

him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more: neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

PRAISE.

Tune, Nearer Home

Forever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam.
Y't nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near.
At times, to faith's unclouded eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
Thy bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

ADDRESS—REV. CANON DANN.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

SOLO—"One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

Ambrose

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