

ΙΧΘΥΣ

CHRIST IN SONG.

Hymns of Immanuel :

SELECTED FROM ALL AGES, WITH NOTES,

BY

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SATHER

PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen,
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.



O JESUS CHRIST, GROW THOU IN ME.

(O Jesus Christus, wach in mir.)

"He must increase, but I must decrease." The best hymn of JOHANN CASPAR LAVATER (1780), born at Zurich, 1741, died there 1801. Translated from the German by Mrs. Dr. HENRY B. SMITH, of New York. Contributed.

O JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed!

Each day, let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.

In Thy bright beams, which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought ;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

Come near, I cast myself away,
Before Thee silent weep ;
Come, with Thy pure, divinest sway,
My spirit rule and keep.

More of Thy glory let me see,
Thou Holy, Wise, and True !
I would Thy living image be
In joy and sorrow too.

Fill me with gladness from above,
Hold me by strength divine ;
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
Through my whole being shine !

Weak is the power of sloth and pride,
And vain desires are still,
When, to Thy realm and Thee allied,
I haste to do Thy will.

Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim.
Oh, make me daily, through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy name ;

Daily more filled with Thee my heart,
 Daily from self more free;
 Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart,
 Of my prayer hearer be!

Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
 My every motive move,
 Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
 My passion and my love!



MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.



By the author of *Stepping Heavenward*, Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS, wife of Prof. George L. Prentiss, D.D., and daughter of the devout preacher Dr. Edward Payson, born at Portland, Maine, 1818, died at Dorset, Vt., 1878. Written probably as early as 1856, and published 1869. "She did not show it, not even to her husband, until many years after it was written,"—*Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss* (p. 300). See her *Religious Poems*, 1873 (publ. under the title *Golden Hours*, 1874).



MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
 More love to Thee!
 Hear Thou the prayer I make,
 On bended knee:
 This is my earnest plea —
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!