



[Dixon, R.H.]

[1863]

Hutton, p. 42

25.

LIKE THE RIVERS, TIME IS GLIDING ;
BRIGHTEST HOURS HAVE NO ABIDING ;

Use the Golden Moments well ;

LIFE IS WASTING,

DEATH IS HASTING ;

DEATH CONSIGNS TO HEAVEN OR HELL.

T O R O N T O .

1863.

B. H. D.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
 I'm *nearer* my home to-day
 Than I've ever been before !
Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea !
Nearer the bound of life,
 Where I lay my burden down ;
Nearer leaving my cross !
Nearer wearing my crown !

THY WILL BE DONE. ---

MY God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, in life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will be done."

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

What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For those beloved no longer nigh,
 Submissive let me still reply,
 "Thy will be done."

If Thou hast called me to resign,
 What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine ;
 I only yield Thee what is Thine ;
 "Thy will be done."

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

Let but my fainting heart be blest,
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest,
 "Thy will be done."

ETERNITY.

From the German of DANIEL WULFFER, A.D. 1648.
Translated by F. ELY COX, 1841.

ETERNITY ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity !
Yet onward still, to thee we speed,
As to the fight th' impatient steed,
As ship to port, or shaft from bow,
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity !
As in a ball's concentric round
Nor starting point nor end is found,
So thou, Eternity so vast,
No entrance and no exit hast,
Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity !
A ring whose orbit still extends,
And ne'er beginning, never ends,
Always thy centre, ring immense,
And *never* thy circumference,
Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !

How long art thou, Eternity !
 Came there a bird each thousandth year
 One sand grain from the hills to bear,
 When all had vanished, grain by grain,
 Eternity would still remain,

Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !

How long art thou, Eternity !
 As long as God shall God remain
 So long shall last hell's torturing,
 So long the joys of heaven shall be ;
 Oh long delight, long misery,

Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !

How long art thou, Eternity !
 Oh, man, let oft thy musings dwell
 Upon the dreadful woes of hell—
 Oft on the saints' all glorious lot—
 For both shall last when time *is not*,

Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !

How long art thou, Eternity !
 The thought of thee, in pain how dread,
 In joy how bright thy prospects spread,
 For here God's goodness glads our eyes—
 And there His justice terrifies,

Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !

How long art thou, Eternity !
 Who here lived poor and sore distressed
 Now truly rich with God doth rest,
 With joys consoled for all his ill
 He lives to praise God's goodness still,
 Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !

How long art thou, Eternity !
 A moment's pleasure sinners know
 Through which they pass to endless woe,
 A moment's woe the righteous taste
 Through which to endless joy they haste,
 Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !

How long art thou, Eternity !
 Who looks to thee alone, is wise
 Sins pleasures all, he can despise
 The world attracts him now no more
 His love for vain delights is o'er,
 Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !

How long art thou, Eternity !
 Who thinks on thee speaks thus with God
 " Here prove me with Thy chastening rod,
 Oh ! let me here Thy judgments bear
 Hereafter Lord in mercy spare !"
 Mark well, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 “ O man I warn thee, think on me
 Think oft on me, Eternity.
 For I the sinner’s woe shall prove
 And recompense of pious love.”
 Mark well, O man, Eternity !

EPITAPH. A.D. 1533.

WHOSO him bethoft inwardly and oft,
 How hard it were to flit from bed unto the pitt,
 From pitt unto payne, that nere shall cease certeyne,
 He wold not doe one sinn, all the world to winn.

LO al that ere I spent somtym had I.
 Al that I gav to good intent that now have I.
 That which I nether gav nor lent that now aby* I.
 That I kept till I went that lost I.

(* aby—i. e. to suffer for.)

THE PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

O DOMINE Deus, speravi in Te,
 O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me,
 In dura catena,
 In misera pœna,
 Desidero Te,
 Languendo,
 Gemendo,
 Genuflectendo,
 Adoro,
 Imploro,
 Ut liberes me.

Translation.

O Lord God ! I've trusted in Thee,
 O Jesus beloved ! now liberate me :
 In fetters so galling,
 In tortures appalling,
 I long after Thee.
 In moaning,
 In groaning,
 On bent knee atoning,
 I adore Thee,
 I implore Thee,
 To liberate me.

WHAT IS LIFE?

WHAT is life?—a rapid stream,
Rolling onward to the ocean.

What is life?—a troubled dream,
Full of incident and motion.

What is life?—the arrow's flight,
That mocks the keenest gazer's eye.

What is life?—a gleam of light,
Darting through a stormy sky.

What is life?—a varied tale,
Deeply moving, quickly told,
What is life?—a vision pale,
Vanishing while we behold.

What is life?—a smoke, a vapour,
Swiftly mingling with the air.

What is life?—a dying taper,
The spark that glows to disappear.

What is life?—a flower that blows,
Nipped by the frost, and quickly dead.

What is life?—the full-blown rose,
That's scorched at noon and withered.

Such is life,—a breath, a span,
A moment quickly gone from thee.

What is death?—Oh! mortal man!
Thy entrance on eternity.

WHAT IS TIME?

I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,
 Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs ;
 "Time is the *warp* of life," he said, "O tell
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well !"

I asked the ancient venerable dead,
 Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled ;
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed ;
 "Time sowed the *seeds* we reap in this abode !"

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke
 Of ruthless death life's "golden bowl had broke,"
 I asked him, What is time ? "Time," he replied,
 "I've lost it. Ah, the *treasure* !" and he died !

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
 Those bright chronometers of days and years ;
 They answered, "Time is but a *meteor's* glare,"
 And bade me for eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round
 Which beautify, or desolate the ground ;
 And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)
 "'Tis folly's *blank*, and wisdom's highest *prize* !"

I asked a spirit lost, but, O the shriek
 That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak !
 It cried, "A *particle* ! a *speck* ! a mite
 Of endless years, duration infinite !"

Of things inanimate, my dial I
 Consulted, and it made me this reply,
 "Time is the season fair of living well,
 The path to glory, or the path to hell."

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
 "Thine is the present hour, the past is fled ;
 Live ! live to-day ! *to-morrow* never yet,
 On any human being, rose or set !"

I asked old father Time himself at last ;
 But in a moment he flew swiftly past ;
 His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
 His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand,
 One foot on sea, and one on solid land :
 "By heaven's great King, I swear the mystery's o'er !
 Time *was*," he cried,—“but Time shall be no more !”

THIS world is but the rugged road
 Which leads us to the bright abode
 Of peace above ;
 So let us choose that narrow way,
 Which leads no traveller's foot astray
 From realms of love.

THE WORLD.

 BY THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
 I laugh'd, and talk'd, and danc'd, and sung ;
 And proud of health, of freedom vain,
 Dream'd not of sorrow, care, or pain ;
 Concluding, in these hours of glee,
 That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,
 When sickness shook this trembling frame ;
 When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
 And I could dance and sing no more ;
 It then occur'd, how sad 'twould be,
 Were this world, only, made for me !

HEAVEN !

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
 Of that country so bright and so fair,
 And oft are its glories confess'd—
 But what must it be *to be there* !

We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Of its walks deck'd with jewels so rare,
 Of its wonders and pleasures untold—
 But what must it be *to be there* !

We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation and care ;
 From trials, without and within—
 But what must it be *to be there* !

We speak of its service of love,
 Of the robes which the glorified wear,
 Of the church of the first-born above—
 But what must it be *to be there* !

Do thou, Lord, 'midst sorrow and woe,
 Still for heaven my spirit prepare ;
 And shortly I also shall know
 And feel what it is *to be there* !

THE BIBLE.

HOLY Bible ! Book divine !
 Precious treasure ! thou art mine !
 Mine to tell me whence I came ;
 Mine to tell me what I am ;
 Mine to chide me when I rove ;
 Mine to show a Saviour's love ;
 Mine thou art to guide and guard ;
 Mine to punish or reward ;
 Mine to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless ;
 Mine to show, by living faith,
 Man can triumph over death ;
 Mine to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel-sinner's doom :
 Oh, thou holy Book divine !
 Precious treasure, thou art mine !

PSALM VI.

“O Lord rebuke me not in thine indignation.”

GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod
 On my sinful head, O God !
 Stay Thy wrath—in mercy stay,
 Lest I sink before its sway !

Heal me, for my flesh is weak ;
 Heal me, for Thy grace I seek :
 This, my only plea, I make,
 Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.

Who within the silent grave
 Shall proclaim Thy power to save ?
 Lord, my trembling soul reprieve ;
 Speak ! and I shall rise and live.

Lo ! He comes ; He heeds my plea ;
 Lo ! He comes ; the shadows flee ;
 Glory round me dawns once more,—
 Rise, my spirit, and adore !

PSALM XVIII.

“ I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.”

NO change of time shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to Thee ;
 For Thou hast always been my rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliverer art, my God ;
 My trust is in Thy mighty power ;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tower.

To Thee I will address my prayer,
 To whom all praise we justly owe ;
 So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
 Be guarded safe from every foe.

PSALM XXIII.

“ The Lord is my Shepherd.”

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

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

In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
 With blessing unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head ;
 O what shall I ask of Thy providence more ?

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

PSALM XXXIV.

“ I will always give thanks unto the Lord.”

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,

The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name ;
When in distress to Him I call'd
He to my rescue came.

The Angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide,
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care,

PSALM LXXII.

“Give the King Thy judgments, O God, and Thy righteousness
unto the King’s Son.”

HAIL to the Lord’s Anointed,
Great David’s greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn’d and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth :

Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

To Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end:
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His Name shall stand for ever:
 That name to us is Love.

IN this dark world of sin and pain,
 We only meet to part again;
 But when we reach the heavenly shore,
 We then shall meet to part no more.
 The hope that we shall see that day,
 Should chase our present griefs away;
 When these few years of pain are past,
 We'll meet around the throne at last.

PSALM XCI.

“Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High.”

GOD shall charge His angel legions
 Watch and ward o’er thee to keep ;
 Though thou walk through hostile regions ;
 Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

On the lion vainly roaring,
 On his young thy foot shall tread ;
 And, the dragon’s den exploring
 Thou shalt bruise the serpent’s head.

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

Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
 He will hearken, He will save ;
 Here for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

PSALM CXXXI.

“ Lord I am not high-minded.”

LORD, forever at Thy side
 Let my place and portion be :
 Strip me of the robe of pride,
 Clothe me with humility.

Meekly may my soul receive
 All Thy Spirit hath revealed :
 Thou hast spoken—I believe,
 Though the oracle be seal'd.

Humble as a little child,
 Weaned from the mother's breast,
 By no subtleties beguiled,
 On Thy faithful Word I rest.

Israel ! now and evermore
 In the Lord Jehovah trust ;
 Him, in all His ways, adore,
 Wise, and wonderful, and just.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread,
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace :
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

ALL-GLORIOUS GOD.

ALL-glorious God, what hymns of praise
 Shall our transported voices raise :
 What ardent zeal and love are due,
 While Heaven stands open to our view.

Once we were fallen, and O how low !
 Just on the brink of endless woe :
 When Jesus, from the realms above,
 Borne on the wings of boundless love,

Scattered the shades of death and night,
 And spread around His heavenly light :
 By Him what wondrous love is shown
 To souls impoverish'd and undone.

He shows, beyond those mortal shores,
 A bright inheritance as ours ;
 Where saints in light our coming wait
 To share their holy, happy state.

SING MY SOUL.

SING, my soul, His wondrous love,
 Who, from yon bright throne above,
 Ever watchful o'er our race,
 Still to man extends His grace.

Heaven and earth by Him were made,
 All is by His sceptre swayed ;
 What are we that He should show
 So much love to us below !

God, the merciful and good
 Bought us with the Saviour's blood
 And, to make our safety sure,
 Guides us by His Spirit pure.

Sing, my soul, adore His name,
 Let His glory be thy theme :
 Praise Him till He calls thee home
 Trust His love for all to come.

THOUGH I SHOULD SEEK TO WASH
ME CLEAN.

THOUGH I should seek to wash me clean
In water of the driven snow,
My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink in conscious guilt and woe :

The Spirit, in His power divine,
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,
Expose the foulness of its sin,
And show the vileness of its worth.

Ah, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer Him should dare ;
Condemn'd and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before His bar.

There, must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace ;
With God, for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

And lo ! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crown'd :
In Him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In Him, thy righteousness be found !

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall :
 Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Eden, and off'rings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would His favours secure :
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are ?

Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star !

Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?

Traveller ! yes : it brings the day—
 Promised day of Israel !

Watchman ! tell us of the night ;

Higher yet that star ascends :

Traveller ! blessedness and light,

Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman ! will its beams alone

Gild the spot that gave them birth ?

Traveller ! ages are its own,

See ! it bursts o'er all the earth !

Watchman ! tell us of the night,

For the morning seems to dawn :

Traveller ! darkness takes its flight,

Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;

Hie thee to thy quiet home :

Traveller ! Lo ! the Prince of Peace,

Lo ! the Son of God is come !

ADVENT.

HAIL ! Thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set Thy people free ;
 From our sins and fears release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saint's Thou art ;
 Long desired of every nation,
 Joy of every waiting heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, yet God our King
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

CHRISTMAS.

HARK ! the herald-angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King ;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
 God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful, all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem !

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see :
 Hail th' incarnate Deity,
 Pleased, as man, with man to dwell ;
 Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Risen with healing in his wings,
 Light and life to all he brings ;
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !

Mild He lays His glory by
 Born that man no more may die
 Born to raise the sons of earth
 Born to give them second birth.

Sing we then, with angels sing :
 Glory to the new-born King !
 Glory in the highest heaven,
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven.

I HAVE a child, a beauteous child,
 His age I cannot tell
 For they reckon not by days or years
 Where he has gone to dwell.

HERE in this body pent
 Absent from heaven I roam
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust, to Thee,
 Lo we bow the adoring knee ;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;
 O, by all Thy pains and woe,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy birth and early years,
 By Thy human griefs and fears,
 By Thy fasting and distress,
 In the lonely wilderness,
 By Thy victory in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power ;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
 Hear our solemn litany.

By Thine hour of dark despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer,
 By Thy purple robe of scorn,
 By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
 By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
 By Thy perfect sacrifice ;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
 Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan,
 By the sealed sepulchral stone,
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
 By Thy power from death to save ;
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,
 To Thy throne in heaven restored,
 Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
 Hear our solemn litany.

ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one—
 When I am wholly Thine ;
 Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
 And let that will be mine.

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

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me ;
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

EASTER.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say :
 Raise your joys and triumphs high
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the victory won ;
 Jesus' agony is o'er,
 Darkness veils the earth no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
 Death in vain forbids him rise,
 Christ has opened paradise.

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Following our exalted Head ;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

YE FAITHFUL SOULS.

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

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

There your exalted Saviour see,
 Seated at God's right hand again,
 In all His Father's majesty,
 In everlasting power to reign.

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

PRAYER.

GO, when the morning shineth,
 Go, when the noon is bright,
 Go, when the eve declineth,
 Go, in the hush of night ;
 Go, with pure mind and feeling
 Cast every fear away,
 And in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee,
 Pray too for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be ;
 Then for thyself in meekness
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And link with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

But if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,—
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way ;
 E'en then the silent breathing,
 The spirit raised above,
 Will reach the throne of glory,
 Of mercy, truth and love.

THE HOUR OF NEED.

O Thou God ! who hearest prayer
Every hour, and every where,
Listen to my feeble breath
When I touch the gates of death.

For His sake, whose blood I plead,
Save me in the hour of need ;
Hear and save me, gracious Lord,
For my trust is in Thy word.

Wash me from the stain of sin,
That Thy peace may rule within ;
May I know myself Thy child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

O H, ask not thou how shall I bear
The burden of to-morrow ?
Sufficient for to-day its care,
Its evil and its sorrow ;
God imparteth by the way
Strength sufficient for the day.

SWEET SPIRIT COMFORT ME.

IN the hour of my distress,
 When temptations me oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit comfort me.

When I lie upon my bed,
 Sick in heart, and sick in head,
 And with doubts disquieted
 Sweet Spirit comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
 And the world is drown'd in sleep,
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep ;
 Sweet Spirit comfort me.

When, God knows, I'm tost about,
 Either with despair or doubt,
 Yet before the glass be out,
 Sweet Spirit comfort me.

When the judgment is reveal'd,
 And that open'd which was seal'd,
 When to Thee I have appeal'd,
 Sweet Spirit comfort me.

REPENTANCE.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light,
 Search, prove my heart ; it looks to Thee,
 O burst its bonds and set it free.

Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
 Bind my affections to the cross ;
 Hallow each thought, let all within
 Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

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

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee :
 O let Thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to Thy holy hill.

STAY THOU INSULTED SPIRIT.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done Thee such despite ;
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

Though I have most unfaithful been,
 And long in vain Thy grace received ;
 Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved ;

Yet, oh, the mourning sinner spare,
 In honour of my great High-Priest ;
 Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
 To exclude me from Thy people's rest.

My weary soul, O God, release ;
 Uphold me with Thy gracious hand ;
 Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

THE CONTRITE HEART.

THE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow :
 Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
 A contrite heart, or no ?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel ;
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
 To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclin'd
 To love Thee, if I could ;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more ;
 But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
 And love Thy house of prayer ;
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there

O make this heart rejoice or ache ;
 Decide this doubt for me ;
 And if it be not broken, break,
 And heal it, if it be.

FAITH.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word;
 What more can He say than to you He hath said,
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled :

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all Hell shall endeavour to shake,
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

ROCK OF AGES.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone ;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures us, "the Lord will provide."

When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
 He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried
 This heart-cheering promise, "the Lord will provide."

No strength of our own or goodness we claim;
 Yet, since we have known the Saviour's great name,
 In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power, "the Lord will provide."

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 This word of His grace shall comfort us through:
 No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting, "the Lord will provide."

CHRIST OUR REFUGE.

JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the waves of trouble roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my hope from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

RISE MY SOUL.

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

Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies ;
There, is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest in Heaven ;
There, will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As we journey let us sing ;
 Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

Banish'd once, by sin betrayed,
 Christ our Advocate was made ;
 Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
 Christ conducts us to our home.

Lord, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only Thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

GOD IS LOVE.

GOD is love : His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
 Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Death and change are busy ever,
 Man decays, and ages move ;
 But His mercy waneth never ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Even the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove ;
 From the mist His brightness streameth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Every where His glory shineth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

I WOULD LOVE THEE GOD AND FATHER.

I WOULD love Thee, God and Father !
 My Redeemer, and my King !

I would love Thee ; for without Thee,
 Life is but a bitter thing.

I would love Thee ; every blessing
 Flows to me from out Thy throne :
 I would love Thee—he who loves Thee
 Never feels himself alone.

I would love Thee ; look upon me,
 Ever guide me with Thine eye :
 I would love Thee ; if not nourished
 By Thy love, my soul would die.

I would love Thee ; may Thy brightness
 Dazzle my rejoicing eyes !

I would love Thee ; may Thy goodness
 Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

I would love Thee, I have vowed it ;
 On Thy love my heart is set :
 While I love Thee I will never
 My Redeemer's blood forget.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

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

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

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

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

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

Be my heart more warmly glowing ;
 Sweet and calm the tears I shed ;
 And its love, its ardor showing,
 Let my Spirit onward tread.
 Still near to Thee, and nearer still,
 Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

I will love, in joy and sorrow !
 Crowning joy ! will love Thee well,
 I will love to-day, to-morrow,
 While I in this body dwell !
 Oh ! I will love Thee, Light Divine,
 Till I die and find Thee mine !

I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED.

MY Saviour ! can it ever be,
 And wilt Thou deign to smile on me ?
 Yes ! Thou wilt own me on that day,—
 Thou wilt not cast my soul away ;
 I know in Whom I have believed ;
 I know by Whom I am received.

'Tis even so, my dying Lord !
 Cleansed by Thine all-atoning blood,
 I venture to believe, that day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 Will bring me bliss without alloy,
 And consummate and crown my joy.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be—
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might
With all His strength endued :
And take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God :

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

IN THE FIELD.

FIGHTING the battle of life !

With a weary heart and head,
For in the midst of the strife
The banners of joy are fled.

Fighting the whole day long—
With a very tired hand ;
With only my armour strong,
The shelter in which I stand.

There is nothing left of *me*
If all *my* strength were shewn,
So small the amount would be,
Its presence would scarcely be known.

Fighting alone to-night—
With not even a stander-by
To cheer me on in the fight,
Or to hear me when I cry.

Only the Lord can hear,
Only the Lord can see
The struggle within, how dark and drear
Though quiet the outside be.

Lord I would fain be still
And quiet behind my shield ;
But make me to love Thy will
For fear I should ever yield.

Nothing but perfect trust,
 And love of Thy perfect will,
 Can raise me out of the dust,
 And bid my fears be still.

Even as now my hands
 So doth my folded will
 Lie waiting Thy commands
 Without one anxious thrill.

Lord, fix my eyes upon Thee,
 And fill my heart with Thy love ;
 And keep my soul till the shadows flee,
 And the light breaks forth above.

THE baby wept ;
 The mother took it from the nurse's arms
 And soothed its grief, and stilled its vain alarms ;
 And baby slept.

Again it weeps ;
 And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
 From present pain and future unknown harms ;
 And baby sleeps.

FAINT NOT CHRISTIAN.

FAINT not, Christian ! though the road,
 Leading to thy blest abode
 Darksome be, and dangerous too :
 Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.

Faint not, Christian ! though in rage
 Satan would thy soul engage ;
 Gird on faith's anointed shield,—
 Bear it to the battle-field.

Faint not, Christian ! though the world
 Hath its hostile flag unfurled :
 Hold the cross of Jesus fast ;
 Thou shalt overcome at last.

Faint not, Christian ! though within
 There's a heart so prone to sin ;
 Christ, the Lord, is over all ;
 He'll not suffer thee to fall.

Faint not, Christian ! Jesus near
 Soon in glory will appear ;
 And His love will then bestow
 Power to conquer every foe.

Faint not, Christian ! look on high ;
 See the harpers in the sky :
 Patient wait, and thou wilt join—
 Chant with them of love divine.

PRESS FORWARD.

PRESS forward and fear not ; the billows may roll,
 But the power of Jesus their rage can control ;
 Though waves rise in anger, their tumults shall cease,
 One word of His bidding shall hush them to peace.

Press forward and fear not ; though trial be near,
 The Lord is our refuge—whom then shall we fear ?
 His staff is our comfort, our safe-guard His rod ;
 Then let us be steadfast and trust in our God.

Press forward and fear not ; be strong in the Lord,
 In the power of His promise, the truth of His word ;
 Through the sea and the desert our pathway may tend,
 But He who hath saved us will save to the end.

Press forward and fear not ; we'll speed on our way ;
 Why should we e'er shrink from our path in dismay ?
 We tread but the road which our Leader has trod ;
 Then let us press forward, and trust in our God.

ONWARD GO.

OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
 Onward, Christian, onward go !
 Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
 Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christian, onward go !
 Join the war and face the foe :
 Will you flee in danger's hour ?
 Know you not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping heart be glad ;
 March, in heavenly armour clad ;
 Fight ! nor think the battle long ;
 Soon shall vict'ry tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
 Soon shall every tear be dry :
 Let not fears your course impede ;
 Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move !
 More than conqu'ror you shall prove ;
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldier, onward go !

BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN.

BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest ;
 Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest ;
 Onward and onward still be thine endeavour ;
 The rest that remaineth, endureth forever.

Fight the fight, Christian ; Jesus is o'er thee ;
 Run the race, Christian ; heaven is before thee ;
 He who hath promised faltereth never ;
 Oh, trust in the Love that endureth forever.

Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth ;
 Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth :
 Nothing thy soul from the Saviour shall sever ;
 Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise Him forever.

BE *ready*—many fall around—
 Our loved ones disappear ;
 We know not when our call may come,
 Nor should we wait in fear :
If ready, we can calmly rest ;
Living or *dying*, we are blest !

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee ;
 Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days ?

Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let night disown each radiant star ;
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus ! O, as soon
 Let morning blush to own the sun ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend :
 No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus ! empty pride ;
 I'll boast a Saviour crucified ;
 And, O, may this my portion be
 My Saviour not ashamed of me !

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

Open now the crystal fountains
 Whence the living waters flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through.

Feed me with the heavenly manna
 In this barren wilderness ;
 Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
 Be the Lord my Righteousness.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.

FOLLOWING CHRIST'S EXAMPLE.

WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life.

O how benevolent and kind,
 How mild, how ready to forgive :
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.

To do His heavenly Father's will
 Was His employment and delight ;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through His life divinely bright.

Dispensing good where'er He came,
 The labours of His life were love,
 Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
 By His example let us move.

But, ah, how blind, how weak we are,
 How frail, how apt to turn aside ;
 Lord, we depend upon Thy care ;
 We ask Thy Spirit for our guide.

Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be ;
 Make us by Thy transforming grace,
 O Saviour, daily more like Thee.

NOT A STRANGER TO GOD.

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

Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And all my purest joys forego ?

Call me away from flesh and sense,
 Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me hence :
 I would obey the Voice Divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.

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

CROSSES are ladders to Heaven.

LET ME GO !

LET me go ! let me go ! for the day is breaking,
The skies have a streak of orient light ;
The shadow of darkness the earth is forsaking,
And the sunbeams are chasing the mists of the night !

Let me go ! let me go ! for I may not tarry,
Hinder me not ; for my home is there,
Where angels are waiting my spirit to carry,
And the pure, white raiment is ready to wear !

Let me go ! let me go ! for the purple dawning
Is mantling the dull, dark tomb of Time ;
And there stealeth the rays of a blissful morning,
That blushes and burns in a deathless clime !

“ I have done with sin, I have done with sorrow ;
I fly to the spotless realms of light,
Where the day that is breaking shall have no morrow,
And the sun that is rising, shall have no night ! ”

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,
 Temptation without, and corruption within :
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb ;
 Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom ;
 There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
 To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God ;
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

THE COVENANTER'S SCAFFOLD SONG.

SING with me ! sing with me !
 Weeping brethren sing with me !
 For now an open heaven I see,
 And a crown of glory laid for me.
 How my soul this earth despises !
 How my heart and spirit rises !
 Bounding from the flesh I sever ;
 World of sin, farewell for ever !

Sing with me ! sing with me !
 Friends in Jesus, sing with me !
 All my sufferings, all my woe,
 All my griefs I here forego.
 Farewell terrors, sighing, grieving,
 Praying, hearing, and believing ;
 Earthly trust and all its wrongings,
 Earthly love—and all its longings !

Sing with me ! sing with me !
 Blessed spirits sing with me !
 To the Lamb our song shall be,
 Through a glad eternity !
 Farewell earthly morn and even,
 Sun and moon, and stars of heaven ;
 Heavenly portals ope before me,
 Welcome, Christ, in all Thy glory !

HASTEN SINNER TO BE WISE.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Wisdom, if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.

Hasten, mercy to implore ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Lest thy season should be o'er,
 Ere this evening's stage be run.

Hasten, sinner, to return ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
 Ere salvation's work is done.

Hasten, sinner, to be blest ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.

SINNERS, TURN, WHY WILL YE DIE.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why :
 God who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live :
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of His own hands :
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross His love and die ?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why :
 He, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live.
 Will you let Him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why :
 He who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace His love.
 Will ye not His grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
 O, ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye for ever die ?

SAVE, LORD, OR WE PERISH.

WHEN thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,

When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker : " Save, Lord, or we perish."

O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair, from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, " Save, Lord, or we perish."

And O ! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy Spirit Thy ransom'd to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer ; " Save, Lord, or we perish."

GUIDE our bark among the waves ;
Through the rocks our passage smoothe ;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves,
Let Thy love its anger soothe ;
All our hope is placed in Thee ;
Miserere Domine !

HOLY COMMUNION.

MY God, and is Thy table spread,
 And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all Thy children led,
 And let them all Thy sweetness know.

Hail ! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of His flesh and blood :
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its bounties all in vain
 Before unwilling hearts display'd ?
 Was not for you the Victim slain ?
 Are you forbid the children's bread ?

O let Thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests :
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its holy pledges tastes.

Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
 In countless numbers let them come ;
 And gather from their Father's board,
 The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,
 Till through the world Thy truth has run ;
 Till with this bread all men be blest,
 Who see the light or feel the sun.

MORNING.

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

Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past ;
 Live this day, as if 'twere thy last ;
 To improve thy talents take due care ;
 'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
 Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part ;
 Who all night long unwearied sing,
 "Glory to Thee, Eternal King."

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;
 May your devotion me inspire ;
 That I like you my age may spend,
 Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
 Have all day long my God in sight ;
 Perform like you my Maker's will :
 Oh, may I never more do ill.

Glory to Thee, who safe has kept,
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept :
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first spring of thought and will,
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.

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

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, angelic host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HE who God's will has borne and done,
 And his own restless longings stilled ;
 What else he does or has foregone
 His mission he hath well fulfilled.

EVENING.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

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

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Triumphant rise at the last day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :
 Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
 To serve my God, when I awake.

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

O when shall I, in endless day,
 For ever chase dark sleep away,
 And hymns divine with angels sing,
 Glory to Thee, Eternal King.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

OUR hearts are fastened to the world
By strong and various ties ;
But every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

A LITTLE while, through grief and care,
Thy servants, Lord, their cross must bear ;
Still let this thought our hearts beguile,—
It is but for a *little while*.

EVENING.

SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away ;
 Free from care, from labour free,
 Lord, I would commune with Thee :

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

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

Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity ;
 Then, from Thine eternal Throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

EVENING.

INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
 Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
 My all to Thy covenant care,
 I, sleeping or waiting, resign.

If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
 The night is no darkness to me ;
 And, fast, as my minutes roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.

A sovereign Protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.

His smiles and His comforts abound,
 His grace, as the dew, shall descend,
 And walls of salvation surround
 The soul He delights to defend.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest. Eccles. ix. 10.”

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 “Life is but an empty dream,”
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
 And the grave is not its goal;
 “Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

Lives of good men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of Time:

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 Nor our onward course abate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

THOU art with me, O my Father,
 In the changing scenes of life,
 In loneliness of spirit,
 And in weariness of strife.

My sufferings, my comfortings,
 Alternate at Thy will ;
 I trust Thee, O my Father,
 I trust Thee, and am still.

SONGS OF PRAISE.

SONGS of praise the angels sang ;
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born ;
 Songs of praise arose, when He
 Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away ;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day :
 God will make new heavens and earth ;
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come ?
 No ; the Church delights to raise
 Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

GOD CALLING YET.

GOD calling yet!—shall I not hear?
 Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
 And still my soul in slumbers lie?

God calling yet!—shall I not rise?
 Can I His loving voice despise,
 And basely His kind care repay?
 He calls me still : can I delay?

God calling yet!—and shall He knock,
 And I my heart the closer lock?
 He still is waiting to receive,
 And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

God calling yet!—and shall I give
 No heed, but still in bondage live?
 I wait, but He does not forsake;
 He calls me still!—my heart, awake!

God calling yet!—I cannot stay;
 My heart I yield without delay:
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
 The voice of God hath reached my heart!

THIS IS NOT OUR REST.

“WE’VE no abiding city here :”
 This may distress the worldling’s mind ;
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

“We’ve no abiding city here :”
 Sad truth, were this to be our home ;
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 “We seek a city yet to come.”

“We’ve no abiding city here :”
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.

“We’ve no abiding city here :”
 We seek a city out of sight :
 Zion its name—the Lord is there,
 It shines with everlasting light.

Oh ! sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest !
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I’d fly to Thee, and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine ;
 The time my God appoints is best.
 While here, to do His will be mine ;
 And His to fix my time of rest.

PASSING AWAY.

IT is written on the rose,
 In its bright array ;
 Read then what those buds disclose—

“Passing away.”

It is written on the skies
 Of the soft blue summer day ;
 It is traced in sunset's dyes—

“Passing away.”

It is written on the trees,
 As their young leaves play,
 And on brighter things than these—

“Passing away.”

It is written on the heart ;
 Ah ! that even there Decay
 E'er should claim from Love a part—

“Passing away.”

Friends !—oh ! shall we meet
 Where the spoiler finds no prey ?
 Where all lovely things and sweet
 Pass not away ?

Oh ! if this, if this be so,
 Speed then, speed, the parting day !
 How blest from earth's vain show
 Thus to pass away.

SEEK THE NARROW GATE.

SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter ere it be too late :

Many ask to enter there
When too late to offer prayer.

God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies :
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, " I know you not."

Mournfully will they exclaim ;
" Lord, we have profess'd Thy name ;
We have ate with Thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in Thy word."

Vain, alas, will be their plea,
Worker's of iniquity ;
Sad their everlasting lot ;
Christ will say, " I know you not."

SOON AND FOREVER.

SOON, and forever,
 The breaking of day
 Shall drive all the night-clouds
 Of sorrow away.

Soon, and forever,
 We'll see as we're seen,
 And learn the deep meaning
 Of things that have been.

When fightings without us,
 And fears from within,
 Shall weary no more
 In the warfare of sin.

Where tears and where fears,
 And where death shall be—never.
 Christians with Christ shall be
 Soon, and forever.

Soon, and forever,
 The work shall be done,
 The warfare accomplished,
 The victory won.

Soon, and forever,
 The soldier lay down
 His sword for a harp,
 And his cross for a crown.

Then droop not in sorrow,
 Despond not in fear,
 A glorious to-morrow
 Is brightening and near ;

When,—blessed reward
 Of each faithful endeavour,—
 Christians with Christ shall be
 Soon, and forever.

WHATEVER passes as a cloud between
 The mental eye of faith and things unseen
 Causing that brighter world to disappear,
 Or seem less lovely, or its hope less dear :
 This is our world, *our idol*, though it bear
 Affection's impress, or devotion's air !

CHRIST IS COMING.

CHRIST is coming ! let creation
 Bid her groans and travail cease :
 Let the glorious proclamation
 Hope restore, and faith increase :—
 Maranatha !
 Come Thou blessed Prince of Peace !

Earth can now but tell the story
 Of Thy bitter cross and pain ;
 She shall yet behold Thy glory,
 When Thou comest back to reign :—
 Maranatha !
 Let each heart repeat the strain !

Though once cradled in a manger,
 Oft no pillow but the sod,
 Here an alien and a stranger,
 Mocked of men, disowned of God,—
 All creation
 Yet shall own Thy kingly rod.

Long Thy exiles have been pining,
 Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;
 But in heavenly vesture shining,
 Soon they shall Thy glory see :—
 Maranatha !
 Haste the joyous jubilee !

With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent-chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.—
Maranatha!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

(Maran atha—i. e. the Lord cometh.)

FAINT not Pilgrim ! one brief day
Hold on thy way ;
Let not things that perish all
Thy soul enthrall.
Short the present ; to thy home
Soon shalt thou come ;
With thy Father thou shalt find
All to thy mind.

JUDGMENT IS NEAR.

THE world is grown old, and her pleasures are past ;
 The world is grown old, and her form may not last ;
 The world is grown old, and trembles for fear,—
 For sorrows abound, and *judgment is near* !

The sun in the heavens is languid and pale,
 And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale,
 And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,—
 For the world is grown old, and JUDGMENT IS NEAR !

The king on his throne, the bride in her bower,
 The children of pleasure, all feel the sad hour ;
 The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer,—
 The world is grown old, and JUDGMENT IS NEAR !

“Behold I stand at the door and knock. Rev. iii. 20.”

AND, oh ! how often to that voice of sorrow,
 “To-morrow we will open,” I replied,
 And when the morrow came I answered still,
 “To-morrow.”

GREAT GOD WHAT DO I SEE AND HEAR.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created :

The Judge of man I see 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's 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, fill'd 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 man I see appear,

On clouds of glory seated :

Beneath His cross I view the day

When heaven and earth shall pass away,

And thus prepare to meet Him.

O THOU who mournest on thy way,
 With longings for the close of day,
 He walks with thee, that Saviour kind,
 And gently whispers, "Be resign'd ;
 Bear up—bear on—the end shall tell
 Thy Lord doth order all things well."

SUFFER not our feet to stumble,
 Suffer not our steps to slide,
 Keep us lowly, keep us humble,
 And be Thou Thyself our Guide.

DIES IRÆ.

From the Latin of Thomas de Celano, 13th cent.

DAY of anger, day of wonder,
 When the world shall roll asunder,
 Quenched in fire and smoke and thunder !

O vast terror, wild heart-rending
 Of that hour when earth is ending,
 And her jealous Judge descending ;

When the trumpet's voice astoundeth,
 Through earth's sepulchres reboundeth,
 Summons universal soundeth !

Death astonished, nature shaken,
 See all creatures, as they waken,
 To that dire tribunal taken.

Lo ! the Book, where all is hoarded
 Not a secret unrecorded :
 Every doom is thence awarded.

So the Judge, when He arraigneth,
 Every hidden thing explaineth :
 Nothing unavenged remaineth.

In that fiery revelation
 Where shall I make supplication,
 When the just hath scarce salvation ?

Fount of Love, dread King supernal,
 Freely giving life eternal,
 Save me from the pains infernal !

This forget not, sweet Life-giver,
 Me Thou camest to deliver :
 Cast me not away for ever !

Seeking me Thy sad life lasted,
 On the cross death's pains were tasted ;
 Let not toil like this be wasted !

God of righteous retribution,
 Grant my sins full absolution
 Ere Thy wrath's last execution !

Lo, I stand with face suffused,
 Groaning, in my guilt accusèd ;
 Spare my soul, with sorrow bruised !

By the Magdalene forgiven,
 By the dying robber shriven,
 I too cherish hope of heaven.

Though my prayers are full of failing
 Save me, of Thy grace availing,
 From the pit of endless wailing !

On Thy right a place provide me,
 With Thy chosen sheep beside me :
 From the goats, good Lord, divide me !

When to penal fire are driven
 Those who would not be forgiven,
 Call me with Thy saints to heaven !

Kneeling, crushed in heart, before Thee.
 Sad and suppliant I adore Thee :
 Hear me, save me, I implore Thee !

MY lifted eye, without one tear,
 The gathering storm shall see ;
 My trembling heart shall own no fear
 While it can trust in Thee.

NOW to Him, who loved us, gave us
 Every pledge that love could give,
 Freely shed His Blood to save us,
 Gave His life that we might live :
 Be the kingdom, and dominion,
 And the glory, evermore !

WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY.

WHO are these in bright array?
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar, night and day,
 Tuning their triumphant song?
 Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
 New dominion every hour.

These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great affliction came;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Seal'd with His eternal Name:
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might
 More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels their fears;
 And, for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears

THE DYING HOUR.

THE hour of my departure's come ;
 I hear the voice that calls me home ;
 Now, O my God, let troubles cease,
 And let Thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run ;
 The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
 And now my witness is on high,
 And now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence I trust ;
 I bow before Thee in the dust ;
 And through my Saviour's blood alone
 I look for mercy at Thy throne.

I leave the world without a tear,
 Save for the friends I hold so dear ;
 To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
 And to the friendless prove a friend.

I come, I come, at Thy command,
 I give my spirit to Thy hand,
 Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
 And shield me in the last alarms.

The hour of my departure's come,
 I hear the voice that calls me home ;
 Now, O my God, let troubles cease,
 Now let Thy servant die in peace.

IT IS TOLD ME I MUST DIE.

IT is told me I must die ;

O happy news !

Be glad, O my soul,

And rejoice in Jesus, thy Saviour.

If He intended thy perdition,

Would He have laid down His life for thee ?

Would He have called thee with so much love,

And illuminated thee with the light of the Spirit ?

Would He have given thee His cross,

And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience ?

It is told me I must die ;

O happy news !

Come on, my dearest soul ;

Behold thy Jesus calls thee !

He prayed for thee upon His cross ;

There He extended His arms to receive thee ;

There He bowed down His head to kiss thee ;

There He opened His heart to give thee entrance ;

There He gave up His life to purchase life for thee.

It is told me I must die ;

O what happiness !

I am going

To the place of my rest ;

To the land of the living ;

To the haven of security ;

To the kingdom of peace ;
 To the palace of my God ;
 To the nuptials of the Lamb ;
 To sit at the table of my King ;
 To feed on the bread of angels ;
 To see what no eye hath seen ;
 To hear what no ear hath heard ;
 To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O my Father !
 O Thou best of all Fathers,
 Have pity upon the most wretched of all Thy children !
 I was lost, but by Thy mercy found ;
 I was dead, but by Thy grace am now raised again ;
 I was gone astray after vanity,
 But I am now ready to appear before Thee.

O my Father !
 Come now in mercy and receive Thy child !
 Give him Thy kiss of peace ;
 Remit unto him all his sins ;
 Clothe him with Thy nuptial robe ;
 Permit him to have a place at Thy feast ;
 And forgive all those who are guilty of His death.

* * * Richard Langhorne, a lawyer, who wrote the above just before his death, was unjustly condemned and put to death as a traitor, in the reign of Charles II.

GOD, THE FATHER EVERLASTING.

BY ST. AUGUSTINE.

“Great art Thou, O Lord, and greatly to be praised; great is Thy power, and Thy wisdom infinite.” And Thee would man praise; man—but a particle of Thy creation; man—that bears about him his mortality, the witness of his sin, the witness that “Thou resistest the proud.” Yet would man praise Thee; he, but a particle of Thy creation. Thou awakest us to delight in Thy praise; for Thou madest us for Thyself, and our heart is restless, until it repose in Thee.

Behold, “heaven and earth, and all that therein is,” on every side they bid me love Thee, nor cease to say so unto all, that they may be without excuse.

But what do I love, when I love Thee?

I asked the earth, and it answered me, “I am not He;” and whatsoever are in it confessed the same. I asked the sea and the deeps, and the living creeping things, and they answered, “We are not thy God; seek above us.” I asked the moving air; and the whole air

with its inhabitants answered, "Anaximenes was deceived, I am not God." I asked the heavens, sun, moon, stars, "Nor (say they) are we the God whom thou seekest." And I replied unto all the things which encompass the door of my flesh, "Ye have told me of my God, that ye are not He; tell me something of Him." And they cried out with a loud voice, "He made us."

What art Thou, then, my God? what but the Lord God? For who is the Lord but the Lord? or who is God save our God?

I acknowledge Thee, Lord of heaven and earth; Thou Who for ever livest, and in Whom nothing dies. For before the foundation of the worlds, and before all that can be called "before," Thou art, and art God and Lord of all which Thou hast created. In Thee abide, fixed for ever, the first causes of all things unabiding; and of all things changeable, the springs abide in Thee unchangeable; and in Thee live the eternal reasons of all things unreasoning and temporal. Thou Thyself art supremely Essence and Life. "For Thou art most high, and art not changed, neither in Thee doth to-day come to a close;" for since "Thy years fail not, Thy years are one to-day." How many of ours and our fathers' years have flowed away through Thy "to-day," and from it received the measure and mould of such being as they had; and still others shall flow away, and so receive the mould of their degree of being. But

“Thou art still the same;” and all things of to-morrow and all beyond, and all of yesterday, and all behind it, Thou hast done to-day.

God—most highest, most good, most potent, most omnipotent; most merciful, yet most just; most hidden, yet most present; most beautiful, yet most strong; stable, yet incomprehensible; unchangeable, yet all-changing; never new, never old; all-renewing, and “bringing age upon the proud, and they know it not;” ever working, ever at rest; still gathering, yet nothing lacking; supporting, filling, and over-spreading; creating, nourishing, and maturing; seeking, yet having all things. Thou lovest, without passion; art jealous, without anxiety; repentest, yet grieveest not; art angry, yet serene; changest Thy works, Thy purpose unchanged; receivest again what Thou findest, yet never didst lose; never in need, yet rejoicing in gains; never covetous, yet exacting usury. Thou receivest over and above, that Thou mayest owe; and who hath aught that is not Thine? Thou payest debts, owing nothing; remittest debts, losing nothing. And what have I now said, my God, my Life, my Holy Joy, or what saith any man when he speaks of Thee? Yet woe to him that speaketh not, since mute are even the most eloquent!

Thou, fairest of all, Creator of all, Thou good God, God the sovereign good and our true good, Thou alone art God exalted over all.

Ambition, what seeks it, but honours and glory?

whereas, Thou alone art to be honoured above all, and glorious for evermore. The cruelty of the great would fain be feared ; but who is to be feared but God alone, out of Whose power what can be wrested or withdrawn ? when, or where, or whither, or by whom ? Curiosity makes semblance of a desire of knowledge ; whereas Thou supremely knowest all. Sloth would fain be at rest ; but what stable rest besides the Lord ? Luxury affects to be called plenty and abundance ; but Thou art the fulness and never-failing plenteousness of incorruptible pleasures. Prodigality presents a shadow of liberality ; but thou art the most overflowing Giver of all good. Covetousness would possess many things ; and Thou possessest all things. Envy disputes for excellency ; what more excellent than Thou ? Anger seeks revenge ; who revenges more justly than Thou ? Fear startles at things unwonted and sudden, which endanger things beloved ; and takes forethought for their safety ; but to Thee what unwonted or sudden, or who separateth from Thee what Thou lovest ? or where but with Thee is unshaken safety ? Grief pines away for things lost, the delight of its desires ; because it would have nothing taken from it, as nothing can from Thee.

Blessed then whoso loveth Thee, and his friend in Thee, and his enemy for Thee. For he alone loses none dear to him, to whom all are dear in Him Who cannot be lost. And who is this but our God, the “ God that made heaven and earth,” and “ filleth them,” because

by filling them He created them. Thee none loseth but whoso leaveth. And who leaveth Thee, whither goeth or whither fleeth he, but from Thee well-pleased to Thee displeased?

“Turn us, O God of Hosts; show us Thy Countenance, and we shall be whole.” For whithersoever the soul of man turns itself, unless towards Thee, it is riveted upon sorrows, yea, though it is riveted on things beautiful. They rise and set; and by rising, they begin as it were to be; they grow that they may be perfected: and perfected they wax old and wither; and all grow not old, but all wither. So then when they rise and tend to be, the more quickly they grow that they may be, so much the more they haste not to be. In these things is no place of repose; they abide not, they flee; and who can follow them with the senses of the flesh? For in the Word by which they are created they hear their decree, “hence and hitherto.”

Be not foolish, O my soul! nor become deaf in the ear of thine heart with the tumult of thy folly. Hearken thou too. The Word itself calleth thee to return; and there is the place of rest imperturbable, where love is not forsaken, if itself forsaketh not. Behold! these things pass away, that others may replace them, and so this lower universe be complete by all its parts. But do I depart any whither? saith the Word of God. There fix thy dwelling, trust there whatsoever thou hast therein.

If bodies please thee, praise God on occasion of them, and turn back thy love upon their Maker ; lest in those things which please thee, thou displease.

If souls please thee, be they loved in God : for they too are mutable, but in Him are they firmly established ; else would they pass, and pass away. In Him then be they beloved ; and carry unto Him along with thee what souls thou canst, and say to them, “ Him let us love, Him let us love : ” He made these, nor is He far off. For He did not make them, and so depart ; but they are of Him, and in Him.

Too late have I loved Thee, O Thou—Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new, too late have I loved Thee !

For when I shall with my whole self cleave to Thee, I shall nowhere have sorrow or labour ; and my life shall wholly live, as wholly full of Thee. But now, because I am not full of Thee, I am a burden to myself. Lamentable joys strive with joyous sorrows ; and on which side is the victory, I know not.

Is not the life of man upon earth all trial ? In adversity, I long for prosperity ; in prosperity, I fear adversity. What middle place is there betwixt these two, where “ the life of man is ” not “ all trial ? ”

Woe to the prosperities of the world, once and again, through fear of adversity and corruption of joy
Woe to the adversities of the world, once and again, and the third time, from the longing for prosperity, and because adversity itself is a hard thing, and lest it shat-

ter endurance. Is not the "life of man upon earth all trial," without any interval?

But O that I might repose on Thee! O that Thou wouldst enter into my heart, that I may forget my ills, and embrace Thee, my sole Good! For behold, Thou art there, in the heart of those that confess to Thee, and cast themselves upon Thee, and weep in Thy bosom, after all their rugged ways. Then dost Thou gently wipe away their tears, and they weep the more, and joy in weeping; even for that Thou, Lord, not man of flesh and blood, but Thou, Lord, who madest them, remakest and comfortest them.

Therefore suffer me to speak unto Thy mercy; me, "dust and ashes," suffer me to speak, since I speak to Thy mercy, and not to scornful man. Thou too perhaps despisest me, yet wilt Thou "return and have compassion on me." Accept the sacrifice of my confessions from the ministry of my tongue, which Thou hast formed and stirred up to confess unto Thy Name.

Narrow is the mansion of my soul; enlarge Thou it, that Thou mayest enter in. It is ruinous; repair Thou it. It has that within which must offend Thine Eye; I confess and know it. But who shall cleanse it, or to whom shall I cry, save unto Thee?

"Lord, cleanse me from my secret faults, and spare Thy servant from the power of the enemy." Heal Thou all my bones, and let them say, "O Lord, who is like unto Thee?" and let my soul praise Thee that it may

love Thee, and let it confess Thy own mercies to Thee
that it may praise Thee.

“ O Lord our God, under the shadow of Thy wings
let me hope ; protect me and carry me.”

SERVANT of God ! well done ;
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy !

POST SCRIPTUS.

Many of the preceding hymns are centoes, or at least variations from the originals. It is perhaps not generally known to what extent the alteration of hymns is carried. I have now before me ten copies of Wesley's sublime "Hark the herald angels sing," all of which vary more or less from the original.

The stamp on the front cover is a Greek monogram—

"CHRIST THE BEGINNING AND THE END,"

taken from the ruins of Hydra, the ancient Casa Nigra, in Africa.

On the back cover is a copy of the old sun dial of Lincoln's Inn, London, with its Latin motto—

"ON THIS MOMENT HANGS ETERNITY!"

B. H. D.

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TIME WAS, IS PAST ; THOU CAN'ST NOT IT RECALL :
TIME IS, THOU HAST ; IMPROVE THE PORTION SMALL :
TIME *FUTURE* IS NOT ; AND MAY NEVER BE :
TIME *PRESENT* IS THE ONLY TIME FOR THEE.

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