PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

[The following Hymn is not included in Dean Alford's "Poems," or in the "Year of Praise." It was written and the music was composed to be sung at the Tenth Festival of Parochial Choirs of the Canterbury Diocesan Union, on 6th June, 1871.]

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices join'd;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By Jehovah led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!

Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace:
Faint not, till around us
Gleams the Father's Face.
Forward, all the lifetime,
Climb from height to height:
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray,
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into Light!

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath utter'd
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours;
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold:
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold:
Thither, onward thither,
In Jehovah's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into Light!

Into God's high Temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness;
Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone;
Soften'd words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our City bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of Light.

Nought that City needeth
Of these aisles of stone:
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none:
All the saints that ever
In these courts have stood,
Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
On through sign and token,
Stars amidst the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into Light!

To the Father's Glory
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the LORD JEHOVAH,
Blessed Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph,
Forward into Light!

H. A.

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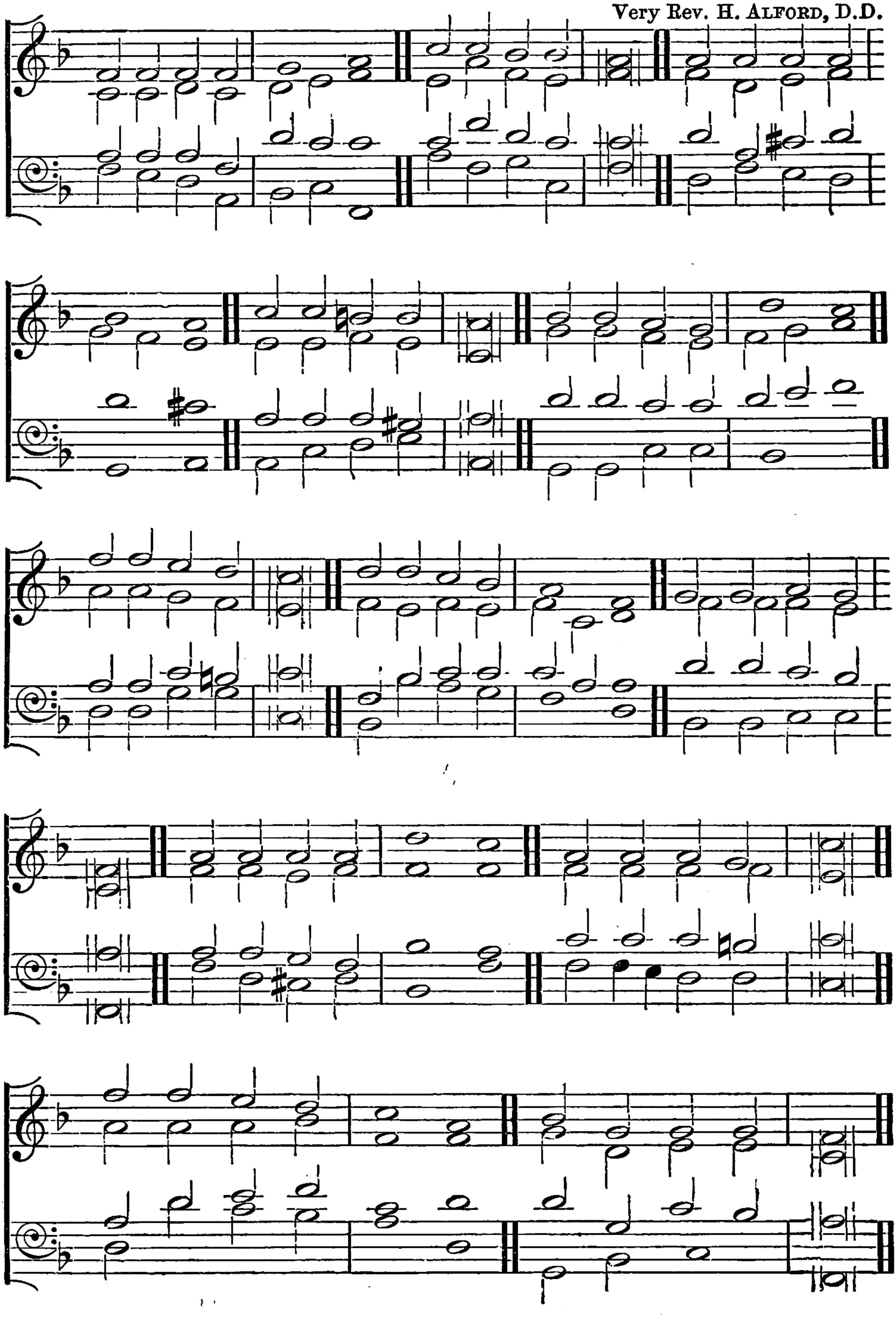
Very Rev. H. ALFORD, D.D.