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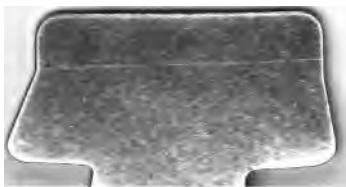
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THE  
CHILD'S CHRISTIAN YEAR:  
HYMNS  
FOR EVERY  
SUNDAY AND HOLY-DAY,  
COMPILED FOR THE USE OF  
PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

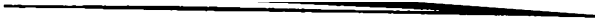
THOU SHALT SHew THY SON IN THAT DAY, SAYING, THIS  
IS DONE BECAUSE OF THAT WHICH THE LORD DID UNTO  
ME.—EXODUS xiii. 8.

FOURTH EDITION

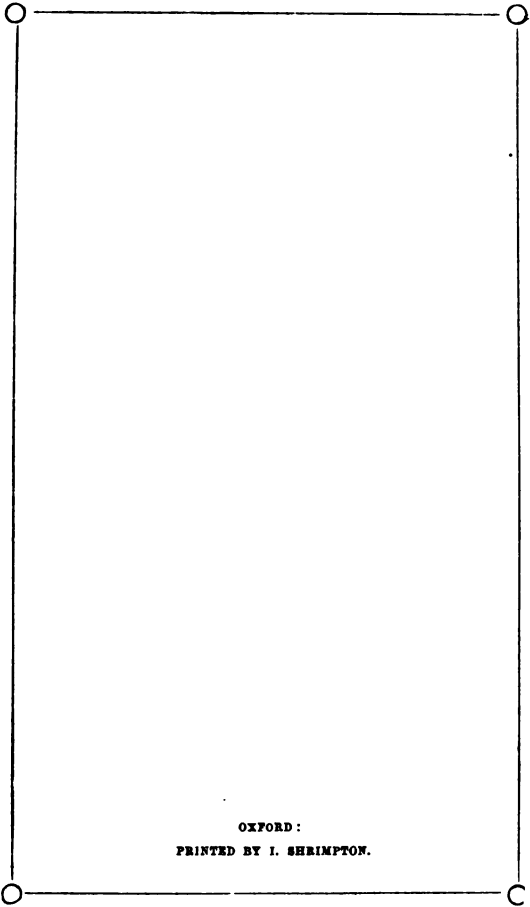


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M DCCC XLIX.



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## P R E F A C E .

THIS compilation pretends to no more than to be one among many humble, but it is trusted not unavailing efforts, which are now being made in different quarters, to bring the whole body of our Church's teaching more into unison with the tone of her Prayer Book, and by consequence with that of the Ancient Universal Church. Besides its direct devotional use, and the positive instruction to be gleaned from it, the air and manner of the compositions preferred in it are such as may perhaps be found not ill-calculated gradually to raise and purify the standard by which the poor judge of religious poetry. The word Hymn, in their minds, has been too long



associated with productions both in doctrine and manner very unworthy of that sacred name. It will be something, if in only one parish, we can pre-occupy the minds and ears of the young with strains of a somewhat higher mood ; such as may prove of real use and comfort to them, when recalled to their memories, in whole or in part, by the events of their after life ; such as they may dwell on continually, and find deeper and deeper meanings in them as they grow older, and consult their own consciences more.

The subject is perhaps not quite proper to be touched on in the Preface to such a work, yet it may be worth suggesting, whether attention to this part of education may not do much, under God's blessing, towards preparing another generation for something like a revival of Discipline ;—the only Church Reform which can really deserve the name ;—as things are at present to speak of such a thing sounds almost like talk in a dream : yet if

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the well-disposed of our young people were trained up in the tone of the Ancient Church, were taught to sympathize with her, and to look to her for sympathy, the spirit of discipline, it would seem, could not fail to revive, and what are now mere forms would again take to themselves power. This little book may be regarded as an experiment on a very small scale, tending, however remotely, towards that good end.

J. K.

*Hursley, Nov. 6, 1841.*





THE first impression on looking over this little book, will probably be that the hymns are too difficult, yet it is hoped they will not be thrown aside without a trial nor without being read in connection with the services of the day, which will often be found to clear up what otherwise appears obscure.

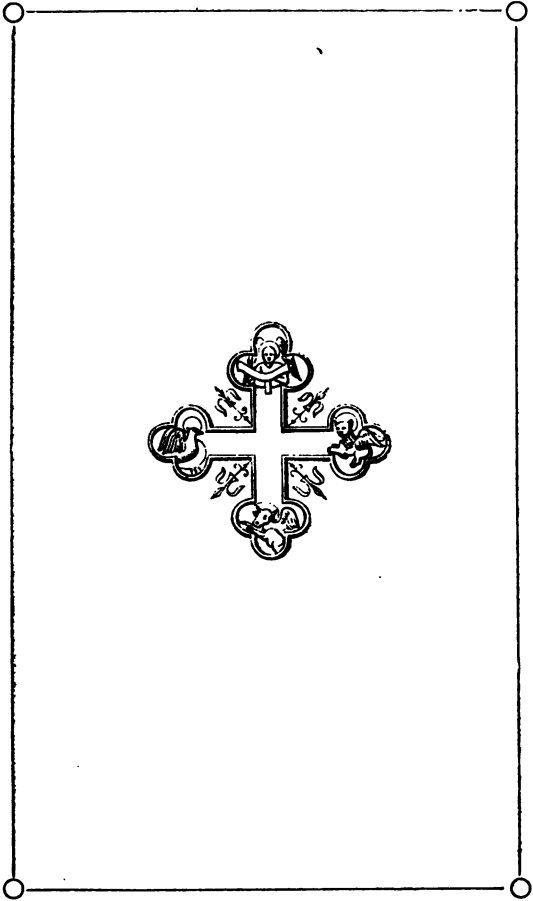
It should likewise be considered that such subjects cannot be lowered to the level of childish minds without more or less of irreverence, and if we observe the Church's method of teaching, we shall find that she places in the memories of her young members a form of sound words, the full understanding of which neither they nor their teachers can arrive at.

In the school for which the hymns were collected, they have been found useful in leading to questions and explanations, and the demand for them is such as to make the supply in manuscript rather troublesome.

About a third of the hymns are hitherto unpublished : for the far larger and more valuable part of these, sincere thanks are due to the widow of the regretted author of them, the late Rev. Joseph Anstice, of King's College, London.

F. M. Y.

*Otterbourn, July 1, 1841.*





## Sunday Morning Hymn.

Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and  
be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of  
fools. ECCLES. v. 1.

LORD, by Thee in safety borne  
To another Sabbath morn,  
Once again, our pilgrim feet  
In Thy peaceful temple meet.

As we pass the hallowed porch,  
From our hearts the world exclude ;  
On the quiet of Thy Church,  
Let not earth-born thought intrude.

Meet it is that we begin  
With acknowledgment of sin ;  
Such unfeign'd repentance teach us,  
That Thine absolution reach us.

Then on David's sweetest strain,  
All our varied notes employ ;  
Let not round us float in vain  
Prayer of anguish, hymn of joy.

Lead our spirits up to Thee,  
Through our fervent Litany ;  
Nerve us, when we chant our Creed,  
For its glorious truths to bleed.

Lord, Thy special grace we seek  
On Thy Gospel's Minister ;  
Teach Thy servant how to speak,  
Teach Thy people how to hear.

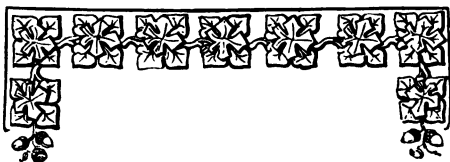
Banish roving fancies far ;  
Tune afresh the souls that jar ;  
Bid to-day its influence shed,  
'Till the coming week be fled.

We must answer for to-day,  
For its service and its rest ;  
Give us grace to praise and pray,  
Grace to love Thee, and be blest.

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

EXOD. xx. 8.





### Sunday Evening Hymn.

Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man  
that layeth hold on it ; that keepeth the Sabbath from  
polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil.

ISAIAH lvi. 2.

SOON will the evening star, with silver ray,  
Shed its mild influence o'er this sacred day ;  
Resume we then, ere sleep and silence reign,  
The rites that holiness and Heaven ordain.

Still let each awful truth our thoughts engage,  
That shines revealed in Inspiration's page ;  
Nor be those hours in vain amusements past,  
Which all who lavish shall lament at last.

Here, humbly let us seek Almighty grace  
With blessings meet, to crown our weekly race ;  
Here join, to greet our Lord's returning days  
With prayer, with penitence, and duteous praise.



Saviour of men, in whom our hopes confide,  
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide ;  
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,  
Glory supreme to Thee, 'till time shall end !

If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day ; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable ; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words :  
Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.

ISAIAH lviii. 13, 14.





### Morning Hymn.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and  
with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.  
This is the first and great commandment.  
And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour  
as thyself.

ST. MATT. xxii. 37—39.

AGAIN, O Lord, I ope my eyes  
Thy glorious light to see,  
And share the gifts so largely lent  
To thankless man, by Thee.

And why has God o'er me this night  
The watch so kindly kept ?  
And why have I so safely waked,  
And why so sweetly slept ?

And wherefore do I live and breathe ?  
And wherefore have I still  
The mind to know, the sense to choose,  
The strength to do Thy will ?

Is it to waste another day  
In folly, sin, and shame ?  
To give to these my heart and hand,  
And spurn my Maker's claim ?

Is it for honour, wealth, or power,  
My heaven-born soul to sell ?  
Is it to grasp at pleasure's flowers  
Upon the brink of hell ?

Is it to grow unto the world  
As glides the world from me :  
Be one day nearer to the grave,  
And farther, Lord, from Thee ?

No ! thus too many days I've spent,  
To Thee, then, this be given ;  
Teach what I owe to man below,  
And to Thyself in Heaven.

O bring me to my Saviour's Cross  
For mercy for the past :  
And make me live the coming day  
As if it were my last !

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our  
hearts unto wisdom.

PSALM xc. 12.





### Evening Hymn.

Thou art about my path, and about my bed: and spiest  
out all my ways.

PSALM cxxxix. 2.

FATHER ! by Thy love and power  
Comes again the evening hour.  
Light has vanished, labours cease,  
Wearv creatures rest in peace.  
Thou whose genial dews distil  
    On the lowliest weed that grows ;  
Father ! guard our couch from ill,  
    Lull Thy creatures to repose.  
We to Thee ourselves resign,  
Let our latest thoughts be Thine !

Saviour! to Thy Father bear  
This, our feeble evening prayer ;  
Thou hast seen how oft to-day  
We, like sheep, have gone astray ;  
Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,  
    Wishes to Thy Cross untrue,  
Secret faults, and undescried,  
    Meet Thy spirit-piercing view ;  
Blessed Saviour ! yet through Thee  
Pray that these may pardoned be !

Holy Spirit ! breath of balm !  
Fall on us in evening's calm :  
Yet, awhile, before we sleep,  
We, with Thee, will vigils keep ;  
Lead us on our sins to muse,  
    Give us truest penitence,  
Then the love of God infuse,  
    Breathing humble confidence ;  
Melt our spirits, mould our will,  
Soften, strengthen, comfort still !

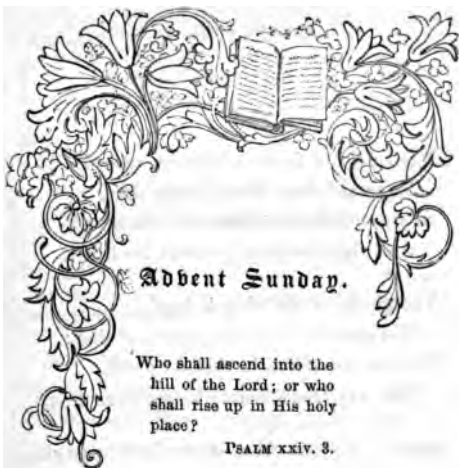
Blessed Trinity ! be near  
Through the hours of darkness drear ;  
When the help of man is far,  
Ye more clearly present are ;

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Watch o'er our defenceless head !  
Let your Angels' guardian host  
Keep all evil from our bed,  
'Till the flood of morning rays  
Wake us to a song of praise !

I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest ; for it is  
Thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety.

PSALM iv. 9.





**Advent Sunday.**

Who shall ascend into the  
hill of the Lord; or who  
shall rise up in His holy  
place?

PSALM XXIV. 3.

**PUR far from us, O Lord, we pray,  
Of darkness the unfruitful deeds,  
And keep us safely in the way  
That to Thy holy presence leads.**

**Each one of us has duly sworn  
Against the crafty foe to fight  
Beneath the Cross's banner, borne  
By Him who darkness changed to light.**

**He that right manfully would stand  
The devil, world, and flesh to quell;**



Keeps anxious watch on either hand,  
In his Lord's armour fenced well.

The shield of faith 'is o'er him spread,  
To guard from Satan's fiery dart,  
Salvation's helmet keeps his head,  
And righteousness protects his heart.

The girdle of his loins, is truth,  
His sword the piercing word of God ;  
He thus sets forth in earliest youth,  
The way God's Saints before have trod.

And he proceeds from strength to strength,  
Forgetting all the trials past,  
His eyes still fix'd, where he at length  
May hope eternal rest at last.

*Collect.*

They will go from strength to strength ; and unto the God of  
gods appeareth every one of them in Sion.

PSALM lxxxiv. 7.





## Second Sunday in Advent.

Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed :  
how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a  
strange vine unto Me ?

JER. ii. 21.

AND is the day of mercy set  
On Israel's fallen line ?  
And canst Thou, gracious Lord, forget  
Thy long-regarded Vine ?  
Thy Vine, which erst from Misraim's sands  
To Canaan's fostering dew,  
Transported by Thy tender hands,  
So fair, so fruitful grew.

Like goodliest cedars, wide and vast,  
Around, her arms were spread,  
Deep in the rock her roots she cast,  
To Heaven she rear'd her head.  
Her fruits, from farthest east to west,  
With wonder, Kings survey'd,  
And earth, and earth's glad sons were blest,  
Beneath her cooling shade.

Alas ! where once in joy she stood,  
Her fences now are bare,  
And boars, and monsters of the wood,  
Her rifled clusters tear.  
Then turn Thee, Lord, and from above  
Once more in mercy shine,  
With looks of pity and of love  
Regard Thy fallen Vine.

*First Lesson. Morning.*

Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine ; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me.

I am the Vine, ye are the branches : he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit ; for without Me ye can do nothing.

ST. JOHN XV. 4, 5.





### Third Sunday in Advent.

And he shall go before Him in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord.

ST. LUKE I. 17.

BEHOLD a Prophet,—yea and more !  
He dwells in solitude,  
His food is but the wild bee's store,  
His raiment coarse and rude.

With water he baptizes there  
To cleanse mankind from sin ;  
Yea rather, doth the way prepare  
For purity within.

He who comes after, doth baptize  
With Spirit and with fire  
All those who to the glorious prize  
Of happiness aspire.

And He again to earth will come  
When the world's trial ends ;  
But first, to call the wanderers home,  
His Ministers He sends.

O may they so prepare His way  
That we be faithful found,  
Leaning on Him, our Hope and Stay,  
When the last trump shall sound !

*Gospel and Collect.*

I, indeed, baptize you with water ;—He shall baptize you  
with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

ST. LUKE iii. 16.





**Fourth Sunday in Advent.**

But the Lord is my defence, and my God is the rock  
of my refuge.

PSALM xciv. 22.

A MIGHTY river flowing  
Though dry and herbless sand :  
A rock, its shadow throwing  
Across a weary land :  
Such, blessed Saviour now,  
While in noon-day heat we toil,  
Through life's parch'd and barren soil,  
Such to Thy Church art Thou.

A covert from the beating  
Of stormy wind and rain,  
The way-worn pilgrim greeting  
On some bleak wintry plain ;—  
Such is Thy Cross's shade :  
There while round God's judgments sweep,  
Calm, as in health's sweetest sleep,  
Thy faithful ones are laid.

When thorns, where vintage faileth,  
In pleasant places grow ;  
When on the wood it hailleth ;  
When lies the city low ;  
Sure home shall still be theirs :  
Still the work of righteousness  
Shall be peace and quietness  
In all Thy Kingdom's heirs.

*First Lesson. Evening.*

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

HAB. III. 17, 18.





## Christmas Day.

It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.  
GEN. iii. 15.

O LORD, to-day, for Thy dear sake  
Our souls to glad thanksgiving wake ;  
In all Thy faithful hearts below  
Bid joys of spring eternal glow,  
And every primal curse grow light,  
By thinking on Thy blest birth-night.

“ In sorrow shalt thou toil for bread ;”  
So upon man the doom was said ;  
To labouring men amid the field,  
First was the holy Babe revealed ;  
And labour now shall lighter be,  
So soothed and hallowed, Lord, by Thee.

“ In sorrow shalt thou children bear,”—  
Of such a doom is woman heir ;  
But God, by that one glorious birth,  
Our nature took and dwelt on earth ;



Mothers no more their pangs shall blame,  
By which the world's Redeemer came.

"Ye for your sins shall surely die,"—  
All men beneath this sentence lie ;  
But He who came this day to save,  
He fought with death, He burst the grave,  
And when He vanquished in the strife,  
Then death became the gate of life.

O light'ner of our daily load !  
O guide on our eternal road !  
O offering for the guilty soul !  
O strong to make the sinner whole !  
O born sin's curses to remove,  
Teach us, blest Saviour, teach Thy love !

He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up  
for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give  
us all things ?

ROM. viii. 32.





## **Christmas Day.**

Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a  
Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

ST. LUKE II. 11.

**THINK** on the mercy of our God,  
Our great Redeemer's love ;  
How the dim waste of earth He trod,  
And left His throne above !  
And all, frail man, His foe, to save,  
And shew him hopes beyond the grave.

He came not in a warrior's path,  
With mighty armies strong ;  
He came not as a God in wrath,  
Avenging Judah's wrong :—  
To preach on earth His Father's word,  
A little child, came Christ the Lord.

Glad was our Saviour's natal morn,  
Angels rejoiced in Heaven  
That "unto us a Child is born,  
To us a Son is given,"  
And Angels left their home on high,  
To tell of Christ's Nativity.

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the Heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

ST. LUKE ii. 13, 14.





### St. Stephen's Day.

If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it.

ST. MATT. XVI. 24, 25.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A Kingly Crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar—  
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe  
Triumphant over pain;  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
    Could pierce beyond the grave ;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
    And called on Him to save.

Like him, with pardon on his tongue  
    In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong—  
    Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few  
    On whom the Spirit came ;  
Twelve valiant Saints, their hopes they knew,  
    And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
    The lion's gory mane ;  
They bow'd their necks the death to feel—  
    Who follows in their train ?

A noble army—men and boys,  
    The matron and the maid,  
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,  
    In robes of light array'd.

They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain ;  
O God ! to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train !

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and  
have washed their robes, and made them white in the  
Blood of the Lamb.

Rev. vii. 14.





### St. John the Evangelist's Day.

I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ. I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last; and, What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven Churches.

REV. i. 9—11.

JOHN, by a tyrant's stern command,  
Is exil'd on a sea-girt strand ;  
But his free spirit takes her flight  
Into the regions of the light.

And there, his awe-struck soul before,  
He stands who lives for evermore ;  
Who as a Lamb gave up His breath,  
And as a Lion vanquished death.

And now, before his ravished eyes,  
He brings His kingdom's mysteries ;  
The faith sown by His martyrs' blood,  
Covering the nations like a flood.

Our power Baptismal, Lord, revive,  
With Thee to die, with Thee to live ;  
To tread on earthly things, and love  
The better things that are above !

Little children, keep yourselves from idols. Amen.

1 JOHN v. 21.







### **The Innocents' Day.**

In Ramah was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning.

ST. MATT. ii. 18.

BETHLEHEM, above all cities blest !  
Th' Incarnate Saviour's earthly rest,  
Where in His manger safe He lay,  
By Angels guarded night and day.

Bethlehem, of cities most forlorn,  
Where in the dust sad mothers mourn,  
Nor see the Heavenly glory shed  
On each pale infant's martyr'd head.

'Tis ever thus : who Christ would win,  
Must in the school of woe begin ;  
And still the nearest to His grace  
Know least of their own glorious place.

Of such is the Kingdom of God.

ST. LUKE xviii. 16.





**First Sunday after Christmas.**

Praise the Lord, O my soul : while I live will I praise the  
Lord : yea, as long as I have any being, I will sing  
praises unto my God.

PSALM cxlvii. 1.

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

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

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renewed my face ;  
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

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

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

Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise—  
For O ! eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise !

Glory to God in the highest.

ST. LUKE II. 14.





### Second Sunday after Christmas.

In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses,  
Holiness unto the Lord.

ZECH. xiv. 20.

OFF in lowliest tasks on earth  
Faith doth shew her genuine birth,  
Giving them immortal worth,  
And with incense fills the urn,  
Which before the Throne doth burn.  
All around His Temple is,  
Here, whate'er is done is His,  
Therefore all things 'neath the skies  
Are replete with auguries.  
"Holiness unto the Lord"  
Marks the staff, the scrip, the board,  
Harp, and spade, and book, and sword,—  
All the royal priesthood use,  
Faith in all, doth worth infuse.  
'Tis God's temple all around,  
Upon all, His name is found ;

It is the great Sabbath day,  
Lit by the great morning's ray ;  
In the things that meanest lie  
Hideth best, Humility ;  
And the varied minds of men,  
And the varied duties when  
They are lit by holy love,  
Lustrous are as gems above ;  
Each with its own colour dight,  
All replete with living light ;  
Unto each its hue is given,  
Varied as those stones of Heaven.  
Love, which like an Angel's sight,  
Sees all things divinely bright,  
And each duty fills with rays  
Fairer than the chrysoptase.

Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do,  
do all to the glory of God.

1 Cor. x. 31.





## **Circumcision.**

And thou shalt call His Name Jesus : for He shall save His  
people from their sins.

ST. MATT. I. 21.

**EIGHT** days amid this world of woe  
The holy Babe has been ;  
Long named in Heaven, He now must go  
To take that name on Him below—  
Jesus, who saves from sin.

His Mother kept the Angel's word  
Deep in her bosom's store ;  
But most, by fear and love unstirred,  
Unconscious of its meaning, heard  
The name the Infant bore.

The traitor sought Him by that name  
When all the murderous crew  
With swords and staves against Him came :  
And on the cross, the place of shame,  
That name was fixed in view.

Yet in His hour of glory, now,  
That precious name is given  
Above all names to deck His brow ;  
And at the name of Jesus, bow  
The powers and thrones of Heaven.

Worthy art Thou o'er us to reign,  
O Christ, for evermore ;  
Thou, who for us didst not disdain  
That sinners should that name profane  
Which Seraphim adore !

*Gospel.*

That at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow.

PHIL. ii. 10.







## Epiphany.

A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people  
Israel.

ST. LUKE II. 32.

FROM princely walls in eastern pomp arrayed,  
They seek the distant Bethlehem's lowly shade ;  
Faith leads the way, and gathers light, and now  
Leans upon Hope, which strengthens as they go.

What gladness crowned their steps, as now to view  
The Heavenly messenger appeared anew !  
And o'er the roof, the star, descending mild,  
Shewed, in His Mother's arms, the holy Child !

But yet, no ivory here, no glowing gold,  
No purple royalties the Babe enfold ;  
His palace-hall—a stable's solitude ;  
His regal throne—a manger, dark and rude !

Lo, at His humble cradle on bent knee,  
They in the Child adore the Deity !  
And to that Child, us of that Gentile seed,  
And to that humble cradle, Faith shall lead.

Love, is the gold, meet offering for a King :  
Myrrh, to the Son of Man, shall abstinence bring ;  
And Prayer shall be the ascending frankincense,  
Which owns our God in veiled omnipotence.

*Collect and Gospel.*

Rejoice, ye Gentiles, with His people.

ROM. xv. 10.





**First Sunday after the Epiphany.**

Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye  
should follow His steps. ,

1 PET. ii. 21.

Not only as a sacrifice  
Our blessed Saviour came,  
But to shew forth how we may live  
In this world free from blame.

Few are the words to us vouchsafed  
To tell how pass'd His time,  
While He in wisdom grew, and height,  
Up to His manhood's prime.

Yet though but few, a perfect rule  
They give, our ways to guide,  
Obedience to our parents teach,  
And love to all beside.

Exactness to fulfil the Law,  
And do our work with zeal,  
But oh, how sadly we fall short  
We must with anguish feel.

O may we strive, ourselves to walk  
In His most holy way ;  
And for God's help to keep us right  
Let us devoutly pray.

Pray we for thankful hearts to feel  
The value of His gift ;  
That, where our Lord has gone before,  
He may our spirits lift !

*Gospel.*

And He went down with them, and came unto Nazareth,  
and was subject unto them.

ST. LUKE II. 51.





## Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.

ROM. xii. 2.

How shall a child of God fulfil  
His vow to cleanse his soul from ill,  
And raise on high his baptism-light,  
Like Aaron's seed in ritual white,  
And holy-tempered Nazarite ?

First, let him shun the haunts of vice,  
Sin-feast, or heathen sacrifice ;  
Fearing the board of wealthy pride,  
Or heretic, self-trusting guide,  
Or where the adulterer's smiles preside.

Next, as he threads the maze of men,  
Aye must he lift his witness, when  
A sin is spoke in Heaven's dread face,  
And none at hand, of higher grace,  
The Cross to carry in his place.

But if he hears, and sits him still,  
First, he will lose his hate of ill ;  
Next, fear of sinning, after hate ;  
Small sins his heart then desecrate ;  
And last, despair persuades to great.

*Epistle.*

Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord ; and in His law will he exercise himself day and night.

PSALM i. 1, 2.





And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Rev. xxii. 17.

SWEET is the Spirit's strain,  
Breathed by soft pleadings inly heard,  
By all the heart's deep fountains stirred,  
By conscience, and the written word ;  
" Come, wanderers, home again."

The Bride repeats the call ;  
By high thanksgiving, lowly prayer,  
By days of rest, and fostering care,  
By holy rites that all may share,  
She whispers " Come," to all.

Let him who hears, say "Come :"  
If thou hast been sin's wretched slave,  
If thou art risen from that grave,  
Thy sleeping brethren seek to save,  
And call the wanderers home.

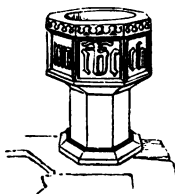
And let all come who thirst :  
Freely for every child of woe  
The streams of living waters flow,  
And whosoever will, may go  
Where healing fountains burst.

There drink, and be at rest,  
On Him who died for thee, believe ;  
The Spirit's quickening grace receive ;  
No more the God who seeks thee grieve ;  
Be holy, and be blest.

*First Lesson. Morning.*

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.

ISAIAH IV. 1.







**Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.**

Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and  
the place where Thine honour dwelleth.

PSALM xxvi. 8.

LORD, in this time of sacred rest,  
When work-day cares no more molest,  
When hushed awhile is this world's din,  
And calm without aids peace within ;—  
Good Lord ! our darkened spirits bless  
With the sweet light of thankfulness !  
For every word of truth that falls  
Within Thy Church's hallowed walls ;  
For prayers, to former ages known,  
And prized by Saints to glory gone ;  
For that Communion Cup and Bread  
Wherewith Thy fainting Church is fed ;  
That Font where, helpless yet, conveyed,  
Children of God our babes are made ;—

Those graves around, which hold our dead,  
Where words of faith and hope are said ;  
For Him, who left to-day, the tomb,  
Our Saviour now, our Judge to come ;  
For all His merits bought for men,—  
Blest be the Lord ! Amen, Amen !

*First Lesson. Afternoon.*

If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day ; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable ; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words :

Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.

ISAIAH lviii. 13, 14.





### **Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.**

The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts : and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of Hosts.

HAGGAI ii. 9.

WHEN on the second Temple's height  
The Jew upraised his aged sight,  
How sank his heart to see,  
Robb'd of its ancient pomp and pride,  
The house where deign'd on earth to abide  
His God's own Majesty !

No holy Urim there express'd  
Heaven's purpose on the Prophet's breast ;  
There the lov'd ark no more  
On mercy's seat, presented Him  
Who dwelt between the Cherubim  
In Israel's tents of yore.

The consecrated fire was gone :  
The announcing light no longer shone  
    Around that Presence dread :  
And oh ! what prayer could now invoke  
The high prophetic voice that spoke  
    To Judah's happier dead.

Thus deem'd the sorrowing Israelite :  
Ye Christians answer, deemed he right ?  
    Oh ! for Seraphic power  
To flash conviction on the Jew,  
And bid his soul exulting view  
    That Temple's holiest hour !

There shall the true oracular sound,  
The Almighty voice of Christ, be found ;  
    There shall the gracious Ark,  
Blest by the bleeding victim, grant  
A higher, ampler covenant  
    To worlds in error dark.

There shall the fire which darts from Heaven,  
The Spirit's awful breath, be given :  
    There in corporeal shrine  
Shall, the unerring records tell,

38 FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

The fulness of the Godhead dwell,  
The Father's glory shine.

Then murmuring unbelief, be dumb—  
Hark! the great Prophet's accents come,  
The Spirit unconfined!  
Yes, from the second Temple burst  
Sounds of more love than filled the first,  
Sounds of redeemed mankind!

*First Lesson. Morning.*

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine  
eyes have seen Thy salvation.

ST. LUKE ii. 29, 30.





## Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

Prepare to meet thy God.

AMOS IV. 12.

GREAT God ! what do I see and hear !  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of mankind doth appear  
On clouds of glory seated !  
The trumpet sounds : the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before ;—  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet sounding ;  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding.  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him !

But sinners filled with guilty fears  
Behold His wrath prevailing,  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing.  
The day of grace is past and gone :  
Trembling, they stand before the throne  
All unprepared to meet Him !

Great God ! what do I see and hear !  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of mankind doth appear  
On clouds of glory seated !  
Low at His Cross I view the day  
When Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

*Gospel.*

For there is none other name under Heaven given among  
men, whereby we must be saved.

ACTS iv. 12.





## Septuagesima.

Thou coveredst it with the deep like as with a garment.  
PSALM civ. 6.

THOU spakest, and the waters roll'd  
Back from the earth away,  
They fled by Thy strong voice controll'd  
Till Thou didst bid them stay :  
Then did that mighty rushing ocean  
Like a tame creature cease its motion,  
Nor dared to pass where'er Thy Hand  
Had fixed its bound of slender sand.

And freshly risen from out the deep  
The land lay tranquil now,  
Like a new christened child asleep,  
With the dew upon its brow :  
As when in after time, the earth  
Rose from her second watery birth,  
In pure baptismal garments drest,  
And calmly waiting to be blest.



Again Thou spakest, Lord of Power,  
And straight the land was seen  
All clad with tree, and herb, and flower,  
A robe of lustrous green.  
Like souls wherein the hidden strength  
Of their new birth is waked at length,  
When, robed in holiness, they tell  
What might did in those waters dwell.

And still within this earth resides  
A hidden power divine,  
And, waiting for the hour, she bides  
Till Thou shalt give the sign :  
Then sudden into light shall burst  
A flash of glory like the first,  
And this dark world around us lie  
Arrayed in immortality.

Lord ! o'er the waters of my soul  
The word of power be said,  
Its thoughts and passions bid Thou roll  
Each in its channelled bed :  
Till that in peaceful order flowing  
They tune their glad obedient going  
To Thy commands, whose voice to-day  
Bade the tumultuous floods obey.

For, restless as the moaning sea,  
The wild and wayward will  
From side to side is wearily  
Changing and tossing still ;  
But swayed by Thee, 'tis like the river  
That down its green banks flows for ever,  
And calm and constant tells to all  
The blessedness of such sweet thrall.

Then in my heart, Spirit of Might,  
Awake the life within,  
And bid a spring-tide calm and bright  
Of holiness begin :  
So let it lie, with Heaven's grace  
Full shining on its quiet face,  
Like the young earth in peace profound  
Amid the assuaged waters round.

*First Lesson. Morning.*

Thy way is in the sea, and Thy paths in the great waters, and  
Thy footsteps are not known.

PSALM lxxvii. 19.





## Seragesima.

She took of the fruit thereof, and did eat.

GEN. iii. 6.

THINK upon Eve and Adam's sin,  
See woe and death at once came in ;  
And learn how wicked acts begin.

When conscience tells you not to do  
The deed that you may have in view ;  
*That* is the voice of God to you.

When playmates urge, or when you long  
To leave the right way for the wrong ;  
*That* is to you, the serpent's tongue.

Or if a thing forbidden be,  
Yet pleasant, good, and fair to see ;  
*That* is to you, the guarded tree.

So, if there come a thought some day  
Parents or friends to disobey,  
And from their wishes turn away :

Or some bold evil passion rise,  
And make you wish what God denies ;  
O then, remembering Eve, be wise !

*First Lesson. Morning.*

For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and  
the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the  
Father, but is of the world.

1 JOHN II. 16.





## Sexagesima.

The seed is the word of God.

ST. LUKE viii. 11.

O GOD ! by whom the seed is given ;  
By whom the harvest blest ;  
Whose word, like manna shower'd from Heaven,  
Is planted in our breast ;

Preserve it from the passing feet,  
And plunderers of the air ;  
The sultry sun's intenser heat,  
And weeds of worldly care !

Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,  
Do Thou Thy grace supply ;  
The hope in earthly furrows sown  
Shall ripen in the sky !

*Gospel.*

He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him.

PSALM cxxvi. 6.



### Quinquagesima.

Love is the fulfilling of the law.—Rom. xiii. 10.

THOUGH Angel's zeal, though Prophet's fire  
Informed my glowing tongue ;  
Though holier raptures waked my lyre  
Than ever seraph sung ;  
Though faith, though knowledge from above  
My ardent labour crown'd,  
Did I not glow with Christian love,  
How vain would all be found !

Love suffers long, is just, sincere,  
Forgiving, slow to blame ;  
Friend of the good, she grieves to hear  
An erring brother's shame.  
Meek, holy, free from selfish zeal,  
To generous pity prone,  
She envies not another's weal,  
Nor triumphs in her own.

No evil, no suspicious thought  
She harbours in her breast ;

She tries us by the deeds we've wrought,  
And still believes the best.  
Love never fails : though knowledge cease,  
Though prophecies decay,  
Love, Christian love, shall still increase,  
Shall still extend her sway.

How dimly, through life's shadowy glass  
We strain our infant eyes ;  
Soon shall the earth-born vapours pass,  
And light unclouded rise.  
Then hope shall sink in changeless doom,  
Then faith's bright race be o'er,  
But thou, eternal love, shalt bloom  
More glorious than before.

*Collect and Epistle.*

And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves.

1 PET. iv. 8.





## Quinquagesima.

By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house.

HEB. xi. 7.

WHEN safely on dry land once more  
The Patriarch's House descended,  
Joyful, they spring upon the shore,  
And thankfully their God adore,  
Who thus had them defended.

Three weary months, on water borne  
While earth was disappearing,  
They gazed upon the scene forlorn,  
And wept for those whose sinful scorn  
Had mocked, with heart unfearing

Yet, through that deep and dreadful tide,  
Their God had them protected :  
Had saved them in the ruin wide,  
Had fed, and succoured them beside  
By wonders unexpected.



Some are there, rescued from a doom  
Of sorrow more enduring,  
Chosen from a world of sin and gloom,  
And placed where Heavenly rays illum  
Their course, their end ensuring.

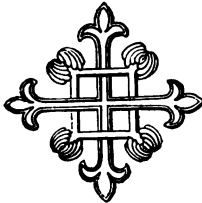
For Christ hath raised an ark to save,  
Such love to us extending !  
We enter in through Baptism's wave :  
For us, from sin and from the grave,  
The sting and victory rending.

Let us our hearts and voices raise,  
And daily give Him thanks and praise.

*First Lesson. Morning.*

The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now  
save us.

1 PET. iii. 21.





### Ash Wednesday.

Cast away from you all your transgressions, and make you a new heart and a new spirit. For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye.

EEZEK. xviii. 31.

It is the holy fast  
Which Christ hath sanctified,  
Shadowed of ages past,  
For them who to the world have died.

Let there be holy guard  
O'er word, and food and sleep,  
That in her widowed ward  
The soul her strictest watch may keep.

Let us bow down and weep  
Ere yet it be too late,  
His path with tears to steep  
Before the Judge be at the gate.

Tremendous Judge, e'en now  
Our crimes like mountains rise,  
But yet a Father Thou,  
And mightier are Thy clemencies.

Frail as the potter's clay,  
But yet Thy work are we;  
O leave us not a prey  
For whom Christ paid the penalty.

Heal us from all our sin,  
Restore us to our place,  
With contrite hearts to win  
Thine all-abounding pitying grace.

*Epistle.*

And enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy  
sight shall no man living be justified.

PSALM cxliii. 2.





## First Sunday in Lent.

If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.

ST. MATT. xvi. 24.

Not by the Martyr's death alone  
The Martyr's crown in Heaven is won ;  
There is a triumph robe on high  
For bloodless fields of victory.

What though untaught the flame to feel,  
The lion's den, the torturing wheel ?  
Himself his only enemy,  
He learns a living death to die.

What though nor executioner,  
Nor scourge, nor stake, nor chain be there ?  
To those prepared with Christ to die,  
'Tis all supplied with charity.

Grant Christ, that so to Thee we turn,  
That we to die through life may learn;  
And thus beyond brief life, with Thee  
May see a glad eternity.

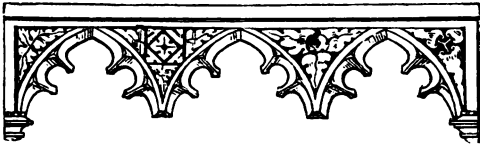
Eternal Father of the Word,  
Eternal Son, as God adored,  
Eternal Spirit, equal Three,  
Be equal glory given to Thee. :

*Gospel.*

I die daily.

1 COR. XV. 31.





## Second Sunday in Lent.

And He was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan ; and was with the wild beasts ; and the Angels ministered unto Him.

ST. MARK I. 18.

LORD, in the desert bleak and bare  
Still worked Thy righteous plan,  
Still waked amid wild beasts Thy care  
To save unconscious man.

We thank Thee, Saviour, that when all  
The tempter's power was tried,  
Thou didst not Angel legions call,  
To chase him from Thy side.

For us, Thou didst endure awhile,  
To teach us arms to wield,  
Stronger than hellish force or wile,  
Thy word, to man revealed.

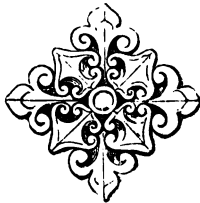
Thy scriptures in that hour prevailed,  
The tempter's might to quell ;  
The flesh, the world, the devil failed,  
The threefold force of hell.

Deeply on every heart engraved  
Be this Thy conflict, Lord !  
That body, soul, and spirit saved,  
May thank Thee for Thy word.

*Gospel.*

The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

EPH. VI. 17.





### Third Sunday in Lent.

The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of thy progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills; they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren.

GEN. xlix. 26.

A STRANGER, to the land of Ham  
Joseph, a bondsman came,  
Falsely accused, to prison sent,  
Into his soul the iron went;  
Until, in God's good time was known  
His cause, his virtue clearly shown.  
Then Pharaoh made him rule the land,  
Gave all his substance to his hand.  
Egypt he saved from famine's rage,  
Succoured his father in old age,  
His brethren's evil paid with good,  
Thus—as the Saviour's type he stood.



Let us from his example learn  
With loathing from all vice to turn ;  
To those alone the grace is given  
To see their Saviour's face in heaven,  
Who pure in heart are found at last  
When this their trial time is past,  
For thoughts, and deeds, and words impure  
Of heaven will ever close the door.

Guard then, O Lord, our hearts within,  
Keep us from thoughts and deeds of sin,  
And for our Saviour's sake forgive,  
Who died, that we through Him might live.

*First Lesson. Morning.*

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

ST. MATT. v. 8.





### Fourth Sunday in Lent.

For all the beasts of the forest are Mine: and so are the  
cattle upon a thousand hills.

I know all the fowls upon the mountains: and the wild  
beasts of the field are in My sight.

PSALM I. 10, 11.

His are the cattle on the hill,  
The flocks are in His sight;  
The fowls that on the mountains dwell,  
The beasts that roam by night.

Yet He who owns this countless host,  
The Lord of earth and sky,  
Commands that nothing should be lost,  
No fragment useless lie.

Learn we from this, unceasing care  
Of all our gifts to take;  
And every day, the heart's deep prayer  
For every grace to make.

Our wealth, in large or scanty store,  
But for one hour is lent ;  
In the world's vain or selfish lore,  
No portion must be spent.

Our time, most precious gift of all,  
If saved and used aright,  
Let not one moment useless fall ;  
Spend all, as in His sight.

Our feeble frames to cheer and rest,  
Sweet sleep and food are given ;  
So may we use them as may best  
Prepare our souls for Heaven.

Our souls' high worth Thou knowest, Lord,  
For Thou hast paid the cost ;  
Such grace to us do Thou afford,  
That none of them be lost !

*Gospel.*

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.

ST. JOHN vi. 12.





## Fifth Sunday in Lent.

A Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

ISAIAH liii. 8.

WHAT grief like Thine was ever borne,  
Creation's Lord and Heir!  
The flesh, by nails and scourges torn,  
The soul, by slander pierced, and scorn,  
But half Thy woes declare.

Yet calmness never quitted Thee!  
How mild was still Thy tone,  
When, in the garden's agony,  
Sleep fell upon Thy chosen three,  
And Thou wert left alone.

What life was more in labour spent!  
Chill eve and noontide heat  
Still saw Thy time to others lent,  
While Thou, where many came and went,  
No leisure hadst to eat.

Yet was Thy spirit so imbued  
With calmness, that we feel  
Almost as if Thou hadst pursued  
A quiet life in thoughtful mood,  
And not in busiest zeal.

Not ours in sorrow, or in toil,  
Such calmness to maintain ;  
Wildly our hearts from grief recoil,  
And passions, in our best deeds, foil  
The Spirit's peaceful reign.

Pattern in labour, and in woe,  
Look on us from above ;  
Thine own mild energy bestow,  
And deepen, while Thou bidst it flow  
More calm, our stream of love.

Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you : not as the  
world giveth, give I unto you.

ST. JOHN xiv. 27.





### **Fifth Sunday in Lent.**

The place whereon thou standest is holy ground.

Exod. iii. 5.

Put off thy shoes, 'tis holy ground,  
A voice to Moses said,  
Nor with unhallowed things confound  
What God has holy made.

Whene'er we tread Thy courts, O Lord,  
May no irreverent stain  
In dress or gesture, deed or word,  
Thy sanctuary profane!

Be banished thence all mixture base  
Of worldly wish or aim;  
Nor earthly dross defile the place  
Where Thou hast fixed Thy name.

But still, may holy hearts be there,  
And holy offerings found,  
And still Thy voice be heard "Beware,"  
Ye tread on holy ground.

To Thee, O Father; Son, to Thee;  
To Thee, O Spirit blest:  
All glory in one Godhead be  
By all Thy Church address.

*First Lesson. Morning.*

Thou shalt honour My Sabbaths and reverence My  
Sanctuary: I am the Lord.

LEV. xix. 31.





### Sunday next before Easter.

And He went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought; saying unto them, It is written, My house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.

ST. LUKE XIX. 45, 46.

THIS is the abode where God doth dwell,  
This is the gate of Heaven,  
The shrine of the Invisible,  
The Priest, the Victim given.

O holy seat, O holy fane,  
Where dwells the Omnipotent,  
Whom the broad world cannot contain,  
Nor Heaven's high firmament.

Here, where the unearthly Guest descends  
To hearts of innocence,  
And sacred love her wing extends  
Of holiest influence,



Let no unhallow'd thought be here  
Within that sacred door ;  
Let nought polluted dare draw near,  
Nor tread the awful floor ;  
Or, lo! the Avenger is at hand,  
And at the door doth stand !

Whose fan is in His hand, and He will throughly purge  
His floor.

ST. MATT. III. 12.





### Monday in Passion Week.

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments  
from Bozrah ?

ISAIAH lxviii. 1.

Who is this, with garments gory,  
Triumphing from Bozrah's way ?  
This, that weareth robes of glory,  
Bright with more than victory's ray ;  
Who is this unwearied comer  
From the journey's sultry length,  
Travelling through Idume's summer  
In the greatness of His strength ?

Wherefore red in Thine apparel  
Like the conquerors of earth,  
And arrayed like those who carol ::  
O'er the reeking vineyards' mirth.

Who art Thou, the valleys seeking  
Where our peaceful harvests wave?  
I, in righteous anger speaking,  
I, the mighty One to save.

I, that of the raging heathen  
Trode the wine-press all alone,  
Now in victor garlands wreathen  
Coming to redeem Mine own.  
I am He with sprinkled raiment  
Glorious from My vengeance hour,  
Ransoming with priceless payment,  
And delivering with power.

Hail! all hail Thou Lord of glory!  
Thee our Father, Thee we own,  
Abraham heard not our story,  
Israel ne'er our name hath known.  
But Redeemer, Thou hast sought us,  
Thou hast heard Thy children wail,  
Thou, with Thy dear blood hast bought us,  
Hail, Thou mighty victor, Hail!

*Epistle.*

Doubtless Thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not: Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer; Thy Name is from everlasting.

ISAIAH lxviii. 16.



## Tuesday in Passion Week.

But was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

HEB. iv. 15.

LORD, Thou in all things like wert made  
To us, yet free from sin :—  
Then, how unlike to us, Thou wert,  
Replies the voice within.

O holy God! yet frail weak man!  
Becomes us not to know  
How spotless soul and body felt  
Temptation, pain, and woe.

Our faith is weak ;—O Light of Light!  
Clear Thou our clouded view ;  
That Son of Man, and Son of God,  
We give Thee honour due.

O Son of man! Thyself hast proved  
Our trials and our tears ;  
Life's thankless toil and scant repose,  
Death's agonies and fears.

O Son of God ! in glory raised,  
Thou sittest on Thy throne ;  
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,  
Still succouring Thine own.

Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge !  
To Thee, O Christ, is given  
To bind upon Thy Crown the names  
Most blest in earth and Heaven.

His name shall be in their foreheads.

Rev. xxii. 4.





### Wednesday in Passion Week.

Nevertheless, not My will, but Thine, be done.

ST. LUKE xxii. 42.

NOT in Thine hours of conflict, Lord ;  
Nor when the tempting fiend was nigh ;  
Nor when that bitter cup was poured,  
Thy garden agony :—  
Nor then, when uttermost Thy need,  
Seemed light across Thy soul to break,  
No seraph form was seen to speed,  
No voice of comfort spake ;  
Till, by Thine own revealed word,  
The victory o'er the fiend was won ;—  
Till the sweet mournful cry was heard,  
“Thy will, not Mine, be done !”

Then to the desert sped the Blest,  
And food, and peace, and joy, conveyed ;  
Then one, more favoured than the rest,  
Glanced to the olive shade.

Lord! bring those precious moments back,  
When fainting, against sin we strain;  
Or in Thy counsels fail to track  
Aught but the present pain!  
In darkness help us to contend;  
In darkness, yield to Thee our will;  
And true hearts, faithful to the end,  
Cheer by Thine Angels still!

And, behold, Angels came and ministered unto Him.

ST. MATT. iv. 11.





### Thursday in Passion Week.

For they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed  
them ; and that Rock was Christ.

1 Cor. x. 4.

O LORD! refresh Thy flock!  
Athirst to Thee they cry:  
Thou art the spiritual Rock  
Whence they must drink, or die.

O Lord! our sickness heal!  
Thou in our sufferings sore  
Wert lifted up, that we might feel  
Sin's poison-fangs no more.

Preserve us, Lord! from death!  
Thou art the Lamb whose blood  
Sprinkled o'er Israel's doors in faith,  
A token was for good.



With many a bitter herb,  
Of wishes dear subdued,  
'Tis meet, that, dressed in pilgrim-garb,  
We take Thee for our food.

Away those types are cast,  
And now Thyself we see;  
Yet let each hint that cheered the past,  
Still lift our hearts to Thee!

The law having a shadow of good things to come.

HEB. x. 1.





## Good Friday.

But He was wounded for our transgressions.

ISAIAH liii. 5.

DARKLY rose the guilty morning  
When, the King of glory scorning,  
Raged the fierce Jerusalem ;  
See the Christ, His cross up-bearing,  
See Him stricken, spit on, wearing  
The thorn-platted diadem !

Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him,  
Not the hands that rudely nailed Him,  
Slew Him on the cursed tree ;  
Ours, the sin, from Heaven that called Him,  
Ours, the sin, whose burden galled Him,  
In the green Gethsemane !

For our sins, of glory emptied,  
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,  
He was slain on Calvary ;  
Yet He for His murderers pleaded,  
Lord ! by us that prayer is needed,  
We have pierced, yet trust in Thee.

In our wealth and tribulation,  
By Thy precious cross and passion,  
By Thy blood and agony ;  
By Thy glorious resurrection,  
By Thy Holy Ghost's protection,  
Make us Thine eternally !

And with His stripes we are healed.

ISAIAH liii. 5.





### **Easter Eve.**

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

GEN. II. 3.

SABBATH of the saints of old,  
Day of mysteries manifold,  
By the great Creator blest,  
Type of His Eternal Rest ;  
I, with thought of Thee would seek  
To sanctify the closing week.

Resting from His work, the Lord,  
Spake, to-day, the hallowing word :  
And, His wondrous labours done,  
Now, the Everlasting Son,  
Gave to Heaven and Earth the sign  
Of a wonder more divine.

Resting from His work to-day,  
In the tomb the Saviour lay,  
His sacred form from head to feet  
Swathèd in the winding sheet.  
Lying in the rock alone,  
Hid behind the sealèd stone.

All that seventh day long I ween  
Mournful watched the Magdalene,  
Rising early, resting late,  
By the sepulchre to wait,  
In the holy garden glade,  
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So, as closed the Sabbath night,  
In Goshen watched the Israelite,  
Staff in hand, in pilgrim guise,  
By the slaughtered sacrifice,  
Waiting till the midnight cry  
Signal gave that God was nigh.

So with Thee, till life shall end,  
I would solemn vigil spend ;  
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine  
In this rocky heart of mine,

Where in pure embalmèd cell  
None but Thou mayst ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices I will bring,  
My poor affection's offering,  
Close the door from sight and sound  
Of the busy world around,  
And in patient watch remain  
Till my Lord appear again.

Still with Thee their Sabbath keep  
They who 'neath the altar sleep;  
Scarce a day perchance doth seem  
The time of their unbodied dream,  
'Twixt their rest from labour past  
And their waking at the last.

Then, the new Creation done,  
Shall be the endless rest begun.  
Jesu! keep me safe from sin,  
That I with Thee may enter in,  
And danger past, and toil at end,  
To Thy resting-place ascend.

*Gospel.*

From henceforth, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;  
even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours.

Rev. xiv. 13.



## **Easter Day.**

Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever.

**Rev. vii. 12.**

**LET us His praise unfold  
Who our Avenger came ;  
And, robed in pureness, hold  
The festal of the Lamb.**

**Christ is our sacrifice,  
The Lamb come down from high ;  
Death's Angel dread descries  
His blood, and passes by.**

**O Victim worthy Heaven,  
O'er death the victory :  
Who chains of hell hath riven,  
And borne her gates away.**

From jaws of the dark tomb  
He bursts into the light :  
And opes beyond the gloom,  
The heavenly infinite.

Grant us, with Thee to die,  
That we with Thee may rise,  
And build our house on high,  
With Thee beyond the skies.

Praise the Father, praise the Son,  
Who leads to starry homes ;  
Praise the Spirit, three in one,  
Who as our guardian comes.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and is become  
the first-fruits of them that slept.

1 COR. XV. 20.







## Easter Monday.

Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us  
by the way?

ST. LUKE xxiv. 32.

A STRANGER in the morning light  
Without the door He stood,  
His locks are wet with dews of night,  
His hair is drenched with blood.

Thus them of old, the risen Lord  
Erst joined along the way,  
To them unfolded all His word  
Beneath the evening ray.

Their mournful eyes were on Him turned  
With fervent, deep, desire,  
A tongue of flame within them burned,  
Their hearts were living fire.

Beneath their roof, then, Him they led,  
An unknown stranger guest ;  
When suddenly, in breaking bread  
Their God was manifest.

'Tis He that's called the morning star  
Who listeneth at the door,  
Within His side there is a scar,  
His hands are marked with gore.

If thou wilt ope the door e'en now  
His pledge to thee is given,  
"Then I will sup with thee below,  
And Thou with Me in Heaven."

*Gospel.*

Behold I stand at the door and knock ; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.

REV. iii. 20.





## Easter Tuesday.

I am the Resurrection, and the Life.

ST. JOHN XI. 25.

FAINT are the hopes which Nature gives  
That man again shall rise ;  
Too faint to guide him while he lives,  
Or cheer him when he dies.

That night which saw the sealèd stone  
Rolled from Thine empty tomb ;  
That night, assurance gives alone,  
O Lord, of life to come.

To those at dawn, who thither sped,  
How sweet the seraph strain,  
“ Seek ye the living with the dead ?  
Your Lord is risen again.”

When at the thought our spirit faints  
That we to death belong,  
Faith still those white-robed heralds paints,  
And chants their cheering song.

Our Lord is risen ;—but if we seek  
Where He is gone, to go,  
We must, like Him, be pure and meek,  
And bear His yoke below.

If by His love and power upborne,  
On Him in faith we stay,  
The worldling's dread, the judgment-morn,  
Shall be our Easter day.

If then ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are  
above.

COL. III. 1.





### **First Sunday after Easter.**

And there are three that bear witness in earth, the Spirit,  
and the Water, and the Blood : and these three agree in  
one. 1 JOHN V. 8.

OUR God in glory sits on high ;  
Man may not see and live ;  
Yet witness of Himself on earth  
For ever doth He give.

His spirit dwells in all good hearts ;  
All precious fruits of love,  
Thoughts, words, and works, made holy, bear  
His witness from above.

The Baptism waters have not ceased  
To spread His Name, since first  
From the Redeemer's wounded side  
The holy Fountain burst.

That other stream of endless life,  
His all-atoning Blood;  
Is it not still our Cup of Grace?  
His Flesh our spirit's food?

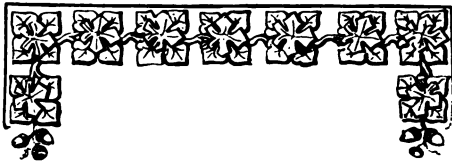
O never may our sinful hearts,  
What Thou hast joined, divide!  
Thy Spirit in Thy mysteries still  
For life, not death, abide!

*Epistle.*

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man  
put asunder.

ST. MATT. XIX. 6.





**Second Sunday after Easter.**

I am the good Shepherd.

ST. JOHN x. 14.

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

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

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

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

*Gospel.*

Yea, 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.

PSALM xxiii. 4.







### Third Sunday after Easter.

So I turned and came down from the mount, and the mount burned with fire : and the two tables of the covenant were in my two hands. And I looked, and, behold, ye had sinned against the Lord your God, and had made you a molten calf : ye had turned aside quickly out of the way which the Lord had commanded you.

DEUT. ix. 15, 16.

WHILE Moses on the mountain lay,  
Night after night, and day by day,  
Till forty suns were gone ;  
Unconscious, in the Presence bright  
Of lustrous day, and starry night,  
As though his soul had flitted quite  
From earth, and Eden won.

The pageant of a kingdom vast  
And things unutterable, pass'd  
Before the Prophet's eye ;

Dread shadows of the Eternal Throne,  
The Fount of life, and Altar stone  
Pavement, and them that tread thereon,  
And those who worship nigh.

But lest he should his own forget,  
Who in the vale were struggling yet,  
A sadder vision came ;  
Announcing all that guilty deed  
Of idol rite, that in her need  
He for the Church might intercede,  
And stay Heaven's rising flame.

*First Lesson. Morning.*

So He said, He would have destroyed them, had not Moses  
His chosen stood before Him in the gap: to turn away  
His wrathful indignation, lest He should destroy them.

PSALM cvi. 23.





### Fourth Sunday after Easter.

But I must die in this land, I must not go over Jordan :  
but ye shall go over, and possess that good land. Take  
heed unto yourselves, lest ye forget the covenant of the  
Lord your God.

DEUT. iv. 22, 23.

MOSES, the patriot fierce, became  
The meekest man on earth,  
To shew us how love's quickening flame  
Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,  
Lost Canaan by self-will,  
To shew, where grace has done its part,  
How sin defiles us still.

Thou, who hast taught me in Thy fear,  
Yet seest me frail at best,  
O grant me loss with Moses here,  
To gain his future rest !

*First Lesson. Morning.*

Because they provoked his spirit : so that he spake unad-  
visedly with his lips.

PSALM cvi. 23.



**Fifth Sunday after Easter.**

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of  
death, I will fear no evil.

PSALM xxiii. 4.

ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,  
The budding fig-tree droop and die,  
No oil the olive yield ;  
Yet will I trust still in my God,  
Still bend rejoicing to His rod,  
And by His grace be heal'd.

Though fields in verdure once array'd  
By whirlwinds, desolate be laid,  
Or parch'd by scorching beam ;  
Still on the Lord shall be my trust,  
My joy! for though His power is just,  
His mercy is extreme.

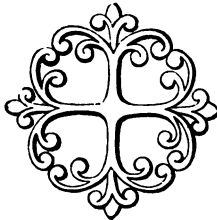
Although the flocks be famine's prey,  
Though herds should pine and die away,  
A dreary waste, the land ;  
Yet in my God will I rejoice,  
To Him in praise will lift my voice,  
In Him alone I stand.

In God my strength, howe'er distrest,  
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,  
Nay, triumph in His love :  
My ling'ring soul, my tardy feet,  
Free as the hind He makes, and fleet,  
To speed my course above.

*Gospel.*

In the world ye shall have tribulation : but be of good cheer ;  
I have overcome the world.

JOHN xvi. 33.





### Ascension Day.

Who is the King of glory? even  
the Lord of Hosts, He is the King  
of glory.

PSALM xxiv. 10.

BLEST Saviour, now Thy work is done,  
O'er death and hell the victory ;  
And Thou, ascended to put on  
The glories of eternity.

Now borne upon a glittering cloud,  
Thou seest afar earth's little bound,  
While following, flock a happy crowd,  
Their Saviour and their King around.

'Mid wondering Angels, without end,  
The eternal doors are open wide ;  
While God, and Man, Thou dost ascend  
To set Thee at Thy Father's side.

Our one High Priest, our Advocate,  
Our Intercessor there on high,  
Offering for us, without the gate,  
The blood of boundless charity.

Thence Thou Thy bride dost here adorn,  
And cherish her in her unrest ;  
And she when harassed and forlorn,  
Reclines upon Thy pitying breast.

Thou, 'midst her conflicts, art at hand,  
Thou o'er her head dost hold Thy shield,  
Thou art the rock where she may stand,  
Thou givest might Thine arms to wield.

Where Thou, our Head, art gone before,  
Do Thou to Thee the body draw ;  
On ways where Thine own steps of yore  
Have trod, Thine own life-giving law.

Now to the Father let us sing,  
And, Holy Spirit, unto Thee,  
And to our Heaven-ascended King,  
Who captive led captivity.

He ever liveth to make intercession for them.

HEB. vii. 25.







### Sunday after Ascension Day.

Thou art gone up on high, Thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men; yea, even for Thine enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

PSALM lxxviii. 18.

O THOU, gone up, our harbinger  
To Heaven's dread Palaces,  
Look on us lying helpless here,  
And lift us to the skies.

May holy love the stair supply  
To those pure joys divine,  
Which, undiscerned by Nature's eye,  
In Faith's true mirror shine.

Where God doth His tried children own,  
And gives them to be blest,  
He, all in all, their toils doth crown,  
And is Himself their rest.

Thy grace alone to Thee can lead,  
And place us near Thy throne;  
Do Thou to help us in our need  
Send down Thy Holy One!

When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you  
into all truth.

ST. JOHN xvi. 13.





## Whit-Sunday.

He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he  
it is that loveth Me: and he that loveth Me shall be  
loved of My Father.

ST. JOHN xiv. 21.

WHAT mysterious sight and sound,  
Of our God the coming speaks!  
Like a rushing gale profound,  
All the house His presence shakes.

Like a burning shower it falls  
All the hallowed guests among,  
Upon each within the walls  
Sitting like a fiery tongue.

While the bright and lambent rays  
Play, their unharmed heads around,  
Far hath sped that piercing blaze,  
In their deep heart's silent ground.

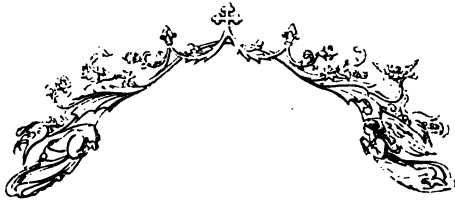
All aghast the nations throng,  
While with other tongues they name  
Things that unto Heaven belong,  
And whate'er they speak is flame.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,  
And to Thee the Holy One,  
By whose awful breath divine  
Our dull spirits burn and shine.

And We will come unto him, and make Our abode with  
him.

ST. JOHN xiv. 23.





## Whit-Monday.

Be careful for nothing.

PHIL. iv. 6.

As Jesus sought His wandering sheep  
With weary toil opprest,  
He came to Martha's lowly roof,  
A loved and honoured guest.

Blessed art thou, whose threshold poor  
Those holy feet have trod,  
To wait on so divine a Guest,  
And to receive thy God!

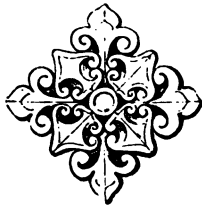
While Martha serves with busy feet,  
In reverential mood  
Meek Mary sits beside the Judge,  
And feeds on heavenly food.

Yea, Martha soon, herself shall sit  
The eternal word to hear,  
And shall forget the festal board,  
To feast on holier cheer.

Sole rest of all who come to Thee,  
O'er all our works preside,  
That we may have in Thee at last,  
The part that shall abide.

But Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not  
be taken away from her.

ST. LUKE X. 42.





## Whit-Tuesday.

I lay down My life for the sheep.

ST. JOHN x. 15.

My Shepherd is the King of kings,  
His hand my want supplies ;  
He shews me where the coolest springs,  
The sweetest pastures rise.

Though faint, and stragging from our folds,  
O'er worlds without a track,  
Jehovah still His flock beholds,  
And leads the wanderers back.

Yea, though the vale of death I tread,  
Though plunged in darkest ill,  
Nor storms, nor foes, my soul shall dread,  
For Thou art with me still.

*Gospel.*

My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me : and I give unto them eternal life ; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.

ST. JOHN x. 27, 28.



## Trinity Sunday.

And God saw every thing that He had made, and, behold,  
it was very good.

GEN. i. 31.

WHEN from the Eternal's hand  
The earth in beauty stood,  
Decked in light at His command,  
He saw, and called it good.

Yet a goodlier world it stood  
In the Creator's sight,  
In the Lamb's all-cleansing blood  
Washed to celestial white.

In the light of rising morn,  
Which o'er creation flies,  
We descry, by fancy borne,  
Heaven's courts beyond the skies.



In Thy law, blessed Trinity,—  
A sure light, bright and true,—  
What Thou forbiddest may we flee,  
What Thou dost bid, pursue.

*First Lesson. Morning.*

Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

2 PET. iii. 13.





### *First Sunday after Trinity.*

Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the  
presence of the God of Jacob !

PSALM cxiv. 7.

WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
The tribes with cheerful homage own  
Their King, and Judah was His throne.

Across the deep their journey lay,  
The deep divides to make them way :  
The streams of Jordan saw, and fled  
With backward current to their head.

The mountains shook like frightened sheep ;  
Like lambs, the little hillocks leap ;  
Not Sinai on her base could stand,  
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

What power could make the deep divide?  
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?  
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?  
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

Let every mountain, every flood  
Retire, and know the approaching God.  
The King of Israel, see Him here;  
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

He thunders, and all nature mourns;  
The rock to standing pools He turns;  
Flints spring with fountains at His word,  
And fires and seas confess their Lord.

*First Lesson.*

Thou leddest Thy people like sheep by the hand of Moses  
and Aaron.

PSALM lxxvii. 20.





**Second Sunday after Trinity.**

He that loveth his brother, abideth in the light.

1 JOHN ii. 10.

HERE hast Thou, Lord, Thy children set,  
To dwell in one abode:  
May they be here together met  
In holy brotherhood.

A brotherhood of exiles here,  
But to His house above  
Are gather'd by a Father's care,  
Who learn a brother's love.

Who hurt their neighbour with ill tongue,  
Or arts of evil leaven,  
Thou puttest far from Thee, from song  
And palace-hall of Heaven.

Lo, Earth herself in agony,  
The wicked scarce sustains,  
And yearns in travail to be free  
From dark corruption's chains.

And we, too, in our spirits groan,  
And full adoption wait,  
We with the earnest of the Son,  
E'en now predestinate.

Be endless praise, and aye remain  
To God, both One and Three,  
From whom, in lowly hearts doth reign  
Fraternal charity.

*Epistle.*

Let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.

1 COR. v. 8.





### Third Sunday after Trinity.

A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax  
shall He not quench.

ISAIAH xlii. 3.

WHY hast Thou for our earthly gloom  
Thus left Thy Father's hall?  
"Not for the righteous am I come,  
But sinners to recall."

What bear'st Thou from yon desert nook,  
Upon Thy shoulders bound?  
"A sheep who left My Father's flock,  
Whom I have lost and found."

What is it wakes the Angelic mirth,  
'Mid sons of God in Heaven?  
"'Tis some poor sorrowing child of earth,  
Who is of God forgiven."

What makes the gracious Father rise,  
And hasten from His seat?

“’Tis one in distance He descries,  
A long-lost son to meet.”

O Thou who seest our secret prayer,  
And every inmost grief,  
Teach us on Thee to cast our care,  
And find in Thee, relief.

*Gospel.*

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

1 TIM. I. 15.





### Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

We then, as workers together with Him, beseech you also  
that ye receive not the grace of God in vain.

2 Cor. vi. 1.

YES, thou hast drained thy Master's cup,  
His bitter woes adored,  
And by thy sufferings hast filled up  
The suffering of thy Lord.

Not only on thy body borne  
Thy Master's mark impressed,  
But He within thy spirit worn,  
Himself doth manifest.

So, holy Paul, thou liv'st no more,  
Art dead with Him that died,  
But in thy bosom evermore  
Doth live the Crucified.



O, in thy teaching, while we may,  
Still may we more abide,  
And follow thee, in Christ's blest way,  
The follower, and the guide.

Grant this, O Thou, in spirit One,  
Thrice holy, One and Three,  
And ever be to Thee alone,  
All glory be to Thee!

*Epistle.*

As dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed;

As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

2 Cor. vi. 9, 10.





**Fifth Sunday after Trinity.**

And be Thou my strong rock, and house of defence : that  
Thou mayest save me.

PSALM xxxi. 8.

THY promise, Lord, is our sure stay,  
Thy faith immovable,  
To Thee we turn at dawning day,  
To Thee our wants we tell.

Man's promise, in the hour of need  
Frail as himself is found,  
Which fails, and like a broken reed  
The leaning hand doth wound.

Blessed is he, who in Thy breast  
Himself doth wholly hide,  
No whirlwind's power shall break their rest,  
Who in that Rock abide.

Let our hearts fail, Thy hand shall hold  
With sacramental ties ;  
Hope, on the mighty pledge made bold,  
To endless good doth rise,

Springs to Thy throne on Mercy's gleam,  
And casts aside her care,  
And drinks of the celestial stream,  
That flows for ever there.

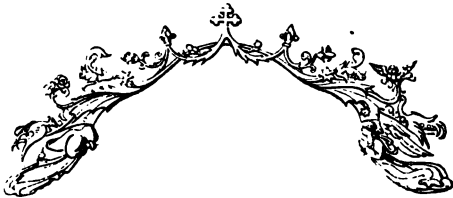
Of grace, adored Trinity,  
The everlasting spring,  
Sole hope of safety, unto Thee  
With our whole heart we cling.

*Epistle.*

For Thou art my strong rock, and my castle: be Thou also  
my guide, and lead me for Thy Name's sake.

PSALM xxxi. 4.





### Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

Make me a clean heart, O God : and renew a right spirit  
within me.

PSALM II. 10.

LORD, dare we pray Thee dwell within  
Our hearts, defiled by wilful sin ?  
Sign'd with the cross in childhood's morn,  
Adopted sons, and soldiers sworn ;  
Then foster'd by Thy Church's care,  
By praise, by teaching, and by prayer.  
Too soon, by youth and passion flushed,  
Baptismal seeds of grace we crushed ;  
Bade Thee, O Holy Ghost, depart,  
And gave to earth our earthly heart.  
Yet who, save Thee, can youth renew,  
And quench its fires in quickening dew ?  
And who in manhood's noonday beam,  
Can lead, save Thee, to comfort's stream ?

O if Thou seest us erring still,  
O bend to Thine, our stubborn will,  
And bring us to Thy fold again,  
(If need) by chastisements and pain.  
Bring us, by sickness and by health,  
By tribulation and by wealth.  
Bring us by all the powers of sense,  
By all the course of Providence;  
By inmost conscience, not yet dumb,  
By all the past, by all to come.  
By God's best gifts, His Son to die,  
And Thee, our hearts to sanctify.  
Bring us, before our sun go down,  
To bear the cross, to win the crown.

*Epistle.*

But lo, Thou requirest truth in the inward parts: and shalt  
make me to understand wisdom secretly.

PSALM II. 6.





### Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he  
that putteth it off.

1 KINGS xx. 11.

DEAR child, to thee the tale is told  
Of him who robbed the poor man's fold,  
Thou listenest, and with scorn and ire  
Thy quivering brow is all on fire.  
Thou thinkest, never sure on me  
So foul a blot shall angels see.  
For joy thou hold'st thine eager breath  
To hear him doomed—he dies the death.

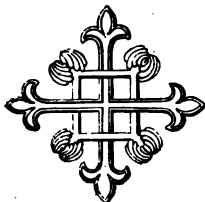
But mark, young David was as thou,  
A generous boy with open brow:  
With heart as pure as mountain air  
He carolled to his fleecy care:  
With motion free as mountain cloud  
He trode where mists the moorland shroud,  
From bear and lion tore the prey,  
Nor deemed he e'er should rend as they.

Such was his dawn ; but O ! how grieve  
Good angels o'er his noon and eve !  
He that with oil of joy began  
In sackcloth ends, a fallen man.  
Then wherefore trust youth's eager thought !  
Wait till thine arm all day hath wrought.  
Wait humbly till thy matin psalm  
Due cadence find in evening calm.

*First Lesson. Evening.*

Be not high minded, but fear.

ROM. xi. 20.





### **Eighth Sunday after Trinity.**

**The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are  
the children of God.**

**ROM. viii. 16.**

**OUR Father, freed from error's chain,  
May we Thy children be;  
At the blest fountain born again  
To filial liberty.**

**All things are changing, Thou the same,  
Thou art our Heavenly home;  
Be hallowed here our Father's name,  
Until His Kingdom come.**

**Lo, to Thy Kingdom here below  
We little children bring,  
For to that Kingdom, such we know  
The meetest offering.**



That they in Thee may here put on  
Thy Kingdom's panoply,  
And in the path of duty run,  
Like children of the sky.

Oft, as breaks out their mother's stain,  
While they advance to Heaven,  
Children in love, may they remain  
Forgiving and forgiven.

Let nought allure them from Thy word,  
Or tempt their spirits frail,  
But should they fall, yet, blessed Lord,  
Let evil not prevail.

*Epistle.*

Deliver us from evil.

ST. LUKE xi. 4.





### Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

Brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant, how that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea ;

And were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea.

1 COR. x. 1, 2.

WHEN Israel left the Egyptian's land,  
Through the Red sea they trod,  
The cloud above was brooding o'er,  
The token of their God.

Then man was fed on Angels' food,  
For meat enough He sent,  
Their drink was of the living stream,  
The rock that Moses rent.

To them were Ten Commandments given,  
Their line and course to mark,  
Priests waiting on their guarded way,  
Their guide, the holy ark.

They journeyed to a promised land  
Along a toilsome way,  
They passed through Jordan's parted stream,  
The ark of God their stay.

A house of bondage we have left,  
Redeemed from sin and shame,  
By water, and the Holy Ghost,  
Baptized into Christ's name.

Our manna is the living Bread,  
Which hath come down from Heaven,  
The Rock that follows, Christ the Lord,  
From whom our drink is given.

The Ten Commandments mark our way,  
And teach us what to shun ;  
And Pastors teach the road to Heaven,  
As on our course we run.

Our promised land shall ever last—  
O may our faith be strong !  
That we may never murmur, sure  
He cannot lead us wrong.

That so, when we have passed the flood  
This earth and Heaven between,  
We find the eternal joy, the bliss  
That eye hath never seen.

*Epistle.*

Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples;  
and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the  
ends of the world are come.

1 Cor. x. 11.





### Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

And He was transfigured before them.

ST. MATT. xvii. 2.

WHEN Thou wert toiling, Lord, below,  
Emptied of pomp divine,  
Twice round Thee was the outward show  
Of triumph seen to shine.

Once in Thy servant's dazzled sight  
Seem'd Heaven's high state begun,  
Glistening Thy raiment shone, and white,  
Thy face was as the sun.

And once Thy people's fickle mood  
Raised the triumphant lay,  
"Hosanna to our King!" and strewed  
The palm-branch in Thy way.

Upon the blissful mount, what word  
Passed 'twixt Thy Saints and Thee?  
They spake how Thy decease, O Lord,  
Should soon accomplished be.

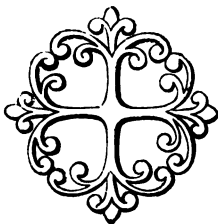
And when from hearts so often dumb  
Burst that adoring cry,  
Why wert Thou then to Sion come  
To bow Thy head and die?

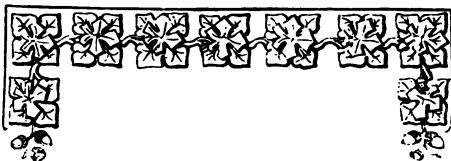
So fared it in Thy early days;  
And still Thy Church's faith  
Shall link in all her prayer and praise  
Thy glory with Thy death.

*Gospel.*

And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and  
wept over it.

ST. LUKE XIX. 41.





### Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

Things which are despised hath God chosen.

1 COR. I. 28.

“WHO for the like of me will care?”

So whispers many a mournful heart,  
When in the weary languid air  
For grief or scorn we pine apart.

So haply mused yon little maid  
From Israel's breezy mountains borne,  
No more to rest in Sabbath shade  
Watching the free and wavy corn.

A captive now, and sold and bought,  
In the proud Syrian's hall she waits,  
Forgotten—such her moody thought—  
Even as the worm beneath the gates.

But One who ne'er forgets is here :  
He hath a word for thee to speak :  
Oh serve Him yet in duteous fear,  
And to thy Gentile lord be meek.

So shall the healing Name be known  
By thee on many a heathen shore,  
And Naaman on his chariot throne  
Wait humbly by Elisha's door.

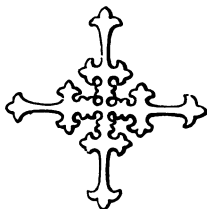
By thee desponding lepers know  
The sacred water's sevenfold might,  
Then wherefore sink in listless woe?  
Christ's poor and needy, claim your right.

Your heavenly right, to do and bear  
All for His sake; nor yield one sigh  
To pining doubt; nor ask "what care  
In the wide world for such as I?"

*First Lesson. Morning.*

As poor, yet making many rich.

2 Cor. vi. 10.







### **Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.**

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness: and Thy  
clouds drop fatness.

PSALM LXX. 12.

LORD of the harvest, once again  
We thank Thee for the ripened grain,  
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer  
Thy servants through another year;  
For all sweet holy thoughts, supplied  
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

The bare dead grain, in Autumn sown,  
Its robe of vernal green puts on;  
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,  
Fresh garnished by the King of kings;  
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee,  
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy word we ask  
A lesson from the reaper's task ;  
So shall Thine Angels issue forth,  
The tares be burnt, the just of earth,  
Playthings of sun and storm no more,  
Be gathered to their Father's store.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,  
As Thou hast taught, for "daily bread."  
But not alone our bodies feed,  
Supply our fainting spirits' need.  
O bread of life, from day to day,  
Be Thou their comfort, food, and stay!

Give us day by day our daily bread.

ST. LUKE xi. 8.





### Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Then shall the Assyrian fall with the sword, not of a mighty man ; and the sword, not of a mean man, shall devour him : but he shall flee from the sword, and his young men shall be discomfited.

ISAIAH XXXI. 8.

THE Assyrian King in splendour came  
Determined Judah's pride to tame,  
Came to reproach and to defy  
With blasphemy, the Lord most high.

Then Hezekiah wept and prayed,  
Before the Lord his trouble laid,  
His prayer was heard, the monarch fled,  
As by a hook and bridle led.

Fled by the way by which he came,  
Forbade one arrow shot to aim,  
Or dig one trench before the place,  
Thus guarded by Almighty grace.

Because against the Lord employed,  
One brief night saw his host destroyed,  
When Judah at the dawn arose,  
Dead corpses were their numerous foes!

How dreadful is the reckoning hour,  
To those who scorn Almighty power!  
How great His mercy and His grace,  
To those who ever seek His face!

*First Lesson. Morning.*

Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto  
the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me;  
And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me,  
and keep My commandments.

Exod. xx. 5, 6.





Fourteenth  
Sunday after Trinity.

But the greatest of these is Charity.

1 Cor. xiii. 13.

GREAT mover of all hearts, whose hand  
Doth all the secret springs command  
Of human thought and will,  
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless  
Thy Saints with fruits of holiness,  
Their order to fulfil.

Faith, Hope, and Love, here weave one chain,  
But Love alone shall then remain,  
When this short day is gone:  
O love, O truth, O endless light,  
When shall we see thy sabbath bright,  
With all our labours done!

We sow 'mid perils here, and tears ;  
There, the glad hand the harvest bears,  
Which here in grief hath sown.  
O Lord our God, the increase give,  
And these Thy gifts, by which we live,  
With heavenly glory crown !

*Collect.*

He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed : shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him.

PSALM cxxvi. 7.





### Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

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

1 PET. v. 7.

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

How far from this our daily life!  
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,  
    By sudden, wild alarms;  
O could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
    On Thy Almighty arms!

Could we but kneel, and cast our load,  
E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
    Then rise with lightened cheer,

Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famished raven's cry,  
Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should,  
So chafes fallen nature's restless mood  
To cast its peace away ;  
Yet birds and flow'rets round us preach,  
And all, the present evil, teach,  
Sufficient for the day.

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

*Gospel.*

Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is  
stayed on Thee.

ISAIAH XXVI. 3.







### Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses  
and sins.

EPH. ii. 1.

WHEN Christ to village comes or town  
With priests that on Him wait,  
The Church her living dead lays down  
Before Him in the gate.

For whoso know His will and yet  
Have stolen, sworn, or lied,  
In His dread book their sin is set,  
That hour, to Him, they died.

What if thou be but young in years,  
A boy, or simple maid,  
Yet in His sight thy soul appears  
A corse for burial laid.

Thy sins, from His own holy place  
Are bearing thee away,  
But He may touch the bier, His grace  
May bid thee rise and pray.

The Church, thy mother, weeps for thee ;  
Her tearful prayer perchance  
May win the word of pardon, He  
May break the deadly trance.

Only do thou sit up and speak  
Soon as thou hear'st His call,  
Him honour with confession meek,  
He will forgive thee all !

*Gospel.*

Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and  
Christ shall give thee light.

EPH. v. 14.





### Sebenteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond  
of peace.

EPH. iv. 3.

LORD, in Thy Kingdom there shall be  
No aliens from each other,  
But even as he loves himself,  
Each saint shall love his brother.

When in Thy courts we meet, below,  
To mourn our sinful living,  
And with one mingling voice repeat,  
Confession, Creed, Thanksgiving;

Make us to hear in each sweet word,  
Thy Holy Spirit calling  
To Oneness with Thy Church and Thee;  
That heavenly bond forestalling.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. 141

One Baptism, one faith have we,  
One Spirit sent to win us ;  
One Lord, one Father, and one God,  
Above, and through, and in us.

Never, by schism or by sin,  
May we that union sever,  
'Till all, to perfect stature grown,  
Are one with Thee for ever.

*Epistle.*

Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

EPH. iv. 13.





Eighteenth

Sunday after Trinity.

For the fashion of this world passeth away.

1 COR. vii. 31.

PRAISE Him, who made us at the first,  
And still our life sustains ;  
For us, He in His treasures nurst  
Fresh breezes, genial rains.

But chiefly praise Him, that His love  
Created us anew,  
And bade His graces from above  
Drop soft as evening dew.

Praise Him for all His seasons round,  
Turning man's toil to gain ;  
By each alike with fatness crowned,  
Ripe droops the golden grain.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. 143

And praise Him, that the seed He forms  
In us to fruit He brings,  
Alike by sunshine and by storms,  
Life's winters and its springs.

Praise Him for yon refreshing light,  
Our daily labour's guide ;  
Praise Him who, having formed our sight,  
Scenes meet for sight supplied.

And praise Him that, through Christ, no more  
Our spirit's eyes are dim,  
That shadowy hopes just glimpsed before  
Are now made clear in Him.

Praise Him, that e'en on earth awhile  
Some forms of beauty glow ;  
And praise Him for their short-lived smile,  
Less swift to come than go.

They come as types of heavenly bliss,  
They fade away and die,  
Lest we should rest in them, and miss  
The good they typify.

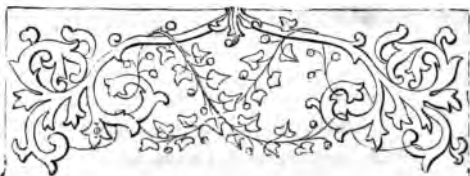
144 EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

All lovely things of earth depart ;  
Yet praise Him who hath given  
Their forms to raise the loving heart,  
Its stepping-stones to Heaven !

Let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord.

PSALM cl. 6.





**Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.**

Whom resist, steadfast in the faith.

1 PET. v. 9.

THOU knowest, Lord, that they  
Who seek our souls to slay  
Are mightier far than we:  
O strong to save from harm,  
Thy fainting servants arm  
With Thine own panoply.

O'er rugged ways we toil;  
Then let our feet the while  
With Gospel peace be shod;  
And in our hands, O Lord,  
Bear we Thy Spirit's sword,  
The living word of God.



Give us the shield of faith ;  
So darts of hell and death  
    Shall round us harmless fall ;  
And when we faint, let prayer,  
Thy messenger, be there,  
    On Thee for strength to call.

Dark is the vale we tread  
Among the living dead,  
    Who live not, Lord, to Thee.  
Hell's ambushed archers lurk  
In thought, and word, and work,  
    To smite us mortally.

God, and the Virgin's Son !  
Thou hast the victory won ;  
    With us in battle be :  
Who shall Thy conquests stay,  
'Till at Thy feet Thou lay  
    Death, Thy last enemy ?

*Collect.*

Take unto you the whole armour of God.

EPH. vi. 18.





## Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners,  
but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household  
of God;

And are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and  
Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner-  
stone.

EPH. ii. 19, 20.

LORD, if to Thee Thy Church, of yore,  
Looked on with eager gaze,  
Shall she not look, and worship more,  
In these her latter days?

If then, through all her onward track,  
To Thee her journeyings tend,  
Still finds she in Thee, looking back,  
Perfection, object, end!

In Thee she sees the life of faith,  
Through danger and distress  
Her perfect pattern—in Thy death  
Her perfect righteousness.

148 TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Built up by grace, in Thee alone  
She stands, without Thee, dead ;  
A temple, Christ its Corner-stone ;  
A body, Christ its Head.

In whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth  
unto an holy temple in the Lord :

In whom ye also are bullded together for an habitation of  
God through the Spirit.

EPH. ii. 21, 22.





**Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.**

**The just shall live by his faith.**

**HABAK. II. 4.**

**THE** restless world that seeks its pleasure  
In things which feel the blight of death,  
Knows not the one eternal treasure,  
The life of them who live by faith.  
O wax ye never faint and weary,  
Though long the vision seem to tarry,  
In prayer abide the appointed day ;  
Watch, and the cloud shall roll away.

The proud may build his nest securely,  
The thirst of gain unquenched may be,  
The reveller may live impurely,  
The people toil for vanity ;

150 TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Yet grows and works the grace of Heaven,  
A seed unmarked, or quickening leaven.  
Wait on thy watch-tower, wait, and see  
How all these things shall ended be.

When ill-won glory turns to shame,  
When drunkards drain the cup of woe,  
O'er earth, the knowledge of His name,  
As waters o'er the deep, shall flow.  
Then the sure vision, few would heed,  
Though plain, that he who runs might read,  
Shall be for truth by sinners known,  
"The just shall live by faith alone."

*First Lesson. Morning.*

For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord  
as the waters cover the sea.

HABAK. ii. 14.





Twenty-second

Sunday after Trinity.

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my  
departure is at hand.

2 TIM. iv. 6.

ENOUGH, O Paul, enough ; and now  
A crown in Heaven awaits thy brow,  
Thy earthly toils are nearly done,  
Thy heavenly prize is all but won ;  
Long tossed by ills, on land and sea,  
The shore is all but gained by thee.

Long time, 'mid stonings, rods, and chains,  
Watchings, and cares, and dying pains,  
Thee Christ upon His Cross doth hold,  
In daily dyings now grown old ;  
He bids thee now, no more remain,  
And unto thee, to die is gain.

Love's tender bowels yearning strong,  
They for whom thou didst toil so long  
In travailings of second birth,  
Thy children, hold thee still to earth ;  
The time for thy release is come,  
And ready is thy heavenly home.

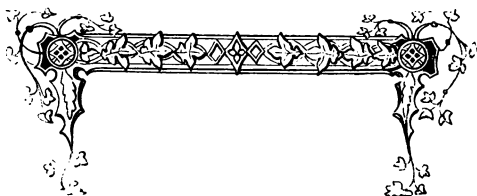
When, 'mid the twelve thy throne is set,  
And we shall be for judgment met ;  
May we, whom from the dead of night  
God calls in thee to see His light,  
For ever with the Angelic host,  
Sing Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*Epistle.*

I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

2 TIM. IV. 7.





### Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

We all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the  
wind, have taken us away.

ISA. LXIV. 6.

SEE, the leaves around us falling,  
Dry and withered, to the ground;  
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
With a sad and solemn sound:—

“Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,  
Where like us he blighted fell,)  
Hear the lesson we are reading;  
Mark the awful truth we tell:

“Youths, on length of days presuming,  
Who the paths of pleasure tread,  
View us, late in beauty blooming,  
Numbered now among the dead.



“What though yet no losses grieve you,  
Gay with health and many a grace :  
Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;  
Summer gives to Autumn place.

“Yearly in our course returning,  
Messengers of shortest stay ;  
Still we bid frail man be learning,  
‘Heaven and earth shall pass away.’”

On the tree of life eternal,  
O let all our hopes be laid !  
This alone, for ever vernal,  
Bears a leaf that may not fade.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth ; but the word  
of our God shall stand for ever.

ISA. xl. 8.





**Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.**

Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief.

MARK ix. 24.

O LORD ! across our path of woe  
Some rays of heavenly comfort fling :  
Increase of love and faith bestow,  
And they their sister, hope, shall bring.

We wander in perplexing ways ;  
The tempter prompts us to despair ;  
In murmurings seeks to stifle praise,  
In hopelessness to stifle prayer.

It is in love, O Lord, we fail ;  
For ever, by love's glances keen  
In death, and sorrow's darkest vale,  
Thy mercies through the mist are seen.

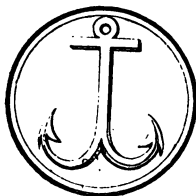
156 TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

O Lord! we are of little faith!  
If Thou, indeed, hast sent from Heaven  
Thy Son for man to suffer death,  
Hast Thou not all things with Him given?

Teach us that wondrous love to feel;  
So when a sword has pierced us through,  
That thought, doubt's maddening wound shall  
heal,  
And kindle dying hope anew.

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

JOB xiii. 15.





**Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.**

And when He had sent them away, He departed into a mountain to pray.

MARK VI. 46.

“COME to a desert place apart,  
And rest a little while:”  
So spake the Christ, when limbs and heart  
Waxed faint and sick through toil.

High communings with God He sought,  
But, where He sought them, found  
The restless crowd together brought,  
And labour's weary round.

Then, not a thought to self was given,  
Nor breathed a word of blame ;  
He fed their souls with bread from Heaven,  
Then stayed their sinking frame.

Turned He, when that long task was done,  
To sleep fatigue away?  
When on the desert sank the sun,  
The Saviour waked to pray.

O perfect pattern from above,  
So strengthen us, that ne'er  
Prayer keep us back from works of love,  
Nor works of love from prayer.

My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to  
finish His work.

ST. JOHN iv. 34.





**Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.**

Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been.

GEN. xlvii. 9.

As o'er the past my memory strays,  
    Why heaves the secret sigh?  
'Tis that I mourn departed days,  
    Still unprepared to die.

The world, and worldly things beloved,  
    My anxious thoughts employed;  
While time, unhallowed, unimproved,  
    Presents a fearful void.

Yet, holy Father, wild despair  
    Chase from this labouring breast:  
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,  
    That grace can do the rest.

My life's best remnant all be Thine ;  
And when Thy sure decree  
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,—  
O, speed my soul to Thee!

When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness  
that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful  
and right, he shall save his soul alive.

LEK. xviii. 27.





### Saint Andrew's Day.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him  
that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.

ISAIAH lli. 7.

YE captains of a heavenly host,  
Ye princes of a heavenly hall,  
Stars of the world, in darkness lost,  
And judges at its funeral.

Lights rising o'er a wintry night,  
With tidings of eternal youth,  
On error's long-bewildered sight  
Emerging with the lamp of truth.

Captains, but not of spear and shield,  
No rebel hosts with steel to tame,  
No arms of eloquence to wield,  
Nought but the lowly cross of shame.



The chain is riven, and broke the rod,  
The world's long, stern captivity,  
And we are free to serve our God,  
Whose yoke, alone, is liberty.

To distant lands His heralds fleet,  
By God's mysterious presence led ;  
How beautiful are their passing feet,  
Like morn upon the mountains spread.

Their sound is gone out into all lands, their words into  
the ends of the world.

PSALM xix. 4.





### **Saint Thomas the Apostle.**

Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed:  
blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have be-  
lieved.

ST. JOHN XX. 29.

WHY lived I not in those blest days,  
When men could see their Lord?  
They felt His hand, they saw His face,  
And heard His holy word.

But if no more we hear His voice,  
Yet still to us He calls;  
His messengers prepare His way,  
And speak within His walls.

He will embrace us with His arms  
Of mercy great and free,  
He will protect us, who once said,  
"Let infants come to Me."

And though the Son to Heaven is gone,  
The Comforter is given,  
In the right path to lead us on,  
And teach the way to Heaven.

Besides, His very voice on earth,  
Not all would own nor heed,  
And Thomas doubted still the word,  
"The Lord is risen indeed."

Blessed, who feel their quiet way  
In faith, and not in sight;  
Who lean upon His unseen grace,  
And walk by His true light.

For we through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith.

GAL. v. 5.





Conversion of Saint Paul.

Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?

ACTS ix. 4.

THE Shepherd smitten is, and lo!  
His flock, the wolf is scattering wide;  
For Saul as yet doth little know  
He wounds, in them, a Saviour's side.

Prisons, and chains, and murd'rous wrath  
He breathes, where stern religion calls,  
But one soft word has crossed his path,  
And on the ground he stricken falls.

Saul, Saul, whence art thou? why so keen  
To persecute Christ's little band?  
Why wage thy war with power unseen?  
The arm Almighty, why withstand?

Lo! forth he spreads beseeching hands,  
Prepared his Saviour's yoke to bear,  
Asks trembling for the Lord's commands,—  
What wouldst Thou have me do, declare.

Fallen is the fierce despoiler now,  
And conquered lies the conqueror dread,  
Now meekly droops the threatening brow,  
For the Redeemer's triumph led.

Lord, 'twas Thy voice, the tone that shakes  
Great Lebanon, like leaf in breeze,  
It goeth forth from Thee, and breaks  
The Heaven-aspiring cedar-trees.

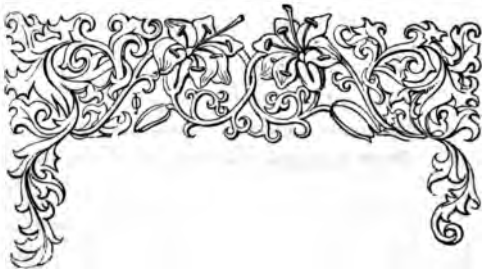
Good Shepherd, keep us as of old,  
If Thou shouldst aught of harm discern;  
And if we wander from Thy fold,  
Again to Thee our bosoms turn.

Glory to God, both One and Three,  
Who saw us laid in dead of night;  
All praise and glory be to Thee,  
Who call'st us thence to glorious light.

Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?

ACTS ix. 8.





### The Purification.

The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts: and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of Hosts.

HAGGAI ii. 9.

SION, ope thy hallowed dome,  
To His temple Christ is come;  
Lifeless shadows, haste away,  
Grace and truth beam out to-day.

Flocks and herds shall bleed no more,  
Stanch'd the flood of reeking gore;  
Lo! He comes from Heaven above;  
Victim to His Father's love.

Virgin pure, thy downcast eye  
Owns His hidden Godhead nigh;  
Heavenly musings all unheard  
Meetly hail the silent Word;

While to Heaven thy pious love  
Duly vows the sacred dove,  
And upon thy bosom lies  
More than dove-like sacrifice.

Sire and sister, age and youth,  
Kindle at the mighty truth ;  
And the blissful presence own,  
Panting Faith so long has known.

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace,  
according to Thy word :  
For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.

ST. LUKE i. 29.







The roaring beasts He drives afar,  
And wolves, that with more treacherous war  
Come prowling nigh :  
Their guileful hearts He knows full well,  
Ready with His dear flock to dwell,  
For them to die.

All praise to Thee, the Priest supreme,  
Through whom alone all blessings stream,  
The Eternal Son ;  
And may Thy ransomed heritage,  
The glory sing from age to age,  
God, Three in One.

Feed My sheep.

ST. JOHN XXI. 17.





### The Annunciation.

My soul doth magnify the Lord,  
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.  
For He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden:  
for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call  
me blessed.

ST. LUKE i. 46—48.

Was it nigh the fount at even,  
In the palm-tree's spreading shade,  
That the messenger of Heaven  
Met the highly favoured maid?

Was she to her tasks attending,  
Mindful of each homely care?  
Or in grot, or chamber bending,  
Pouring out her heart in prayer?

Wherefore ask? in service lowly,  
As in prayer, the virgin mind,  
To the Lord devoted wholly,  
Doth alike His presence find.

Joy and peace shall never fail her  
Walking in the light of Heaven,  
Marvel not if angels hail her  
Unto whom such grace is given.

Maiden, well thou know'st the story,  
How the blessed Babe was born,  
How that Virgin's crown of glory  
May no other brow adorn.

But His handmaid still He seeketh,  
Sends His angels e'en to thee,  
Only say thou, when He speaketh,  
"Let Thy word be done in me."

Even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in  
the sight of God of great price.

1 PETER iii. 4.





### **Saint Mark's Day.**

**They that patiently abide the Lord, those shall inherit  
the land.**

**PSALM xxxvii. 9.**

**BLESS'D are the poor in spirit, vile and low  
In their own eyes ; who their own frailties know ;  
The humblest here are highest in God's sight ;  
Theirs is the glorious realm of endless night.**

**Blessed are they who mourn, whose sighs, their own  
And others' sins, with bitterness bemoan :  
They sow in tears, and from each tear they weep,  
They shall a thousand-fold of comfort reap.**

Bless'd are the meek, of gentle soul and sweet,  
Who unembittered, foes and scorners greet ;  
Theirs is earth's heritage, again to know  
Adam's lost right to peace and joy below.

Bless'd are all they who thirst and hunger feel  
For righteousness : who with unwearied zeal  
Strive the just God's bright image to regain,  
And purge themselves from their congenial stain.

Bless'd are the merciful, whose melting eyes  
With others' griefs benignly sympathize ;  
They mercy shall obtain, and all their woes  
God for their good shall graciously dispose.

Bless'd are the pure in heart, who have refined  
Each thought, each yearning of the baser mind ;  
They shall of God have beatific sight  
Who only in pure votaries takes delight.

Bless'd are the peace-makers, who sweetly strive  
Fraternal, mutual dearness to revive ;  
They shall be called God's children, in them best  
The God of peace His likeness sees expressed.

Blessed are they who persecuted are,  
Who martyrdom for love of Jesus bear :  
The heavenly kingdom is more firmly theirs ;  
Of higher bliss, and brighter mansions heirs.

And they had white robes, and palms in their hands.

Rev. vii. 9.





### Saint Phillip and Saint James's Day.

Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the  
power of His might.

EPH. vi. 10.

Now the hour is drawing near,  
Which your Master shall remove ;  
Little children do not fear,  
He shall not forego His love ;  
With the bannered cross unfurled,  
Fear no tumults of the world.

When He wills, the parting storm  
Shall an azure sky disclose ;  
Thence shall stoop joy's deathless form,  
Smiling on your vanished woes ;  
While the world's brief pleasures flow  
To the sea of endless woe.



178 SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES'S DAY.

He who as a brother died,  
And in the cold grave below  
Laid Him by His brethren's side,  
He shall hence before you go,  
And take you with Him to dwell  
In Godhead unapproachable.

May we here, Lord, die with Thee,  
And with Thy true wisdom wise,  
Put on immortality,  
Having wisdom in the skies.  
Where all things with one accord  
Sing the triune holy Lord.

In My Father's house are many mansions : I go to prepare a place for you.

ST. JOHN xiv. 2.





Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy: the  
Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.

PSALM xli. 1.

CROWNED with immortal jubilee,  
Thy soul this day set free  
To the calm heavens from earth did pass,  
O holy Barnabas!

He for whose sake, at whose dear call  
Thou gavest up thine all,—  
He shall thine all, thy treasure be,  
Lasting eternally.

'Mid fasting, prayer, and holy hands,  
Lo! 'mid the saints he stands,  
The Spirit's high behest to bear,  
Christ's Heaven-sent messenger.

Thou hast with Paul in labours stood—  
Blest bond of brotherhood!  
One in the mandate sent from high,  
And one in charity.

Lord, when to us an offered guest  
Shall come that Spirit blest,  
Let not our hearts Heaven's bounty slight,  
Deeming their darkness light!

Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will  
guide you into all truth.

ST. JOHN xvi. 13.





### Saint John Baptist's Day.

Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of  
the world.

ST. JOHN I. 29.

JUDEA'S desert heard a sound  
Of one that cried aloud ;  
They flocked the holy John around,  
With sin and sadness bowed.

Lo, 'mid that guilty company  
A sinless Lamb drew near,  
His blood alone that crowd can free  
From guilt, and shame, and fear.

Before the sun, a taper dim,  
John stands, and meekly pleads,  
Nor pours the hallowing wave ; of Him  
The Baptist washing needs.

But to obey his God 'tis meet,  
Though He Himself depress,  
Prepared all fulness to complete,  
Perfect in righteousness.

Confessor, and great harbinger,  
Thou Baptist of the wave;  
The Baptist He of living fire,  
The secret soul to lave!

To Him, who washed us with His blood,—  
As hath been heretofore,—  
To Father, and to Spirit good,  
Be glory evermore!

I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou  
to me?

ST. MATT. iii. 14.





## Saint Peter's Day.

Pray without ceasing.

1 THESS. v. 17.

WHY loiterest within Simon's walls,  
Hard by the barren sea,  
Thou Saint? when many a sinner calls  
To preach, and set him free.

Can this be he, who erst confessed  
For Christ affection strong,  
Now truant, in untimely rest?  
Yet could this Saint be wrong?

No! He who at the sixth hour sought  
The lone house-top to pray,  
There gained a sight beyond his thought,  
The dawn of Gentile day.

Then reckon not, when perils lower,  
The time of prayer misspent,  
Nor meanest chance, nor place, nor hour,  
Without its Heaven-ward bent.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find;  
knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

ST. MATT. vii. 7.





### Saint James the Apostle.

And he killed James the brother of John with the sword.  
ACTS xii. 2.

Two brothers freely cast their lot  
With David's royal Son,  
The cost of conquest counting not,—  
They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart, they hope to gain  
An undivided joy,  
That man may one with man remain,  
As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard, and willed that James should fall  
First prey of Satan's rage!  
John linger out his fellows all,  
And die in bloodless age.

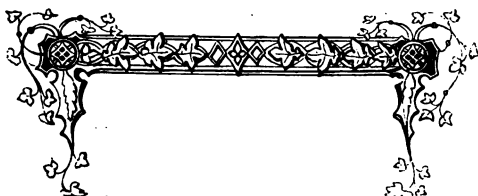


Now they join hands, once more above,  
Before the Conqueror's throne ;  
Thus God grants prayer ; but in His love  
Makes times and ways His own.

If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee ?

ST. JOHN XXI. 22.





### Saint Bartholomew the Apostle.

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

HEB. xiii. 5.

O SAY not thou art left of God,  
Because His tokens in the sky  
Thou canst not read ; this earth He trod  
To teach thee He is ever nigh.

He sees, beneath the fig-tree green,  
Nathaniel con his sacred lore ;  
Shouldst thou the closet seek, unseen  
He enters through the unopened door.

And when thou liest, by slumber bound,  
Out-wearied in the Christian fight ;  
In glory, girt with Saints around,  
He stands above thee through the night.

When friends to Emmaus bend their course,  
He joins, although He holds their eyes;  
Or shouldst thou feel some fever's force,  
He takes thy hand, and bids thee rise.

When on thy voyage, calms prevail,  
And hold thee prisoned on the sea;  
He walks the wave, He wings the sail,  
The shore is gained, and thou art free.

Thou art about my path, and about my bed : and spiest  
out all my ways.

PSALM cxxxix. 2.





### **Saint Matthew the Apostle.**

Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?

ST. MATT. ix. 11.

O LORD, Thy presence is revealed  
By mountain and by flood,  
By woodland and by quiet field,  
And homes where dwell the good.

But at the sinner's thoughtless board,  
Who hopes for trace of Thine?  
Yet there in mercy, gracious Lord,  
Thou settest still Thy sign.

Thy holy presence shines there yet;  
Since by Thy blessed Son,  
While sinners round at meat were set  
His Father's work was done.

'Tis bliss for those whose path must be  
Through busy scenes, to feel  
How with the evil mingled He,  
In meekness, love, and zeal.

Blest thought, for every faithful heart  
That pure would still remain,  
Yet do its firm but gentle part  
Amid the bad and vain.

Good Lord! through this world's troubled way  
Thy children's path secure!  
And lead them onward, day by day,  
Kindly, like Thee, and pure.

Be theirs to do Thy work of love,  
All erring souls to win;  
Amid a sinful world to move,  
Yet give no smile to sin.

Using the world, but not abusing it.

Cor. vii. 31.





### Saint Michael and all Angels.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister  
for them who shall be heirs of salvation?

HEB. i. 14.

AND are there then celestial habitants,  
Whom a kind Father's care around us plants,  
Sent to walk with us in our earthly trance?

(For Heaven's undying outcast, in dark hate  
Of those whom God hath called to his lost state,  
Ever around our pathway lies in wait.)

And these blest guardians, at high Heaven's com-  
mand,  
Dwell round about our homes, with unseen wand,  
Watchful to ward his wiles, and hold our hand.

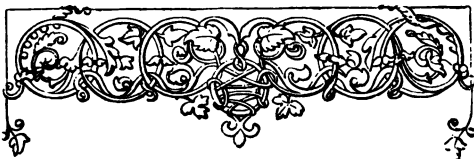
All praise to God, the Father of the word,  
All praise to God the Son, with one accord,  
All praise to Thee, the Holy Ghost adored!

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil,  
as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may  
devour:

Whom resist, steadfast in the faith.

1 PET. v. 8.





### **Saint Luke the Ebangelist.**

It seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto thee in order.

ST. LUKE i. 8.

HE Whom the Father sent to die,  
Hath given you His commission high,  
The channels of His grace to be,  
And vessels of His charity.

New fruits Earth's genial face renew,  
Bless'd by that fertilizing dew :  
How rich the harvest of His grace !  
And we, in that, have found a place.

If Thou, Who dost the increase give,  
Then look on us, and we shall live,  
Ripen, and grow, and evermore  
Be gathered to Thy heavenly store.



Glory to God, both Three and One,  
The Father, Spirit, and the Son,  
Who calleth us from dead of night  
To see His countenance of light !

The seed is the word of God.

ST. LUKE viii. 11.





**Saint Simon and Saint Jude,  
Apostles.**

Who maketh His Angels spirits, and His Ministers a  
flame of fire.

HEB. i. 7.

WHERE the angelic hosts adore Thee,  
Thou o'er earth and Heaven dost reign;  
At Thy word they rose before Thee,  
And Thy breath doth them sustain.

From high Angels Thee attending,  
Thou dost faithful guardians send;  
In mysterious ways descending,  
May they keep us to the end.

Keep us, else with wiles deceiving,  
The persuader of all ill,  
Round his deadly meshes weaving,  
The lost soul will rend and kill.

All creation bows before Thee,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;  
Highest Angels that adore Thee  
Succour and sustain the lost.

*Second Lesson. Evening.*

The Angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them that  
fear Him.

PSALM xxxiv. 7.





### All Saints' Day.

After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.

Rev. vii. 9.

WHAT countless crowd on Sion stands ?  
Gathered from every land and tongue,  
The palm-branch waving in their hands,  
The white robes round them flung.

These, out of tribulation came ;  
On earth the thorny crown they wore ;  
Believing, they confessed His Name  
Whose Cross they meekly bore.

In the Lamb's life-blood washed they white  
Their robes, ingrained with sin and woe,  
Now round the glory-seat in light,  
Purer they shine than snow.

Lord, when Thy faithful ones indeed  
Low by remembered sin are bowed,  
From realms where ransomed sinners lead  
Thy choir, roll back the cloud.

Shew them, in bliss before Thy throne,  
Meek tremblers once at sin's just doom,  
Who, in Thy sacrifice alone,  
Found hope from wrath to come.

Sinners no more, in Thee complete,  
Their Saviour's love to man they sing ;  
While Angels, listening, learn to greet  
With newer praise their King.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

Rev. xiv. 13.













