

THE
UNITARIAN FAITH
IN
UNITARIAN HYMNS

LINDSEY



PRESS

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PREFACE TO REVISED EDITION

FOR a new edition of this book, compiled by Rev. W. Copeland Bowie and published in 1918, the selection and arrangement of hymns have been thoroughly revised and the number increased to sixty, about one-third of which are new to this edition. While the first aim has been, as before, to offer a small treasury of hymns truly expressive of the Unitarian faith in its various aspects, it has also been thought well to include as many authors as possible consistently with this main purpose. With the exception of one instance of joint authorship, no writer is here represented by more than two hymns.

All the hymns now included are found in *Hymns of Worship*, the book in current use among Unitarians; where any question of wording might arise, the text of that compilation is followed. Biographical notes appear now in alphabetical order at the end of the book. The previous statement of Unitarian Beliefs is replaced by a more recent and shorter summary which has found general acceptance.

As the editor of the previous edition wrote, "Many people in England still speak and write as if Unitarianism were merely a somewhat hard and rationalistic type of theology, lacking altogether in religious fervour. It is hoped that this small selection of hymns will assist in removing so mistaken a view, and will encourage readers to make further study of our rich

PREFACE TO REVISED EDITION

devotional literature." The words of the American scholar F. G. Peabody may again be quoted:

"Beneath the vigorous rationalism and sincere dissent of the Unitarians there is a deeper movement of religious life, a consciousness of God which none but a poet can utter, a spiritual lineage which unites these modern minds to the great company of witnesses of the real presence—the fellowship of the Church of the Spirit."

The book is re-issued with the hope that it will continue to remind Unitarians of their goodly heritage and to make known to many the spiritual wealth of a free and rational faith.

D.T.
M.R.

London, 1947.

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OUR FAITH AND FELLOWSHIP

What is Religion?

Religion, as Jesus himself affirmed, is summed up in the two great commandments—Love to God and Love to Man.

What are the Essentials of the Christian Faith?

The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the Leadership of Jesus, the Victory of Good, the Kingdom of God, and the Life Eternal.

Does this constitute our Creed?

No, for though we cherish these beliefs, we do not formulate them as a settled creed, nor claim for them the authority of a final statement of religious truth. In the conviction that the dogmatic spirit is fatal to progress, we seek no complete uniformity of religious belief, but welcome to our open fellowship all who share our spiritual ideals and practical aims.

What are our Ideals and Aims?

- (1) In things essential, Unity; in things doubtful, Liberty; in all things, Charity.
- (2) Religious Life, not Creed, the bond of union.
- (3) Freedom of reason and conscience in the search for Truth, unfettered by authority or tradition.
- (4) Fellowship the wide world over, on these principles, between men of differing creeds and faiths.

What is the Liberal Religious Movement?

A movement in all the great religions of the world, and in almost every Christian church or denomination, of those who cherish the above ideals and aims; and with whom, therefore, Unitarians and Free Christians find themselves in close accord and harmonious fellowship.

WORSHIP

H W 130

I

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above,—
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place,
With power proclaimed, in peace received—
Our spirit's light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side,
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would need no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

N. L. Frothingham.

WE love the venerable house
 Our fathers built to God :—
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
 Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
 From many a radiant face,
 And prayers of tender hope have spread
 A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
 The mystery of life,
 And prayed the eternal Light to clear
 Their doubts, and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
 Came up the pensive train,
 And in the church a blessing found,
 That filled their homes again ;

For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
 That from the Godhead flow,
 Showed them the life of heaven above
 Springs from the life below.

They live with God, their homes are dust,
 Yet here their children pray,
 And in this fleeting lifetime trust
 To find the narrow way.

On him who by the altar stands,
 On him thy blessing fall !
 Speak through his lips thy pure commands,
 Thou Heart that lovest all !

R. W. Emerson.

UNTO thy temple, Lord, we come
 With thankful hearts to worship thee ;
 And pray that this may be our home
 Until we touch eternity :—

The common home of rich and poor,
 Of bond and free, and great and small ;
 Large as thy love for evermore,
 And warm and bright and good to all.

And dwell thou with us in this place,
 Thou and thy Christ, to guide and bless ;
 Here make the well-springs of thy grace
 Like fountains in the wilderness.

May thy whole truth be spoken here ;
 Thy gospel light for ever shine ;
 Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
 And human life become divine.

Robert Collyer.

WORSHIP

4

FATHER, O hear us, seeking now to praise thee!
Thou art our hope, our confidence, our Saviour;
Thou art the refuge of the generations,
 Lord God Almighty.

Maker of all things, loving all thy creatures,
God of all goodness, infinite in mercy,
Changeless, eternal, holiest and wisest,
 Hear thou thy children.

We are thy children, asking thee to bless us,
Banded together for a full obedience,
Mutual help and mutual refreshing,
 Lord, in thy service.

Childhood shall learn to know thee and revere thee;
Manhood shall serve thee, strong in power and know-
 ledge;
Old age shall trust thee, having felt thy mercy,
 E'en 'mid the shadows.

Bless thou our purpose, consecrate our labours,
Keep us still faithful to the best and truest,
Guide us, protect us, make us not unworthy
 Learners of Jesus.

Glory and honour, thanks and adoration,
Still will we bring, O God of men and angels,
To thee, the holy, merciful and mighty,
 Father, our Father!

Douglas Walmsley.

WORSHIP

5

GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
 We are met to worship thee.

By thy wisdom mind is lighted,
By thy love the heart excited,
 Light and love all flow from thee;

And the soul of thought and feeling
In the voice thy praises pealing
 Must thy noblest homage be.

Not alone in our devotion;
In all being, life, and motion,
 We the present Godhead see.

Gracious Power, the world pervading
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
 We are met to worship thee.

W. J. Fox.

WORSHIP

6

FATHER, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name;

That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

O let not all the pains and toils be wasted,
Spent on our life by saints now gone to rest:
Nor that deep sorrow the Redeemer tasted
When on his soul the guilt of men was pressed.

Let all this goodness by our minds be heeded,
Let all this mercy on our hearts be sealed!
Thy power, O Lord, can give the cleansing needed;
O speak the word, thy servants shall be healed.

J. Freeman Clarke.

WORSHIP

7

O THOU to whom our voices rise,
King of the earth, and air, and skies,
For all the blessings that we prize,
We thank thee, Lord!

For work and rest, for home and friends,
For health and strength thy mercy sends,
That we may serve the noblest ends,
We thank thee, Lord!

For idle word and trifling thought,
For selfish pleasure we have sought,
When all for thee we should have wrought,
Forgive us, Lord!

From anger, pride, and selfish care,
From want of faith in work or prayer,
From sin that we would rashly dare,
O save us, Lord!

We trust thy wisdom, love, and power:
When all is bright—when sorrows lower—
Through all our life—in death's last hour,
Be with us, Lord!

Dendy Agate.

8

THE Lord hath said, " Seek ye my face ";
Thy face, O Lord, we fain would see,
Though with the eyes in any place
This glorious vision may not be.

But to the pure in heart is given
A calm and blessèd inward light,
By which they see the things of heaven,
Though hidden from all outward sight.

We lift our hearts, O Lord, to thee
To beg that thou wilt make them pure,
That we by light divine may see
And live the life that shall endure.

May no unhallowed thought or care,
No passion base, no sordid love,
That mirror bright in us impair
In which are imaged things above.

Thomas Sadler.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD

9

LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
Star of our hope! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes.

10

God is love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwined
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring.

11

FATHER, to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!

Giver of sunshine and of rain;
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain;
Fountain of light that, rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star!

Yet deem we not that thus alone
Thy mercy and thy love are shown;
For we have learned with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak thy ways.

In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay;
Sole trust when life shall pass away;
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb!

Patient with headstrong guilt to bear,
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare:
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to thy erring child.

W. C. Bryant.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD

12

THOU One in all, thou All in one,
Source of the grace that crowns our days,
For all thy gifts 'neath cloud or sun,
We lift to thee our grateful praise.

We bless thee for the life that flows,
A pulse in every grain of sand,
A beauty in the blushing rose,
A thought and deed in brain and hand.

For life that thou hast made a joy,
For strength to make our lives like thine,
For duties that our hands employ,—
We bring our offerings to thy shrine.

Be thine to give and ours to own
The truth that sets thy children free,
The law that binds us to thy throne,
The love that makes us one with thee.

S. C. Beach.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD

13

(A Children's Hymn)

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us, Shepherd kind;
We are only children, weak, and young, and blind.
All the way before us thou alone dost know;
Lead us, heavenly Father, singing as we go.

Lead us, heavenly Father, on our opening way;
Lead us in the morning of our little day;
While our hearts are happy, while our souls are free,
May we give our childhood as a song to thee.

Lead us, heavenly Father, as the way grows long;
Be our strong salvation, be our joyous song.
Gladdened by thy mercies, chastened by thy rod,
May we walk through all things humbly with our God.

Lead us, heavenly Father, by thy voices clear,
Through the prophets holy, through the Saviour dear;
He who took the children in his arms of love—
May we all be gathered in his home above.

Brooke Herford.

SOFTLY the silent night
 Falleth from God,
 On weary wanderers
 Over life's road ;
 And as the stars on high
 Light up the darkening sky,
 Lord, unto thee we cry,—
 Father above !

Slowly on failing wing
 Daylight has passed ;
 Sleep, like an angel kind,
 Folds us at last.
 Peace be our lot this night,
 Safe be our slumber light,
 Watched by thy angels bright,
 Father above !

And when the gleam of morn
 Touches our eyes,
 And the returning day
 Bids us arise,—
 Happy beneath thy will,
 Steadfast in joy or ill,
 Lord, may we serve thee still,
 Father above !

A. N. Blatchford.

“WHERE is your God?” they say:
 Answer them, Lord most holy!
 Reveal thy secret way
 Of visiting the lowly:
 Not wrapped in moving cloud,
 Or nightly-resting fire ;
 But veiled within the shroud
 Of silent high desire.

Come not in flashing storm,
 Or bursting frown of thunder:
 Come in the viewless form
 Of wakening love and wonder ;—
 Of duty grown divine,
 The restless spirit, still ;
 Of sorrows taught to shine,
 As shadows of thy will.

O God! the pure alone,—
 E'en in their deep confessing,—
 Can see thee as their own,
 And find the perfect blessing:
 Yet to each waiting soul
 Speak in thy still small voice,
 Till broken love's made whole,
 And saddened hearts rejoice.

James Martineau.

HOLY Spirit, Truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine!
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine!
Kindle every high desire,
Perish self in thy pure fire!

Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine!
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine,
King within my conscience reign!
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine!
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Gladden thou this heart of mine!
In the desert ways I sing—
"Spring, O Well, for ever spring!"

S. Longfellow

I CANNOT find thee! still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell:
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot find thee! E'en when most adoring
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought up-
soaring
From farthest quest comes back: thou art not there!

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendour shineth: there, O God, thou art!

I cannot lose thee! Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam:
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

Eliza Scudder.

SLOWLY by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; oh, how still
Is the working of thy will!

Mighty Maker, here am I;
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars, a wondrous birth;
So may gleams of glory dart
From this dim abyss, my heart:

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight,
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

Thou who dwellest there, I know,
Dwellest here within me too;
May the perfect peace of God
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

Let my life attuned be
To the heavenly harmony
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

W. H. Furness.

MYSTERIOUS Presence, Source of all,
The world without, the world within,
Fountain of life, O hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in.

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
The Spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar fire.

That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And vocal in each waiting heart
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

S. C. Beach.

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
 Love of God, unspent and free,
 Flowing in the prophet's word,
 And the people's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
 That unstinted tide confined;
 Thine is every time and place,
 Fountain sweet of heart and mind:

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
 Pulsing in the hero's blood,
 Nerving simplest thought and deed,
 Freshening time with truth and good;

Consecrating art and song,
 Holy book and pilgrim track,
 Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
 From the sacred limits back!

Life of Ages, richly poured,
 Love of God, unspent and free,
 Flow still in the prophet's word,
 And the people's liberty!

S. Johnson.

HE hides within the lily
 A strong and tender care,
 That wins the earth-born atoms
 To glory of the air;
 He weaves the shining garments
 Unceasingly and still,
 Along the quiet waters,
 In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
 With him who bent the knee
 To watch the old-time lilies
 In distant Galilee;
 And still the worship deepens
 And quickens into new,
 As, brightening down the ages,
 God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
 Thy touch 'is in the Man!
 No leaf that dawns to petal
 But hints the angel-plan.
 The flower-horizons open!
 The blossom vaster shows!
 We hear thy wide worlds echo,—
 See how the lily grows!

Shy yearnings of the savage,
 Unfolding thought by thought,
 To holy lives are lifted,
 To visions fair are wrought;
 The races rise and cluster,
 And evils fade and fall,
 Till chaos blooms to beauty,
 Thy purpose crowning all!

W. C. Gannett.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

22

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:—
“Peace to the earth, goodwill to men
From heaven’s all-gracious King!”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend, on hovering wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long:
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life’s crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!
For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. Sears.

23

WHEN thy heart, with joy o’erflowing,
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy, O let thy brother
With thee share.

If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
For a guest;

Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow’s burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

T. C. Williams.

At first I prayed for Light:
 Could I but see the way,
 How gladly, swiftly would I walk
 To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength,—
 That I might tread the road
 With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
 The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith;—
 Could I but trust my God,
 I'd live enfolded in his peace,
 Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love,
 Deep love to God and man;
 A living love that will not fail,
 However dark his plan;—

And Light and Strength and Faith
 Are opening everywhere!
 God only waited for me till
 I prayed the larger prayer.

Ednah D. Cheney.

O God! the darkness roll away
 Which clouds the human soul,
 And let thy bright and holy day
 Speed onward to its goal!

Let every hateful passion die
 Which makes of brethren foes,
 And war no longer raise its cry
 To mar the world's repose.

How long shall glory still be found
 In scenes of cruel strife,
 Where misery walks, a giant crowned,
 Crushing the flowers of life?

O hush, great God, the sounds of war,
 And make thy children feel
 That he, with thee, is nobler far
 Who toils for human weal.

Let faith, and hope, and charity
 Go forth through all the earth;
 And man in holy friendship be
 True to his heavenly birth.

W. Gaskell.

THE LEADERSHIP OF JESUS

26

WHEN the Lord of Love was here,
Happy hearts to him were dear,
Tho' his heart was sad ;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet he turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

Meek and lowly were his ways,
From his loving grew his praise,
From his giving, prayer ;
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy his care.

When he walked the fields, he drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew
Parables of God ;
For within his heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had his abode.

Lord, be ours the power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
In all trial, love ;
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

THE LEADERSHIP OF JESUS

Fill us with the strong desire
All the sinful to inspire
With our Father's life ;
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

And when in the fields and woods
We are filled with Nature's moods,
May the grace be given,
That our faithful hearts may say,
All we see and feel to-day
Is our Father's heaven.

Stopford A. Brooke.

27

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe !

We look to thee ; thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes! thou art still the Life ; thou art the Way
The holiest know ;—Light, Life, and Way of heaven !
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

Theodore Parker.

28

O VOICE of love, across the years
 Thy message comes to me ;
 I feel the thrill that hushed the fears
 Of hearts in Galilee :
 Then weary men and sad
 Found comfort from above ;
 Thy kindness made them glad,
 O tender Voice of love !

O sweet and gentle Word, thy calm
 Fell as the dew at night,
 And soothed the wounded heart like balm,
 And made its burden light ;
 The lowly, gath'ring round,
 Thy gracious accents heard
 And hailed the joyous sound ;
 O sweet and tender Word !

O deep and holy Heart, thy peace
 Their stormy passions stilled ;
 Poor slaves of sin found sweet release,
 And hungry souls were filled ;
 And evermore thy power
 Shall find our better part,
 And help in evil hour ;
 O deep and holy Heart !

O Voice of love, come evermore
 Across the years to me ;
 Glad tidings to the world restore,
 As once in Galilee ;
 And simple men, again,
 Shall turn to God above,
 And thank him for thy strain ;
 O Voice of perfect love !

W. R. Shanks.

29

AMID the din of earthly strife,
 Amid the busy crowd,
 The whispers of eternal life
 Are lost in clamours loud ;
 When, lo ! I find a healing balm ;
 The world grows dim to me ;
 My spirit rests in sudden calm
 With Christ in Galilee !

I linger near him in the throng,
 And listen to his voice ;
 I feel my weary soul grow strong,
 My saddened heart rejoice.
 Amid the storms that darkly frown
 I hear his whisper sweet,
 And lay my heavy burden down
 At his beloved feet.

My vision swiftly fades away,
 The world is round me still ;
 But Jesus seems with me to stay,
 His promise to fulfil.
 And toil and duty sweeter seem
 While he abides with me ;
 My heart is rested by my dream
 Of Christ in Galilee !

H. W. Hawkes.

"IT is finished!" Man of sorrows!
From thy cross our nature borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

While uplifted there we view thee,
Mighty sufferer, draw us to thee,
Sufferer victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
May that sacred symbol be;

Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to thee!

Still to thee! whose love unbounded
Sorrow's deep for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflict sore.

Honoured be thy cross for ever;
Star, that points our high endeavour
Whither thou hast gone before.

F. H. Hedge.

IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me:
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring.

O BROTHER of the righteous will,
 O Brother full of grace,
 What human glory is revealed,
 Foreshadowed in thy face!

As once the homes of Galilee,
 It lighteth ours to-day;
 And still to men it showeth clear
 The Life, the Truth, the Way.

Thou art the Way: for still, to know
 The love that reigns above,
 There is no other way than thine,—
 To live the life of love.

Thou art the Truth: alone on eyes
 Like thine the visions fall—
 Blessèd, with thee, the pure in heart,
 Beholding God in all.

Thou art the Life: in thee we own
 The glory all may wear,
 Who, one with thee, for truth and right
 Will learn to do and dare.

O Brother of the righteous will,
 O Brother full of grace,
 With deepening faith the sons of men
 Still gaze upon thy face!

J. W. Chadwick and W. C. Gannett.

My Master was a worker,
 With daily work to do,
 And he who would be like him
 Must be a worker too;
 Then welcome honest labour,
 And honest labour's fare,
 For where there is a worker
 The Master's man is there.

My Master was a comrade,
 A trusty friend and true,
 And he who would be like him
 Must be a comrade too;
 In happy hours of singing,
 In silent hours of care,
 Where goes a loyal comrade,
 The Master's man is there.

My Master was a helper,
 The woes of life he knew,
 And he who would be like him
 Must be a helper too;
 The burden will grow lighter
 If each will take a share,
 And where there is a helper
 The Master's man is there.

Then, brothers, brave and manly,
 Together let us be,
 For he, who is our Master,
 The Man of men was he.
 The men who would be like him
 Are wanted everywhere,
 And where they love each other
 The Master's men are there.

W. G. Tarrant.

CONSECRATION AND SERVICE

34

O GOD, whose law is in the sky,
Whose light is on the sea,
Who livest in the human heart,
We give ourselves to thee.

In fearless, world-wide search for truth,
Whatever form it wear,
Or crown or cross, or fame or blame,
We thine ourselves declare.

In love that binds mankind in one,
That serves all those in need,
Whose law is helpful sympathy,—
In this we're thine indeed.

In labour, whose far-distant end
Is bringing to accord
The earthly fact and seer's dream,
We follow thee, O Lord!

To truth, to love, to duty, then,
Wherever we may be,
We give ourselves; and, doing this,
We give ourselves to thee.

Minot J. Savage.

35

THOU Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Has brought us here before thy face,
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

Again we lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on thy holy shrine;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours;
The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.

And now, with hymn and prayer, we stand
To give our strength to thee, great God!
We would redeem thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray,
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

O. B. Frothingham.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer:
 Not for ease that prayer shall be,
 But for strength that we may ever
 Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
 Do we ask our way to be;
 But by steep and rugged pathways
 Would we strive to climb to thee.

Not for ever by still waters
 Would we idly quiet stay;
 But would win the living fountains
 From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
 In our wanderings be our guide;
 Through endeavour, failure, danger,
 Father, be thou at our side.

Let our path be bright or dreary,
 Storm or sunshine be our share;
 May our souls, in hope unwearied,
 Make thy work our ceaseless prayer.

Love Maria Willis.

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
 Of circling planets singing on their way;
 Guide of the nations from the night profound
 Into the glory of the perfect day;
 Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
 Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

We are of thee, the children of thy love,
 The brothers of thy well-belovèd Son;
 Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
 Into our hearts, that we may be as one,
 As one with thee, to whom we ever tend;
 As one with him, our Brother and our Friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
 One in our love of all things sweet and fair;
 One with the joy that breaketh into song,
 One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
 One in the power that makes thy children free
 To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

Oh, clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord,
 Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine!
 Our inspiration be thy constant word:
 We ask no victories that are not thine.
 Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
 Enough to know that we are serving thee.

J. W. Chadwick.

ONCE to every man and nation
 Comes the moment to decide,
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
 For the good or evil side ;
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
 Offers each the bloom or blight,
 And the choice goes by for ever
 'Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with truth is noble,
 When we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
 And 'tis prosperous to be just ;
 Then it is the brave man chooses,
 While the coward stands aside,
 Till the multitude make virtue
 Of the faith they had denied.

Though the cause of evil prosper,
 Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong ;
 Though her portion be the scaffold,
 And upon the throne be Wrong ;
 Yet that scaffold sways the future,
 And, behind the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow,
 Keeping watch above his own.

J. R. Lowell.

ARM, soldiers of the Lord !
 The fight is set with wrong ;
 Take shield and breastplate, helm and sword,
 And sing your battle song.

Stand fast for Love, your Lord,
 Faith be your mighty shield,
 And let the Spirit's burning sword
 Flash foremost in the field.

Truth be your girdle strong ;
 And Hope your helmet shine
 Whene'er the battle seems too long,
 And wearied hearts repine.

With news of Gospel Peace
 Let your swift feet be shod ;
 Your breastplate be the Righteousness
 That keeps the heart for God.

And for the weary day,
 And for the slothful arm,
 For wounds, defeat, distress, dismay,
 Take Prayer, the heavenly charm.

"From strength to strength," your cry ;
 Your battlefield the world ;
 Strike home, and press where Christ your Lord
 His banner has unfurled.

Stopford A. Brooke.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act that each to-morrow
 Find us further than to-day.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time:—

Footprints, that perhaps another
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

WHEN the light of day is waning,
 When the night is dark and drear,
 God of love, in stillness reigning,
 Teach me to believe thee near.

When my heart is faint and drooping,
 When my faith is weak and cold,
 Kindly to my weakness stooping,
 Draw me upwards as of old;

Nearer to the peace unbroken,
 Nearer to the changeless calm,
 All my wish a prayer unspoken,
 All my life a silent psalm.

Teach me to abide in patience
 All the little storms of time,
 Making every day's temptations
 Steps for faltering feet to climb.

Let me find thee in my sorrow,
 Nor forget thee in my joy;
 And from thee my sunshine borrow,
 And by thee my gloom destroy.

God of day, the dark dispelling,
 Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend,
 God of Love, in stillness dwelling,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

E. M. Geldart.

LORD, in this holy hour of even,
 By thy unfailing mercy blest,
 Our souls we meekly turn to heaven,
 And calmly on thy bosom rest.

Through unknown ways thy hand has led us,
 And smoothed the path beneath our feet;
 Through frequent gloom thy love has sped us,
 And made e'en toil and danger sweet.

And if some cross thy will has sent us,
 In which the good we see not now,
 O God, may all thy mercies lent us
 Constrain our souls in faith to bow.

O Lord, in thee we seek our gladness,
 The fountain of our light thou art;
 In thee, O God, we hide our sadness,—
 Thou Comfort of the wounded heart!

From morn to eve thy hand shall guide us,
 Thy love shall gild the shades of night;
 And midst the gloom, with thee beside us,
 We'll rest in peace and wait the light.

T. Hincks.

O LOVE divine, that stoop'st to share
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
 On thee we cast each earth-born care;
 We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
 And sorrow crown each lingering year,
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
 Shall softly tell us, thou art near.

On thee we cast our burdening woe,
 O Love divine, for ever dear;
 Content to suffer, while we know,
 Living and dying, thou art near.

O. W. Holmes.

44

GOD draws a cloud over each gleaming morn.
 Would we ask why?
It is because all noblest things are born
 In agony.

Only upon some cross of pain or woe
 God's son may lie;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
 Its Calvary.

Yet must we crave for neither joy nor grief;
 God chooses best:
He only knows our sick soul's fit relief,
 And gives us rest.

More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
 For holiness,
That Father, in his tenderness divine,
 Yearneth to bless.

What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie,
 Our lips in dust?
God's arm shall lift us up to victory.
 In him we trust.

For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
 Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us that we should go
 From his great love.

Frances Power Cobbe.

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL

45

ETERNAL God, whose changeless will
Encircles all our changing years,
We praise thy love which giveth still
The fruit of joy from seed of tears.

Our fathers sought thee: thou wast there
On lonely moor, in prison cell;
Thy presence gave them strength to bear
Reproach, and, suffering, serve thee well.

No more on us is laid the cross
Of sorrow, danger, pain or shame;
They nobly triumphed over loss;
Make us as faithful to thy name.

Grant us thy grace through faith to win
A larger hope, a deeper love;
Steadfast to fight the hosts of sin,
Nor from the Master's footsteps move:

Till faith be sight, our witness done,
Each doubt at rest, hushed every strife,
And all thy Church on earth be one
In growing fulness of thy life.

J. Estlin Carpenter.

ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errand swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed,
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

S. Longfellow.

O SING with loud and joyful song,
The seers of every name!
O sing the prophets high and true,
And saints of sacred fame!
From age to age their voice is heard,
One solemn cry, one living word.

They came, the Lord's anointed ones,
To every age and shore,
And ever-blessèd tidings brought,
And holy witness bore;
Witness of Love's celestial light,
Of duty and eternal right.

Oh, thanks that all the ages down
The same love is outpoured!
Oh, thanks that every prophet-voice
Proclaims one truth, one Lord!
O holy throng, ye show the store
Of endless life from more to more.

J. Vila Blake.

CITY of God, how broad and far
 Outspread thy walls sublime!
 The true thy chartered freemen are
 Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
 One steadfast high intent,
 One working band, one harvest song,
 One King Omnipotent.

How purely hath thy speech come down
 From man's primeval youth!
 How grandly hath thine empire grown
 Of freedom, love, and truth!

How gleam thy watchfires through the night
 With never-fainting ray!
 How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
 To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
 In vain the drifting sands;
 Unharmed upon the Eternal Rock
 The Eternal City stands.

S. Johnson.

O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
 Whom kings adored in song sublime,
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

Not now on Zion's height alone
 The favoured worshipper may dwell,
 Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
 Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
 The incense of the heart, may rise
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To thee shall age with snowy hair,
 And strength and beauty, bend the knee,
 And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
 Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O thou to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
 To thee, at last, in every clime
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

J. Pierpont.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

50

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love,
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

Come, kingdom of our God,
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

John Johns.

58

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

51

FATHER, let thy kingdom come,
Let it come with living power;
Speak at length the final word,
Usher in the triumph hour.

As it came in days of old,
In the deepest hearts of men,
When thy martyrs died for thee,
Let it come, O God, again.

Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
Let them from their place be hurled;
Enter on thy better reign,
Wear the crown of this poor world.

Oh, what long, sad years have gone
Since thy Church was taught this prayer;
Oh, what eyes have watched and wept
For the dawning everywhere.

Break, triumphant day of God,
Break at last, our hearts to cheer;
Eager souls and holy songs
Wait to hail thy dawning here.

Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,
May they all for God be won;
And by every living soul,
Father, let thy will be done.

J. Page Hopps.

59

52

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment
seat:

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my
feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the
sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and
me:

As he died to make men holy, let us live to make men
free!

While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

53

COME, let us join with faithful souls

Our song of faith to sing;

One brotherhood in heart are we,

And one our Lord and King.

Faithful are all who love the truth

And dare the truth to tell,

Who steadfast stand at God's right hand

And strive to serve him well.

And faithful are the gentle hearts

To whom the power is given

Of every hearth to make a home,

Of every home a heaven.

O mighty host! No tongue can tell

The numbers of its throng;

No words can sound the music vast

Of its grand battle-song.

From step to step it wins its way

Against a world of sin;

Part of the battle-field is won,

And part is yet to win.

O Lord of hosts, our faith renew,

And grant us, in thy love,

To sing the songs of victory

With faithful souls above.

W. G. Tarrant.

THE LIFE ETERNAL

54

FATHER! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding thee are all things round us found.
In losing thee are all things lost beside:
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we that world may see!
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear!
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near:

No more to wander 'mid the things of time,
No more to suffer death or earthly change;
But with the Christian's joy and faith sublime,
Through all thy vast eternal scenes to range.

Jones Very.

THE LIFE ETERNAL

55

THOU Grace divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
O Love of God, to thee!

Eliza Scudder.

I CANNOT think of them as dead
 Who walk with me no more :
 Along the path of life I tread
 They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
 Beyond my vision dim ;
 All souls are his and, here or there,
 Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
 Within my heart hath place,
 As when on earth they walked with me,
 And met me face to face.

Their lives are made for ever mine ;
 What they to me have been
 Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
 Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
 Nor time nor death can free ;
 For God hath given to Love to keep
 Its own eternally.

F. L. Hosmer.

It singeth low in every heart,
 We hear it each and all,—
 A song of those who answer not,
 However we may call ;
 They throng the silence of the breast,
 We see them as of yore,—
 The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
 Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up
 When these have laid it down :
 They brightened all the joy of life,
 They softened every frown.
 But oh, 'tis good to think of them,
 When we are troubled sore !
 Thanks be to God that such have been,
 Though they are here no more !

More homelike seems the vast Unknown,
 Since they have entered there ;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare ;
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore ;
 Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
 Our God, for evermore.

J. W. Chadwick.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,—
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly;
 Still all my song shall be,—
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace;
 Without thy guiding hand we go astray,
 And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
 Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
 Unhelped by thee, in error's maze we grope,
 While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
 And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
 Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
 Involved in shadows of a darksome night;
 Only with thee we journey safely on.

Lead us, O Father, to thy heavenly rest,
 However rough and steep the path may be,
 Through joy or sorrow, as thou deemest best,
 Until our lives are perfected in thee.

W. H. Burleigh.

ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
 So deep it is and broad,
 And equal to my every need—
 It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise
 In paths till now untrod;
 And rising in my inner skies
 Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
 I drop my daily load;
 And every care is pillowed there
 Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
 But take in trust my road;
 Life, death, and immortality
 Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
 The martyr's path who trod;
 The fountains of their patience flowed
 From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
 My pilgrim staff and rod,
 My rest by night, my strength by day,
 O blessed thought of God.

F. L. Hosmer.

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ADAMS, SARAH FULLER (*née* FLOWER), 1805-1848, was born at Harlow, Essex; the family removed to London, and after their father's death she and her sister became wards of Rev. W. J. Fox, minister of South Place Chapel, Finsbury. She was married in 1834 to W. B. Adams, a civil engineer. She wrote stories, essays and poems, besides a number of hymns, which appeared first in a new hymnal compiled by her sister for South Place Chapel. "Nearer, my God, to thee" has long been included in almost every Protestant hymnal and has been translated into many languages 58

AGATE, REV. DENDY, 1848-1929, was trained for the ministry at Manchester New College, London, and held several charges in the North of England. He played a leading and honoured part in the counsels of the denomination and served as Secretary of the National Conference for many years 7

BEACH, REV. SETH CURTIS, 1837-1932, graduated at the Harvard Divinity School, and was minister at Dedham, Augusta, and Bangor, U.S.A. The hymn "Mysterious Presence, Source of all" was written in 1866 for Visitation Day at the Harvard Divinity School 12, 19

BLAKE, REV. JAMES VILA, 1842-1925, was educated and trained for the ministry at Harvard University

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and Divinity School, and served several congregations in the U.S.A., including the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago. He retired from the active ministry in 1916 47

BLATCHFORD, REV. AMBROSE NICHOLS, 1842-1924, was educated for the ministry at Manchester New College, London. He settled at Lewin's Mead Chapel, Bristol, in 1866, first as assistant, afterwards as sole minister, where he remained until his retirement in 1915. He was the author of "Church Councils and their Decrees", "Landmarks in Religious History", and a little volume of hymns and poems 14

BOWRING, SIR JOHN, 1792-1872, was distinguished as a linguist, a journalist, and a politician. Dr. Lant Carpenter was the guide of his early youth; Jeremy Bentham the admiration of his riper years. He was president of the British & Foreign Unitarian Association 1860-1861. "In the Cross of Christ I glory" is found in hymnals of almost all denominations 10, 31

BROOKE, REV. STOPFORD AUGUSTUS, 1832-1916, an Irishman by birth, was educated at Dublin and ordained in the Church of England. He held several prominent positions, and was appointed a chaplain to Queen Victoria in 1872. In 1880 he left the Anglican Church and established a Free Christian congregation at Bedford Chapel, London. He became famous as an author and critic on English Literature. He was for many years a preacher at large among the Unitarian churches 26, 39

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, 1794-1878, the son of a distinguished medical practitioner, was born in

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Cummington, Mass. He ranks among the great poets of America. He was a lifelong Unitarian, and as journalist and lecturer he influenced a wide circle. The hymn, "Father, to thy kind love we owe" was written for a hymnal compiled in 1820 for a Unitarian church in New York 11

BURLEIGH, WILLIAM HENRY, 1812-1871, an American journalist, began his career as a printer. He was a strong advocate of great reforms—anti-slavery, temperance and peace—and spoke eloquently on political and literary subjects. He published a volume of poems 59

CARPENTER, REV. DR. JOSEPH ESTLIN, 1844-1927, studied for the ministry at University College and Manchester New College, London. After pastorates at Clifton and Leeds, he returned to his college as a lecturer; he was Principal from 1906 to 1915 (the college being now in Oxford) and President 1920 to 1925. He won many academic honours for his eminent work on the New Testament and on Comparative Religion; he was no less honoured within the denomination which he delighted to serve . . . 45

CHADWICK, REV. JOHN WHITE, 1840-1904, graduated at the Harvard Divinity School, and was for nearly forty years the minister of the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, New York. He wrote biographies of Channing and Parker, poems and other works. "It singeth low in every heart" was written for the twenty-fifth anniversary of his church, and "Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round" for his graduation class in 1864 32, 37, 57

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CHENEY, EDNAH DOW (*née* LITTLEHALE), 1824-1904, was born in Boston, Mass. She was an active worker for liberal causes, including women's suffrage. She published a number of works, among them the "Life and Letters of Louisa M. Alcott", a fine tribute to a fellow-Unitarian 24

CLARKE, REV. JAMES FREEMAN, 1810-1888, studied at Harvard and trained for the ministry. He founded the Church of the Disciples in Boston, and was its pastor for forty-five years. He was for a time a professor at Harvard, and published numerous works on theology, including "A Manual of Unitarian Belief" and "Ten Great Religions". His Unitarianism was of a strongly Christian type 6

COBBE, FRANCES POWER, 1822-1904; was born in Dublin of a strict evangelical family; she became an agnostic, but recovered a liberal theistic faith through the help of Theodore Parker, whose works she edited after his death. She was a philanthropist and humanitarian, and worked vigorously for women's suffrage and against vivisection. She attended the ministry of Dr. Martineau, and herself sometimes conducted Unitarian services. Her numerous publications include several on religious topics 44

COLLYER, REV. ROBERT, 1823-1912, was born in Yorkshire; starting in life as a factory boy and then apprenticed to a blacksmith, he educated himself and became a Methodist local preacher. He removed to America, continuing his trade and preaching. He became a Unitarian minister, served churches in Chicago and New York, and was widely known as a

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preacher and lecturer. He published a number of books, including an autobiography 3

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, 1803-1882, one of the most widely-known of American writers, was the son of the Rev. William Emerson, minister of the First Unitarian Church, Boston. He studied at Harvard; and for a brief period he was minister of the Second Unitarian Church in Boston. Withdrawing from the ministry and residing at Concord, he devoted himself to lecturing and writing; his essays are universally known 2

FOX, REV. WILLIAM JOHNSON, 1786-1864, when a boy worked as a weaver in Norwich; he prepared himself for training as a Congregational minister, but, abandoning orthodoxy, he became a Unitarian, and held pastorates first at Chichester, then in London. South Place Chapel was built for him in 1824, and there he ministered until 1852. His eloquent speeches during the Anti-Corn Law struggle led to his election as Liberal M.P. for Oldham in 1847, and he continued in Parliament until 1863. Through his journalism and public speaking he had great influence in the causes of free thought and of philanthropy 5

FROTHINGHAM, REV. NATHANIEL LANGDON, 1793-1870, was minister of the First Unitarian Church in Boston, Mass., where he remained for thirty-five years. He was the author of sermons, articles in periodicals, and hymns. His biography is contained in the volume "Boston Unitarianism" written by his son, O. B. Frothingham. The hymn "O God, whose

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presence glows in all " was written for the ordination of the minister of the Second Unitarian Church, New York, June 1828 1

FROTHINGHAM, REV. OCTAVIUS BROOKS, 1822-1895, son of Rev. N. L. Frothingham, studied at Harvard, where he had Samuel Longfellow and Samuel Johnson as fellow students. He rebelled against the more conservative tendencies of Unitarians in his time, and formed an independent Liberal Church in New York, where his eloquence and power attracted large congregations, including reformers and thinkers 35

FURNESS, REV. WILLIAM HENRY, 1802-1896, studied at Harvard; soon after leaving College he settled as minister at Philadelphia, where he had sole charge for fifty years. He was one of the earliest and most outspoken opponents of slavery 18

GANNETT, REV. WILLIAM CHANNING, 1840-1923, son of the Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett, minister of Arlington Street Unitarian Church, Boston, was educated for the ministry at Harvard. He held several pastorates, his chief ministry being at Rochester, N.Y. His book "The Childhood of Jesus", and his "Blessed be Drudgery" and other booklets, became well known in England. "He hides within the lily", first sung at the Free Religious Association Festival in 1874, appeared in the first edition of "The Thought of God", poems and hymns by Gannett and his friend F. L. Hosmer 21, 32

GASKELL, REV. WILLIAM, 1805-1884, was a leading Unitarian minister in Manchester, Professor of

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English Literature at Owens College (the forerunner of Manchester University), Principal of the Unitarian Home Missionary College, Manchester. His wife was the famous novelist, Mrs. Gaskell. He was greatly beloved by the people of Lancashire. 25

GELDART, REV. EDMUND MARTIN, 1844-1885, had a brilliant career as a student at Oxford; he became a schoolmaster and later an Anglican clergyman. Abandoning orthodoxy, he served as a Unitarian minister in Liverpool and afterwards at Croydon. His sermons were remarkable for their intellectual force and literary charm. His numerous publications include an autobiography entitled "A Son of Belial" 41

HAWKES, REV. HENRY WARBURTON, 1843-1917, son of a Unitarian minister, was called from a business career to become a missionary and minister in Liverpool and district. He published "Simple Talks about Religion", "The Man of Nazareth", "Hymns and Sacred Songs" and plays for children. During a period of ill-health he went abroad, when for a time he assisted the American Unitarian Mission in Japan 29

HEDGE, REV. DR. FREDERICK HENRY, 1805-1890, a learned American, held several pastorates and became a Professor at Harvard. He was well known as a scholar and writer, particularly in the field of German poetry and philosophy 30

HERFORD, REV. DR. BROOKE, 1830-1903, studied for the ministry at Manchester New College and served a number of churches in England and (from 1875 to

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1892) in America. He was a stimulating preacher, a practical organizer and a warm-hearted friend. Among his numerous writings are "The Story of Religion in England", a valuable study, and a delightful collection of sketches entitled "Eutychus and his Relations" 13

HINCKS, REV. THOMAS, 1818-1899, the son of a Unitarian minister, was himself trained for the ministry at Manchester College, York, and held several pastorates, the last at Leeds. He was also, like his father, a distinguished zoologist, and became a Fellow of the Royal Society 42

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, 1809-1894, was the son of the Rev. Abiel Holmes, Unitarian minister at Cambridge, Mass. He was educated at Harvard, studied law, then medicine, and was appointed Professor of Anatomy. His best-known hymn, "Lord of all being! throned afar", appeared in "The Professor at the Breakfast Table", published in 1859. Humorist, novelist, essayist, poet, "he heartily believed in human happiness, and he did much to make it more abound." He was a regular worshipper at King's Chapel (Unitarian), Boston 9, 43

HOPPS, REV. JOHN PAGE, 1834-1911, was trained for the Baptist ministry but became a Unitarian and served several congregations. He was in his day one of the most popular preachers in the denomination. He was a keen advocate of spiritualism and of international peace. He published many pamphlets on Unitarian Christianity, and edited "The Truth-seeker" and later "The Coming Day" 51

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HOSMER, REV. FREDERIC LUCIAN, 1840-1929, was educated at Harvard and the Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass., and ministered to Churches in Cleveland, St. Louis, and Berkeley, U.S.A. He published with W. C. Gannett the notable series of collections of their verse entitled "The Thought of God". Hosmer's "One thought I have, my ample creed", the opening poem in the first volume, expresses the essence of his faith. He was a student of hymnology, edited hymn books and lectured widely on the subject 56, 60

HOWE, JULIA (*née* WARD), 1819-1910, was born and educated in New York. She married Samuel Gridley Howe of Boston, a great philanthropist and pioneer in the training of the blind and mentally defective. Mrs. Howe was an active worker in the causes of anti-slavery, woman's suffrage and other reforms. She wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" when visiting camps during the civil war. She preached at times from Unitarian pulpits, did much lecturing and published a number of books 52

JOHNS, REV. JOHN, 1801-1847, educated at Edinburgh, left his country pastorate at Crediton, Devon, in 1836 to take charge of the newly established Liverpool Domestic Mission. During an epidemic of fever he and a Roman Catholic priest, ministering together to a stricken family forsaken by others, both caught the infection and died. Among his numerous poems and hymns, "Come, kingdom of our God" has long been especially prized by Unitarians. 50

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JOHNSON, REV. SAMUEL, 1822-1882, son of a physician, studied at Harvard, and became a minister of a radical and progressive type. His chief pastorate was at Lynn, Mass. Natural and universal religion engrossed his deepest thought, and he made a special study of Oriental faiths. His hymn "City of God, how broad and far" has become widely popular in this country 20, 48

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, 1807-1882, America's best-known poet, was a native of Portland, Maine. After travel and study in Europe he became Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard, and later devoted himself to literary production which brought him fame in both hemispheres. His works reveal a delight in the beauty of the world and in the treasures of human story, and a deep sense of the divine will and purpose, which are typical of the Unitarian faith in which he lived and died. 40

LONGFELLOW, REV. SAMUEL, 1819-1892, a younger brother of the poet, studied for the ministry at Harvard and served several churches in U.S.A. With Samuel Johnson he compiled "A Book of Hymns", issued in 1846 while they were still students, and "Hymns of the Spirit", 1864. He was an admirer and friend of Theodore Parker. Twenty-six of his hymns appear in "Hymns of Worship", the largest number for any author 16, 46

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, 1819-1891, one of the chief poets of America, was the son of the Rev. Charles Lowell, Unitarian minister at Boston, Mass. He studied at Harvard and took up the legal profession,

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but soon abandoned it for literature. He succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard, and later became Ambassador to Spain and afterwards to England. The hymn "Once to every man and nation" is taken from the "Biglow Papers", a famous series in prose and verse expressing his abhorrence of slavery 38

MARTINEAU, REV. DR. JAMES, 1805-1900, was the most distinguished philosopher, preacher and writer among English Unitarians in the nineteenth century. Born at Norwich, he studied for the ministry at Manchester College (then at York), and after several pastorates returned to the college as Professor, becoming Principal 1869 to 1885. Among his many works are "Types of Ethical Theory", "The Seat of Authority in Religion", "Endeavours after the Christian Life", "Home Prayers", and "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things". He compiled hymn books of which the chief is "Hymns of Praise and Prayer", and wrote a number of hymns 15

PARKER, REV. THEODORE, 1810-1860, one of the great names in the history of Unitarianism, studied at Harvard, and was minister first at West Roxbury and later at the Boston Music Hall, which became the scene of his chief labours. His sermon "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity", 1841, marked him out as a prophet of natural religion and progressive faith. "O thou great Friend to all the sons of men", adapted from a sonnet published

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in 1846, expresses his essential faith in the message and spirit of Jesus 27

PIERPONT, REV. JOHN, 1785-1866, was reared in orthodoxy, but became a Unitarian minister in 1819. He took an enthusiastic part in organizing the American Unitarian Association. He prepared a noteworthy series of National Readers for schools. "O thou to whom in ancient time" was written for the opening of the Unitarian Church at Salem in 1824. 49

SADLER, REV. DR. THOMAS, 1822-1891, the son of a Unitarian minister, studied in London and in Germany, and became minister at Hackney, then served at Rossllyn Hill, Hampstead, for forty-five years. He secured the building of the new chapel in 1862. He edited Crabb Robinson's Diaries, and wrote a number of religious works, including a volume of prayers, and was also the editor of "Common Prayer for Christian Worship", 1861 8

SAVAGE, REV. MINOT JUDSON, 1841-1918, was trained as a Congregational minister and held several pastorates. Becoming a Unitarian, he served churches in Chicago, Boston and New York. His many publications include "The Passing and the Permanent in Religion", "Poems of Modern Thought" and a number of hymns 34

SCUDDER, ELIZA, 1821-1896, a native of Boston, U.S.A., spent a large part of her life at Weston, Mass. She was deeply attached to her uncle, the Rev. E. H. Sears, author of "It came upon the midnight clear".

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Her hymns express a strong and devout Unitarian faith 17, 55

SEARS, REV. EDMUND HAMILTON, 1810-1876, studied at Harvard and became minister of several churches in New England. Besides hymns and other verse, he wrote essays and theological works. "It came upon the midnight clear", written in 1849, has been adopted as a Christmas hymn in all parts of the world 22

SHANKS, REV. WILLIAM ROSE, 1856-1928, was trained at the Unitarian Home Missionary College for the ministry, and held a number of pastorates. He was also active in the service of the Yorkshire Unitarian Union, and in other denominational and public work 28

TARRANT, REV. WILLIAM GEORGE, 1853-1928, was apprenticed as a silversmith. He studied for the ministry at the Unitarian Home Missionary College and at Manchester New College, and served the congregation at Wandsworth, London, for thirty-seven years. He was editor of the "Inquirer", 1888-1897, and again 1918-1927, and was prominent in denominational work. Among his publications are "Songs Devout", containing many hymns which have become popular, and "The Story and Significance of the Unitarian Movement". 33, 53

VERY, REV. JONES, 1813-1880, a graduate of Harvard, was for a brief period a minister, but in order to devote himself to literature he retired to Salem, Mass. The verses "Father, thy wonders do not singly

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stand", originally published as a sonnet in his "Essays and Poems" in 1839, were afterwards adapted as a hymn for the "Book of Hymns" issued by S. Longfellow and S. Johnson in 1846. . . 54

WALMSLEY, REV. DOUGLAS, 1848-1940, was trained for the ministry at Manchester New College, London. After pastorates at Bury and Belfast he retired from the active ministry, but continued to serve the movement in many ways. "Father, O hear us, seeking now to praise thee" is a rare example of an unrhymed hymn 4

WILLIAMS, REV. THEODORE CHICKERING, 1855-1915, was educated at Harvard and the Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass. He was minister of the Unitarian Church, Winchester, Mass., and of All Souls' Church, New York, and afterwards headmaster of the Hackley School, U.S.A. 23

WILLIS, LOVE MARIA (*née* WHITCOMBE), 1824-1908, an American Unitarian, is known by the one hymn "Father, hear the prayer we offer". It appeared anonymously first in J. S. Adams' "Psalms of Life", 1857, also in Longfellow and Johnson's "Hymns of the Spirit", 1864, and is now widely popular . . 36

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