

HYMN OF PRAISE.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
 I cannot be ;
 Christ's blood hath made me nigh,
 Praise, praise to Thee !
Now blest in Christ Thy Son,
 Thy love to Him my own,
 This shall be still my song,
 Praises to Thee !

Pilgrim and stranger here,
 I journey on ;
 Upward my heart now turns,
 Heaven is my home ;
 Thy love constraining still,
 Henceforth to do Thy will ;
 Praises my spirit fill,
 All praise to Thee !

Now, let my walk and ways,
 More Christ-like be ;
 Ever delighting in
 His love to me :—
 Till I shall see His face,
 Owing Thy sovereign grace,
 That brought me to this place—
 Nearness to Thee.

Lessons, on desert sands,
 Now taught by Thee ;
 Causes my heart to sing,
 More praise to Thee !
 Trials thus sent do bless,
 Partaking Thy holiness,
 Peaceful fruits of righteousness,
 Bring praise to Thee.