

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for
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AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Rock of Ages.

ROCK of Ages, save a child,
Tossed upon an angry sea;
Mid life's billows rolling wild,
I am clinging now to thee;
From my sin and sorrow save,
Else I perish in the wave.

Rock of Ages, help I pray,
Or I sink to rise no more;
All too far from thee away,
Let me reach thy gracious shore;
Prove from self and sin a haven,
Make me now thy child forgiven.

Rock of Ages—strength Divine,
In thy cleft, oh, let me lie!
Take my sins, they're too much mine,
Take them from me, else I die;
Now to me my Saviour prove,
Let me know and feel thy love.

Rock of Ages, dear to me,
Shelter in a weary land,
Covert from the tempest be,
Refuge from the desert sand;
Let me hide beneath thy shade,
Till my guilt-stains all shall fade.

Rock of Ages, still the same,
As the shadows longer grow,
And I feel this weary frame
Bend beneath its age and woe,
And the billows higher roll,
Rest my weary time-tossed soul.

Rock of Ages, hear my cry,
Now, and when to die I come;
When I heave my latest sigh,
Take my weary spirit home;
Let thy peace mine eye-lids close,
Sweetly bear me from all woes.

Then, amid the hosts above,
I shall sing for evermore,
Lost in wonder at thy love,
As I tread the heavenly shore,
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
All I am, I owe to thee."

And as praises louder rise,
Echoing through the courts of heaven,
Where no tears on any eyes
Call to mind the sins forgiven,
Louder still my song shall be—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Never more shall cease the song,
Ne'er shall shadow dim the light;
"Glory doth to Christ belong,"
Sing ye saints and angels bright;
This our song forever be,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

CHAMBLY, Dec., 1883.

J. C. G.

How greatly a well-organized system of home study is appreciated is shown by the success of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Each year since its commencement the number pursuing its course has been augmented, until now about fifty thousand names are enrolled. The members of the Circle are scattered over broad portions of the globe, some of them being in India, others in the Sandwich Islands. The magnitude of the good results no man can estimate.

Be slow to stir inquiries which you do not mean particularly to pursue to their proper end. Be not afraid to suspend your judgment, or to feel and admit to yourselves how narrow are the bounds of knowledge. Do not readily assume that to us have been opened royal roads to truth, which were heretofore hidden away from the whole family of man; or the opening of such roads would not be so much favor as caprice.—*W. E. Gladstone.*