

## GEMS RE-SET.

The King who blood and life hath given  
His subjects in their need to aid,  
To Him be praise in earth and heaven !  
To Him let endless thanks be paid.  
Bless Him for all He's giv'n of good,  
But most extol His precious blood.

This glorious King my heart hath found.  
Where found Him ? Upon Calvary's hill.  
He pours from out each bleeding wound  
Rich balsam for mine every ill :  
To me, who 'mid His foes have stood,  
He gives His life and precious blood.

To whom shall I myself then yield  
Save, O Thou bleeding King, to Thee ?  
Beneath Thy cross I'll take the field,  
Thy subject, soldier, child, would be ;  
Beneath Thy banner I my word  
Have pledged, and Thou the oath hast heard ;  
For Thee I'd pour my heart's deep flood—  
Would give Thee goods, and life, and blood.

*From the German of Woltersdorff.*

Full soon will Death these eyes be closing  
Which oft such bitter tears have shed ;  
Full soon my dust will be reposing  
In earth's calm lap, most peaceful bed.

But in the hour when anguish mortal  
With shuddering fears doth me enthrall,  
Then show me heaven's wide-opened portal,  
Thou kind and loving Sire of all.

And when my trembling voice, and broken,  
Calls on Thee from a heart oppressed,  
Then give me of Thy love some token,  
And take me to Thy Father-breast.

Oh, in the solemn instant fateful  
When I farewell to earth have said,  
I shall not count Death's form as hateful,  
If Thou sustain my dying head.

Stretch towards me then Thy strong arms tender,  
And let me feel Thy presence near,  
That when my soul to Thee I render,  
Firm trust may calm mine every fear.

*Altered from the Swedish of Anna Maria Lengren.*

Wouldst thou lift the veil, my friend,  
Which doth future days conceal ?  
All which God designs to send  
Wouldst thou have Him now reveal ?

Leave, ah, leave such cares to Him ;  
On thee shines from heav'n a ray,  
Though, as yet, thine eyes are dim  
To the future's unborn day.

Mists surround th' approaching year ;  
If the darkness thee dismays,  
Think how bright, distinct, and clear  
Heav'n to faith the Lord displays.

Soon will all these clouds pass by.  
Let them not thy soul affright ;  
Lift, oh lift, to heav'n thine eye :  
Here is darkness—there is light.

Wouldst thou then the curtain raise ?  
Leave it in Thy Father's hand :  
He through these brief dreary days  
Leads us to the better land.

*From the German of Moralt.*

What though in some unknown region  
Thy lot be cast, thou need'st not fear,  
Since round thee many a shining legion  
Both day and night is hovering near.

What though no loved one's presence cheer thee,  
Though thou alone thy way mayst tread,  
Thou still hast Christ thy Saviour near thee,  
While angels watch thy path and bed.

The heaviest cloud need not affright thee  
Which over earth and heaven can fall :  
If thou hast God Himself to light thee,  
A darkened sky need not appal.

I journey on, a lonely stranger,  
No loved one's voice my way doth guide ;  
But He whose birthplace was a manger  
Protects me in each hour of danger,  
And sooths me by His cheering smile.

*From the German of Dr. Lorenz.*

Christ in hands of death has lain,  
Our vile sins have bound Him ;  
Now, behold Him rise again,  
Showering life around Him.  
We for this should gladsome be,  
Praising God, and thankfully  
Singing Hallelujah.

'Twas a dread and wondrous strife,  
Life, Death, in battle meeting ;  
Vict' r in the field was Life,  
Death He's still defeating.  
As His word foretold of yore,  
Through His might Death harms no more,  
Now to scorn he laughs it.

Keep we then our gladsome feast,  
Hearts with rapture glowing.  
That Light rises in the east  
Which from God is flowing.  
Through the brightness of His grace  
He lights up our darkest place :  
Amen. Hallelujah.

*From the German of Martin Luther.*

With all my sin and sorrow,  
I come, O Lord, to Thee ;  
Thy help I fain would borrow,  
Thy cross with joy I see.

I see Thee bleed, and languish,  
And die for sinful men ;  
Thou suffer'dst woe and anguish  
For my transgressions then.

Henceforth, O Saviour tender,  
In Thee my life I live ;  
Had I nought else to render,  
For Thee that life I'd give.

But ah, for such salvation,  
What can I, Lord, bestow ?  
Alas ! I've no oblation  
To pay Thee what I owe.

I've nought, O Christ, to bring Thee,  
Save this weak worthless heart,  
And this poor voice to sing Thee,  
And show men what Thou art.

*From the German of Mewes.*