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# THE GOLDEN CENSER:

THOUGHTS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

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BY

JOHN S. HART, LL.D.

The CENSER before the Golden altar is filled with odours [incense], which are the prayers of the saints.—REV. v. 8 ; viii. 3.



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## PREFACE.

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No part of Scripture bears more strongly the marks of its divine origin than those few brief sentences, which form what is called THE LORD'S PRAYER. I can hardly understand how a man of cultivated intellect, accustomed to analyze thought and language, can spend an hour in sober meditation upon this wonderful summary, without the conviction that no mere human teacher originated it. Had it been authenticated, as the Ten Commandments were, by the actual autograph of Jehovah, the evidence of its superhuman origin could hardly have been greater. Its petitions are so simple and direct, that children of very tender age understand and appreciate them, yet so comprehensive and far-reaching, in the generalizations which manifestly underlie them, that the profoundest theologians have failed to exhaust their meaning. The Lord's Prayer is, to my mind, a sort of standing miracle,—a self-evidencing revelation of the divine intelligence.

I have attempted, in this little volume, to give utterance to some of the thoughts which meditation upon the Lord's Prayer has awakened in my own mind. The thoughts are simply such as spring from a consideration of the words in their plain obvious meaning. If the thoughts thus suggested shall aid even one disciple in getting a better understanding and appreciation of this precious portion of Holy Writ, or shall tend even in the smallest degree to a more reverent and profitable use of it in public and private devotions, the writer will feel that his labour has not been in vain.

# THE GOLDEN CENSER.

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## I.

### OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

THERE are some striking points of likeness between the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. This is particularly true of the general structure of these two compositions. As the first table of the law relates to our duty to God, so the first petitions, in the prayer which Christ taught his disciples, relate, not to our wants, but to God's kingdom and glory. I do not propose to follow out this thought into the details



of the several commands and petitions. Any one who will do so, however, will find it a curious and profitable inquiry. What I have to say at present on this point, relates to those few words only which form the introduction to the Lord's Prayer.

The preface to the Ten Commandments teaches us, who it is that we are to obey. So the preface to the Lord's Prayer teaches us, who it is that we are to pray to. It is the same God in both cases. But in the one case we have before us his claims as a Law-giver, in the other his claims as a Prayer-hearer. The Command confronts us with our Sovereign, the Prayer with our Father. In the one case we appear as subjects, in the other as children. At the foot of Sinai, the behest comes from the

“Lord, thy God, who has brought thee out of the land of Egypt.” It is as if he had said, “I, who am about to impose this law, am JEHOVAH, thy deliverer; therefore, give heed to what I say.” His supreme Godhead, his infinite benefits and protecting care, are assigned as reasons why he may lay upon us absolute commands, and challenge from us perfect obedience. But what reason can be given why we should pray to him? What encouragement have we that he will hear us? As the sum of all the reasons for obedience is contained in that brief formula by which God introduces his commands at Sinai, so these few words, “Our Father which art in heaven,” contain, in germ, all that can be said in favour of prayer.

When Jesus taught his disciples how

to pray, the very first word which he put into their mouth, was the revelation of a great and precious truth. The God we worship is no cheerless abstraction, no impersonal something, standing aloof in unapproachable distance from his creatures, no inexorable avenging destiny, no Moloch, or Juggernaut, but a FATHER. How precious to the child of God is the word thus put into his mouth! Who has a strong arm to protect, who has a heart of tenderness to forgive, who is full of solicitude to provide, who has wisdom to guide, who is patient with weakness, who can interpose authority without terrifying, if not a father? *Dear name!* If the Christian really believes that God is his Father, what further need has he of argument for the duty or the privilege of prayer?

Blessed be God, the doctrines needful for our daily wants are not left to be established by the niceties of logic. Our Saviour was too wise a teacher for that. Such doctrines are conveyed in forms of words, or in significant facts and ceremonies, (like the Crucifixion and the Lord's Supper,) that come home to the common apprehension and consciousness of all mankind. Who can estimate the amount of true knowledge of God that is spread through Christian lands from age to age, by the simple fact that hundreds of millions of human lips every evening and morning lisp the words, "*Our Father?*" This idea of God is not the offspring of reason. Human reason does not teach it. It is a distinguishing doctrine of revelation. It is indeed a wonderful stretch of

knowledge, to know that the infinite, unsearchable God has qualities that may be truly represented to us by the idea of a father. This knowledge, like the light or the air, is so common that we do not always appreciate its extent or its value. Could we be suddenly removed to some region devoid spiritually of air and light,—some region blackened by idolatry, or exhausted by the cold blankness of atheism,—could we mingle, for the first time, among a people where either God was not known at all, or known only as the heathen or the philosopher knows him, how delightful would be the return to the warm, clear atmosphere where, from infancy to old age, every one knows God as a Father! The child on its mother's lap learns thus much. The

sage at threescore and ten knows little more.

The argument for prayer in this wonderful preface is cumulative. Our Saviour himself expressly so teaches. "If," says he, "ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, *how much more* shall your Father which is in heaven?" By how much more God is greater than man, by so much the more is he a being suited to inspire in the believer the mingled affection and reverence of a child for a parent. We are taught, therefore, not only to say "Our Father," but with special and tender emphasis to add, "Our Father *which art in heaven.*" It is an argument *a fortiori*, and an argument addressed directly to the common understanding. If an *earthly* father hears us when we

cry to him, much more our *heavenly* Father!

Nor is the pronoun which is here used, without its lesson to us. We are taught to say, "*Our* Father." "Father *of us*," it is in the original. The Christian is thus reminded that he is a member of a family. He has not only a father to go to, but he has brethren, and his brethren should not be forgotten when he goes to make known his requests. He should pray for others as well as for himself. He goes with common wants to the throne of grace. Moreover, when we say "our," and "us," as we are here taught to do, it implies that we do not come alone. It is the language of social prayer. One is speaking for several, or several are speaking together. We are instructed,

then, to pray *with* others, and to pray *for* others, every time we say "Our Father."

How well he knew our wants, who taught us to say, when we pray, OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN!

---

MY FATHER GOD.

MY FATHER God! how sweet the sound!

How tender and how dear!

Not all the melody of heaven

Could so delight the ear.

MY FATHER! O permit my heart

To plead her humble claim,

And ask the bliss those words impart

In my Redeemer's name.

Thanks to my God for every gift

His bounteous hands bestow,

And thanks eternal for that love

Whence all those blessings flow.



## II.

### HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

How different is the estimate which God places upon certain sins from that which man places upon them! No instance of this, perhaps, is more marked than that of profanity. It is difficult to make a worldly man feel that there is anything seriously wrong in taking God's name in vain. In regard to other sins, such a man is sensitive enough. Circulate a report of him that he steals, for instance, or that he lies. How soon his blood is up! He is ready to prosecute you for slander. He may even make a personal assault upon you. But report of him that he

swears in conversation. What is the measure of his resentment? He may think you officious, perhaps, in meddling with his personal habits at all, as he would if you were to report of him that he was not cleanly, or that he halted in his gait, or that he was awkward, or not good looking. But as to being seriously angry at such a charge, he would think it absurd. Men of the world sometimes, indeed, consider profanity vulgar. They condemn it, as they would condemn bad grammar. It is merely something showing want of taste, or want of cultivation. But that is about the extent of their convictions on the subject.

How differently is this matter regarded in the Scripture! Among the first commands of the decalogue, is an

express prohibition against profaning God's name. So also the very first petition, which Christ puts into the mouth of his disciples, is a prayer that God's name may be hallowed. Before we pray for daily food, before we pray for the pardon of our sins, before we are commanded to honour our father and mother, before we are forbidden to kill, or lie, or steal, we are enjoined to be solicitous for the honour of God's holy name. Surely, then, this matter cannot be of that secondary importance which worldly men imagine it to be.

This judgment of the world, respecting the light and irreverent use of God's name, is the more remarkable from the fact that these same men are so keen to resent any slight put upon their own name, or upon the name of

any one dear to them. Such a man will visit with the sharpest vengeance any one who shall asperse the name of a member of his family,—his wife, his mother, his child, or his friend, or even of himself. Yet he will, with the coolest unconcern, degrade to the most common and vulgar uses that name, the dearest of all names in heaven or earth to the Christian.

There is profound wisdom in the care with which, in the Scriptures, the name of God is hedged in from profanation. The fear of God is the foundation of all religion. Nothing more effectually impairs that fear than a habit of speaking of God lightly. Nothing, on the other hand, helps more directly to promote reverence for the divine being than a grave and affec-

tionate tenderness in our manner of pronouncing his name. The manner, indeed, in which we speak of any object has a wonderful reflex influence on our own minds. How is the mother's heart drawn forth into still warmer love for her child, by that infinite tenderness of loving epithets with which she at once feeds and gratifies her affection! So, on the other hand, if we habitually apply to any one an epithet of reproach, we thereby strengthen within ourselves whatever feeling of contempt we have for him. This is a law of our nature. Thought and language act and react upon each other. As out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, so also what the mouth speaks, reacts upon the heart. The language of scorn stimu-

lates the feeling of scorn. Terms of contempt, even when spoken thoughtlessly, and through imitation of others, produce unconsciously a feeling of contempt in the mind of him who speaks them. If a boy all day long hears his father's name used in a slighting manner, and if, through want of filial feeling, or through sheer carelessness, he himself falls into the habit of speaking in the same manner, what little feeling of reverence for his father he may have had, will soon be broken down.

If, then, we would ourselves truly fear God, let us learn to speak his venerable name with becoming reverence. If we desire godliness to prevail upon the earth, let it be our first prayer that men may learn to hallow God's name. We are to pray for this even before we

pray for the coming of his kingdom. Until, indeed, God's name is duly hallowed, his kingdom cannot come. Hallowing God's name is the indispensable preliminary, the very first step in the path of godliness. It is the advanced outpost by which the entire citadel is guarded.

One of the most common modes in which God's name is profaned is in prayer itself. The assertion may sound strange. But, alas! the charge is true. It is indeed most painful to the devout heart to listen to the prayers of some people. The great God is addressed by them in a tone of flippant familiarity that is most shocking. Such persons string together names and epithets of God in rapid, unmeaning utterance, or they intersperse his name in the midst

of their petitions, at the end of every second or third clause, and obviously without aim or purpose, very much as the profane swearer uses that holy name in conversation, as if for the mere lack of other words to fill out the sentence. If such a prayer were written down exactly as it is uttered, the name of God would occupy about the same place in it, that the unmeaning words "you know" occupy in conversation. It is merely a convenient phrase thrown in to help the speaker out while waiting for another word. Such prayers would be grotesque, if they were not impious. Nor is faultiness in this matter confined to the prayers of ignorant persons, or of laymen. Some clergymen in the pulpit sin grievously in this matter. I have heard ministers, when addressing God



in public prayer, rush on in a stream of words, as if striving by mere volubility of utterance to work themselves up to the proper pitch of devotional feeling.

The sacred name is sometimes repeated in prayer with too great frequency. In praying we are of course addressing the Most High all the time. But it is not necessary to call out his name at the beginning of every sentence. If we do so, we certainly take his name in vain. We betray a painful lack of reverence for the Holy One whom we are addressing. If we had any adequate conception of his august character, it would not be possible to speak to him thus. Let us remember, that in the divine model, he is invoked by name but once, and then only by a softened and endearing appellation.

Some persons, in addressing their Maker in prayer, not only call out his name with painful and irreverent frequency, but they select for the purpose those very titles of the divine being which, in the Scriptures, seem to have been reserved for only the most solemn occasions, and which express the awful, incommunicable attributes of the Godhead. A word, at the bare mention of which the universe might well bow in hushed and adoring reverence, is iterated and reiterated upon the ear, until the pious heart is almost ready to cry out in anguish. The profanity is aggravated by the very tone of voice of the speaker. That name, at the utterance of which, if the heart be rightly tuned, the voice will subside by very instinct into tenderness and awe, is

jerked out with a sharp, violent, almost spiteful emphasis. It is made to ring in the ears till they fairly tingle with the sound. Surely, if a sharp and noisy utterance be needed at any time, it is not when we take upon our lips the name of the Most High.

It is to be feared, indeed, that few of us pay sufficient attention to the mere tone of the voice, whenever, in prayer or in conversation, we have occasion to speak the name of our heavenly Father. There is with some persons an affected drawl, a pious cant, quite the opposite of the evil just named, and quite as offensive. I am not advocating any such tone of the voice as that. It is as unsuited for solemn prayer as it is for common conversation. The best means for attaining propriety in

this whole matter is to cultivate in the heart a spirit of humble, devout, affectionate reverence. It is the heart that gives tone to the voice. If the heart be habitually penetrated with a proper sense of the divine majesty, the voice will, of its own accord, become simple and subdued, whenever that hallowed name is summoned to the lips.

Let us not, then, think lightly of this first of all the petitions. It is no unmeaning formula. We therein ask for an entire revolution in the opinions and practice of worldly men in regard to a matter of hourly occurrence. We ask for a great reform in the practice of even good men. We ask for a thing, the accomplishment of which lies at the foundation of all religion.

Let us strive, too, by example, in

our humble way, to help forward what we ask for. In our conversation, in our acts of worship, in the very tones of our voice, imitating the reverent tenderness with which we may imagine our Lord himself to have “lifted up his eyes to heaven, saying, ‘Father’”—with longing desire, as for an object on which the heart is set and cannot take denial—from lips whose subdued utterance of the sacred theme is itself in part an answer and fulfilment of their own request—let the petition daily rise,  
**HALLOWED BE THY NAME!**

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HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

All glory to thy holy name,  
 My Father and my Lord;  
 Always and evermore the same,  
 The one, unchanged, eternal name  
 For ever be adored.

All glory to the blessed name  
 By which alone I live !  
 JEHOVAH, JAH, the great I AM,  
 The heavenly hosts thy praise proclaim,  
 And mortals glory give.

Holy and reverend, Father, King,  
 Creator, God, art thou.  
 With joyful lips thy praise I sing ;  
 My willing heart to thee I bring ;  
 Before thy throne I bow.

Name me, my Father God, thine own,  
 Here, and in heaven above ;  
 There, at thy feet, I'll lay me down,  
 Before thee cast my golden crown,  
 And ever praise thy love.

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

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H A L L O W E D B E T H Y N A M E .

O holy prayer ! too deep, too pure  
 For lips unsanctified ;  
 O full petition ! all too broad  
 For man's self-righteous pride ;

Too high, too near the throne of God  
For grovelling worms to reach ;  
*Thou God* alone, our sinful lips  
Its utterance canst teach !

Thou art the just and jealous God,  
Thy truth for aye remains ;  
Thou wilt not hold him guiltless, Lord,  
Who thy great Name profanes ;  
Too oft we mock thee in our prayers  
With repetition vain ;  
Set thou a watch before our lips,  
Each wandering thought restrain !

Our graceless prayer falls drearily  
Upon the sterile ground ;  
And listless hang our empty hands  
By unseen fetters bound ;  
Our lifeless souls can never rise  
Above the mists of earth,—  
Faith folds her wing—love languishes,  
Forgetful of her birth !

Great Spirit ! change these rebel hearts,  
Wash out each crimson stain ;

Purge them with hyssop, Lord, that so  
They may be white again.  
O deign these stammering, untaught lips  
To sanctify anew,  
Teach thou our chastened hearts, dear Lord,  
To suffer and to do !

O teach us, in th' Eternal Ear,  
With penitential love,  
To breathe the One prevailing Name,  
All other names above ;  
Like precious ointment poured forth  
That Name shall calm the breast,—  
So rich, so full to satisfy  
The soul that longs for rest !

O sacred, thrice-exalted Name,  
We worship and adore ;  
Help us in spirit and in truth  
To praise Thee evermore ;  
O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Thy love we will proclaim,  
Till earth and heaven shall join to say  
All hallowed be thy Name !

MYRA.



## JESU DULCIS MEMORIA.

*A translation of an old Latin Hymn, by St. Bernard, 1153.*

JESU ! the very thought is sweet,  
In that dear name all heart-joys meet ;  
But sweeter than the honey far,  
The glimpses of his presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this,  
No name is heard more full of bliss,  
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh  
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

No tongue of mortal can express,  
No letters write its blessedness ;  
Alone, who hath thee in his heart,  
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art !

Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn !  
How good to them for sin that mourn !  
To them that seek thee, oh, how kind !  
But what art thou to them that find ?

O Jesu, King of wondrous might !  
O Victor, glorious from the fight !  
Sweetness that may not be expressed,  
And altogether loveliest !

### III.

#### THY KINGDOM COME.

THE chief duty of man is to glorify God. How hard it is truly and fully to accept this saying! Yet our Lord as clearly teaches it in his Prayer, as he taught it in the Commandments on Mount Sinai. The burden of this incomparable prayer is, not the wants of man, but the glory of God. As the first table of the Law enjoins our duties to God, so in the Lord's Prayer, we first seek that God's name may be hallowed, that his kingdom may come, that his will may be done. After we have prayed for these things, we may pray for daily food, for pardon, and for

other blessings, temporal and spiritual. But first of all, we are taught to be solicitous for the honour of the divine Majesty, that the true God may be worshipped, that he may be worshipped in a right manner, that he may be worshipped by all men.

This order of the petitions we cannot suppose to be accidental. It has a meaning. It was not without some wise purpose that Christ thus arranged that precious form of words which was to be in all time the one divine formula most familiar to human lips. Unnumbered millions, thus, from age to age, unconsciously, just as they receive the light or the air, take in, day by day, the momentous truth, that there are higher interests than those visible, temporal concerns which so press upon

them. This truth, thus received, is a perpetual breakwater upon the great ocean-tide of worldliness and selfishness that threatens to sweep away from human hearts all thoughts of God and a better world.

What is it that we pray for when we ask for the coming of God's kingdom? A mere allusion to some of the great facts of the case will suggest the answer. The human race is in a state of revolt. Of the one thousand millions who are supposed to inhabit the globe, at least eight hundred millions make no profession to love or serve the true God, but live in open violation of his ordinances. Of the small fraction of the race that is nominally Christian, a large majority have no more practical fear of God in their hearts, than the

heathen have. Now, God's kingdom exists in any heart, when that heart becomes, in all its powers, affections, and desires, subject to him. God's kingdom will have fully come in the earth when every human heart shall thus acknowledge and obey him as the supreme and rightful ruler.

But another kingdom has been set up in the world, in opposition to that of Christ. Satan, the prince of this world, has a rival interest here. Under his influence, men worship false gods. Gigantic systems of superstition, hoary with age, securely entrenched behind social customs and interests and the dearest domestic ties, and rigid with the iron barriers of caste, stand boldly opposed to all true religious worship throughout the greatest part

of the globe. Besides this, in Christian, no less than in heathen lands, the natural heart of man is at enmity with God. Man, by nature, everywhere desires and does what God forbids.

Here, then, is what we pray for when we say, "Thy kingdom come." We pray, first of all, that Satan's kingdom may be destroyed—that all idolatry may cease, that all false religions may come to nought, that the followers of Mohammed may become followers of Christ, that the cruelties and the impurities and the debasing rites of Lamaism and Buddhism and Brahminism, and the foul fetiches of the poor African, may all be purged away, that the enormous superstitions which have been brought into some branches of the Christian church—the Romish, the

Greek, the Armenian, the Coptic—may be destroyed. These all are parts of that kingdom of Satan, which has been set up in opposition to the kingdom of Christ. In praying, then, that Christ may reign, we pray first of all that Satan may be deposed.

We pray that Satan may be deposed from his throne in our own hearts. Alas! we need not go to heathen lands, to the Hindoo, the African, the Hottentot, or the New Zealander, to find opposition to the kingdom of Christ. Every human heart is, by nature, a seat of rebellion. We do not wish Christ to rule over us. We may, perhaps, desire to be *saved* by him from the terrors of the world to come. But to have our wills subject to his will in this world, to do now not what we wish

but what he wishes, to seek not our ends but his, to have our desires, our affections, our thoughts, our opinions in subjection to him, is no part of the plan and purpose of life of the natural man. Such a subjection seems to us, in our unregenerate state, a despotism, and we by nature rebel against it. We never shall submit to this yoke, until we are made willing in the day of God's power. For this, then, we pray, that we ourselves may be brought into the kingdom of God. We have unholy lusts to be subdued. We have false opinions to be corrected. We have a stubborn will to be conquered. We are rebellious, selfish, carnal, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, and we need the renewing influence of almighty grace to change us from



rebels into willing and obedient subjects.

It is indeed a great work. But a greater still remains. A rebellion that is put down may still be not eradicated. After the conversion of a soul to God, how many seeds of sin still remain! These, like hurtful weeds, spring up continually in the soil of the heart, and require to be cut down day by day. Unless the divine Gardener, who has planted the true seed, remain to watch its growth, and to destroy as they rise the weeds that encroach upon it, the heavenly plant will be choked and die. We need divine grace and assistance to resist sin every day and hour of our lives. Satan may not indeed be permitted to dominate over us, as he did before we became the subjects of an-

other kingdom. But he still has access to our minds. He still has power to assail us with temptations, addressed with wily cunning to our various weaknesses of heart and temper; and unless we are restrained and kept, by an arm that is mightier than ours, we will surely fall from our new allegiance, and again be found in open revolt and rebellion against our rightful sovereign. For this, then, we pray, not only that we may be brought into Christ's kingdom, but that we may be kept in it. It is a most far-reaching prayer. It extends to every faculty of the soul and every moment of the life. All the achievements of human genius, all the victories of human prowess do not equal, either in the magnitude of the difficulties overcome, or in the impor-

tance of the results attained, what is truly accomplished whenever the kingdom of God is fully come in one human soul.

But this kingdom is not limited to one soul. God has promised to his Son to give him the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. What is thus promised to Christ, his people are to pray for. We are to pray, not only that ourselves may be brought into this kingdom, and kept in it, but that the same stupendous work may be done in every one of the ten or eleven hundred millions of souls who now inhabit the globe, and of all the unnumbered multitudes who shall succeed them to the end of time. It is in the power of God to do this, it should be in the heart of

every child of God to ask it. We do ask this, *all* of this, with its infiniteness of blessings—the overthrow of all false religions, the entire destruction of Satan’s kingdom upon the earth, the removal from the earth of every wicked thought, feeling, opinion, and practice, the extinction of every kind of injustice, oppression, violence, war, rapine, murder, and bloodshed, and the universal spread of the reign of peace and righteousness—whenever, with any adequate comprehension of its meaning, we say, “Thy kingdom come.”

Prayer for an end includes prayer for the means. To pray for so glorious a result as that we have named, is to pray for whatever agency in the providence of God is necessary to bring the result about. It is to pray that the

word of God may be translated into many hundred additional languages—that copies of it may be placed in the hands of every man upon the face of the earth—that every man upon the face of the earth may be taught to read, and may be induced to read the Bible—that the arguments of gainsayers, infidels, and atheists may be refuted—that the entire literature of the world may be revolutionized and purified—that religious tracts, books, and papers may be multiplied a hundred thousand fold—that there may be a hundred fold more Sabbath-schools than there are now scholars and teachers—that money may be given for the spread of the gospel, and in other deeds of beneficence, as it is now given for war, and in the arts of destruction, by hundreds of

millions—that there may be at once, and at all times, as many ministers of the gospel upon the earth as there have been altogether from the time that Christ sent forth his first twelve until now—and finally, and most of all, whenever Christ is preached, that the Holy Ghost may accompany the preaching with pentecostal blessing and power!

All this, and much more, we pray for, by most manifest implication, whenever we truly pray, **THY KINGDOM COME.**

---

COME, LORD.

*Senit mundus.*—AUGUSTINE.

Come, Lord, and tarry not :

Bring the long looked-for day ;

Oh, why these years of waiting here,

These ages of delay ?

Come, for thy saints still wait ;  
Daily ascends their sigh ;  
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come !  
Dost thou not hear the cry ?

Come, for creation groans,  
Impatient of thy stay,  
Worn out with these long years of ill,  
These ages of delay.

Come, for thy Israel pines,  
An exile from thy fold ;  
O call to mind thy faithful word,  
And bless them as of old.

Come, for thy foes are strong,  
With taunting lip they say :  
“ Where is the promised Advent now,  
And where the dreaded day ?”

Come, for the good are few ;  
They lift the voice in vain,  
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,  
And love is on the wane.

Come, for the truth is weak,  
 And error pours abroad  
 Its subtle poison o'er the earth,—  
 An earth that hates her God.

Come, for love waxes cold,  
 Its steps are faint and slow ;  
 Faith now is lost in unbelief,  
 Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

Come, for the grave is full,  
 Earth's tombs no more can hold,  
 The sated sepulchres rebel,  
 And groans the heaving mould.

Come, for the corn is ripe,  
 Put in thy sickle now,  
 Reap the great harvest of the earth ;  
 Sower and reaper thou !

Come in thy glorious might,  
 Come with the iron rod,  
 Scattering thy foes before thy face,  
 Most mighty Son of God !



## THE GOLDEN CENSER.

Come, spoil the strong man's house,  
Bind him, and cast him hence ;  
Show thyself stronger than the strong,  
Thyself Omnipotence.

Come, and make all things new,  
Build up this ruined earth,  
Restore our faded Paradise,  
Creation's second birth.

Come, and begin thy reign  
Of everlasting peace,  
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,  
Great King of righteousness.

H. BONAR.

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## A D V E N T .

The Church has waited long,  
Her absent Lord to see ;  
And still in loneliness she waits,  
A friendless stranger she.  
Age after age has gone,  
Sun after sun has set,

And still, in weeds of widowhood,  
 She weeps a mourner yet.  
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come .

Saint after saint on earth  
 Has lived and loved and died ;  
 And as they left us one by one,  
 We laid them side by side ;  
 We laid them down to sleep,  
 But not in hope forlorn ;  
 We laid them but to ripen there,  
 Till the last glorious morn.  
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

The serpent's brood increase,  
 The powers of hell grow bold,  
 The conflict thickens, faith is low,  
 And love is waxing cold.  
 How long, O Lord our God,  
 Holy and true and good,  
 Wilt thou not judge thy suffering Church,  
 Her sighs and tears and blood ?  
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

We long to hear thy voice,  
 To see thee face to face,

To share thy crown and glory then,  
As now we share thy grace.  
Should not the loving Bride  
The absent bridegroom mourn ?  
Should she not wear the weeds of grief,  
Until her Lord return ?  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

The whole creation groans,  
And waits to hear that voice  
That shall restore her comeliness,  
And make her wastes rejoice ;  
Come, Lord, and wipe away  
The curse, the sin, the stain,  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

H. BONAR.

## IV.

### THY WILL BE DONE.

How is God's will done in heaven?

In the first place, it is done by all. From the highest archangel, down through the entire celestial hierarchy, there is no exception. Every inhabitant of that blest abode is a willing and obedient subject of God his Maker. God's will is done there, secondly, at all times. It is not a work for set occasions, for Sabbaths, and times of special religious solemnity, a thing to be done at one period of life, or one season of the year, and not at another, but always. From the first moment of conscious existence, on through the

unending cycle of being, there is no moment of time when any celestial inhabitant is not doing the will of his heavenly Father. God's will is done, thirdly, in all things. Allegiance in that happy abode is no narrow, confined quality. It has no thought so low, no aspiration so high, no wish or interest so interiorly its own, as in its outworking not to be an act of obedience to the divine will. Life, in every one of its conscious acts, is only obedience, in perpetual, unbroken continuity. God's will is done, fourthly, with all the powers. The affections, the desires, the intellectual faculties, thought, reasoning, memory, hope, imagination, the power of speech, the power of silence, all work together to the same result. All seek to act, all do act, and

act only, in the way, to the extent, and to the end that God wishes and directs. God's will is done, finally, with alacrity and joy. It is not the blind obedience of matter, gravitating, repelling, attracting, combining, without conscious volition. It is not the unwilling, reluctant obedience of slaves or rebels, compelled to do what their souls abhor. With the angels in heaven, it is their highest delight to do just what they do. Universal obedience, in short, is the very essence and crown of the heavenly bliss.

When, then, we pray that God's will may be done on earth as in heaven, we pray that it may be done by all men, at all times, in all things, with all the powers and faculties, and with the utmost alacrity and joy. What a heaven upon earth would such an obedience

make! Such would have been the condition of mankind, had Adam not fallen. Such will it be whenever the ruins of the fall shall be fully repaired. It was to restore the race to this its first estate that the Redeemer came into the world. For this the Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier, now works in the hearts of men. For this without ceasing we are to labour, hope, and pray.

To do the will of another is more than is sometimes imagined. Obedience, in the true meaning of the word, is doing a thing, simply because some one having competent authority has commanded it. If, before obeying a command, I must be first shown that the thing commanded is reasonable, that it will be advantageous and useful, that to do otherwise will work disaster

and injury, I may indeed be following my reason and judgment, I may be doing what is in itself right, but I am not doing what may be called, in the proper sense of the term, an act of obedience. Obedience has reference to superiority of character or office in the one claiming it, and not to the reasons which may have moved him in giving the command. A parent may have reasons for a command, which it is unwise, which indeed it is impossible, to give to the child. So with the behests of our heavenly Father. He may have infinitely high and holy reasons for what he commands, which we with our finite minds could not understand if explained to us. It may indeed be a good employment of our faculties to study out, so far as we can, the reasons



and methods of the divine procedure. But the doing of this is not necessary to our obedience, and is no part of it. For this end, all we need is to know assuredly that the thing itself is commanded.

The most signal instance of obedience by any mere man is that of Abraham when commanded to sacrifice his son Isaac. If any one thinks it an easy thing thus to submit his will without flinching or question to the mere naked absolute will of another, he knows little of his own heart. It is the hardest thing that God gives us to do. We may talk lightly of submission and obedience. It may all seem easy and plain. But let the command be to do something which crosses our dearest wishes, to give up some long

cherished plan or opinion, to part it may be with an only child, when we can see no good reason for it, to part with all our worldly estate, after we have toiled for a long life to acquire it, and just as we are beginning to enjoy it, let the command be to cut off the right hand, or pluck out the right eye, to abstain from some practice which gives us exquisite pleasure, when the indulgence hurts no one, and the abstinence benefits no one, and when there is in our view no reason whatever for abstaining but the bald, naked prohibition, and the unregenerate soul rises in undisguised rebellion.

Next to the Almighty, there is nothing stronger than the HUMAN WILL. We are all quite ready to do the divine bidding, so long as it coincides with

our own wishes and views, and we are exceedingly supple in evading any direct conflict with the divine law. We blink the true issue, if we can, and we cover up our delinquencies with subtle pretexts, and do all sorts\* of things to escape an open rupture. But let the naked issue be presented to any unregenerate man, fairly and squarely, to do what God wills, and only because he wills it, and in opposition to the man's own cherished will and purpose, and there will be open rebellion. The point will not be yielded without a struggle. Milton drew from the profoundest depths of his own personal consciousness, when he painted the giant workings of an unsubdued will in the great adversary. We have seen the terrific resistance put forth by that

noble animal the horse, before yielding to the will of his tamer. It is but a feeble picture of the agony of conflict in the human soul, before it truly submits to the will of its Maker. Even after this submission is once made, in genuine conversion, the seeds of rebellion still remain in the soul. Life, to its very end, is but a series of minor, though ever decreasing, conflicts between the divine will and the human.

Well, then, may we daily pray, "Thy will be done." No power but God's can bring about so great a result. We may desire and long to see it brought about. We may strive and labour to that end. But, at the same time, we must cry mightily to a power that is higher than ours, or the end will never be attained. God's own infinite, re-

generating and converting power must be put forth, if ever his will is to be done by ourselves or others, and above all, if ever it is to be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

There is another aspect of the matter not less instructive. God's will includes his purposes, no less than his commands. His will is done when his purposes are fully carried out. Resignation, then, equally with obedience, is included in this petition. We must learn to breathe the spirit of Job, as well as that of Abraham. When our way is hedged up, when our most cherished schemes are blasted, when friends fail us, and loved ones die, when disease invades our frame, and one by one the senses begin to decay, when wrong is done us which we have no means to re-

dress, when our character is falsely aspersed without an opportunity of vindication, when we see the wicked flourishing as a green bay tree, and the poor crying in vain for bread, when gigantic crime stalks abroad unpunished, and the wicked bear rule in the land, when we behold a mighty nation suddenly roused from its vision of security and writhing convulsively as if in the agonies of death, until our very hearts cry out in anguish,—nay, should the sad spectacle await us of such a nation sinking in helpless and hopeless ruin,—in *every* extremity of woe and pain, of unexplained wrong, humiliation, and disaster, our prayer must still be, “Thy will be done.”

Our blessed Lord is himself the great exemplar both of obedience and resig-

nation. Though Lord of all, he for our sakes became a man, and, as such, subject to the divine law. As such he did, without faltering, whatever his assumed position required; he bore without question or murmur whatever strokes the Father appointed. "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered." "He offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears, unto him that was able to save him from death," yet shrank not from the terrible ordeal when it came. He "became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." In full view of that inconceivable agony, the language of his steadfast heart still was, "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be

done." For every call to duty or to suffering he had but one answer: "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." "I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me." "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." Our Lord, then, may be conceived as pointing his disciples to his own significant and most wonderful example, when he teaches them also, in the same childlike spirit, to say, "Thy will be done."

No grace has a sweeter recompense than that which enables us to breathe this prayer aright. It may cost us a struggle, to learn thus absolutely to submit our will to the will of our heavenly Father. It may not be easy



for us thus to accept as right and best whatever he is doing and carrying forward in the world. Many bitter experiences may be needed before our minds are brought to that state of childlike acquiescence and submission. The clouds may gather blackness. The Lord's hand may be heavy upon us. Our hearts may be crushed and broken. Yet if, from the depths, we may still look up into the face of a loving Father, with a spirit of unfaltering readiness to do whatever he directs, and to receive whatever he sends, we shall not count the discipline dear. There is no sweetness in life equal to that which springs from prompt obedience and submission, when once we have truly learned the lesson. It is indeed heaven already begun. If ever

Jesus sends his own peace into the soul,  
 it is when he enables us to say, with-  
 out reserve, yea with longing desire,  
 THY WILL BE DONE.

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SWEET WILL OF GOD.

I worship thee, sweet will of God,  
 And all thy ways adore ;  
 And every day I live, I long  
 To love thee more and more.

Man's weakness, waiting upon God,  
 Its end can never miss ;  
 For men on earth no work can do  
 More angel-like than this.

He always wins who sides with God,  
 To him no chance is lost ;  
 God's will is sweetest to him when  
 It triumphs at his cost.

Ill, that God blesses, is our good,  
 And unblest good is ill ;  
 And all is right that seems most wrong,  
 If it be his dear will.

When obstacles and trials seem  
 Like prison-walls to be,  
 I do the little I can do,  
 And leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, oh, blessed will !  
 For all my cares are thine ;  
 I live in triumph, Lord, for thou  
 Hast made thy triumphs mine.

*From the Latin.*

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THY WILL BE DONE.

My God, my Father, while I stray  
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
 Oh teach me from my heart to say,  
 Thy will be done.

If thou shouldst call me to resign  
 What most I prize, it ne'er was mine—  
 I only yield thee what was thine ;  
 Thy will be done.

Should pining sickness waste away  
 My life in premature decay,  
 My Father, still I strive to say,  
     Thy will be done.

If but my fainting heart be blest  
 With thy pure Spirit for its guest,  
 My God, to thee I leave the rest,  
     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.

Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
 The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
     Thy will be done.

MISS ELLIOTT.

## V.

### GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD.

THE resemblance, in general scope and structure, between the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, has been already noted. As the law was divided into two tables, the first containing our duties to God, the second containing our duties to ourselves and our fellow men, so the petitions in this wonderful prayer point, first God-ward, and then man-ward. After praying for those things which pertain to the honour and glory of God, and the universal spread of his worship and kingdom in the world, we are to pray for those things which pertain to ourselves.

First, the glory of God, then the wants of man. We pray first,

*Thy* name be hallowed,

*Thy* kingdom come,

*Thy* will be done.

After that we pray,

*Us* give bread to,

*Us* forgive our sins,

*Us* lead not into temptation.

One of the minor points in this analogy is observable here. The prayer, like the command, though based upon a generalization of the largest and most philosophical kind, suited to stimulate and reward the investigations of the wise, yet expresses itself *concretely*, adapted to the practical wants of the simple and the unlearned. This point may, perhaps, not be obvious at first sight. Let me illustrate.

A moralist, in unfolding a general scheme of human duty, would probably proceed on this wise. He would begin with a general declaration of a law of supreme love to God, and of that degree of love to man which worketh no ill to his neighbour, and from these two principles he would proceed to draw out, positively and negatively, all the several requirements and prohibitions of special law, in logical order and correlation. Our Saviour himself hints at such a generalization as lying at the basis of the Ten Commandments. The divine legislator, however, instead of enunciating these general principles, and leaving to his people to study out their specific applications, has, with a better knowledge of human weakness and wants, taken a course exactly the

opposite. Under each head he has placed his finger concretely upon that one point, whether positive or negative, on which his piercing eye saw that man would be most prone to transgress, leaving it to his quickened conscience, in the healthful exercise of his understanding, and by the lights of other parts of Scripture, to fill out for himself the grand scheme of duty.

Take, for instance, the first commandment. God says: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." The sin prohibited is the correlative of a duty required. We may not worship Baal, or Moloch, or Astarte, or Jupiter, or Brahma; we must worship Jehovah, the one living and true God. We are led to reason from the sin forbidden to the duty required. So in the eighth



commandment, instead of a general formula, enjoining, positively and negatively, the duties which grow out of the right of property, we have an express prohibition of that single, concrete transgression, to which man is most prone. The command, "Thou shalt not steal," not only forbids whatsoever may or doth unjustly hinder our own or our neighbour's wealth or outward estate, but by logical inference requires the lawful procuring and furthering of the wealth or outward estate of ourselves and others.

It is not otherwise with the petition before us. The spirit of the prayer would lead us to look to our heavenly Father for whatever we need in regard to our worldly estate, in all its infinitely complicated relations and du-

ties. A prayer conceived in these general terms might perhaps serve the purpose of a philosopher accustomed to analyze language and weigh the force of words. But it would ill suit the every-day wants of the ordinary Christian. We are taught, therefore, to pray specifically for "*bread*," the most common and indispensable want of humanity, the recognized symbol of whatever is needed for our bodily subsistence and comfort. Bodily food is the common want of all mankind. As we rise in civilization, and especially as we rise in social position, our worldly wants increase. The wants of men, therefore, differ widely. But in one particular we are all on a level; we all need bread. No matter how wide the range of innocent worldly enjoyments

of the man with high culture and position, yet even to him the one gift of daily food is indispensable to the enjoyment of every other blessing. In regard to the labouring poor, who constitute the vast majority of men, all over the world, food is not only the indispensable, but the main temporal want. To the reader of this paragraph, the mere food which he eats may very possibly be but an infinitesimal portion of what his worldly condition seems to require and warrant, and of what he virtually asks for, when he prays, "Give me this day my daily bread." But to the great mass of mankind, the fulfilment of this prayer is extremely literal. To the multitude, even in the most favoured lands, the "poor," to whom especially the gospel

is to be preached, mere bodily food, that which is absolutely necessary to satisfy hunger, is the main temporal want. The assertion may savour of extravagance, perhaps, to those not practically familiar with the actual wants of the labouring poor. From some considerable opportunities of observation, however, I believe it to be quite within the bounds of truth to say that the mere satisfying of hunger consumes more than half of the entire product of human toil. How wonderful, in this view of the subject, appears the wisdom of him who framed for us this petition! It covers the wants of the most exalted and refined, the monarch, the savant, the man of wealth and taste, while in its specific, concrete, homely expression, it appeals directly

to the necessities of the million, and makes indeed the whole world kin.

We ask our heavenly Father to “*give*” us bread. No matter how directly the food which we eat is the product of our own labour, it is none the less, in the most absolute and perfect degree, the GIFT of God. The tiller of the soil, if any one, might claim to be independent, at least so far as food is concerned. Every article, it may be, which is to make his coming meal, has been raised by his own hands. He has, by his own labour, sown the wheat and planted the corn, he has tilled the field and garnered the harvest, he has grafted the tree and plucked the fruit, he or his have made the flour, raised the cattle, and with thrifty industry prepared for the table the fruits of all

this husbandry. Why should *he* ask God to "give" what his own hands by hard toil have produced? The farmer, if any one, can make out a case of independence. Yet even he is in the most absolute sense dependent upon his heavenly Father even for bread. It is the power of God that gives and continues to the soil the qualities which cause the grain to grow. He sends or withholds the rain and the dew, the sunshine and the warmth, which are necessary to vegetable growth and fructification. He gives fertility to the flock as well as to the field. There is not a link in the entire chain of processes by which food is prepared for actual use, from the first planting of the seed in the soil to the final processes of the culinary art, in which the

power and providence of God are not absolutely needed for success. More even than this. The man's own ability to labour in the production of food is the gift of God. His bodily strength may at any moment be withheld. So with all those of his household. Every head and arm, every limb and muscle, ordinarily occupied in the preparation of his food, may become paralyzed and helpless before his next meal. God, therefore, gives man his bread, inasmuch as he gives, both to man and to the materials on which he labours, all the qualities and powers needful for the production of bread. What God gives, he may withhold. There is to no man an absolute certainty, when he sits down to one meal, that the means for another meal will ever be his. We

may, therefore, with entire sincerity and good faith, make this prayer ; and, when our next meal comes, we may, with equal sincerity, feel that the food before us is, by no fiction, but literally and truly, the gift of God, something which, even in the ordinary course of his providence, might have been withheld, something which no skill or power or labour of ours could have procured, without his co-operating power and goodness.

If bread, even to the tiller of the soil, be the gift of God, much more is this true of all other things, and of every other person. The rich, equally with the poor, are dependent upon God's providence. There is nothing already given to us, for the possession of which we have any security, except



so far as he continues it. There is nothing needed for the future, which we can get without his help. While, therefore, we faithfully labour for the means of bodily sustenance and comfort, let us cultivate a sense of humble dependence. Let us pray our heavenly Father to give what at the same time we are faithfully toiling to get.

Every word in this petition seems to be freighted with meaning. We ask for "*our*" bread, not that of others, and not the bread of idleness, but that to which we have some claim, that which we have earned. We ask that it may be given to "*us*." It is, therefore, a family prayer, and never does it seem so beautifully appropriate as when ascending from the lips of an assembled household before their morning meal.

But I need not dwell upon these details. The word translated "daily" seems, however, to require a passing explanation. It is not the usual Greek term for "daily." The word occurs indeed nowhere else, either in the New Testament, or in any other Greek writing which has been preserved, and as there is nothing in the context to give a clue to its meaning, we are obliged to infer it from the etymology of the word itself. The root of the original Greek word is a term signifying "existence." The learned have, therefore, generally agreed in interpreting the word to mean "whatever is necessary to our subsistence," "needful." "Give us this day the bread needful for us." Give us whatever we require for our actual support. We ask not for dain-

ties or luxuries, but for bread. Even of this we ask no accumulated stores, but just so much as we need from day to day. Our common English version, "Give us this day our *daily* bread," expresses, therefore, truly the spirit of the passage, though not the exact meaning of the particular word.

The most beautiful and striking illustration on record of the spirit with which we should breathe this prayer, may be found in the example of God's ancient people in the wilderness. For forty years, that vast multitude, numbering between three and four millions, lived from day to day on food miraculously supplied every morning. Such a lesson of dependence has never been given as that. Every twenty-four hours, that enormous host was left en-

tirely destitute of food. They were forbidden to gather more of the manna than was needed for each man's eating for one day, and if any, fearful of not receiving an additional supply on the morrow, attempted to evade the restriction, and gathered more than was needed, God withheld preserving qualities from the surplus, and it spoiled on their hands. Throughout that vast camp, therefore, every night, for nearly forty years, three millions and more of people were left without so much food in all their tents as would suffice for a meal for one man. Well might the pious Israelite, when he woke in the morning, pray for his daily food. The earnestness, the sincerity, the humble, dependent, confiding spirit which may be supposed to have animated him, are

precisely the feelings which should fill us now in making the same petition. We now, no matter what our condition of riches, or health, or accumulated supplies and resources, no matter what the ordinary routine of affairs, are yet as truly and really dependent on the goodness and providence of God for even the means of living from day to day, as was the ancient Israelite in the wilderness. We too, with the same childlike, confiding spirit, should daily look up into the face of our Father, and say, "Give us this day our daily bread."

But there are other and higher wants than those of the body. The intellect and the soul need nutriment. Fancy and taste have their cravings. The desires, emotions, and affections all

clamour for food. When, then, we ask for the things needful for us from day to day, we include in the petition a prayer for knowledge, for intellectual culture and enjoyment, for the love of friends and kindred, for spiritual refreshing, for gospel promises brought home to the heart—for the bread which comes down from heaven. We pray for food to sustain the hidden life of God in the soul. We ask for something more than the mere meat that perisheth. Man does not live by bread alone. There is a meat to be eaten that the world knows not of. Whatever, then, in the widest sense, is needed for our sustentation, growth, development and enjoyment, as intelligent and spiritual beings,—all that we may humbly ask for. All that we

may include in the prayer, GIVE US  
THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

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DAILY BREAD.

Day by day the manna fell :  
Oh to learn this lesson well !  
Still by constant mercy fed,  
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

“ Day by day,” the promise reads,  
Daily strength for daily needs ;  
Cast foreboding fears away,  
Take the manna of to-day.

Lord ! my times are in thy hand :  
All my sanguine hopes have planned,  
To thy wisdom I resign,  
And would make thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give ;  
Day by day to thee I live ;  
So shall added years fulfil,  
Not my own, my Father's will.

CONDER.

## VI.

### FORGIVE US OUR SINS.

As the prayer for daily bread teaches us most impressively our dependence, so the prayer for pardon teaches our guilt. We would not be required to ask for forgiveness unless we were sinners. As this is a prayer to be used by all men, it shows that all men are sinners. As it is a prayer to be used every day ("Give us this day our daily bread") it intimates that we sin daily, and have every day need of fresh pardon. The remission of the penalties that stand charged against us yesterday, will not satisfy for the offences that have been committed since that



time, any more than the food which we ate yesterday will satisfy the hunger of to-day. We need daily pardon, as we need daily food. We are all sinners, we all sin every day. It would be perhaps straining a point to adduce this petition as one of the proof texts of the doctrine of human depravity. Yet obviously that doctrine, as much as the doctrine of dependence, is presupposed as the basis of the prayer. It would be absurd to put such a prayer into the mouths of sinless creatures. It suits only the wants of those who have sinned, and who continue to sin daily. It is a prayer, not for the lost, not for the angels who have kept their first estate, but only for us, fallen men.

No doctrine of Scripture agrees more universally with the convictions of men

than the doctrine of depravity. Men do not, indeed, feel the true enormity of sin. They do not realize the full extent to which they have sinned. But that they are sinners against some Power that is higher than they, that they are guilty in his sight, and need atonement of some kind, is a sentiment as wide spread as the race. Every heathen altar of sacrifice shows two things: first, that man has a sense of want, a feeling of dependence on some higher Power than himself, and secondly, that he feels himself to be not just before God; that he needs from God both help and forgiveness. The idolatrous and superstitious rites of the heathen have no meaning unless man is a sinner. Their universal prevalence, in every age and among every people,

shows that a conviction of guilt is likewise universal. There is no petition which a Christian teacher could put into the lips of an ignorant heathen, which his inmost conviction would so promptly feel to be appropriate as this, "Forgive us our sins." It is the universal cry of the race.

Only strong necessity, however, forces that cry from human lips. The utterance gives us pain. It strikes deeply at man's pride and self-sufficiency. The Pharisee is the true type of man in his unregenerate state. There is, indeed, an inward sense of uneasiness which he cannot shake off. But he would fain satisfy it by works of his own, by deeds of beneficence, or even by voluntary self-inflictions. He would fast twice in the week. He would give

tithes of all that he possesses. He would bestow all his goods to feed the poor. He would, perchance, give his body to be burned. Anything to purchase salvation. But to get it as a beggar, to get it as the publican, or the returning prodigal, to say, "Have mercy on me a sinner!" "Father, I have sinned before heaven and in thy sight,"—this is against the strongest instinct of the natural heart. We repeat, indeed, the words of this prayer very glibly. We have learned them in childhood, and we go through the formula often without any real consenting act of the mind. We say the words just as we would say the alphabet or the multiplication table. But let there be any real heart sin, some dear indulgence, on which the mind is fully set,

and let the word of God with mere naked authority say, "Thou shalt *not*,"—let passion take the rein, and the man do what he wants to do, and because he wants to do it,—then, to turn round and humble himself for it, to say, "I did wrong, I ask pardon," is no easy task. It gives often a wrench to the soul that unsettles the reason.

We see the same thing illustrated in the intercourse between man and man. Nothing is more common than to say, "I beg your pardon." It is one of the ordinary phrases of good breeding. We say it in the same tone that we say "Good morning." But let there be a real issue between two men, of that kind which leads men to seek each other's blood in mortal combat, where there is a direct impeachment of a

man's personal honour and veracity, or a wrong and injury that stir up passion. He who has done the wrong, may indeed see his fault ever so clearly, yet nothing but either overwhelming terror, or an overwhelming conviction of duty, can constrain him to go openly to his adversary and say, "I spoke what was not true; I did what was not right; I ask your pardon."

To say, "Forgive us our sins," really meaning what we say, is in the last degree humiliating to human pride. We never do say it truthfully, in good earnest, until taught by the Spirit of God. Not until the heart is broken and crushed with a sense of its sin, not until the passionate cry of David rises unbidden to the lips, "I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever be-

fore me. Against thee, thee, only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest," not until we see ourselves on the one hand utterly worthless and helpless, and our heavenly Father on the other "abundant in pardon," do we enter into the full spirit of the petition, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." Then, indeed, no words so sweet. The soul sobs forth its mingled sighs and praises, its sorrows and ecstasies, in language which to the carnal heart is quite unintelligible. The same breath that bears the lowly wail of penitence, sings aloud the joys of salvation.

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend,

Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying friend.

“Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before his cross to lie ;  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in his languid eye.”

Our Lord has placed upon this petition a most significant condition. To the natural heart, the next hardest thing to asking pardon, is granting it. Pride and revenge go together. No man by nature finds it easy to forgive injuries. If a man wrongs us, we burn for vengeance. Retaliation is the universal law of the race, in all lands where the gospel has not penetrated. It prevails even in Christian lands, so far as the gospel has not taken effect. To do to others *as they do to us*, is the natural prompting of the human heart.



To do to others *as we would have them do to us*, is altogether a Christian principle of action, to which worldly codes are strangers. Our Lord, with wonderful foresight of the weakness of poor human nature, has not only inculcated this doctrine by formal precept, but has incorporated the principle of it in this prayer intended for our perpetual use. We cannot pray for our own pardon, without being in the same breath reminded of the duty of forgiving our erring brother. The language goes even farther than this. The man who says, "Forgive me my debts as I forgive my debtors," and at the same time harbours in his heart a spirit of revenge or unkindness towards any human being, virtually prays for vengeance on himself, not for pardon. Every time

the prayer is so uttered, it is an imprecation. It brings upon the utterer a curse, not a blessing. It is a fearful thought to consider how often this prayer is spoken by those who, at the same time, are harbouring a hard, unforgiving spirit, who do not live in the bond of charity towards all men. On the other hand, no formal precept as to the duty of forgiveness could so efficiently promote a forgiving spirit, as thus making it a part of our daily prayer, to ask from God such pardon as we ourselves give to our offending brother.

In regard to the forgiveness of others, it is a question how far we should construe literally the word "debts." May a Christian conscientiously use this prayer, and at the same time enforce

the collection of money legally due him? On this point, Scott says, "The word *debts* is not to be interpreted of pecuniary obligations, which the debtor can pay, and the creditor cannot conveniently lose; yet when debtors are in the same condition in respect to us, as we are in respect to God, when they cannot pay us, and would be distressed, or ruined, if we insisted on it, then we must remit the debt, as we hope God to remit ours."

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LITANY.

Saviour, when in dust to thee  
Low we bow the adoring knee,  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—

Oh, by all the pains and woe,  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany !

By thy hour of dire despair,  
By thy agony of prayer,  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany !

By the deep, expiring groan,  
By the sad, sepulchral stone,  
By the vault whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God ;  
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany !

SIR R. GRANT.

## VII.

### LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

THE apostle James says, "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." Yet our Lord here teaches us to pray, "Lead us *not* into temptation." How may we reconcile the two teachings?

The difficulty is that the English word "tempt" does not cover the whole meaning of the original. A man is "tempted," when he is led away of his own lust and enticed. The original word, however, means not only temptation in this sense, but also "trial,"—any kind of process by which the qualities of a person or thing are ascertained.

The man who has ingots which he knows to be pure gold, rejoices in the assay which proves their true character, particularly if some discredit has been thrown upon them. The man of science and conscientious scholarship covets the rigorous examination which is a terror to the mere pretender and the charlatan. There are, too, various moral trials to which a true Christian may be subjected, the effect of which is not only to prove his virtues, but to strengthen them. As fire not only does not consume the metal but hardens it, so the trials to which God subjects his children not only make their virtues more conspicuous, but give them increased vigour. By enduring, they acquire a faculty of endurance. The faith which has successfully withstood the

assaults of the evil one, is a hardier and more valuable quality than the faith which has had no such trial. This is what James means in the passage quoted. "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations," or trials; "knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience," that is, produces the grace of endurance.

But the temptation to which our Lord refers is something quite different from these. There is in the passage an obvious reference to the petition immediately preceding. The same temper of heart which prays to be forgiven for past sin, asks to be kept from sin in time to come. The penitent soul looks back and thinks how, first one allure-ment, and then another, led him into sin, and he begs that he may not be

exposed to the like allurements again. He knows by experience the weakness of his own heart, and seeks protection against it. The very conviction of sin, which prompts the cry, "Forgive us our sins," urges the humble penitent in the same breath to say, "Lead us not into temptation." The one petition is naturally suggestive of the other.

But does God ever lead any one into temptation in this sense? Does not the apostle expressly say, "God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man: but every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed." God is said in Scripture to do a thing, when, in his providence, he allows it to be done. He is said to have hardened Pharoah's heart, when he allowed those circumstances to en-



compass the wicked king, under which his own inherent depravity worked out its natural results. We all have, by nature, evil propensities, under the influence of which we would go on continually from bad to worse, were it not for the restraints that our heavenly Father throws around us. God need not positively incite us to sin, in order that we may fall into it. We will be effectually "led into temptation," if God merely withholds restraining grace. Who that knows anything of the evil of his own heart, but feels how perilous it would be to virtue to be released from all those checks imposed by the social customs and sentiments of the Christian community in which his lot is cast? What Christian would willingly, except for the accomplishment

of some great good, and then only with most earnest cries for deliverance, cut himself loose from these supports, and try to maintain his integrity unaided, in a community of thieves and profligates, or in the polluting atmosphere of heathendom? Among the hardships of the foreign missionary, not the least is the "temptation" into which his calling leads him. The missionary often is obliged to stand alone in a community where no sin in the decalogue is counted a disgrace, where every species of social vice is practised without comment, disguise, or shame, where he has absolutely nothing to uphold him in his integrity but only the fear and the grace of God. The record of the mission work gives us melancholy proofs that these temptations are not unreal.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION. 111

Men who stood high for piety in their native land, have themselves fallen and apostatized among the heathen whom they went to convert. The fact proves nothing against the cause, but only the weakness of poor human nature, and the terrible power of "temptation." Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.

The words "Deliver us from evil," are not to be counted as a separate petition, but only an emphatic repetition of the same request in a somewhat different form. We pray not only that we may not be exposed to circumstances in which we will be likely to fall into sin, but that positive deliverance may be granted us. Some critics propose, and not without good reason, to translate the latter part of the phrase, "from

*the evil one,*" meaning the devil, or Satan. The original words are clearly susceptible of this meaning, and it is in accordance with other teachings of Scripture. Satan, who tried to lead our Lord himself into sin, makes the same trial, and with better success, with Christians. The teaching of the text is not essentially changed by this interpretation. Its scope is merely enlarged. We pray to be delivered from sinful courses, whether allured towards them by the evil one himself, or by any of his emissaries.

Not the least wonderful feature in the Lord's Prayer, is the manner in which every petition, while it speaks an earnest want, gives by its very form of expression, a solemn admonition to duty. The terms in which we are

taught to ask for pardon, are a fearful rebuke of revenge and uncharitableness. We ask to be forgiven only as we forgive. How dare we, with such a formula upon our lips, entertain in our hearts a feeling of vengeance or retaliation? So the prayer to be kept from temptation is a perpetual warning to a man's own conscience to avoid temptation. How dare a man utter this prayer, and then go willingly into scenes where he knows he will encounter enticements to sin? Could the secrets of all hearts be known, it would doubtless be seen that thousands have been kept from sinful scenes, and from sin itself, by the restraining influence of this very prayer. What a sting it gives to the remembrance of any past transgression, to know that we rushed

into it after praying, or pretending to pray, to be kept from it!

The language of this petition is peculiar to the Christian. An unconverted man may, under stress of circumstances, pray for "daily bread." Under the terrors of an awakened conscience, he may pray for pardon, and even for deliverance from the consequence of sin. But not until men have been regenerated, do they pray to be delivered from sin itself. Then, indeed, with loathing of what they once loved, and trembling with a sense of their own insufficiency, they raise the cry of trusting weakness, **LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL!**

## LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION. 115

DELIVER US, GOOD LORD.

Jesus, Lord, we kneel before thee ;  
Bend from heaven thy gracious ear,  
While our waiting souls adore thee,  
Friend of helpless sinners, hear!  
By thy mercy,  
Oh deliver us, good Lord !

Taught by thine unerring Spirit,  
Boldly we draw nigh to God,  
Only in thy spotless merit,  
Only through thy precious blood :  
By thy mercy,  
Oh deliver us, good Lord !

From the depths of nature's blindness,  
From the hardening power of sin,  
From all malice and unkindness,  
From the pride that lurks within,  
By thy mercy,  
Oh deliver us, good Lord !

When temptation sorely presses,  
In the day of Satan's power,

In our times of deep distresses,  
In each dark and trying hour,  
By thy mercy,  
Oh deliver us, good Lord !

In the weary night of sickness,  
In the throes of grief and pain,  
When we feel our mortal weakness,  
When the creature's help is vain,  
By thy mercy,  
Oh deliver us, good Lord !

In the solemn hour of dying,  
In the awful judgment-day,  
May our souls, on thee relying,  
Find thee still our hope and stay !  
By thy mercy,  
Oh deliver us, good Lord !

Jesus, may thy promised blessing  
Comfort to our souls afford ;  
May we now, thy love possessing,  
Find at last thy great reward ;  
By thy mercy,  
Oh deliver us, good Lord !



## VIII.

### THINE IS THE KINGDOM.

WE are taught, in the conclusion of the Lord's Prayer, not only to present our petitions, but to present reasons why they should be granted,—to argue the case with our heavenly Father. The humble suppliant is authorized to say with Job, "I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments." (Job xxiii: 1, 4). Examples are numerous, all through the Scriptures, in which godly men have thus used arguments in prayer. Jeremiah, pleading that his people might not be utterly destroyed by the drought, reminded the Lord that he had covenanted

to keep the Jewish race from destruction, and also that they had no one else to look to, that the heathen gods were no gods, and could not help them. "For thy name's sake, do not disgrace the throne of thy glory: remember, break not thy covenant with us. Are there any among the vanities of the Gentiles that can cause rain? Or can the heavens give showers? Art not thou he, O Lord our God? Therefore we will wait upon thee: for thou hast made all these things." (Jer. xiv. 21, 22). With what persistent earnestness Abraham pleaded with the Lord to spare Sodom! But it is not necessary to multiply examples. The Scriptures are full of them. One thing, however, is characteristic of all these instances. The argument is always drawn from

some consideration of the character of God. "For thy name's sake." "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" So, in the Lord's Prayer, the argument by which we are taught to enforce our plea, is the honour and glory of God. We ask him to grant our requests, "for," that is, *because* "the kingdom, and the power, and the glory" are his.

"The kingdom is his." It is the main prerogative of royalty to grant requests. The requests here made are such as none but a king could grant. They are for needs such as no mere subject could supply. Every petition involves some question of supreme authority. But in bestowing benefits, other attributes are needed, besides authority. An earthly sovereign may be disposed to exercise benevolence to-

wards his suppliants, he may have full legal right so to do, and yet he may be hampered, like David, by some too powerful Joab. The "kingdom" may be his, but his kingly rights may be obstructed, or in abeyance. *Our* sovereign has not only the "kingdom," but the "power." He can do all his holy will. He doeth his pleasure in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. This, then, is good ground of argument. We urge him to do for us what we have asked, not only because he has the right, as supreme ruler, to grant the favour, but also because he has the fullest power to do it.

But there is a significant addition to this argument, which ought not to be overlooked. Earthly sovereigns die. Before the promise given to a subject

has been carried into effect, before, perhaps, the petition has gone through the necessary formalities, the monarch deceases, or is dethroned, and the request fails, even after it has been assented to. But our king lives "for ever." His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and of his dominion there is no end. We need help too, not only now, for our present necessities, but for those which shall arise hereafter. God will have the same rightful authority to grant, and the same omnipotent power to execute, years and ages hence, as our needs or our temptations arise, that he has now. Therefore will we be confident in making our request to him. The kingdom is his, the power is, and they will be his for ever. He is one who is "able to save to the uttermost,"

that is, not only in the utmost extremity, but to the utmost ages, which meaning the original has in that passage. (Heb. vii. 28.) He is just as able in these last days to save me, as he was to save Peter, or the penitent thief on the cross, or to restore David after his transgression, or to rescue Lot, or Jonah, "seeing he ever liveth."

The conclusion of the Lord's Prayer, however, has another aspect not less significant or precious. While it is a plea for asking benefits, it is also a jubilant expression of praise. Scoffers have indeed mocked at the worship of Christians, as being fawning and sycophantic. They say that we approach the Lord with the language of fulsome adulation, and some minds without due consideration have allowed themselves

to be disturbed by the ungenerous taunt, and to fear that their strong emotions of thankfulness and of devout reverence may have led them into some indecorum of speech in this respect. The cruel scoff springs from entire ignorance of what true worship is. The man who makes it, knows little of himself, and less of God. Nothing in the Bible is plainer than that worship consists quite as much of praise as of prayer. No desire of the regenerate heart is more uniform than the longing to give God the glory of our salvation. This concluding sentence of the Lord's Prayer may be regarded, therefore, not only as an argument to enforce our requests, but as a doxology,—an outburst of grateful adoration and praise. It is as much as to say, we thus pray to thee,

our Father in Heaven, "for" thou only art worthy to be adored and prayed to—thine only is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory. The true child of God, even when crying for deliverance in some hour of sharp distress, finds it difficult to make his prayer *all* supplication, so natural is it, to the grateful, loving heart of the believer to rise from the language of entreaty to that of thanksgiving. Even in the fifty-first Psalm, from the very depths of his penitent cries for pardon, David cannot forbear to "sing aloud" of God's goodness. How frequently does Paul, in the very midst of close, compacted argument, burst out into some strain of rapt, sublime doxology! When Faith sees, with unclouded vision, her risen Lord, it is impossible to withhold



the warm ascription of praise ; and it is just when godly sorrow does its most perfect work, that faith takes freshest and strongest hold of the promises. Hence nothing is more natural, as in fact nothing is more common, than this transition from prayer to praise, from the low wail of penitent distress to the exultant, loud-harping Hallelujah.

The closing of a prayer with the word "Amen," seems to have originated with this prayer, which our Lord taught his disciples. In the Old Testament, we have no example of it. The prayer taught by our Lord appears to be the first in which the formula now so familiar was ever used. The word indeed is used in the Old Testament, but not as a close to a prayer.

The meaning of this word is a matter

of no uncertainty. Equivalent to the phrase "So be it," it is a sort of solemn, comprehensive re-affirmation, by the soul, of all that has gone before. It is as if one had written a petition, and at the close signed his name to it. In saying "Amen" at the conclusion of a prayer, we, in a most formal, deliberate manner, set our hand and seal to the whole. If a man's mind were in such a perfect state of discipline and collect- edness, that at the end of a prayer he could at a glance look back through the long list of confessions and peti- tions, and take in at a single view every idea and utterance that had passed through his mind, and if, having them thus all present at the same instant to his consciousness, he could re-breathe them all forth anew, in one single word,

and by one grand comprehensive act of the soul, he would be doing just what we profess, and should ever aim to do, when we say AMEN.

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H A L L E L U J A H .

Begin, my soul, the exalted lay,  
Let each enraptured thought obey,  
    And praise the Almighty's name :  
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
In one melodious concert rise,  
    To swell the inspiring theme.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,  
Ye clouds proclaim your forming God ;  
    Ye thunders, speak his power :  
Lo ! on the lightning's gleamy wing  
In triumph walks the eternal King :  
    The astonished worlds adore.

Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise  
To join the thunders of the skies,  
    Praise him who bids you roll ;  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
    And breathe it to the soul.

Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing ;  
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,  
    Harmonious anthems raise  
To him who shaped your finer mould,  
And tipped your glittering wings with gold,  
    And tuned your voice to praise.

Let man, for nobler service made,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
    In heavenly praise employ ;  
Spread the Creator's name around,  
Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound,  
    In general bursts of joy.

OGILVIE.

## DEVOTIONAL HYMNS.

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### THE VOICE FROM GALILEE.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto me and rest ;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast.  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad,  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.  
  
I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Behold, I freely give  
The living water,—thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live.  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream,  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 I am this dark world's light,  
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright.  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk  
 Till travelling days are done.

H. BONAR.

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O SACRED HEAD.\*

*O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.*—PAUL GERHARDT.

O Sacred Head, now wounded,  
 With grief and shame weighed down ;  
 Now scornfully surrounded  
 With thorns, thy only crown ;  
 O sacred head, what glory,  
 What bliss, till now was thine !  
 Yet, though despised and gory,  
 I joy to call thee mine.  
 O noblest brow, and dearest,  
 In other days the world

\* From "Sacred Lyrics from the German," published  
 by The Presbyterian Board of Publication.

All feared, when thou appearedst ;  
    What shame on thee is hurled !  
How art thou pale with anguish,  
    With sore abuse and scorn !  
How does that visage languish  
    Which once was bright as morn !

The blushes late residing  
    Upon that holy cheek,  
The roses once abiding  
    Upon those lips so meek ;  
Alas ! they have departed ;  
    Wan death has rifled all !  
For, weak and broken-hearted,  
    I see thy body fall.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
    Was all for sinners' gain ;  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
    But thine the deadly pain.  
Lo ! here I fall, my Saviour !  
    'Tis I deserved thy place,  
Look on me with thy favour,  
    Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

Receive me, my Redeemer,  
My Shepherd, make me thine ;  
Of every good the fountain,  
Thou art the spring of mine.  
Thy lips, with love distilling,  
And milk of truth sincere,  
With heaven's bliss are filling  
The soul that trembles here.

Beside thee, Lord, I've taken  
My place, forbid me not !  
Hence will I ne'er be shaken,  
Though thou to death be brought.  
If pain's last paleness hold thee,  
In agony opprest—  
Then, then I will enfold thee  
Within this arm and breast !

The joy can ne'er be spoken  
Above all joys beside,  
When in thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide.  
My Lord of life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,



Beside the cross expiring  
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

What language shall I borrow  
To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
For this thy dying sorrow  
Thy pity without end !  
Oh make me thine for ever,  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love to thee.

If I, a wretch, should leave thee,  
O Jesus, leave not me ;  
In faith may I receive thee,  
When death shall set me free.  
When strength and comfort languish,  
And I must hence depart,  
Release me then from anguish  
By thine own wounded heart.

And when I am departing, .  
Oh part not thou from me ;  
When mortal pangs are darting,  
Come, Lord, and set me free !

And when my heart must languish  
 Amidst the final throe,  
 Release me from my anguish  
 By thine own pain and woe !

DR. JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

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FRUITS OF GODLY SORROW.\*

*From the German of C. F. HARTMAN.*

Now the crucible is breaking !  
 Now my faith its seal is taking ;  
 Molten gold unhurt by fire.  
 Only thus 'tis ever given,  
 Up to joys of highest heaven,  
 For God's children to aspire.

Thus by griefs, the Lord is moulding,  
 Mind and spirit here unfolding,  
 His own image, to endure.  
 Now he shapes our dust, but later  
 Is the inner man's Creator ;  
 Thus he works by trial sure.

\* From "Sacred Lyrics from the German," published  
 by The Presbyterian Board of Publication.

Sorrows quell our insurrection,  
Bring our members to subjection,  
    Under Christ's prevailing will ;  
While the broken powers he raises  
To the work of holy praises,  
    Quietly and softly still.

Sorrows gather home the senses,  
Lest, seduced by earth's pretences,  
    They should after idols stroll.  
Like an angel guard, repelling  
Evil from the inmost dwelling,  
    Bringing order to the soul.

Sorrow now the harp is stringing  
For the everlasting singing,  
    Teaching us to soar above ;  
Where the blessed choir palm-bearing,  
Harps are playing, crowns are wearing,  
    Round the throne with songs of love.

Sorrow makes alert and daring,  
Sorrow is our clay preparing  
    For the cold rest of the grave.  
Sorrow is a herald, hasting,

Of that springtide whose unwasting  
Health the dying soul shall save.

Sorrow makes our faith abiding,  
Lowly, childlike and confiding !  
Sorrow ! who can speak thy grace !  
Earth may name thee tribulation,  
Heaven has nobler appellation :  
Not thus honoured all our race.

Brethren, these our perturbations,  
Step by step, through many stations  
Lead disciples to their sun.  
Soon—though many a pang has wasted,  
Soon—though many a death been tasted,  
Sorrow's watch of sighs is done.

Though the healthful powers were willing  
All the Master's will fulfilling,  
By obedience to be tried,  
Oh 'tis still no less a blessing,  
Such a Master's care possessing  
In his furnace to abide.

In the depth of keenest anguish,  
More and more the heart shall languish

After Jesus' loving heart,  
For one blessing only crying ;  
Make me like thee in thy dying,  
Then thy endless life impart !

Till at length, with sighs all breaking  
Through each bond its passage taking,  
Lo ! the veil is rent in twain !  
Who remembers now earth's treasure ?  
What a sea of godlike pleasure,  
High in heaven swells amain !

Now, with Jesus ever reigning,  
Where the ransomed home are gaining,  
Bathing in the endless light,  
All the heavenly ones are meeting !  
Brothers, sisters, let us, greeting,  
Claim them ours by kindred right.

Jesus ! toward that height of heaven,  
May a prospect clear be given,  
Till the parting hour shall come.  
Then, from pangs emerging brightly,  
May we all be wafted lightly,  
By angelic convoy home !

DR. JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

## THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

Oppressed with noon-day's scorching heat,  
To yonder cross I flee ;  
Beneath its shelter take my seat  
No shade like this for me !

Beneath that cross clear waters burst,  
A fountain sparkling free ;  
And there I quench my desert thirst :  
No spring like this for me !

A stranger here, I pitch my tent  
Beneath this spreading tree ;  
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent :  
No home like this for me !

For burdened ones a resting-place  
Beside that cross I see ;  
Here I cast off my weariness :  
No rest like this for me !

H. BONAR.

## A LITTLE WHILE.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the waking and the sleeping,

Beyond the sowing and the reaping,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come !

Beyond the blooming and the fading,

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the shining and the shading,

Beyond the hoping and the dreading,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come !

Beyond the rising and the setting

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the calming and the fretting,

Beyond remembering and forgetting,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come

Beyond the gathering and the strewing

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,

Beyond the coming and the going,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come !

Beyond the parting and the meeting

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the farewell and the greeting,

Beyond this pulse's fitful beating,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come !

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the rock-waste and the river,

Beyond the-ever and the never,

I shall be soon.



Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet hope !  
Lord, tarry not, but come !

H. BONAR.

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THY WILL BE DONE.\*

*Mein Jesu, wie du willst.*—FROM THE GERMAN.

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

My Jesus, as thou wilt !  
If needy here and poor,  
Give me thy people's bread,  
Their portion rich and sure.  
The manna of thy word  
Let my soul feed upon ;

\* From "Sacred Lyrics from the German," published  
by The Presbyterian Board of Publication.

And if all else should fail—  
My Lord, thy will be done !

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

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

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

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

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

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

## MINE AND THINE.

All that I *was*,—my sin, my guilt,

My death, was all my own;

All that I *am*, I owe to thee,

My gracious God alone.

The evil of my former state

Was mine and only mine;

The good in which I now rejoice

Is thine and only thine.

The darkness of my former state,

The bondage all was mine;

The light of life in which I walk,

The liberty is thine.

Thy grace first made me feel my sin,

It taught me to believe;

Then, in believing, peace I found,

And now I live, I live.

All that I am, e'en here on earth,

All that I hope to be,

When Jesus comes and glory dawns,

I owe it, Lord, to thee.      H. BONAR.

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THE END.

