
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>

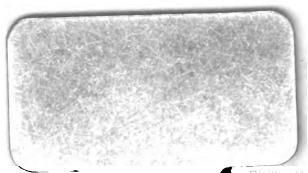


H Y M N S
FROM
THE LAND OF LUTHER

THIRD SERIES

147. d.

149.



H Y M N S

FROM THE

LAND OF LUTHER.

Translated from the German.

THIRD SERIES.

EDINBURGH :

W. P. KENNEDY, 15, ST ANDREW STREET.

GLASGOW : D. BRYCE. LONDON : HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.


DUBLIN : M'GLASHAN AND GILL.

147. cl. 149.



MURRAY AND GIBB, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

CONTENTS.



	Page
Joy in Believing,	5
Lowly,	8
The Christian Cross,	11
Song of the Sojourner,	13
The Christian Household,	16
The Two Journeys,	19
A Little While,	22
Shadow and Substance,	24
The Missionary on the Sea Shore,	26
Sabbath Morning Hymn,	28
Charity,	30
We Too are Thine,	32
Submission,	35

	Page
A Pastor's Parting Words,	39
Be Thou My Friend,	41
As Thou Wilt,	44
Sabbath Hymn,	47
What Pleases God,	49
At Last,	52
The Graveyard,	54
Funeral Hymn,	56
Ministering Angels,	58
The Midnight Cry,	60
For Ever with the Lord,	62

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

~~~~~  
THIRD SERIES.  
~~~~~

JOY IN BELIEVING.

"Ich glaube, Hallelujah!"

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—1 COR. v. 17.

HALLELUJAH ! I believe !

Now the giddy world stands fast,
Now my soul has found an anchor
Till the night of storm is past.
All the gloomy mists are rising,
And a clue is in my hand,
Through earth's labyrinth to guide me
To a bright and heavenly land.

Hallelujah ! I believe !

Sorrow's bitterness is o'er,
And affliction's heavy burden
Weighs my spirit down no more.
On the cross the mystic writing
Now revealed before me lies,
And I read the words of comfort,
" As a father, I chastise."

Hallelujah ! I believe !

Now no longer on my soul
All the debt of sin is lying,—
One great Friend has paid the whole !
Ice-bound fields of legal labour
I have left, with all their toil ;
While the fruits of love are growing
From a new and genial soil.

Hallelujah ! I believe !

Now life's mystery is gone,
Gladly through its fleeting shadows,
To the end I journey on.

Through the tempest, or the sunshine,
Over flowers or ruins led,
Still the path is *homeward* hasting,
Where all sorrow shall have fled.

Hallelujah ! I believe !
Now, O Love, I know thy power,
Thine no false or fragile fetters,
Not the rose-wreaths of an hour !
Christian bonds of holy union,
Death itself does not destroy ;
Yes, to live, and love for ever,
Is our heritage of joy !

MÖWES.

LOWLY.

“Hinab geht Christi Weg.”

“Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”—
MATT. v. 3.

CHRIST'S path was sad and lowly,
But yet thou, in thy pride,
Wouldst climb the highest summit,
And on the height abide!
Wouldst thou to heaven arise?
Thy Lord the way will show thee;
For who would climb these skies,
Must first with Him be lowly.

Lowly, my soul, be lowly,—
Follow the paths of old:
The feather riseth lightly,
But never so the gold!

The stream, descending fast,
Has gathered, quietly, slowly,—
A river rolls at last,—
Therefore, my soul, be lowly.

Lowly, my eyes, be lowly :
God, from His throne above,
Looks down upon the humble
In kindness and in love.
Still, as I rise, I shall
Have greater depths below me,
And haughty looks must fall,—
Therefore, mine eyes, be lowly.

Lowly, my hands, be lowly :
Christ's poor around us dwell,
Stoop down, and kindly cherish
The flock He loves so well.
Not toiling to secure
This world's fame and glory,—
Thy Saviour blessed the poor,
Therefore, my hands, be lowly.

Lowly, my heart, be lowly :
So God shall dwell with thee ;
It is the meek and patient
Who shall exalted be.
Deep in the valley rest
The Spirit's gifts most holy,
And they who seek are blest,—
Therefore, my heart, be lowly.

Lowly, I would be lowly !
This frame, to earth allied,
Must first to dust be humbled
Ere it be glorified !
My God, prepare me here
For all that lies before me ;
I would in heaven appear,
And so I would be lowly.

INGOLSTELLER.

THE CHRISTIAN CROSS.

“Der Christen Schmuck und Ordensband.”

“Then said Jesus unto His disciples, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.” — MATT. xvi. 24.

THE Christian's badge of honour here,
Has ever been the cross ;
And when its hidden joys appear,
He counts it gain, not loss.

He bears it meekly, as is best,
While struggling here with sin ;
He wears it not upon his breast,
Ah ! no, it is within.

And if it bring him pain or shame,
He takes it joyfully,
For well he knows from whom it came,
And what its end shall be.

Only a little while 'tis borne,
And as a pledge is given,
Of robes of triumph, to be worn
For evermore in heaven.

SPITTA.

SONG OF THE SOJOURNER.

“Ich bin ein Gast auf Erden.”

“I am a stranger with Thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.”—
PSALM xxxix. 12.

A PILGRIM and a stranger,
I journey here below ;
Far distant is my country,
The home to which I go.
Here I must toil and travel,
Oft weary and opprest,
But there my God shall lead me
To everlasting rest.

I've met with storms and danger,
Even from my early years,
With enemies and conflicts,
With fightings and with fears.
There's nothing here that tempts me
To wish a longer stay,
So I must hasten forwards,
No halting or delay.

It is a well-worn pathway,—
Many have gone before :
The holy saints and prophets,
The patriarchs of yore.
They trod the toilsome journey
In patience and in faith ;
And them I fain would follow,
Like them in life and death !

Who would share Abraham's blessing,
Must Abraham's path pursue,
A stranger and a pilgrim,
Like him, must journey through.
The foes must be encountered,
The dangers must be passed ;
Only a faithful soldier
Receives the crown at last.

So I must hasten forwards,—
Thank God, the end will come !
This land of my sojourning
Is not my destined home.

That evermore abideth,
Jerusalem above,
The everlasting city,
The land of light and love.

There still my thoughts are dwelling,
'Tis there I long to be!
Come, Lord, and call Thy servant
To blessedness with Thee!
Come, bid my toils be ended,
Let all my wanderings cease;
Call from the wayside lodging,
To the sweet home of peace!

There I shall dwell for ever,
No more a stranger guest,
With all Thy blood-bought children
In everlasting rest.
The pilgrim toils forgotten,
The pilgrim conflicts o'er,
All earthly griefs behind us,
Eternal joys before!

PAUL GERHARDT.

THE CHRISTIAN HOUSEHOLD.

“ O selig Haus, wo man dich aufgenommen.”

“ And they constrained him, saying, Abide with us.”—LUKE xxiv. 29.

Oh, happy house ! where Thou art loved the best,
Dear Friend and Saviour of our race,
Where never comes such welcom'd honour'd Guest,
Where none can ever fill Thy place ;
Where every heart goes forth to meet Thee,
Where every ear attends Thy word,
Where every lip with blessing greets Thee,
Where all are waiting on their Lord.

Oh, happy house ! where two are one in heart,
In faith and hope are one,
Whom death can only for a little part,
Not end the union here begun ;

Who share together one salvation,
Who would be with Thee, Lord, always,
In gladness, or in tribulation,
In happy or in evil days.

Oh, happy house ! whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in faith and prayer,—
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guards them with more than mother's care.
Oh, happy house ! where little voices
Their glad hosannahs love to raise,
And childhood's lisping tongue rejoices
To bring new songs of love and praise.

Oh, happy house ! and happy servitude !
Where all alike one Master own ;
Where daily duty, in Thy strength pursued,
Is never hard nor toilsome known ;
Where each one serves Thee, meek and lowly,
Whatever Thine appointment be,
Till common tasks seem great and holy,
When they are done as unto Thee.

Oh, happy house ! where Thou art not forgot
When joy is flowing full and free ;
Oh, happy house ! where every wound is brought,
Physician, Comforter, to Thee.
Until at last, earth's day's-work ended,
All meet Thee in that home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy heaven of glory and of love !

SPITTA.

THE TWO JOURNEYS.

“Wohin, wohin?”

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

“WHITHER, oh, whither?”—“With blindfolded eyes,
Down a wild torrent under stormy skies,
A gulf between two dark eternities,
Drifting, we know not where!”

“Whither, oh, whither?”—“To a land of light,
A home of loveliness serene and bright,
Joyfully hastening, with steady flight,
Our hearts before us there!”

“ Whither, oh, whither ? ” — “ Life’s short pleasures
past,
Hope’s funeral knell the sound on every blast,
Heaven’s entrance closed, to ruin hurried fast,
A leaf before the wind ! ”

“ Whither, oh, whither ? ” — “ Pilgrims near their
home,
No longer in a foreign land to roam ;
Bright and belov’d ones waiting till we come,
All sorrow left behind ! ”

“ Whither, oh, whither ? ” — “ Who the path can say
To where some star will lend a cheering ray ?
Or through earth’s labyrinth direct our way,
So wildly sought in vain ! ”

“ Whither, oh, whither ? ” — “ Christ the risen One,
Through life and death, hath now to glory gone,
He sends His messengers to lead us on,
The way is broad and plain ! ”

“Whither, oh, whither?”—“Terrible reply
From yon white throne of judgment in the sky :
‘Depart, accursed! from My presence fly
For ever’—awful word!”

“Whither, oh, whither?”—“Washed from earthly
stain,
No more to wander or to fall again ;
For ever with the Father to remain,
For ever with the Lord !”

MÖWES.

A LITTLE WHILE.

“ Ueber ein kleines!” so sprach Er in nächtlicher Stunde.

“ A little while, and ye shall not see Me : and again a little while, and ye shall see Me ; because I go to the Father.”—JOHN xvi. 16.

“ A LITTLE while !”—so spake our gracious Lord
 To the sad band around that sacred board,
 While His long-burdened heart
 Already felt the smart
 Of His own Father’s sin-avenging sword.

’Tis for thee also, weeping, weary one !
 Are not all things around thee hastening on ?
 Thy Father’s hand ordains
 All these, thy griefs and pains,—
 “ A little while !”—they too are past and gone.

Have all the lights of love quite died away ?
 Has thy last star withdrawn its cheering ray ?
 Till the long night wears past,
 Weeping and prayer must last ;
 But joy approaches with the dawning day.

Do friends misunderstand, or mock thy pain ?
Hast thou too fondly trusted, loved in vain ?
The Faithful One and True
Can blighted hopes renew,
And hearts long severed re-unite again.

“ A little while ! ”—the fetters clasp no more,
The spirit, long enthralled, is free to soar,
And takes its joyful flight,
On radiant wings of light,
To the blest mansions of the heavenly shore.

There end the longings of the weary breast,
The good sought after here is there possess ;
Ride o'er the stormy sea,
Poor bark ! soon shalt thou be
In the calm haven of eternal rest.

“ A little while ! ” look forward and hope on !
Soon shall the troubled dreams of night be gone.
The shadows pass away
Before the abiding day,
The Saviour comes, to claim and bless His own !
META HÄUSER.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

“Das Leben ist gleich einem Traum.”

“But the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the Gospel is preached unto you.”—1 PET. i. 25.

THIS life is like a flying dream,
Or like the vapour from the stream,
Or like the grass that grows to-day,
 But fades away,
When winds across it roughly play.

Only Thyself, my God, art now
Just as Thou wert,—my Refuge Thou,—
Though rock and mountain be destroyed,
 There is no void,
With Thy loved presence still enjoyed.

Thus sojourning in this low scene,
Upon my Saviour I would lean,
And learn, as moments quickly fly,
Self to deny,
Dead to the world, before I die.

Vain joys, away! yea, spread your wings!
For I have tasted better things.
I seek a portion all divine,
Ever to shine ;
Lord Jesus, make me wholly Thine.
JOACHIM NEANDER.

THE MISSIONARY ON THE SEA SHORE.

“Wie schänmt so feierlich su unsern Flüssen.”

“And a vision appeared to Paul in the night : There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us.”—ACTS xvi. 9.

DARK mighty Ocean, rolling to our feet !
In thy low murmur many voices meet,
The sounds of distant lands, brought strangely near
To Fancy's ear.

From shores unknown comes the sweet Sabbath bell,
New languages the old glad tidings tell,
We hear the hymn of praise,—the martyr's song,—
All borne along.

And starting at the summons, we obey,
And o'er thy waves prepare to find our way,
Leaving the ties of country and of home,
Ocean, we come !

Our chariot thou, to bear us to the lands
Where fields of promise wait our willing hands ;
Thou and ourselves are servants, to fulfil
Our Master's will !

And whether in thy depths we find a grave,
Or with our heart's-blood dye thy distant wave,
Or with glad hopes, upon thy billows borne,
Homewards return ;—

Whether to death or life our course leads on,—
The Master knows,—His holy will be done !
To life eternal, when all storms are past,
We come at last !

F. DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

SABBATH MORNING HYMN.

"Hallelujah! Schöner Morgen!"

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."—PSALM cxviii. 24.

HALLELUJAH! Fairest morning,
Fairer than my words can say,
Down I lay the heavy burden
Of life's toil and care to-day;
While this morn of joy and love
Brings fresh vigour from above.

Sun-day, full of holy glory!
Sweetest rest-day of the soul,
Light upon a darkened world
From thy blessed moments roll.
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm my grief away!

Now, I taste my Father's goodness,
Falling like the morning dew,
While of pastures even fairer
I would take a distant view;

Where my Shepherd's flock I see,
Where my dwelling soon shall be !

Oh, be silent, earthly turmoil,
I have work more sweet and blest,
And each thought would gather homeward
On this happy day of rest.
Thus with clearer faith to see
All my Lord has done for me.

In the gladness of His worship,
I will seek my joy to-day :
It is then I learn the fulness
Of the grace for which I pray ;
When the word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

Let the day's sweet hours be ended
Prayerfully, as they began ;
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done ;
That at last Thy servant may
Keep eternal Sabbath day.

SCHMOLK.

CHARITY.

“Christ! wenn die Armen manchesmal.”

“And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.”—*MATT. XXV. 40.*

AH, Christian! if the needy poor
Have e'er unheeded been,
Beware, lest at Thy closed door
The Saviour stood unseen.

Let heart and house be open thrown,
Thy gifts with others share;
Let holy charity be shown
To all who need thy care.

Then, while thy glance abroad is cast,
The Lord is by thy side;
For through the open door He pass'd,
Because it was so wide.

And ere thy beating heart can guess
Who entered by the door,
His gracious hands are raised to bless
Thy basket and thy store ;—

To bless thee all time's little day,
With His almighty love ;
To bless the long eternity
That waits for thee above,—

Where soon the pearly gates, which stand,
To all He'll open throw,
Who, for His sake, with willing hand,
Did minister below.

HEY.

WE TOO ARE THINE.

“Herr, unser Gott, mit ehrfurcht dienen.”

“The Lord reigneth ; let the earth rejoice.”—PSALM xcvi. 1.

LORD our God, in reverence lowly,
The hosts of heaven call Thee “holy.”
From cherubim and seraphim,
From angel phalanx, far extending,
In fuller tones is still ascending
The “holy, holy,” of their hymn.
The fount of joy Thou art,
Ever filling every heart,
Ever ! ever !

We too are Thine, and with them sing,
“Thou, Lord, and only Thou art King.”

Lord, there are bending now before Thee
The elders, with their crown'd glory,
The first-born of the blessed band.

There, too, earth's ransomed and forgiven,
Brought by the Saviour safe to heaven,
In glad unnumbered myriads stand.

Loud are the songs of praise
Their mingled voices raise,
Ever! ever!

We too are Thine, and with them sing,
"Thou, Lord, and only Thou art King."

They sing, in sweet, and sinless numbers,
The wondrous love that never slumbers,
And of the wisdom, power, and might,
The truth and faithfulness abiding,
And over all Thy works presiding.
But they can scarcely praise aright;

For all is never sung,
Even by seraph's tongue,
Never! never!

We too are Thine, and with them sing,
"Thou, Lord, and only Thou art King."

Oh! come, reveal Thyself more fully,
That we may learn to praise more truly;
Make every heart a temple true,

C

Filled with Thy glory overflowing,
More of Thy love each morning showing,
And waking praises loud and new,—

Here let Thy peace divine

Over Thy children shine,

Ever! ever!

And glad or sad, we joining sing,

“Thou, Lord, and only Thou art King.”

G. TERSTEEGEN.

SUBMISSION.

“Du sollst,” so sprach der Herr, “du sollst ermatten.”

“It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good.”—1 SAM. iii. 18.

THUS said the Lord—“Thy days of health are over !”
And, like the mist, my vigour fled away ;
Till but a feeble shadow was remaining,
A fragile form, fast hastening to decay.
The May of life, with all its blooming flowers,—
The joys of life, in colours bright arrayed,—
The hopes of life, in all their airy promise,—
I saw them in the distance slowly fade :
 Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,
 Then silent tears would overflow my eyes !
But a warm sunbeam, from a higher sphere,
Stole through the gloom, and dried up every tear.
Is this Thy will, good Lord ?—the strife is o’er,
 Thy servant weeps no more.

“Thy cherished flock thou mayest feed no longer!”—
Thus said the Lord, who gave them to my hand ;
Nor even was my sinking heart permitted
To ask the reason of the stern command.
The Shepherd’s rod had been so gladly carried,
The flock had followed long, and loved it well :
Alas! the hour was dark, the stroke was heavy,
When sudden from my nerveless grasp it fell.—
Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,
Then rushing tears would overflow my eyes!
But I beheld *Thee*, O my Lord and God,
Beneath the Cross, lay down the Shepherd’s rod ;—
Is this Thy will, good Lord ?—the strife is o’er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

“*Never again* thou mayest feed My people!”—
Thus said the Lord, with countenance severe ;
And bade me lay aside, at once, for ever,
The robes of office, honoured long and dear.
The sacred mantle from my shoulders falling,—
The sacred girdle loosening at His word,—
I could but think and say, while sadly gazing,
I *have been* once a pastor of the Lord !

Then groans of anguish in my soul would rise,
Then burning tears would overflow my eyes !—
But His own garment once was torn away,
To the rude soldiery a spoil and prey ;—
Is this Thy will, good Lord ?—the strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

“ From the calm port of safety rudely severed,
Through stormy waves thy shattered bark must go,
And dimly see, amid the darkness sinking,
Nothing but heaven above, and depths below !” —
Thus said the Lord,—and through a raging ocean
Of doubts and fears my spirit toiled in vain.
Ah ! many a dove went forth, of hope inquiring,
But none with olive leaf returned again !

Then groans of anguish in my soul would rise,
Then tears of bitterness o'erflowed my eyes !—
But through the gloom the promised light was given,
From the dark waves I *could* look up to heaven ;—
Is this Thy will, good Lord ?—the strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

“ Thou shalt find kindred hearts, in love united,
And with them in the wilderness rejoice.

Yet stand prepared, each gentle tie untwining,
To separate, at My commanding voice.”—
Thus said the Lord.—He gave, as He had promised,—
How many a loving heart has met my own !
But—ever must the tender bonds be broken,
And each go forwards, distant and alone !
 Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise,
 Then tears of anguish overflowed my eyes !—
But Thou hast known the bitter parting day,
From the beloved John hast turned away,—
Is this Thy will, good Lord ?—the strife is o’er,
 Thy servant weeps no more.

MÖWES.

These stanzas were written by the devoted pastor, Heinrich Möwes, in 1832, when obliged by illness to resign the ministerial office.

A PASTOR'S PARTING WORDS.

"Merkt Ihr's, Freunde! Mein Auge wird müde."

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

HEAR me, my friends! the hour has come,
Soon I must leave you, and hasten home;
Then, ere our Father shall call me to rest,
Hear my last wishes, my last request.

When my last moments on earth draw near,
When my own voice you no longer hear,
Then gather round me, and sing the song
We have sung together and loved so long.

Sing of His love, who has died to save,
Him who has entered and spoiled the grave;
Sing with glad accents and grateful heart,
Sing till my spirit in peace depart.

Fold my cold hands on my quiet breast,
Close my tired eyelids in gentle rest,
One farewell kiss of affection take,—
Leave me to slumber till Christ shall awake.

To our last dwelling-place bear me along
With sweetest music of chimes and song;
There let the evergreen branches wave,
And bright flowers blossom around my grave.

Though a long darkness has veiled my eyes,
Still let them look to the eastern skies;
There, where the Morning Star rose bright,
Jesus, the Sun of our darkest night.

Carve but these words on the simple stone,
*“ Living and dying, of Jesus alone
Ever he spoke to the Church beneath;
Sweet to him, therefore, was life and death.”*

When ye revisit the peaceful spot,
Come with soft tears and with tender thought;
Look up to heaven in hope and prayer,
Jesus again will unite us there!

MÖWES.

BE THOU MY FRIEND.

“ Sey du mein Freund, und schau in meine Brust.”

“ Henceforth, I call you not servants, but I have called you friends.”—
JOHN XV. 15.

BE Thou my Friend, and look upon my heart,
Lord Jesus, Son of man !
Each seed of good or ill that there has part
Do Thou in mercy scan.
The burning springs there lurking,
O Lord, Thou canst control,
And each wild passion, working
Within my sinful soul.

In mortal weakness, once was veiled Thy might,
Light of Eternal Day !
Before Thee lay temptation's dreary fight,
And yet,—Thou wentst that way !
And Thou couldst weep with sorrow,
Or share our bridal mirth,
And yet no tarnish borrow
From this polluted earth.

Beneath Thy feet the realms of earth were spread,
All bathed in golden gloss ;
One word had laid their crowns upon Thy head,
Yet,—Thou couldst choose the cross !
And from Thy throne descending,
Couldst take the pilgrim's path,
And with Thy hosts attending,
Couldst die a murderer's death !

How the world hated Thee, and vengeance
hurled
Against Thee,—great Unknown !
How Thou didst love this poor and blinded
world,
And bought her for Thine own !
Her arrows pierced through Thee,
From cruel, willing hands ;
Yet Thou wouldst draw her to Thee
With loving, gentle bands.

Thou hast returned, all pure and holy, home,
My Brother, and my Lord !
And when with trembling to Thy throne I come,
My Refuge is Thy word.

There, by Thine arm fast holding,
And hidden, by Thy grace,
Within Thy robe's deep folding,
Let me behold God's face.

Yes ! be my Friend, and look upon my heart,
On all that's hidden there ;
The deeper guilt that stings me with its dart,
The unknown sins I bear,
The passions that distress me,
Let Thy pure presence slay ;
The sorrows that oppress me
Before Thee flee away.

Oh, shine upon me with Thy holy light,
When gathering gloom I see,
And leave me not in tribulation's night,
But send sweet peace to me !
The chains of sin dissever,
Bind fancy's wildest play ;
Then, then, my Lord, for ever
Take grief and sin away !

LANGE.

AS THOU WILT.

“Wie Gott will! also will ich sagen.”

“The will of the Lord be done.”—ACTS XXI. 14.

As Thou wilt, my God! I ever say;
What Thou wilt is ever best for me;
What have I to do with earthly care,
Since to-morrow I may leave with Thee?
Lord, Thou knowest, I am not my own,
All my hope and help depend on Thee alone.

As Thou wilt! still I can believe;
Never did the word of promise fail.
Faith can hold it fast, and feel it sure,
Though temptations cloud and fears assail.
Why art Thou disquieted, O my soul?
When Thy Father knows, and rules the whole.

As Thou wilt ! still I can endure ;
 Patiently my daily cross can bear ;
Why should I complain, a pardoned child,
 If the children's portion here I share ?
As Thou wilt, my Father and my God !
I can drink the cup, and kiss the rod.

As Thou wilt ! still I can hope on.
 Sunshine may return when storms have past ;
Thine All-seeing Eye of sleepless love
 Watches o'er my path from first to last.
When Thou wilt, upon the desert plain
Springs may rise anew, and rivers flow again.

As Thou wilt ! all life's journey through,
 To Thy will my own I would resign ;
If on earth I have but little store,
 Be it so ! all heaven shall be mine ;
Or if but Thyself, my God, art given,
Nothing more I need, or ask in earth or heaven.

As Thou wilt ! when Thine hour has come,
 Let Thy servant, Lord, in peace depart ;

Good it is to love and serve Thee here,
Better to be with Thee where Thou art.
When, or where, or how the call may be,
It will not come too early, or too late for me.

As Thou wilt, O Lord ! I ask no more.
With the promise, Faith pursues her way ;
Patience can endure through sorrow's night,
Hope can look beyond, to heaven's own day,
Love can wait, and trust, and labour still ;—
Life and death shall be, according to Thy will !
NEUMEISTER.

SABBATH HYMN.

“Zeige Dich uns ohne Hülle.”

“I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.”—REV. i. 10.

LORD, remove the veil away,
Let us see Thyself to-day !
Thou who camest from on high,
For our sins to bleed and die,
Help us now to cast aside
All that would our hearts divide,
With the Father and the Son
Let Thy living Church be one.

Oh, from earthly cares set free,
Let us find our rest in Thee !
May our cares and conflicts cease
In the calm of Sabbath peace,

That Thy people, here below,
Something of the bliss may know,
Something of the rest and love
In the Sabbath-home above.

From beyond the grave's dark night
What mild radiance meets my sight ?
Softly stealing on the ear,
What strange music do I hear ?
'Tis the golden crowns on high,
'Tis the chorus of the sky !
Lord, Thy sinful child prepare
For a place and portion there.

Give my soul the spotless dress
Of Thy perfect righteousness ;
Then at length, a welcome guest,
I shall enter to the feast,
Take the harp, and raise the song,
All Thy ransomed ones among ;
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
Joys to last for evermore !

KLOPSTOCK.

WHAT PLEASURES GOD.

“ Was Gott gefällt, mein frommes Kind.”

“ Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did He in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places.”--PSALM CXXXV. 6.

WHAT God decrees, child of His love,
Take patiently, though it may prove
The storm that wrecks thy treasure here,
Be comforted ! thou needst not fear
What pleases God.

The wisest will is God's own will ;
Rest on this anchor, and be still ;
For peace around thy path shall flow,
When only wishing here below
What pleases God.

D

The truest heart is God's own heart,
Which bids thy grief and fear depart ;
Protecting, guiding, day and night,
The soul that welcomes here aright
What pleases God.

Oh ! could I sing, as I desire,
My grateful voice should never tire,
To tell the wondrous love and power,
Thus working out, from hour to hour,
What pleases God.

The King of Kings, He rules on earth,
He sends us sorrow here, or mirth,
He bears the ocean in His hand ;
And thus we meet, on sea or land,
What pleases God.

His Church on earth He dearly loves,
Although He oft its sin reproveth ;
The rod itself, His love can speak,
He smites till we return to seek
What pleases God.

Then let the crowd around thee seize
The joys that for a season please,
But willingly their paths forsake,
And for thy blessed portion take
What pleases God.

Art thou despised by all around ?
Do tribulations here abound ?
Jesus will give the victory,
Because His eye can see in thee
What pleases God.

Thy heritage is safe in heaven :
There, shall the crown of joy be given ;
There, shalt thou hear, and see, and know,
As thou couldst never here below,
What pleases God.

GERHARDT.

AT LAST.

"Zuletzt geht's wohl."

"For surely there is an end; and thine expectation shall not be cut off."

-- Prov. xxiii. 18.

At last all shall be well with those, His own,
Whom Christ from sin and Satan has made free;
At last shall come the year of jubilee,
The time of rest, when all their fears are flown.

At last shall come the glory and reward,
When we have stood the world's reproach and loss,
When faith and love have meekly borne the cross,
And the good servants are made like their Lord.

At last the soldier shall receive his crown,
Brought from the field, home to his fatherland;
For ever in a peaceful lot to stand,
His foes all vanquished, and his arms laid down.

At last the water shall be turned to wine,
And all the marriage guests, in bliss above,
The wonders trace of God's redeeming love,
His counsels all fulfilled, and plans divine.

At last, not yet, into the heavenly rest
The Lord shall lead His saints, and give them there,
Made like the angels, angel joys to share,
Ever with Him and with each other blest.

At last, not yet;—O weary heart, be still!
Trust to thy God, thy Saviour, and thy Friend,
Who chastens now, but loves unto the end.
So be it, Lord! good is Thy holy will.

C. A. BERNSTEIN.

THE GRAVEYARD.

“Ich weiss ein stilles, liebes Land.”

“Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him.”—**JER. xxii. 10.**

I KNOW a sweet and silent spot,
And gladly there I stay,
Though many near me heed it not,
Or wish it far away.

'Tis but a narrow strip of land,
Hedged in, and decked with flowers ;
Yet all around it tokens stand,
Of other world than ours.

These little mounds men scarcely see,
Nor dream of gold concealed ;
But they are precious mines to me,
Where treasures vast are sealed.

Here, as beside some boundary-stone,
The child of troubled time
Looks upward, where his friends are gone,
And seeks their brighter clime.

Here, I have gathered strength and light
For all my future way ;
Here, faith is nearly turned to sight,
And night almost to day.

And not afar, I see the day
Which daily draws more near,
When passing friends shall pause, and say,
“ Our brother’s grave is here ! ”

But I’ll have journeyed, glad and free,
Far from this silent spot,
While leaving to its sanctuary
What other’s hands have brought ;

And in my Father’s happy land
Have met my own once more,
Where we shall scarcely understand
Why we have wept before.

LANGE.

FUNERAL HYMN.

“Lebwohl! die Erde wartet dein.”

“Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.”—ECCLES. xii. 7.

BELOVED and honoured, fare thee well!
Go in thy last long home to dwell;
Softly our loving hands prepare
Thy narrow bed,—sleep softly there!

Love looks below, with weeping eyes,
Where her long-cherished treasure lies.
Our sweet companionship is o'er,
Our pilgrim friend returns no more!

Earth takes her own—this mortal frame;
Eternity her part shall claim;
And so we say, in humble trust,
The soul to God—the dust to dust.

Then, looking up through sorrow's night,
We trace the spirit's homeward flight ;
The Prince of Life has marked that road,
Through the dark valley, home to God.

Where once the Master lowly lay,
Let the tired servant rest to-day,
And in the Father's house above
For ever share his Master's love.

Thanks for thy joy, all danger past !
Thanks for our own good hope at last !
Weeping endureth for a night,
Joy cometh with the morning light.

Lord, will that morning soon appear ?
May our own summons now be near ?
Shall sorrow soon be past and gone ?
Thy will be done ! Thy will be done !

Only prepare us, all Thy will
Gladly to suffer, or fulfil ;
Then call us to Thy heavenly rest,
With Thee, and with our brother blest.

F. SACHSE.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

“Um die Erd' und um ihr Kinder.”

“Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”—HEB. I. 14.

ROUND this earth, and round her children,
Floats a spirit land unseen ;
When our earthly course is ended,
When the veil shall rise between,
When we cross this mortal threshold,
When we take our heavenward way,
Angel brothers shall uphold us—
Brothers of Eternity.

God's own children, pure and holy !
You the messengers He sends ;
'Tis an ever sweet remembrance,
That you are our guardian friends,—

That you watch our life-long journey,
That, unseen, you oft are near,
Holy thoughts and deeds to strengthen,
Or to dry the mourner's tear.

Who would not retreat in terror
From the evil yet undone ;
Who not turn with shame and mourning,
From the evil course begun ?
Who would ere be found forgetful
Of his calling and his vow,
If the thought had only risen,
"Angels are among us now ?"

Rise, my soul, in heart to meet them,
When this earth would chain thee fast ;
Rise among these free-born spirits,
When her coils are round thee cast.
Be courageous, 'tis thy journey
Out of darkness into light ;
God and angels are around thee,
Tremble not, but rise and fight.

SPERL.

THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

“Der Herr bricht ein, um Mitternacht.”

“And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.”—MARK XIII. 37.

THE Lord shall come in dead of night,
When all is stillness round ;
How happy they, whose lamps are bright,
Who hail the trumpet's sound !

How blind and dead the world appears !
How deep her slumbers are !
Still dreaming that the day she fears
Is distant and afar !

Who spends his day in holy toil ?
His talent used aright,
That he may haste, with heavenly spoil,
To meet his Lord that night ?

Are ye arousing from their sleep,
The saints who dare to rest,
And calling every one to keep
A watch more true and blest ?

Wake up, my heart and soul, anew,
Let sleep no moment claim ;
But hourly watch, as if ye knew
This night the Master came.

The Lord shall come in dead of night,
When all is stillness round ;
How happy they whose lamps are bright,
Who hail the trumpet's sound !

ZINZENDORF.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

“Wir werden bei dem Herrn seyn allezeit.”

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

O SWEET home echo on the pilgrim's way,
Thrice welcome message from a land of light !
As through a clouded sky the moonbeams stray,
So on Eternity's deep shrouded night
Streams a mild radiance, from that cheering word,
“So shall we be for ever with the Lord.”

At home with Jesus ! He who went before,
For His own people mansions to prepare ;
The soul's deep longings stilled, its conflicts o'er,
All rest and blessedness with Jesus there.—
What home like this can the wide earth afford ?
“So shall we be for ever with the Lord.”

With Him all gathered ! to that blessed home,
Through all its windings, still the pathway
tends;

While ever and anon bright glimpses come
Of that fair city where the journey ends.
Where all of bliss is centred in one word,
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

Here, kindred hearts are severed far and wide,
By many a weary mile of land and sea,
Or life's all-varied cares, and paths divide ;—
But yet a joyful gathering shall be,
The broken links repaired, the lost restored,
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

And is there *ever* perfect union here ?
Ah ! daily sins, lamented and confest,
They come between us and the friends most
dear,
They mar our blessedness and break our rest.
With life we leave the evils long deplored !
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

All prone to error—none set wholly free
From the old serpent's soul-ensnaring chain,
The truths one child of God can clearly see,
He seeks to make his brother feel in vain ;
But all shall harmonize in heaven's full chord,
" So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

O blessed promise, mercifully given,
Well may it hush the wail of earthly woe ;
O'er the dark passage to the gates of heaven
The light of hope and resurrection throw !
Thanks for the blessed, life-inspiring word,
" So shall we be for ever with the Lord !"

META HÄUSER.

