

THE TRIUMPHS OF FAITH.

“ By it the elders obtained a good report.”—Hebrews xi.

O LORD, we praise Thy name
For all the faithful band
Of saints, whose deeds of fame,
Rehearsed in every land,
The sacred page hath told,
In characters of gold.

By faith they bravely fought
And kingdoms overthrew:
By faith they rightly wrought
Their purpose just and true,
By faith were graces gained
And promises obtained.

By faith the lion's fangs
Were taught to seek no prey;
By faith the fire's dread pangs
Were quenched and failed to slay;
By faith in heavenly word
They 'scaped the deadly sword.

By faith there fled alarm,
And weakness turned to might.
By faith the trustful arm
Proved valiant in the fight;
By faith, they dealt the blows
Which routed alien foes.

By faith meek women got
Their dead to life brought back:
By faith they yielded not
When tortured on the rack.
(That thus they might arise
To life beyond the skies.)

By faith they stood the test,
When mocked, or scourged, or bound;
By faith a quiet rest
In pris'ner's cell they found;
By faith they bravely died,
When stone or saw were plied.

By faith the tempter's word,
Seductive, pled in vain;
By faith they met the sword,
Nor flinched while they were slain;
By faith though wand'ers, clad
In skins, their hearts were glad.

By faith, though want—oppressed,
Afflicted, torture-tried,
They yet the truth professed,
And thus the world defied—
Unworthy of such men,
Whose trust lay 'bove its ken.

By faith, o'er desert drear
And mountain's barren steep,
They wandered far and near,
And slept a peaceful sleep
In dens and caves, their haunt,
All lonesome, wild and gaunt.

O Lord, inspire our hearts
With each ennobling grace
And virtue that imparts
To all thy faithful race
The courage which sustains,
And even in death remains,

That we may emulate
The ransomed, happy throng,
Who, now beyond the gate
Of death, in grateful song,
Throughout their blissful days,
Reharse their Saviour's praise.

JAMES RIDDELL.