

John vi. 35.

When hungry souls are faint and worn
And cry in vain for bread,
When faith and hope, those angels bright,
Have left our souls and fled :
O, come, Thou gracious Bread of Life,
And give from out Thy store ;
For that blest soul that tastes of Thee
Doth hunger never more.

2 Pet. i. 19.

When dark our spirits are and torn
With tempests, doubts and fears,
When through the black and sullen night,
No ray of light appears ;
O, Christ, we pray Thee then arise
In Thy great power divine,
And o'er our spirits' blackest night,
Bid beams of light to shine.

Is. xii. 2.

What joy to sinners lost and lone,
Doth that sweet message bring,
That our salvation is assured,
And death hath lost its sting ;
We need not fear his dreaded form,
Nor shrink from his dark power,
For He who died to purchase us
Will guard us in that hour.

No more th
Our rapt
And make
Appalled
For Christ,
Has ope
And death
To glory