

X.

*"Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet
appear what we shall be."*

SONS of God ! O peerless favour,
Kingliest gift of love Divine !
Holy Father ! gracious Saviour !
What transcendent grace is Thine !
Sunk in guilt, from God and Heaven
Homeless, hopeless souls we strayed ;
Now in Christ redeemed, forgiven,
Sons and heirs of glory made.

Hopeless, homeless now no longer,
Though as yet away from home,
Hope is growing clearer, stronger,
As we near the rest to come.
Though we walk through toils and dangers,
Should our hearts be sad or weak ?
Princes we, and kingly strangers,
While our Fatherland we seek.

Oh, to know our full salvation !
Oh, to rest in perfect love !
Boldly claim our royal station,
And our Sonship's right approve !
To the likeness of our Brother
Daily growing nearness show ;
Learn to know and love each other,
Whom the world refuse to know !