

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong :—  
Who follows in his train ?

- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came ;  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.  
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane ;  
They bowed their necks the death to feel :—  
Who follows in their train ?
- 4 A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.  
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain :  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train !

R. HEBER.

S. M.

23

- 1 THIS is the day of Light !  
Let there be light to-day !  
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,  
And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of Rest !  
Our failing strength renew ;  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of Peace !  
Thy Peace our spirits fill !  
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease ;  
The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of Prayer !  
Let earth to heaven draw near ;  
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,  
Come down to meet us here.