# DISCOURSES AND WRITINGS

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Discourses and Writings by Keshub Chunder Sen

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KESHUB CHUNDER SEN

# DISCOURSES AND WRITINGS

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Sen, Keshab Chandra

# The Brahmo Somaj.

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KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

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THE

# LIVING GOD IN ENGLAND AND INDIA:

## A SERMON

PREACHED BY

BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN,

AT

**Mill-Hill Chapel, Leeds,**

ON

*Sunday, the 28th August, 1870.*

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### HYMNS.

No 62. L.M.

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.

**No. 284.** **C.M.**

The Lord will come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err:
Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

Rise, Lord! judge thou the earth in might;
This longing earth redress;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

The nations all, whom thou hast made,
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done:
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

**No. 681.** **P.M.**

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.

"AND THEY SHALL COME FROM THE EAST, AND FROM THE WEST, AND FROM THE NORTH, AND FROM THE SOUTH, AND SHALL SIT DOWN IN THE KINGDOM OF GOD." —*Luke* xiii. 29.

IF you desire to see the living God carrying on the work of national redemption in a living manner, you should go to India. You will see there a spectacle which in simple beauty and grandeur has, I believe, no parallel in any other part of the world at the present moment. In these days of materialism, mammon worship and little faith, of second-hand revelation, and formal devotion, it is certainly refreshing, and likewise profitable, to see the direct action of God's Spirit on the heart of the individual and the nation. For you see in India, not a small sect trying to work out their own salvation according to books and doctrines, or according to the teachings of metaphysicians. You see in the Brahmo Somaj, or the Reformed National Church of India, nothing but a vast and wonderful spiritual force and power, striving to break through the fetters of superstition, idolatry, demoralising social customs, and the accumulated evils of ages. You see there a power raised by God himself for the purpose of bringing light and salvation into a nation that possessed at one time a noble civilisation, but is at the present moment sunk in the mire of idolatry and ignorance. You see there nothing but God's Providence, not merely general but special Providence, acting in a special manner for the salvation of that great country. You see how, forty years ago, when the light of Western knowledge first shone forth in India, a small number of earnest-minded men gathered together in the metropolis of that country for the purpose of severing their bonds through God. You see there a small band of not more than fifty. Their object was to worship God in spirit and in truth—to worship not gods and goddesses, made of clay and stone—to worship not the dead things of this world, not men or books, but the living God, infinite