

Hymn. 418

O, the clanging bells of time,
Night and day they never cease;
We are wearied with their chime,
For they do not bring us peace;
And we hush our breath to hear,
And we strain our eyes to see
If thy shores are drawing near,
Eternity! Eternity!

O, the clanging bells of time,
How their changes rise and fall,
But in undertone sublime,
Sounding clearly through them all,
Is a voice that must be heard,
As our moments onward flee,
And it speaketh, aye, one word,
Eternity! Eternity!

O, the clanging bells of time,
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long, unresting line
We are marching to and fro;
And we yearn for sight or sound
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round,
Eternity! Eternity!

O, the clanging bells of time,
Soon their notes will all be dumb,
And in joy and peace sublime,
We shall feel the silence come;
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break,
Eternity! Eternity!

Words: ELLEN M. H. GATES

Music: P. P. Bliss

Hymn. 136

I love Thy way of freedom, Lord,
To serve Thee is my choice,
In Thy clear light of Truth I rise
And, listening for Thy voice,
I hear Thy promise old and new,
That bids all fear to cease:
My presence still shall go with thee
And I will give thee peace.

Though storm or discord cross my path
Thy power is still my stay,
Though human will and woe would check
My upward-soaring way;
All unafraid I wait, the while
Thy angels bring release,
For still Thy presence is with me,
And Thou dost give me peace.

I climb, with joy, the heights of Mind,
To soar o'er time and space;
I yet shall know as I am known
And see Thee face to face.
Till time and space and fear are naught
My quest shall never cease,
Thy presence ever goes with me
And Thou dost give me peace.

Words: VIOLET HAY
Music: Irish Melody

Hymn. 238

O, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, th' eternal right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

For all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear

A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore:
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

Words: JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER*

Music: Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1812

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