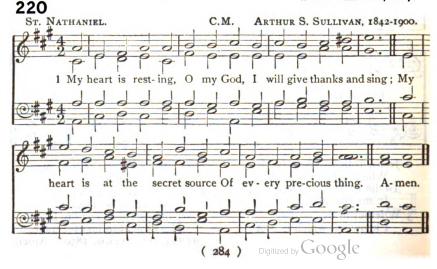


- 2 Let Thy love my heart inflame; Keep Thy fear before my sight; Be Thy praise my highest aim; Be Thy smile my chief delight.
- 3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
  Freely from Thy fullness give;
  Till I close my earthly race,
  May I prove it "Christ to
  live."
- 4 Firmly trusting in Thy blood, Nothing shall my heart confound;
  - Safely I shall pass the flood, Safely reach Emmanuel's ground.
- 5 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
  To the land of cloudless sky;
  Having known it "Christ to live,"
  Let me know it "gain to die."
  Amen.

RALPH WARDLAW, 1817.



## Sundays after Trinity.

2 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,

No hand but Thine shall fill; The waters of the earth have failed.

And I am thirsty still.

- I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
   And here all day they rise;
   I seek the treasure of Thy love,
   And close at hand it lies.
- 4 And a new song is in my mouth,
  To long-loved music set;
  Glory to Thee for all the grace
  I have not tasted yet.

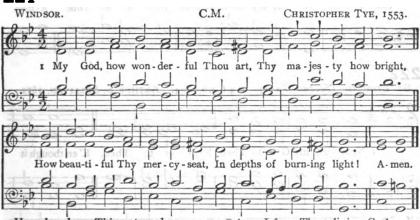
- 5 I have a heritage of joy,
  That yet I must not see;
  The hand that bled to make it mine
  Is keeping it for me.
- 6 There is a certainty of love
   That sets my heart at rest;
   A calm assurance for to-day,
   That to be poor is best;
- 7 A prayer, reposing on His truth, Who hath made all things mine, That draws my captive will to Him,

And makes it one with Thine.

Amen.

ANNA L. WARING, 1849.





2 How dread are Thine eternal years, O everlasting Lord;

By prostrate spirits day and night Incessantly adored!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful, The sight of Thee must be, Thine endless wisdom, boundless power, And awful purity!

4 O how I fear Thee, living God, With deepest, tenderest fears, And worship Thee with trembling hope, And penitential tears!

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord, Almighty as Thou art,

For Thou hast stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart. Amen. FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849.

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