh, how sweet *their* summons falls upon my ear!  
Here are foes and strangers, faithless hearts and  
    cold,  
There is fond affection, fondly proved of old!  
Let me haste to join them, may it not be so?  
    Slip the cable, let me go!"

Hark, the solemn answer!—hark, the promise  
    sure!  
"Blessed are the servants who to the end endure!  
    Yet a little longer hope and tarry on,  
    Yet a little longer, weak and weary one!  
More to perfect patience, to grow in faith and love,  
More *my* strength and wisdom, and faithfulness to  
    prove;  
Then the sailing orders the Captain *shall* bestow,—  
    Slip the cable, let thee go!"  
    UNBEKANNTES.

## THE LONG GOODNIGHT.

"Ich fahr dahin mit Freuden."

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better."—  
PHIL. I. 23.

I JOURNEY forth rejoicing,  
From this dark vale of tears,  
To heavenly joy and freedom,  
From earthly bonds and fears :  
Where Christ our Lord shall gather  
All His redeemed again,  
His kingdom to inherit,—  
Goodnight, till then !

Go to thy quiet resting,  
Poor tenement of clay !  
From all thy pain and weakness  
I gladly haste away ;

But still in faith confiding  
To find thee yet again,  
All glorious and immortal,  
Goodnight, till then !

Why thus so sadly weeping,  
Belov'd ones of my heart ?  
The Lord is good and gracious,  
Though now He bids us part.  
Oft have we met in gladness,  
And we shall meet again,  
All sorrow left behind us,—  
Goodnight, till then !

I go to see His glory,  
Whom we have loved below ;  
I go, the blessed angels,  
The holy saints to know.  
Our lovely ones departed,  
I go to find again,  
And wait for you to join us,—  
Goodnight, till then !

I hear the Saviour calling,  
The joyful hour has come,  
The angel-guards are ready  
To guide me to our home ;  
Where Christ our Lord shall gather  
All His redeemed again,  
His kingdom to inherit,—

Goodnight, till then !

UNBEKANNTES.

# Hymns from the Land of Luther.

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SECOND SERIES.  
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## ALL THINGS ARE YOURS.

"Alles ist euer!—O Worte des ewigen Lebens."

"For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours."—1 Cor. iii. 21, 22.

ALL things are yours! O sweet message of mercy  
divine!

Christian brothers, rejoice in your portion and mine!  
Ours the high prize,  
Which poor sinners despise,  
And for a vain world resign.



Raise your affections and heart to your home in the  
sky,  
Then let the earth and its vanities wither and die ;  
Your joys shall last,  
When theirs are long past.  
Your treasure is laid up on high.

All things are yours, my beloved ! our Lord from  
above  
Watches His people with tender compassion and  
love.

Hear His dear voice,—  
“ My brethren, rejoice !  
Nothing your safety shall move ! ”

All of things present that earth and her fulness can  
yield,  
All of things future from knowledge and fancy con-  
cealed,  
Life's varied tale,  
Death's dark, dreaded vale,  
All as your portion revealed !

Heaven and earth, and the sea, and the systems of  
light,  
Spirits unnumbered, angelic hosts holy and bright,  
All are for thee,  
Brother ! be joyful with me,  
Let us in praises unite !

Does thy heart sink in the conflict with fear and  
despair ?  
Are tears overflowing from fountains of sorrow and  
care ?

On yonder shore,  
See, they are weeping no more.  
Old things have passed away there !

Praise to the Saviour, whose death our salvation  
secures !  
Praise to the Father, whose mercy for ever endures !  
New songs of praise  
Evermore let us raise,  
Amen ! yes, all things are yours !

SCHUBART.

## THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

“ O stüßes Wort.”

“ And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not.”—LUKE vii. 13.

OH, sweetest words that Jesus could have sought,  
To soothe the mourning widow's heart, “Weep not!”  
They fall with comfort on my ear,  
When life is dark and trouble near.

They were not whispered accents, but aloud  
The Saviour spake them to the silent crowd,  
That each might hear His heavenly voice,  
And in the widow's joy rejoice !

Words, that were spoken amid sorrow's strife,  
And in the very midst of death and life ;  
They shall refresh my soul at last,  
And strengthen me till life is past.

If poverty obscures my earthly lot,  
Then shall I hear my Saviour say, "Weep not."  
To God the Father raise thine eye,  
For still He hears the raven's cry.

And oh, should persecution's ruthless hand  
Grant me no quiet possession in the land,  
The voice of Jesus calms each thought,  
Heaven is thy dwelling-place, "Weep not!"

Though death the dearest to my heart has slain,  
Jesus shall yet restore my dead again ;  
"Weep not," He says, "poor weary one,  
But think what I at Nain have done!"

When I myself am drawing near to death,  
This Jesus shall be there, and thus He saith,  
"The race is run, the battle fought,  
I am thy light, thy life, 'Weep not!'"

Oh, sweetest words that Jesus could have sought,  
To cheer His weary troubled ones, "Weep not!"  
Thrice blessed words! I listening stay,  
Till grief and sorrow flee away!

DR JOHANN HÖFEL.

## CONFLICT.

“Schöne Sonne, kommst du endlich wieder.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.”—PSALM xliiii. 5.

SUN of comfort, art thou fled for ever?  
Light of joy, wilt thou return at last?  
Shall I sing again the song of morning,  
When the watches of the night are past?  
Ah, delay not, long expected dawning!  
Scatter the thick clouds and mist away,  
Which so dark on feeling and devotion,  
Over heart and memory rest to-day!

Weeping I have stood alone in darkness,  
Gloomy cliffs above, and depths below;  
On the narrow pathway all forsaken,  
Left to wrestle with the accusing Foe.  
Doubt and unbelief, and dark forebodings,  
Fearful spectres gathering around;  
Ah! my dizzy brain and foot were failing,  
Tottering over the abyss profound!

Yet One held me back ! An arm almighty,  
Strong to save, as Satan to destroy !  
From the giddy precipice He caught me,  
Drew me from despair to life and joy.  
Jesus was my Helper ! Saving mercy  
Is His work, His glory, His delight ;  
Many a chain of darkness He has broken,  
Changed to sunshine many a dismal night.

I will trust *again* His love, His power ;  
Though I cannot *feel* His hand to-day,  
To His help anew I will betake me,  
Though His countenance seem turned away !  
Though without one smile, one gracious token,  
Through the flames and floods my path must go ;  
When the fires subside, the waves pass over,  
My Deliverer I again shall know.

Yes, the light of comfort shall return,  
Joy's sweet sun shall shine again at last ;  
I shall sing the gladsome song of morning,  
When the watches of the night are past ;

It shall reappear, the welcome dawning,  
Scattering the clouds and mist away,  
Which so dark on feeling and devotion,  
Over heart and memory rest to-day!

I shall find again the hopes long vanished,  
Like the swallows when the storms are gone;  
Fountains shall be opened in the desert,  
Streams by the wayside, while journeying on.  
Flowers of love and promise shall be springing  
Where the cruel thorn and wormwood sprung,  
And the *homeward path* lie bright in sunshine,  
Where my sad harp on the willows hung!

LANGE.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

“Ich will Dich lieben.”

“Whom having not seen ye love.”—1 P<sup>er</sup>. i. 8.

I WILL love Thee,—all my treasure !  
I will love Thee,—all my strength !  
I will love Thee,—without measure,  
And will love Thee right at length.  
Oh, I will love Thee, Light Divine,  
Till I die and find Thee mine !

Alas ! that I so lately knew Thee,  
Thee, so worthy of the best ;  
Nor had sooner turned to view Thee,  
Truest Good, and only Rest !  
The more I love, I mourn the more  
That I did not love before !



Far I ran, and wander'd blindly,  
Seeking some created light ;  
Then I sought, but could not find Thee,  
I had wander'd from Thee quite ;  
Until at last Thou art made known  
Through Thy seeking, not my own !

I will praise Thee, Sun of Glory !  
For Thy beams have gladness brought.  
I will praise Thee,—will adore Thee,  
For the light I vainly sought ;  
Will praise Thee that Thy words so blest  
Spake my sin-sick soul to rest !

In Thy footsteps now uphold me,  
That I stumble not nor stray.  
When the narrow way is told me,  
Never let me ling'ring stay.  
But come, my weary soul to cheer,  
Shine, eternal Sunbeam, here !

Be my heart more warmly glowing,  
Sweet and calm the tears I shed ;  
And its love, its ardour showing,  
Let my spirit onward tread.

Still, near to Thee, and nearer still,  
Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

I will love, in joy and sorrow !

    Crowning joy ! will love Thee well !

I will love, to-day, to-morrow,

    While I in this body dwell !

Oh ! I will love Thee, Light Divine,

Till I die and find Thee mine !

JOHANN ANGELUS.

## PARTING.

“Was macht ihr, dass ihr weinet.”

“What mean ye to weep, and to break mine heart?”—ACTS XXI. 13.

WHAT mean ye by this wailing,  
To break my bleeding heart?  
As if the love that binds us  
Could alter or depart!  
Our sweet and holy union  
Knows neither time nor place;  
The love that God has planted  
Is lasting as His grace.

Ye clasp these hands at parting,  
As if no hope could be,—  
While still we stand for ever  
In blessed unity!

Ye gaze, as on a vision  
Ye never could recall,  
While still each thought is with you,  
And Jesus with us all!

Ye say, "We here, thou yonder,  
Thou goest, and we stay!"  
And yet Christ's mystic body  
Is one eternally.  
Ye speak of different journeys,  
A long and sad adieu!  
While still one way I travel,  
And have one end with you!

Why should ye now be weeping  
These agonizing tears?  
Behold our gracious Leader,  
And cast away your fears.  
We tread *one* path to glory,  
Are guided by *one* hand,  
And led in faith and patience  
Unto *one* Fatherland!

Then let this hour of parting  
No bitter grief record,  
But be an hour of union  
More blessed with our Lord!  
With Him to guide and save us,  
No changes that await,  
No earthly separations  
Can leave us desolate!

SPITTA.

## THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

“Es zieht ein stiller Engel durch dieses Erdenland.”

“Ye have need of patience.”—HEB. x. 36.

A GENTLE ANGEL walketh throughout a world of woe,  
With messages of mercy to mourning hearts below,  
His peaceful smile invites them to love and to  
confide,  
O follow in His footsteps, keep closely by His side!

So gently will He lead thee through all the cloudy  
day,  
And whisper of glad tidings to cheer the pilgrim  
way,  
*His* courage never failing, when thine is almost gone,  
He takes thy heavy burden, and helps to bear it on.

To soft and tearful sadness he changes dumb despair,  
And soothes to deep submission the storm of grief  
and care ;

Where midnight shades are brooding He pours the  
light of noon,  
And every grievous wound He heals, most surely, if  
not soon.

He will not blame thy sorrows, while He brings the  
healing balm,  
He does not chide thy longings, while He soothes  
them into calm ;  
And when thy heart is murmuring, and wildly ask-  
ing, why ?  
He smiling beckons *forward*, points upward to the  
sky.

He will not always answer thy questions and thy  
fear,  
His watchword is, " Be patient, the journey's end is  
near !"  
And ever through the toilsome way, He tells of joys  
to come,  
And points the pilgrim to his rest, the wanderer to  
his home.

SPITTA.

LOOKING HOME.

"Ach, uns wird das Herz so leer."

"Having a desire to depart."—PHIL. I. 23.

AH! this heart is void and chill  
'Mid earth's noisy thronging,  
For the Father's mansions still  
Veh'mently is longing!

In the garments, once so strong,  
Now are rents distressing,  
And the sandals, borne so long,  
Heavily are pressing.

Oh! to be at home, and gain  
All for which we're sighing,  
From all earthly want and pain  
To be swiftly flying.



With this load of sin and care,  
Then, no longer bending ;  
But with waiting angels there,  
On our Lord attending !

Ah ! how blessed, blessed they  
Who have rightly striven,  
And rejoice eternally  
With their Lord in heaven.

SPITTA.

MORNING HYMN.

"Morgen glanz der Ewigkeit."

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord."—PSALM v. 3.

JESUS, Sun of Righteousness  
Brightest beam of Love Divine,  
With the early morning rays  
Do Thou on our darkness shine,  
And dispel with purest light  
All our night!

As on drooping herb and flower  
Falls the soft refreshing dew,  
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power  
All our weary souls renew,  
Showers of blessing over all  
Softly fall!

Like the sun's reviving ray,  
    May Thy love, with tender glow,  
All our coldness melt away,  
    Warm and cheer us forth to go,  
Gladly serve Thee and obey  
All the day !

O our only Hope and Guide,  
    Never leave us, nor forsake ;  
Keep us ever at Thy side,  
    Till the eternal morning break,  
Moving on to Zion hill  
Homeward still !

Lead us all our days and years  
    In Thy straight and narrow way ;  
Lead us through the vale of tears  
    To the land of perfect day,  
Where Thy people, fully blest,  
Safely rest !

KNOW. VON ROSENMOETH.

## RECALL.

“Kehre wieder, kehre wieder.”

“Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings.”—  
JER. iii. 22.

RETURN, return !  
Poor long lost wanderer, home !  
With all thy bitter tears,  
Thy heavy burdens, come !  
As thou art, all sin and pain,  
Fear not to implore in vain,  
See, the Father comes to meet thee,  
Points to mercy's open door,  
Words of life and promise greet thee,—  
Ah, return, delay no more !

Return, return !  
From strife and tumult vain  
To quiet solitude,  
To silent thought again.

There the storms shall sink to rest,  
Which now desolate thy breast,  
There the Spirit, long neglected,  
    Waits with bliss before unknown ;  
And the Saviour, long rejected,  
    Claims and seals thee for His own.

Return, return !  
From all thy crooked ways ;  
    Jesus will save the lost,  
The fallen He can raise.  
Look to Him, who beckons thee  
From the cross so lovingly.  
See His gracious arms extended,  
    Fear not to seek shelter there,  
Where no grief is unbefriended,  
    Where no sinner need despair.

Return, return !  
To thy long-suffering Lord ;  
    Fear not to seek His grace,  
To trust His faithful word,  
Yield to Him thy weary heart,  
He can heal its keenest smart.

He can soothe the deepest sorrow,  
Wash the blackest guilt away ;  
Then delay not till to-morrow,  
Seek His offered gifts to-day.

Return, return !  
From all thy wanderings, home !  
From vanity and toil,  
To rest and substance, come !  
Come to Truth from Error's night,  
Come from darkness unto light,  
Come from death to life undying,  
From a fallen earth to Heaven,—  
Now the accepted time is flying,  
Haste to take what God has given !

SPITTA.

## GOING HOME.

" Unser Lieben sind geschieden."

" But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope."—1 THESS. iv. 13.

OUR beloved have departed,  
While we tarry broken-hearted,  
In the dreary, empty house ;  
They have ended life's brief story,  
They have reached the home of glory,  
Over death victorious !

Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly ;  
On we travel, daily, nightly,  
To the rest that they have found,—  
Are we not upon the river,  
Sailing fast to meet for ever  
On more holy, happy ground ?

Whilst with bitter tears we're mourning,  
Thought to buried loves returning,  
Time is hasting us along,  
Downward to the grave's dark dwelling,  
Upward to the fountain welling  
With eternal life and song !

See ye not the breezes hieing ?  
Clouds along in hurry flying ?  
But *we* haste more swiftly on,—  
Ever changing our position,  
Ever tossed in strange transition,—  
Here to-day, to-morrow gone !

Every hour that passes o'er us  
Speaks of comfort yet before us,  
Of our journey's rapid rate,  
And like passing vesper-bells,  
The clock of time its chiming tells,  
At eternity's broad gate.

On we haste, to home invited,  
There with friends to be united  
In a surer bond than here ;



Meeting soon, and met for ever !  
Glorious Hope ! forsake us never,  
For Thy glimmering light is dear

Ah, the way is shining clearer,  
As we journey ever nearer  
To the everlasting home.  
Friends, who there await our landing,  
Comrades, round the throne now standing,  
We salute you, and we come !

LANGE.

## THE JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

"Jesu, was hat dich getrieben."

"And they were in the way going up to Jerusalem; and Jesus went before them: and they were amazed; and as they followed, they were afraid."  
--MARK X. 32.

JESUS! what was that which drew Thee  
To Jerusalem's ancient gate?  
Ah! the love that burned so truly  
Would not suffer Thee to wait!  
On Thou journey'dst, thus securing  
Me a city more enduring!

To my spirit, now, draw nearer,  
Lord! as to Jerusalem!  
Let each moment prove Thee dearer,  
Make this heart a Bethlehem!  
Thus my Saviour's love possessing,  
Surely I have Salem's blessing!

To the world Thou hast sent me,  
Like the twelve that saw Thy face,  
Lead me through the journey gently,  
Keep me near Thee by Thy grace.  
My allotted work fulfilling,  
Ever ready, ever willing.

Let me gladly see my calling,  
When and where Thou sendest me,  
Never into darkness falling,  
Gazing on futurity ;  
But obey when Thou hast bidden,  
Though Thy counsel should be hidden.

Let me follow Thee, my Saviour,  
Not with words or empty show ;  
But my heart, my life, behaviour,  
Prove Thy presence here below.  
Meekly with the froward bearing,  
And each brother's burden sharing !

Oh, my Lord ! if Thou shouldst ever  
Call me desolate to roam,  
For Thy truth and conscience sever  
Every tie of house and home,

Then draw nearer, if Thou smite me,  
Let not crosses disunite me.

So shall I hosannahs singing,  
All the desert-way rejoice ;  
Late and early, praises bringing,  
But with feeble, earthly voice.  
Though these broken notes distress me,  
Jesus ! Thou wilt hear and bless me !

LAURENTIUS LAURENTI.

## THE MERCHANT.

“Einen Kaufmann sieht man ohne Gleichen.”

“Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant-man seeking goodly pearls : who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.”—*MATT. xiii. 45, 46.*

ONCE a merchant travelled far and wide,  
Over mountain-chains and ocean's tide,  
Slighted and despised on every hand,  
Wearily he passed from land to land.

Not with treasure treasures to acquire,  
Seemed the wanderer's purpose or desire ;  
Gold and silver he regarded not,—  
*Pearls alone* with eagerness he sought.

Many were produced to meet his call ;—  
Strictly he examined, weighed them all ;  
Nothing could deceive, or please his eye,  
Calmly he surveyed, and passed them by.

Sadly he pursued his search around,—  
Ah! the *One* midst many was not found!  
Stars indeed he saw, but not the Sun  
All his longings sought and dwelt upon.

Weary now with all his wanderings vain,  
To his native home he turns again ;—  
There he finds a Fisher on the strand,  
Stooping down to draw a net to land.

What new treasures of the deep are these?  
Who this unknown Stranger of the seas?  
Changed his aspect now, his bearing high,  
While he speaks with gentle dignity.

“Peace be with thee! Now thou mayest obtain  
All so long desired and sought in vain,—  
Thou 'mid many fools the only wise,  
At thy journey's end behold the prize!”

“Yes, it is the One, beyond compare,  
Sought so long, abandoned in despair ;  
Stranger speak, how may it be my own?”  
“*All thou hast* can be the price alone.”

“Be it so!” he joyfully replied ;  
“Lord, take all, and take myself beside !  
For in wondrous love Thou bring’st from heaven  
What no monarch has or could have given.”

And the world deceived and foolish call  
Him, who for one jewel gave his all ;  
But unheeding what they think or say,  
Glad and satisfied he goes his away.

Food is his, which they have never known,  
Cordials granted to himself alone :  
From earth’s vanities and cares set free,  
Now he walks in peace and liberty.

Wondrous blessings reach him from above,  
Love comes down to meet the heart of love ;  
Ever as he views his treasure bright,  
All his soul is filled with life and light.

Blessed they who find the priceless gem,  
Blessed they who seek ! It shines for them  
Brightly still, the prize by God revealed,  
For the victor on Faith’s battle-field.

FROM THE KIRCHEN-FREUNDE.

## SUBMISSION.

"Stille, mein Wille! dein Jesu hilft siegen."

"In your patience possess ye your souls."—LUKE XXI. 19.

BE still, my soul!—the Lord is on thy side,  
Bear patiently the cross of grief and pain,  
Leave to thy God to order and provide,  
In every change, He faithful will remain.  
Be still, my soul!—thy best, thy Heavenly Friend  
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul!—thy God doth undertake  
To guide the future, as He has the past:  
Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake,  
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.  
Be still, my soul!—the waves and winds still know  
His voice, who ruled them while He dwelt below.



Be still, my soul!—when dearest friends depart,  
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,  
Then shalt thou better know His love, His heart,  
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.  
Be still, my soul!—thy Jesus can repay  
From His own fulness all He takes away.

Be still, my soul!—the hour is hastening on  
When we shall be for ever with the Lord ;  
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,  
Sorrow forgot, Love's purest joys restored.  
Be still, my soul!—when change and tears are past,  
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

Be still, my soul!—begin the song of praise  
On earth, believing, to thy Lord on high ;  
Acknowledge Him in all thy works and ways,  
So shall He view thee with a well-pleased eye.  
Be still, my soul!—the Sun of life divine  
Through passing clouds shall but more brightly  
shine.

UNBEKANNTES.

## THE BELIEVER'S DYING TESTAMENT.

“Ich habe Lust zu scheiden.”

“I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.”—2 TIM. iv. 6.

WEARY, waiting to depart,  
My spirit longs for flight ;  
Still I gaze with throbbing heart  
To Zion's fields of light.  
When His summons shall be sent,  
No dweller here may know,—  
To my dying testament,  
Friends, hearken, ere I go !

God, my Father, to Thy hand  
This spirit I bequeath ;  
Guide it through this desert land,  
And through the gates of death.  
By Thy gift, this soul was mine,  
Take it to Thyself again,  
So shall it for ever Thine  
In life and death remain.

What, O Jesus, shall I make  
An offering to Thee ?  
Ah, these sins, these sorrows take,  
So grievous, Lord, to me.  
In the crimson stream that flows,  
My Saviour, from Thy side,  
Thus my faith each burden throws,  
Hide them, for ever, hide !

Oh, Thou Spirit of all might !  
I yield Thee my last sigh,  
And to Thee, in death's dread fight,  
I send my latest cry !  
As life's pulses steal away,  
O speak peace to me !  
And let my fainting soul that day  
Nothing save Jesus see.

Angels, take these flowing tears  
From my pale cheeks away !  
Ye can pity earth-born fears,  
And gladly will obey.

Bear me to my Saviour's care,  
In these kind arms of love,  
And let me for ever share  
Your tearless bliss above.

Ye beloved ones, and true,  
Who weeping round me bend,  
Though I go, I leave with you  
Your everlasting Friend.  
Take my parting blessing, then,  
And weep for me no more,  
Surely we shall meet again  
On the eternal shore!

Earth, poor earth, I've spent on thee  
A long and clouded day,  
Take as my last legacy,  
This dwelling-house of clay :  
In Thy keeping it must fall  
To humble dust once more ;  
But, ere long, thy graves shall all  
In living truth restore!

This is my last testament—  
God! fix Thy seal thereto!  
Now I wait in calm content,  
With Heaven full in view.  
Resting on my Lord in faith,  
I pass securely on,  
Knowing when I conquer death  
My heritage is won!

B. SCHMOLK.

## WAITING.

“Meine stund ist noch nicht kommen.”

“Mine hour is not yet come.”—JOHN II. 4.

“JESUS’ hour is not yet come ;”—

Let this word thine answer be,  
Pilgrim, asking for thy home,  
Longing to be blest and free.  
Yet a season tarry on,  
Nobly borne, is nobly done.

While oppressing cares and fears  
Night and day no respite leave,  
Still prolonged through many years,  
None to help thee or relieve ;  
Hold the word of promise fast,  
Till deliverance comes at last.

Every creature-hope and trust,  
Every earthly prop or stay,  
May lie prostrate in the dust,  
May have failed or passed away ;—

H

Then, when darkest falls the night,  
Jesus comes, and all is light.

Yes, the Comforter draws nigh  
To the breaking, bursting heart,  
For, with tender sympathy,  
He has seen and felt its smart :  
Through its darkest hours of ill,  
He is waiting, watching still.

Dost thou ask, *When* comes His hour ?  
Then, when it shall aid thee best.  
Trust His faithfulness and power,  
Trust in Him, and quietly rest.  
Suffer on, and hope, and wait,  
Jesus never comes too late.

Blessed day, which hastens fast,  
End of conflict and of sin !  
Death itself shall die at last,  
Heaven's eternal joys begin.  
Then eternity shall prove,  
God is Light, and God is Love.

SPITTA.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

"O treuer Helland Jesu Christ."

"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.

WE praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord,  
Our Saviour kind and true,  
For all the old things passed away,  
For all Thou hast made new.

The old security is gone,  
In which so long we lay;  
The sleep of death Thou hast dispelled,  
The darkness rolled away.

New hopes, new purposes, desires,  
And joys, Thy grace has given;  
Old ties are broken from the earth,  
New ones attach to heaven.



But yet how much must be destroyed,  
How much renewed must be,  
Ere we can fully stand complete  
In likeness, Lord, to Thee !

Ere to Jerusalem above,  
The holy place, we come,  
Where nothing sinful or defiled  
Shall ever find a home !

Thou, only Thou, must carry on  
The work Thou hast begun :  
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,  
In Thine own ways to run.

Ah, leave us not ! from day to day  
Revive, restore again ;  
Our feeble steps do Thou direct,  
Our enemies restrain.

Whate'er would tempt the soul to stray,  
Or separate from Thee,  
That, Lord, remove, however dear  
To the poor heart it be !

When the flesh sinks, then strengthen Thou  
The spirit from above ;  
Make us to feel Thy service sweet,  
And light Thy yoke of love.

So shall we faultless stand at last  
Before Thy Father's throne,  
The blessedness for ever ours,  
The glory all Thine own !

SPITTA.

## CALVARY.

“Fliesst, ihr Augen, Fliesst von Thränen.”

“Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.”—ISAIAH LIII. 4

FLOW, my tears, flow still faster,  
Thus my guilt and sin bemoan ;  
Mourn, my heart, in deeper anguish,  
Over sorrows not thine own !  
See, a spotless Lamb draw nigh  
To Jerusalem, to die  
For thy sins, the sinless One ;—  
Think ! ah, think ! what thou hast done !

See Him stand while cruel fetters  
Bind the hands that framed the world,  
While around Him bitter mocking,  
Laughter, and contempt are hurled.  
Heathen rage and Jewish scorn,  
Meekly for our sins are borne.  
Sin has brought Him from above ;  
Who can fathom such a love ?

Soon the heavy doom is spoken,  
Even Pilate's pleading ceased ;  
Jesus to the cross is chosen,  
And Barabbas is released !  
Ah ! there is no loving word,  
Not one voice of pity heard !  
But the loud and frenzied cry,  
" Crucify Him,—crucify !"

Can we view the Saviour given  
To the smiter's hands for us ?  
Can we all unmoved, unhumbled,  
See Him mocked and slighted thus,—  
View the thorny chaplet made  
For His meek and silent head,—  
Hear the loud and angry din,  
And not tremble for our sin ?

Follow from the hall of judgment  
This sad Saviour on His way ;—  
But, in spirit, as ye journey,  
Often pause, and humbly pray,—

Pray the Father to behold  
By the Son thy ransom told  
And a substitute for thee  
In His Well-beloved see!

Must I, Jesus, thus behold Thee  
In Thy toil and sorrow here?  
Can I nothing better yield Thee  
Than my unavailing tear?  
Lamb of God! I weep for Thee!  
Weep, Thy cruel cross to see,—  
Weep, for death that death destroys!  
Weep, for grief that brings me joys!

Poor is all that I can offer,  
Soul and body while I live;  
Take it, O my Saviour, take it,—  
I have nothing more to give.  
Come, and in this heart remain,  
Let each enemy be slain,—  
Let me live and die with Thee;  
To Thy kingdom welcome me!

Loud and louder, saints are singing,  
Glory! glory! Christ, to Thee!  
Over death and hell for ever  
Thou hast triumphed gloriously.  
I am Thine, and Thou art mine:  
Oh! to see Thy brightness shine!  
Lord! Thy day of grief is o'er,  
Come! in glory—come once more!

LAURENTIUS LAURENTI.

## RE-UNION.

“Wiedersehn ! ja, wiedersehn wird einst.”

“I shall go to him.”—2 SAM. xii. 23.

MEET again ! yes, we shall meet again,  
Though now we part in pain !  
His people all  
Together Christ shall call ;—  
Hallelujah !

Soon the days of absence shall be o'er,  
And thou shalt weep no more ;  
Our meeting day  
Shall wipe all tears away ;—  
Hallelujah !

Now I go with gladness to our home,  
With gladness thou shalt come ;  
There I will wait  
To meet thee at Heaven's gate ;—  
Hallelujah !





## JESUS ALL-SUFFICIENT

“Wenn ich Ihn nur habe.”

“The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.”—LAM. iii. 24.

If only He is mine,—  
If but this poor heart  
Never more, in grief or joy,  
May from Him depart,  
Then farewell to sadness,  
All I feel is love, and hope, and gladness.

If only He is mine,—  
Then, from all below,  
Leaning on my pilgrim-staff,  
Gladly forth I go.  
From the crowd who follow  
In the broad, bright road, their pleasures false  
and hollow.

If only He is mine,—  
Then all else is given ;  
Every blessing lifts my eyes  
And my heart to Heaven.  
Fill'd with heavenly love,  
Earthly hopes and fears no longer tempt or move.

There,—where He is mine,  
Is my Fatherland,  
And my heritage of bliss  
Daily cometh from His hand.  
Now I find again  
In His people love long lost, and mourn'd in vain.  
NOVALIS.

## ANTICIPATION.

“Wie wird mir seyn?”

“Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.”—1 JOHN iii. 2.

WHAT shall I be? my Lord, when I behold Thee  
In awful majesty at God's right hand;  
And 'mid th' eternal glories that enfold me,  
In strange bewilderment, O Lord, I stand.  
What shall I be? these tears,—they dim my sight,  
I cannot catch the blissful vision right.

What shall I be? Lord, when Thy radiant glory,  
As from the grave I rise, encircles me;  
When brightly pictured in the light before me,  
What eye hath never seen, my eyes shall see.  
What shall I be? Ah, blessed and sublime  
Is the dim prospect of that glorious time!

What shall I be ? When days of grief are ended,  
From earthly fetters set for ever free ;  
When from the harps of saints and angels blended,  
I hear the burst of joyful melody !  
What shall I be ? when risen from the dead,  
Sin, death, and hell, I never more shall dread.

What shall I be ? when all around are thronging,  
The loved of earth, where I have come to dwell ;  
When all is joy and praise,—no anxious longing,  
No bitter parting, and no sad farewell.  
What shall I be ? Ah, how the streaming light  
Can lend a radiance to this dreary night !

Yes ! faith can never know the full salvation,  
Which Jesus for His people will prepare ;  
Then will I wait in peaceful expectation,  
Till the Good Shepherd comes to take me there.  
My Lord, my God, a blissful end I see,  
Though now I know not what I yet shall be !

LANGBECKER.

## "GOD CALLING YET."

"Gott rufet noch!"

\*Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man.—  
Prov. viii. 4.

God calling yet!—and shall I never hearken,  
But still earth's witcheries my spirit darken?  
This passing life, these passing joys, all flying,  
And still my soul in dreamy slumbers lying!

God calling yet!—and I not yet arising,  
So long His loving, faithful voice despising,  
So falsely His unwearied care repaying,  
He calls me still, and still I am delaying!

God calling yet!—loud at my door is knocking,  
And I my heart, my ear, still firmer locking:  
He still is ready, willing to receive me,  
Is waiting now, but ah! He soon may leave me.

God calling yet!—and I no answer giving ;  
I dread His yoke, and am in bondage living ;  
Too long I linger, but not yet forsaken,  
He calls me still, oh, my poor heart, awaken !

Ah, yield Him all,—all to His care confiding ;  
Where but with Him are rest and peace abiding ?  
Unloose, unloose, break earthly bonds asunder,  
And let this spirit rise in soaring wonder.

God calling yet!—I can no longer tarry,  
Nor to my God a heart divided carry ;  
Now, vain and giddy world, your spells are broken,  
Sweeter than all, the voice of God has spoken !

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

## RESIGNATION.

“Ich hab’ in guten Stunden.”

“What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil.”—JOB II. 10.

I HAVE had my days of blessing,  
All the joys of life possessing,  
Unnumber’d they appear!  
Then, let faith and patience cheer me,  
Now that trials gather near me,  
Where is life without a tear?

Yes, O Lord, a sinner looking  
O’er the sins Thou art rebuking,  
Must own Thy judgments light.  
Surely, I so oft offending,  
Must, in humble patience bending,  
Feel Thy chastisements are right.

Let me, o'er transgression weeping,  
Find the grace my soul is seeking ;  
    Receiving at Thy throne  
Strength to meet each tribulation,  
Looking for the great salvation.  
    Trusting in my Lord alone !

While 'mid earthly tears and sighing,  
Still to praise Thee feebly trying,  
    Still clinging, Lord, to Thee :  
Quietly on Thy love relying,  
I am Thine,—and living, dying,  
    Surely all is well with me !  
    CHRISTIAN FURCHTEGOTT GELLERT.



## REST.

"Ich bleib bei Dir! wo könnt ich 's besser haben?"

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—HEB. iv. 3.

I REST with Thee, Lord! whither should I go?  
I feel so blest within Thy home of love!  
The blessings purchased by Thy pain and woe,  
To Thy poor child Thou sendest from above.  
O never let Thy grace depart from me,  
So shall I still abide, my Lord, with Thee.

I rest with Thee! Eternal life the prize  
Thou wilt bestow, when faith's good fight is won.  
What can earth give, but vain regrets and sighs,  
To the poor heart, whose passing bliss is done?  
For lasting joys I fleeting ones resign,  
Since Jesus calls me His, and He is mine.

I rest with Thee ! no other place of rest  
Can now attract, no other portion please :  
The soul of heavenly treasure once possest,  
All earthly glory with indifference sees.  
Poor world, farewell ! thy splendours tempt no more,  
The power of grace I feel, and thine is o'er.

I rest with Thee ! with Thee, whose wondrous love  
Descends to seek the lost, the fallen raise.  
O that my whole of future life might prove  
One hallelujah, one glad song of praise !  
So shall I sing, as time's last moments flee,  
Now and for ever, Lord ! I rest with Thee !

ADOLPH MORAHT.

## LOOKING TO JESUS.

"O stilles Lamm."

"He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth."—ISAIAH liii. 7.

O SILENT LAMB! for me Thou hast endured,  
Jesus, Thou holy, perfect, sinless One!  
Thy grief and bitter anguish have secured  
My soul's salvation, when this race is run.  
Then, let me, to Thine image true,  
Thus meekly suffer, with the crown in view.

The narrow way that leads us up to Heaven,  
Must here through strife and tribulation lie;  
Then, on the thorny path may strength be given,  
This sinful flesh, O Lord, to crucify.  
Oh, take this feebleness away,  
And make me strong to meet each future day!

Here, daily crosses come to try our weakness,  
Here, every member must a burden bear ;  
But, O my Saviour, if I take with meekness  
The cross appointed by Thy love and care,  
Too great, too long, it will not be,  
For it is weigh'd and measured out by Thee.

If thus we journey patiently through sadness,  
Each grief will make us dearer to our Lord ;  
But if we flee the cross, in search of gladness,  
We cannot shun His dread, avenging sword.  
Oh, blessed they ! who hear the call,  
Who take the cross, and follow, leaving all !

So help me, Lord, Thy holy will to suffer,  
And still a learner at Thy feet to be ;  
Give faith and patience when the way is rougher,  
And at the end a joyful victory.  
Thus grief itself is changed to song,  
Ofttimes on earth, but evermore ere long.

KARL HEINRICH VON BOGATZKI.

## PRAISE.

"Lobe den Herren!"

"Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord."—PSALM cl. 6.

PRAISE to Jehovah! the almighty King of Creation!  
Swell Heaven's chorus, chime in every heart, every  
nation!

Oh, my soul, wake!  
Harp, lute, and psaltery take,  
Sound forth in glad adoration.

Praise to Jehovah! whose love o'er thy course is  
attending,  
Redeeming thy life, and thee from all evil defending.  
Through all the past,  
O my soul, over thee cast,  
His sheltering wings were bending!

Praise to Jehovah ! whose fence has been planted  
around thee,  
Who, from His heavens, with blessing and mercy  
has crowned thee.

Think, happy one !  
What He can do, and has done,  
Since in His pity He found thee.

Praise to Jehovah ! all that has breath praise Him,  
sing praises ;  
Bless God, O my soul, and all that is in me, sing  
praises.

In Him rejoice,  
Until for ever thy voice,  
The hymn of eternity raises !

JOACHIM NEANDER.

## HYMN SUNG AT A FUNERAL.

“ Wohlauf! wohlan! zum letzten Gang,  
Kurz ist der Weg, die Ruhe ist lang.”

“ Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”—  
HEB. xiii. 14.

COME forth! come on, with solemn song!  
The road is short, the rest is long!  
The Lord brought here, He calls away,  
Make no delay,  
This home was for a passing day.

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt,  
Here joy and grief by turns he felt:  
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door!  
The task is o'er,  
The sojourner returns no more!

Now of a lasting home possess,  
He goes to seek a deeper rest.  
Good night! the day was sultry here,  
In toil and fear,  
Good night! the night is cool and clear.

Chime on, ye bells ! again begin,  
And ring the Sabbath morning in ;  
The labourer's week-day work is done,  
The rest begun,  
Which Christ hath for His people won !

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Now open to us, gates of peace !  
Here let the pilgrim's journey cease.  
Ye quiet slumberers, make room  
In your still home,  
For the new stranger who has come !

How many graves around us lie !  
How many homes are in the sky !  
Yes, for each saint doth Christ prepare  
A place with care,  
Thy home is waiting, brother, there !

Jesus, Thou reignest, Lord alone,  
Thou wilt return and claim Thine own.  
Come quickly, Lord ! return again !  
Amen ! Amen !  
Thine seal us ever, now and then !

F. SACHSE.



## RESURRECTION.

“Auferstehn, ja, auferstehn.”

“This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.”—1 COR. xv. 53.

THOU shalt rise! my dust, thou shalt arise!  
Not always closed thine eyes;  
Thy life's first Giver  
Will give thee life for ever,  
Ah, praise His name!

Sown in darkness, but to bloom again,  
When, after winter's reign,  
Jesus is reaping  
The seed now quietly sleeping,  
Ah, praise His name!

Day of praise ! for thee, thou wondrous day,  
In my quiet grave I stay ;  
    And when I number  
    My days and nights of slumber,  
                    Thou wakest me !

Then, as they who dream, we shall arise  
With Jesus to the skies,  
    And find that morrow,  
    The weary pilgrim's sorrow,  
                    All past and gone !

Then, within the Holiest, I tread  
By my Redeemer led,  
    Through Heaven soaring,  
    His holy name adoring  
                    Eternally !  
                    KLOPSTOCK.

## HERE AND THERE.

"Was kein Auge hat gesehen."

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."  
—1 COR. ii. 9.

WHAT no human eye hath seen,  
What no mortal ear hath heard,  
What on thought hath never been  
In its noblest flights conferred,—  
This hath God prepared in store  
For His people evermore!

When the shaded pilgrim land  
Fades before my closing eye,  
Then reveal'd on either hand,  
Heaven's own scenery shall lie:  
Then the veil of flesh shall fall,  
Now concealing, darkening all.

Heavenly landscapes, calmly bright,  
Life's pure river murmuring low,  
Forms of loveliness and light,  
Lost to earth long time ago,—  
Yes, mine own, lamented long,  
Shine amid the angel throng!

Many a joyful sight was given,  
Many a lovely vision here,  
Hill, and vale, and starry even,  
Friendship's smile, Affection's tear;  
These were shadows, sent in love,  
Of realities above!

When upon my wearied ear  
Earth's last echoes faintly die,  
Then shall angel harps draw near,  
All the chorus of the sky;  
Long-hushed voices blend again,  
Sweetly, in that welcome-strain.

Here were sweet and varied tones,  
Bird, and breeze, and fountain's fall,  
Yet Creation's travail-groans  
Ever sadly sigh'd through all.

There no discord jars the air,  
Harmony is perfect there !

When this aching heart shall rest,  
All its busy pulses o'er,  
From her mortal robes undrest  
Shall my spirit upward soar.  
Then shall unimagined joy,  
All my thoughts and powers employ.

Here devotion's healing balm  
Often came to soothe my breast,  
Hours of deep and holy calm,  
Earnests of Eternal rest.  
But the bliss was here unknown,  
Which shall there be all my own !

Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun,  
Of that wondrous world above ;  
All the clouds and storms are gone,  
All is light, and all is love.  
All the shadows melt away  
In the blaze of perfect day !

LANGE.









