



FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO  
THE LIBRARY OF  
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB  
14495

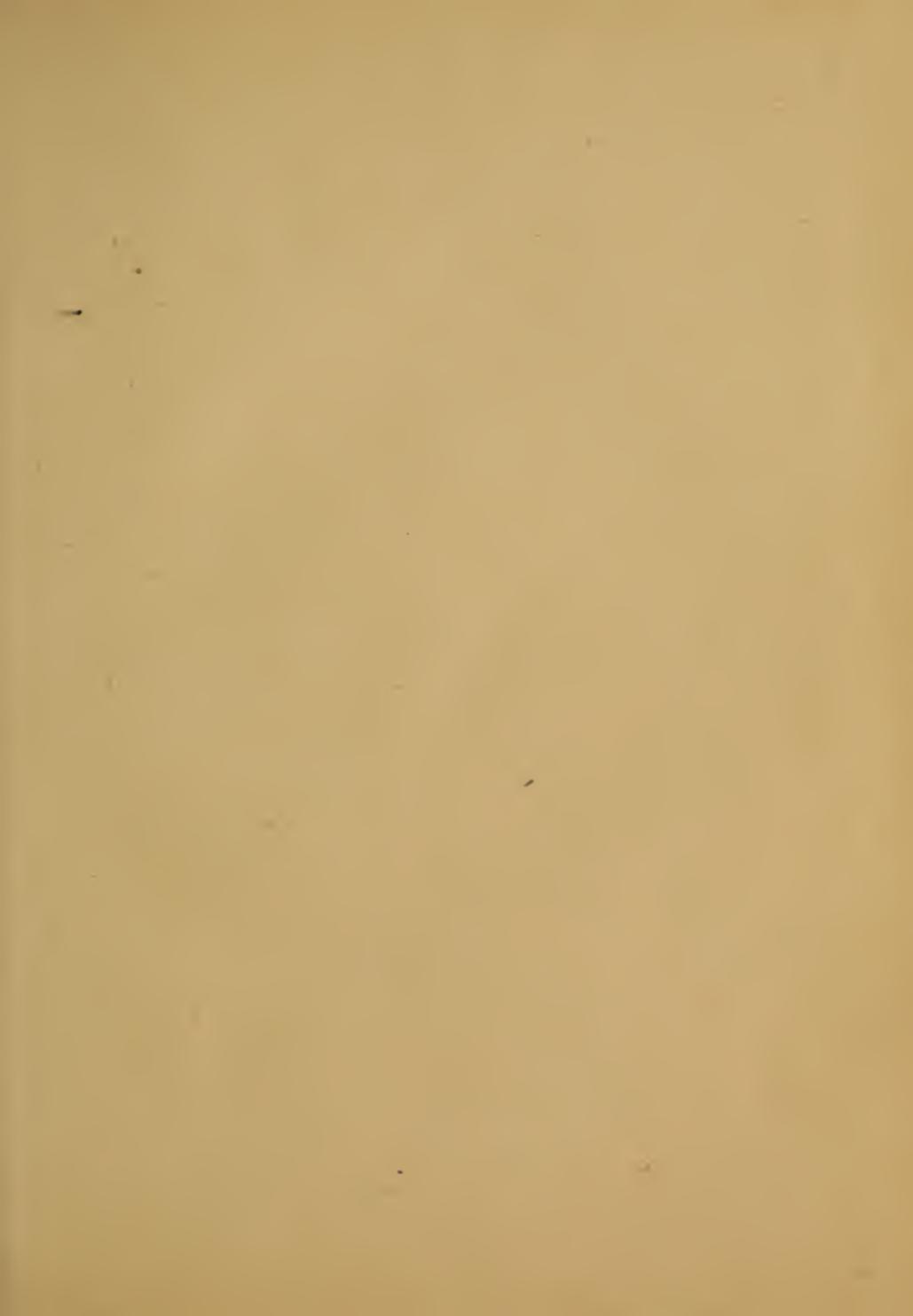
F

40.205

M9593



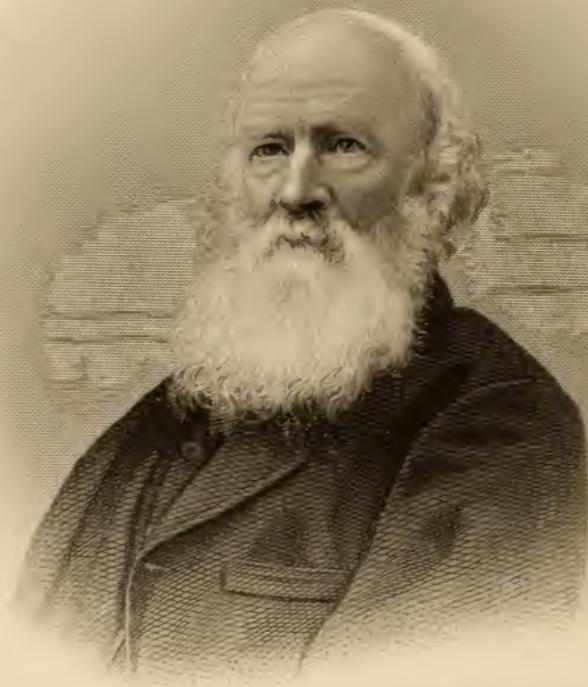




Presented to the members of the  
By - Isaac C. Benson

1854





By the artist's command 1822

Mrs Murphy



THE ADVENT,

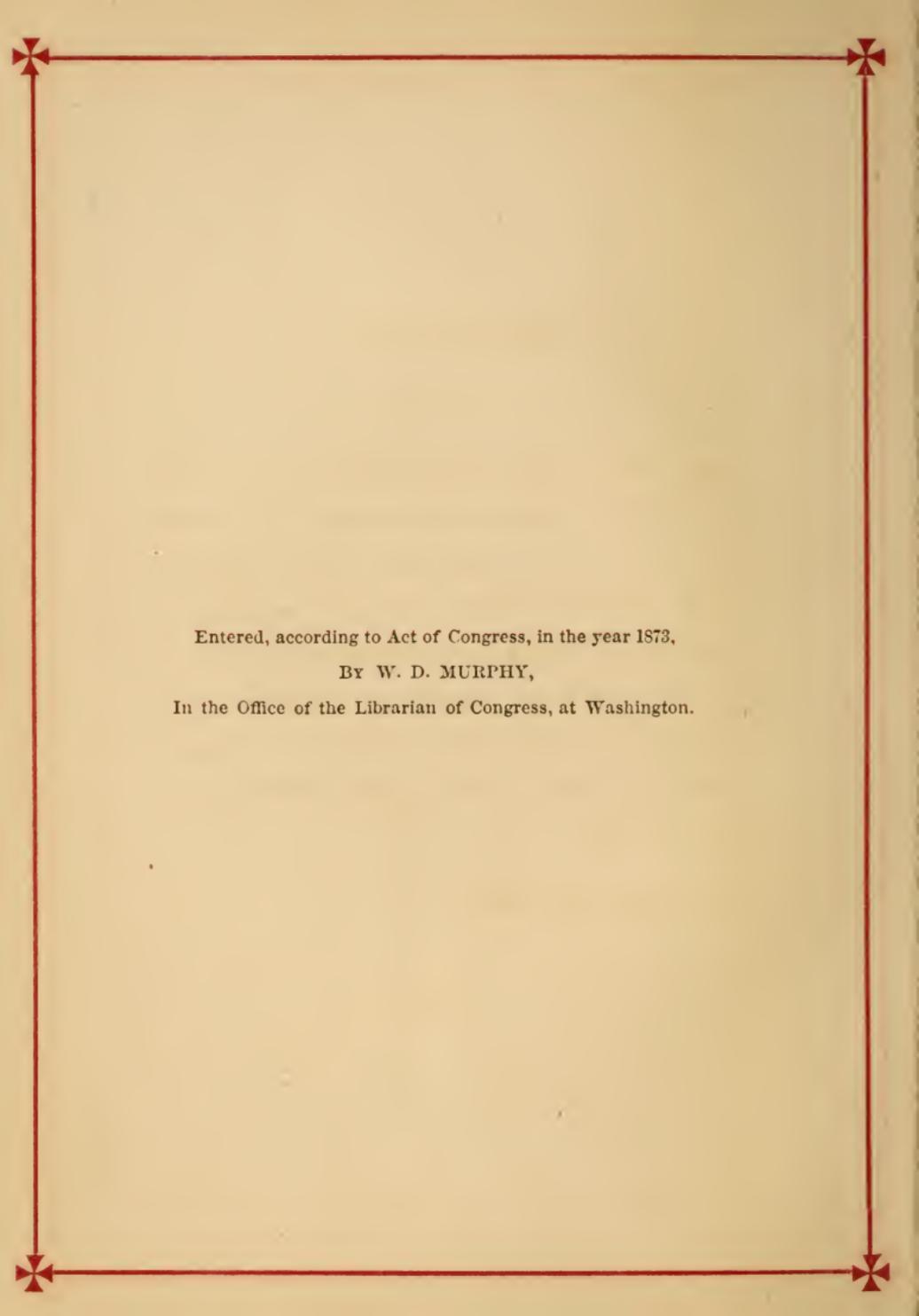
AND OTHER POEMS AND HYMNS.

BY

WILLIAM D. MURPHY,  
NEW YORK.



BOSTON:  
PRESS OF D. LOTHROP & CO.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873,  
By W. D. MURPHY,  
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

## P R E F A C E .

---

THIS little volume is composed of verses, written at different times, in the course of an active business life, as an expression of the author's varying states of mind, or for the gratification of friends. It makes no pretensions to literary merit, and will find its aim accomplished, if it should prove a pleasure to friends or a means of leading a devout heart to a more cheerful confidence in God.

NEW YORK, June 4, 1873.



INTRODUCTION.

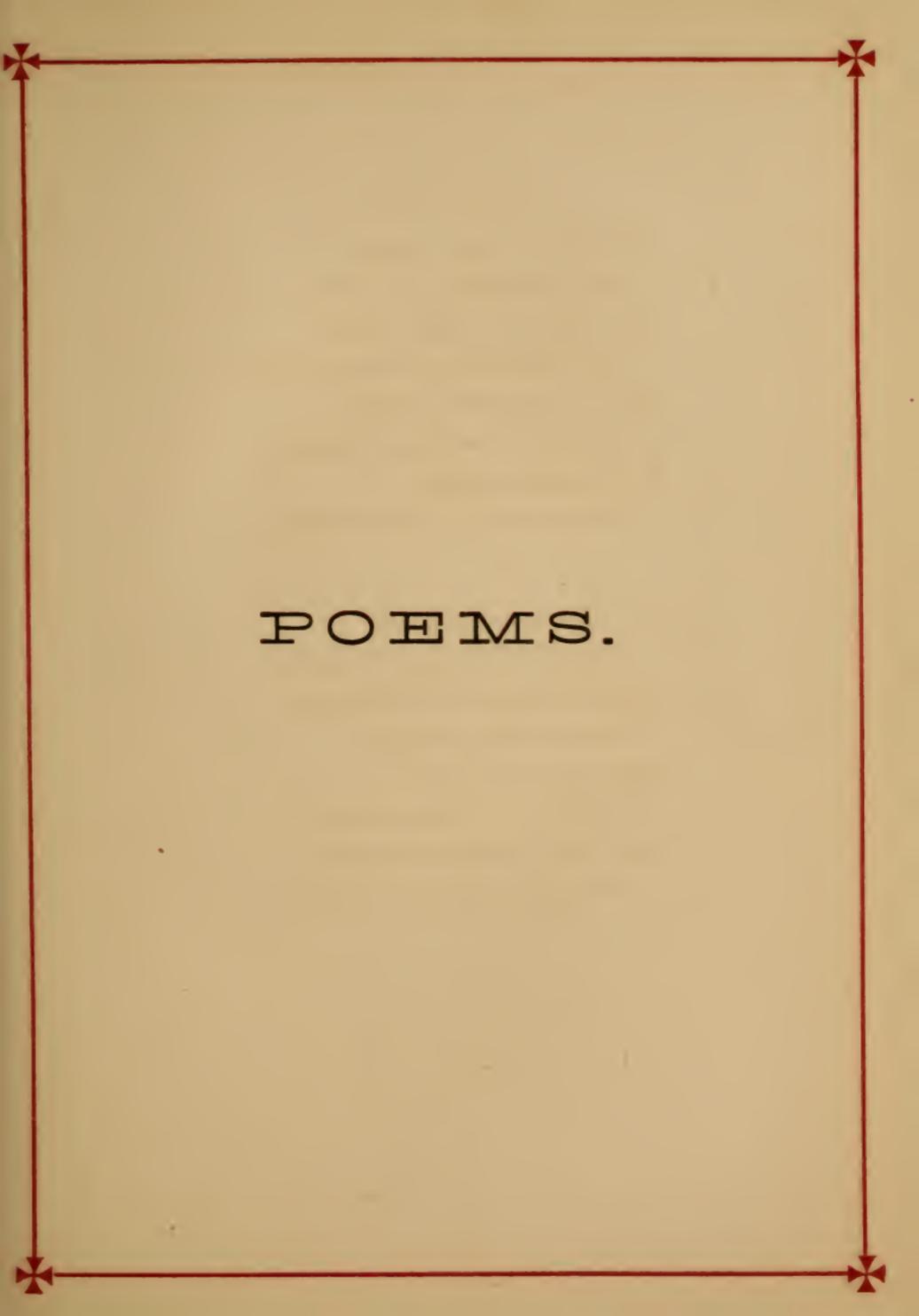
HOW glorious was the warning  
Which heaven's high arches rang,  
On that celestial morning  
When seraphim first sang,  
"To God on high be glory,  
Good will and peace on earth,  
Now swells the joyous story  
Of a Redeemer's birth."

His promise was unfolded  
Thousands of years before,  
And all the prophets told it  
Should dawn to set no more ;  
Yet many ages waited  
With anxious, longing eye,  
Till faith most firmly stated  
The time was drawing nigh.

INTRODUCTION.

When lo! a holy presage  
    Broke forth in music's tone,  
And angels bore the message  
    That Bethlehem's Star had shone ;  
For lo! an infant stranger,  
    Enwrapt in swathing bands,  
Is lying in a manger,  
    Though Lord of all the lands.

Go, offer your devotion  
    To Him, the Prince of peace,  
Whose kingdom, in promotion,  
    Forever shall increase,  
Until the gospel story  
    Shall fly o'er hill and flood,  
And earth is bathed in glory,  
    Through a Redeemer's blood.



POEMS.

MEMORANDUM

TO :

FROM :

1. The purpose of this memorandum is to provide information regarding the proposed changes to the company's policy on employee benefits. The changes are intended to improve the overall health and welfare of our employees and to ensure that our benefits program remains competitive in the current market.

2. The proposed changes include an increase in the contribution rates for the company's health insurance plan, as well as the introduction of a new dental and vision insurance option. Additionally, we are considering the implementation of a flexible spending account (FSA) program, which would allow employees to set aside pre-tax dollars for eligible expenses such as medical and dental costs.

3. It is important to note that these changes are subject to the approval of the Board of Directors and the relevant regulatory agencies. We will be providing a detailed report to the Board in the coming weeks, along with an opportunity for employees to provide their input and feedback on the proposed changes.

4. We understand that these changes may have an impact on our employees' take-home pay, and we are committed to ensuring that the overall benefits package remains attractive and valuable. We will be working closely with our HR and Finance departments to address any concerns and to provide the necessary support and guidance to our employees during this transition period.

# POEMS.

---

---

## THE ADVENT.

### I.

NIGHT'S solemn orbs were rolling  
Beyond the zenith high ;  
No angry clouds were strolling  
Across the vaulted sky ;  
Each zephyr ceased its motion,  
Each star with lustre shone ;  
The earth, the air, the ocean,  
Were mute, with God alone.

### II.

All mute in holy wonder  
O'er evils that were done ;  
Will heaven and earth now sunder,  
And man to ruin run ;  
Or, is there grace in waiting,  
This ruin to prevent :  
Where is the promise, stating  
Salvation's great event ?

## III.

When shall we hail the story  
His coming will unfold,  
In the bright age of glory  
Of olden prophets told?  
Our faith, sublimely waking,  
Perceives the blessing nigh,  
And waits the morning, breaking  
On yonder eastern sky.

## IV.

Desire of every nation,  
Is this the coming day  
Of glory and salvation,  
For which thy people pray?  
While life and death are pending,  
The wonders of the scene,  
And hope and fear are blending,  
In silence all serene.

## V.

Seraphs of burning brightness  
Are skirting round the air,  
And forms of snowy whiteness  
Are congregating there:  
On what august condition  
Come these celestial things?  
Have they received a mission,  
From the great King of kings,-

## VI.

To smite the earth with blindness,  
For sins so often done ;  
Or herald forth the kindness  
Of the Anointed One,  
To finish up transgression,  
And make an end of sin,  
Where death-like, dark oppression  
Triumphantly hath been ?

## VII.

Hark ! hark ! angelic voices,  
With gracious accents fall,  
And heaven and earth rejoices  
Before the Lord of all.  
Through all surrounding regions  
The glorious sounds descend,  
And strong angelic legions  
In choral sweetness blend,—

## VIII.

“ To God on high be glory,  
Peace, peace shall reign on earth ;  
Hail, hail, the joyous story  
Of a Redeemer's birth ;  
For lo ! an infant stranger,  
The Babe of Bethlehem,  
Is lying in a manger,  
Without one princely gem ! ”

## IX.

“ And yet the crowns of glory  
Were resting on his head,  
Ere yet the hills, now hoary,  
Their deep foundations spread ;  
And ere the stars of morning  
Had seen the new-made world,  
'Twas his command gave warning,  
That light should be unfurled.”

## X.

High o'er the towering mountains,  
Bright angels fill the sky ;  
And all the heavenly fountains  
Are gushing forth on high ;  
So lavish of their treasure  
On sinful, fallen woe,  
That blessings without measure  
Roll o'er the world below.

## XI.

To anxious shepherds, waiting,  
These messengers of God  
Come, joyfully relating  
The advent of their Lord,  
In tones of wonder published  
On Judah's happy plains ;  
“ Death, death is now abolished,  
And life immortal reigns ! ”

## XII.

With joy and gladness bounding  
Throughout the realms of space,  
With heavenly songs resounding,—  
Resounding with the grace,  
The love beyond conceiving,—  
Mysterious sons of God  
Make known to the believing,  
The meek Almighty Lord!

## XIII.

Far in the orient reaching,  
His star of glory shone,  
And wise men, in their teaching,  
Soon made His advent known,  
Then bowing down before Him  
Whose mercies were of old,  
Their willing hearts adore Him  
With incense, myrrh and gold.

## XIV.

All hail, thou King of nations,  
Of David's royal line;  
We join in these oblations,  
And honors all divine;  
Allegiance and thanksgiving  
Encircle all thy fame,  
Each thought its tribute giving  
To thy beloved name.

## XV.

O Jesus, our salvation,  
Thou glorious Prince of Peace;  
Through every age and nation,  
Thy kingdom shall increase:  
Accept our glad devotion,  
On this thy natal morn;  
When mercy's boundless ocean  
In Bethlehem was born;—

## XVI.

And born to flow forever  
With an increasing tide,  
From life's own affluent river  
Out-spreading far and wide,  
O'er all the heights of story  
With an immortal wave,  
The brightness of His glory,  
He comes, He comes to save.

---

JESUS IN BETHLEHEM.

THE angels swift from heaven came down,  
With bright and buoyant wing,  
To tell the wonders of the day,—  
The Shepherds heard them sing,—

All glory be to God on high,  
On earth His peace shall dwell ;  
With choral songs of sweet delight  
Angelic bosoms swell,—

Swell like old ocean's heaving breast,  
With glory on each wave,  
This was the centre of their joy,—  
That Jesus came to save.

Awake, awake, thou sleeping earth,  
Let echoing skies reply,  
And raise the chorus of their joy  
To Him who reigns on high.

The infant stranger meekly lay  
Within a cattle-stall,  
Although the heavens and earth are His,  
Whose hand had made them all.

---

BETHLEHEM.

**B**RIGHT angels sang a joyous song  
When Jesus came to earth,  
And glory filled the atmosphere,  
At our Redeemer's birth.

'Twas that glad hour when light broke forth,  
And hope immortal shone,  
And words of heavenly peace and love  
Descended from the throne.

Ho, all ye nations lost in night,  
Come, hail the rising morn,  
From which the joy of endless life  
Springs, like a glorious dawn.

---

CHRISTMAS.

AT midnight, as the air grew still,  
And zephyrs died away,  
And all the brilliant, starry worlds  
Shone in their best array,  
Then angels bright, from worlds of light,  
Proclaimed the advent day.

And as they sailed around the sky  
Each waved his silvery wing,  
And in the major key of heaven  
With joy began to sing:  
“Glory shall be, O God, to Thee,  
Our everlasting King.

“We bring to men these heavenly songs,  
To join the songs of earth,

And celebrate the glorious theme  
Of the Redeemer's birth ;  
In Bethlehem you'll find the Gem,—  
The gem of peerless worth."

Go, and in holy love bow down  
To Him, the Son of God,  
Who comes to seek, who comes to save,  
Where sin and death have trod ;  
His holy light is shining bright  
And spreads through earth abroad.

---

## THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.

**F**AR in the east the morning Star  
Shone with celestial light ;  
And, as the angels came with song,  
Joy broke the silent night.

Windows in heaven were opened wide,  
And glory gleamed abroad,  
To celebrate the natal day  
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

The happy shepherds watched their flocks  
On Judah's verdant plains,  
And heard the coming seraphs sing  
In these melodious strains :—

“ Glad are the tidings which we bring,  
On this auspicious morn,  
Glory shall be to God on high,  
The King of kings is born.

“ Then fear not us, his messengers,  
Who came to bring you word,  
But go with adoration deep  
And worship Him, your Lord.”

---

#### CHRIST'S MIGHTY WORKS.

**H**E comes, He comes to ransom  
The sinful and the lost ;  
Redemption, O redemption,  
How wonderful the cost !  
Hail, hail, to every nation,  
The joyful news to them  
Is Jesus and Salvation,  
Shining from Bethlehem.

He drives the demon legion  
From each tormented breast,  
Till madness leaves the region  
In quietude and rest ;  
The dead to life restoring,  
As trophies of his might,  
On sightless eyeballs pouring  
His own celestial light.

The lowly bier He touches,  
God's finger moving there,  
Dissolving death's strong clutches,  
Breaking the tempter's snare,  
And life, all fresh and blooming,  
With roseate charms of youth,  
Springs from the cold entombing,  
And blazons forth the truth.

The palsied lame are bounding,  
As joyous as the roe,  
And grateful songs are sounding,  
Life wears a higher glow,  
And that o'erflowing fountain,  
The source of health divine,  
O'er cottage, field and mountain  
Has caused His light to shine.

---

CHRIST SUFFERING AND TRIUMPHANT.

**K**NOW ye, that He who dwells on high,  
Whose glory was complete,  
Forsook His throne above the sky,  
With sinners here to meet;  
With heavenly flame,  
He gladly came,  
To bring them to His seat.

Know ye, that He who came to save  
Hath suffered here below,  
When sorrow, as with steady wave,  
Brought agony and woe,  
To conquer death  
He gave His breath,  
But laid the tyrant low.

Know ye, at the appointed hour  
The glorious victor rose,  
Declared the Son of God, with power  
O'er all our dreadful foes,  
Before the day  
Death fled away,—  
On this our hopes repose.

And know ye, that in triumph now  
He sits enthroned above,  
There man may come and humbly bow  
Before the throne of love;  
And there may plead  
For all his need  
With Him whose name is love.

---

CHRIST ONLY.

THE only place of safety is  
At our Redeemer's feet:  
Where love and mercy freely flow,  
And deep compassions meet.

Our righteousness is cast away,  
And Jesus Christ is known  
The truth, the light, the only way,  
Which leads us to the throne.

Thus we depend on Jesus' grace,  
His mercy and his love,  
To save us from our lost estate,  
And bear our souls above.

We plant our footsteps on this Rock,  
Defying every foe,  
We'll trust in Jesus while we live,  
And when Death lays us low.

---

THE SWEETEST STORY.

COME, all ye lovely children, come,  
And hear the sweetest story,  
That angel voices ever sung,  
In the bright realms of glory.

“Glory shall be to God on high,”  
A myriad voices blended  
O'er all the plains of Bethlehem,  
When Jesus Christ descended.

The heavenly worlds were full of joy,  
While choral accents, swelling,  
O'erran the bounds of Paradise,  
And reached man's lower dwelling.

Ye shepherds, banish all your fears,  
And every note of sadness,  
We bring you tidings of great joy,  
In songs of heavenly gladness.

He comes not to the haughty ones,  
This lowly, infant stranger ;  
He passes by the great of earth,  
And cradles in a manger.

And yet the worlds are all His own,  
All things on him depending ;  
His wisdom framed their first design,  
And will survive their ending.

---

THE AGONY.

AT night when mankind slept,  
From care and labor free,  
The sinless man of sorrows wept,—  
He wept and prayed for thee,—

Shouldst thou not pray,  
Both night and day,  
That He may succor thee ?

The cold Gethsemane  
In awful pain he trod,  
And poured His soul in agony,  
While kneeling on the sod ;  
That dreadful night,  
Of woe and blight,  
He prayed and wept with God.

Oh, weep, my callous soul,  
Weep that such deep distress  
Tortured the glorious Son of God,  
Who came to save and bless ;  
Weep for His grief,  
His bloody sweat,  
And all thy sins confess.

---

## TRUE WISDOM.

**H**ER ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace ;  
The joy she plants within the soul  
Forever will increase.

In her right hand she holdeth out  
Honor and length of days ;  
No ruby is so rich as she,  
Or worthy of such praise.

She is a tree of life, that blooms  
With healing in its leaf ;  
Of all the blessings mortals know,  
This blessing is the chief.

She spreads her table, rich and fair,  
And asks the simple in,—  
“Come, eat my bread and drink my wine,  
And leave the ways of sin.”

Rich crowns of honor are reserved  
For those who hear her voice,  
And, turning from their foolishness,  
In her blest ways rejoice.

---

#### SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN.

O H, suffer little children,  
While life is bright and gay,  
To come to me, their Saviour,  
The life, the truth, the way.

Oh, suffer little children  
To choose the happy lot  
Of those who trust in Jesus,  
Forbid, forbid them not.

Oh, suffer little children  
To taste the precious fruit,  
That grows, with joy and gladness,  
From Wisdom's heavenly root.

Oh, suffer little children  
To join the happy song  
Of glory and salvation,  
With the celestial throng.

---

## FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

FAITH spreads abroad her radiant wings,  
And soars through realms unknown,  
To grasp the glorious promises  
From God's eternal throne.

Hope has an anchor full of joy,  
Planted within the veil,  
On those celestial, solid grounds  
Where it can never fail.

And now abideth with the church  
Faith, hope and charity ;  
But love, fulfilling all the law,  
Is greatest of the three.

---

THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

THE trumpet of salvation,  
Is sounding through the land,  
With tones of love and mercy,  
In words of God's command.

O'er every hill and valley,  
The gracious blast is blown,  
With " ho ! " to every sinner  
The mercy is made known.

It tells the wondrous story,  
How Jesus came and died,  
And how the saving crimson  
Flowed from his wounded side.

The sound of this salvation  
Flows joyously and free ;  
My soul, press home the question,  
Has it been heard by thee ?

## THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

THE whole need no physician,  
And so they pass along ;  
The sick come with petition,  
And go away with song.

To all the poor and needy  
Our Jesus condescends ;  
And in this good physician,  
All healing virtue blends.

'Tis he who soothes our sorrows,  
And sends our griefs away ;  
His mercy has such fullness,  
His grace knows no decay.

O ye whose spirits suffer,  
Whose sin has brought you grief,  
Come, and be healed by Jesus,  
Come, seek from him relief.

No name on earth, no other,  
Nor in the heavens above,  
Invites the lost and guilty  
To find such wondrous love.

## A BROKEN HEART.

I HAVE a broken heart,  
My sorrows often bleed ;  
Oh, tell me, ye who know,  
Is there balm in Gilead ?  
And is it sold, or free  
To those who are in need ?

O ye whose hearts are whole,  
Tell me, with kindly care,  
What ever ye may know,—  
Is a Physician there,  
Who has the power to heal,  
And hear the lost one's prayer ?

Yes, there's balm in Gilead,  
The great physician's there ;  
Our Jesus is his name,  
He has the power and care,  
Omnipotent to hear  
Those who present their prayer.

Grace dwells upon His throne,  
The remedy is free ;  
Those who receive His gifts  
Are poor as poor can be ;  
They never call on Him,  
Except in poverty.

He opens out His hand  
With a forgiving smile,  
And heals their broken hearts  
With comforts for the while;  
And joys they cannot tell  
Their journey still beguile.

Besides, He has prepared  
Rich palaces above,  
Where all His patients go,  
And none shall ever rove,  
But shall be settled there  
Through His almighty love.

---

“LORD, SAVE, OR I PERISH.”

I N the depths of thine heart,  
Remember and cherish,  
The suppliant's petition,  
“Lord, save, or I perish.”

Oh, come to the fountain  
Where mercy is flowing,  
And see the salvation  
That grace is bestowing.

So free and sufficient,  
With balm for relieving  
The vilest of sinners,  
In Jesus believing.

In the depths of thine heart  
 Remember and cherish  
 The keystone of safety,  
 "Lord, save, or I perish."

---

DELIVERANCE.

**E**NVIRONED by the walls of death,  
 Sin's prisoners keep their place ;  
 Until the great deliverer comes,  
 With his almighty grace.

The clouds of darkness that had frowned  
 Then fly, dissolved, afar,  
 Before the all-subduing light  
 Of Bethlehem's morning star.

---

"BEAUTY FOR ASHES."

"**B**EAUTY for ashes," is the gift  
 Of Him who dwells on high ;  
 The sorrows of the saints below  
 Are joys beyond the sky.

"Beauty for ashes," — wondrous change !  
 For those borne down with care ;  
 When all the dust of darkness here  
 Will shine, like jewels, there.

“Beauty for ashes,”— Oh, the wealth  
These mighty terms portend!  
The bliss of endless life is ours,  
And Jesus Christ, our Friend.

“Beauty for ashes,”— boundless theme!  
No thought can comprehend  
The heights and depths of mystery  
Which in these accents blend.

“Beauty for ashes,”— glory stands,  
The beacon-light above,  
And angels guard each step we tread,  
With tenderness and love.

“Beauty for ashes” shall assert  
An everlasting power,  
When ashes from our life depart,  
And glory rules the hour.

“Beauty for ashes” then shall be  
The theme of every song,  
Through all the arches of the sky,  
In all the heavenly throng.

---

GOD IS A SPIRIT.

**O**UR God is a Spirit,  
The high and mighty Lord,  
Whose wondrous hand made sea and land  
And holds them by His word.

Our God is a Spirit,  
He formed each brilliant star,  
And placed it where, beneath His care,  
It throws its light afar.

Our God is a Spirit  
Of love and truth and grace ;  
His mercies sure shall still endure  
For those who seek His face.

Our God is a Spirit,  
All that have life and breath  
On mountain's side, or 'neath the tide,  
Are kept by him from death.

Our God is a Spirit,  
Oh, let the suppliant knee  
Now everywhere, with joy declare,  
O Lord, we trust in Thee.

---

GOD EVERYWHERE.

THERE is a great Almighty Power,  
Who rules the universe,  
And all things that his hand has made,  
His mighty acts rehearse.

Each star declares the glorious name  
Of Him who placed it there ;  
And every island of the sea  
Rejoices in His care.

The lofty forests clap their hands,  
And verdure crowns the vale ;  
And twining flowers of hope and joy,  
With fragrance swell the gale.

The fish beneath the briny wave,  
And birds that skim the air,  
Join in the harmony of song,  
Resounding everywhere.

And all endowed with vision clear,  
See God in everything,  
The all-controlling present force,  
The great, Almighty King.

---

GOD OUR REFUGE.

**T**HE eternal God, thy refuge sure,  
Will throw His shield around  
The places where His children dwell,  
And make them holy ground.

His everlasting arm sustains  
The comfort of the saints ;  
His gracious hands are open wide  
To answer all complaints.

Their meat and drink is ever sure,  
Early and latter rain  
Shall fall upon their heritage,  
And never fall in vain.

The land shall flow with milk and wine,  
And honey shall be there :  
Both man and beast shall have reward  
For every toil and care.

The eternal God, thy refuge sure,  
Will fold His arms around  
The places where His children dwell,  
And make them holy ground.

---

GOD'S PROMISE.

THE promise has not lost its power  
In eighteen hundred years,  
A living and immortal thing,  
It ever new appears.

From God, his rock, his covenant God,  
Nothing the saint can sever,  
God keeps his promise, firm and strong,  
Keeps it, the same, forever.

All ages are a second's time  
To Him who spoke in truth ;  
The world may end,— God's promise still  
Lives in immortal youth.

The everlasting hills, they all  
Are drifts of transient dust,  
That float upon the clouds of time,—  
But stand His promise must.

Then rest, my soul, on this great Rock,  
There let thy hopes be stayed ;  
There's nothing else so firm as this,  
Of all that God has made.

---

INVENTORY.

WHAT inventory has thy soul ?  
Has it a good estate ?  
Say, does this transient world control  
Thy portion and thy fate ?

Or does thy hope aspire above  
This ever-changing sphere,  
To the bright Beulah, land of love?  
Art thou a pilgrim here?

Or dost thou seek for earthly fame,—  
A fame below the sky,—  
With those who sin, devoid of shame,  
With nothing fixed on high?

What inventory has thy soul?  
Has it this good estate?  
Or does this present world control  
Thy portion and thy fate?

---

## COME.

COME dwellers on the mountain,  
And on the prairie wide,  
By crystal brook and fountain,  
Or near the ocean's tide;—  
Flashed from each lake and river,  
The gospel's tidings shine,  
Love, yearning to deliver  
That guilty soul of thine.

Come while the spring is weaving  
Her verdant crown of life,  
And nature is retrieving  
The winter's deadly strife ;  
Come while thy youth is blooming,  
Come, manhood's stately prime ;  
While prospects bright are looming  
O'er all the map of time.

Come, hear the invitation  
Descending from the skies ;  
Ho, ye of every nation,  
Consider and be wise.  
Come every night and morning  
And bow before the Lord ;  
Behold his glories, dawning  
In every gracious word.

Come to the living waters,  
Come, every thirsty one ;  
For all God's sons and daughters  
The springs of mercy run ;  
Come with your soul's depression,  
With every sin and woe ;  
To cleanse you from transgression  
These streams of mercy flow.

Come while these streams are flowing,  
A shining, healing tide,  
And God is still bestowing  
Salvation far and wide ;  
Come while the gracious Saviour  
Is ready to forgive,  
And in His love and favor  
Your soul shall ever live.

Come when the warmth of summer  
Fills earth with fruit and flowers ;  
And bird and insect-hummer  
Plays round the fragrant bowers ;  
While harvest fields are shining  
With glory and with love,  
Oh, let your thoughts, entwining,  
Dwell on the things above.

Come from the wealthy city,  
Where traffic rules the mind ;  
And where the proud and witty  
Their gay enchantments find ;  
Come from each lowly dwelling,  
Come from the princely halls,  
Where music tones are swelling,  
Where earthly pleasure calls.

Come when the autumn coldly  
Declares the summer past,  
And night frosts, chill, so boldly  
Foretell the coming blast ;  
Come in the dead of winter,  
When howling storms appear ;  
There is a door to safety,  
Secure from anxious fear.

Come from earth's scenes of glory,  
Deceitful, though so bright ;  
Hear not the syren story  
That offers you delight ;  
Come in the hour of sadness,  
When all is dark and drear ;  
God gives the soul a gladness  
Untold by mortals here.

Come when old age is pressing  
With languor strangely dim,  
Come, seek the Saviour's blessing,  
And ask for strength in Him ;  
Come from the house of mourning,  
Where sorrow strikes the heart,  
And gives a solemn warning  
That friend from friend must part.

## GRACE WEIGHED.

GRACE is not in the market-place,  
It never has been sold  
For merit that we mortals claim,  
Nor ponderous heaps of gold.

If Ophir's mountains could be weighed,  
With all the gems that shine,  
There would be nothing in the scale  
Approaching things divine.

Grace, in celestial balances,  
Outweighs in solid worth,  
The gains of trade, the mines of wealth —  
The wealth of all the earth.

Yet God dispenses life and grace,  
With large and liberal hand,  
And showers the blessings of His love  
On this and every land.

He calls the needy to partake  
Of mercy, flowing free ;  
Stop, stop, O sinner, stop and ask  
Of God this grace for thee.

## GRACE.

GRACE is not weighed in balances,  
And in the market sold ;  
Its value far exceeds the gems  
That monarchs set in gold.

Were all the hills of Ophir brought,  
And countless coins of earth  
Placed in the scale against this pearl,  
They'd have no weight or worth.

The glories of celestial bliss  
Outweigh all other things ;  
And peasants who obtain this gift  
Are richer far than kings.

Grace falls not to the great and wise,  
As their undoubted right,  
But is the wondrous heritage  
Of those who seek the light.

The poor and needy all may come,  
And of this grace partake ;  
The plea is not of merit here,  
'Tis all for Jesus' sake.

## WHY STAND YE IDLE.

WHY stand ye idle all the day?  
Ye advocates of truth?  
Cleave to the standard of the cross,  
And thus renew your youth,  
And then proclaim the glorious name,  
“The way,” “the light,” “the truth.”

Why stand ye idle all the day?  
There's work on every hand;  
Not servile in its character,  
But noble, vast and grand;  
The harvest-field offers its yield;  
How fruitful is the land!

Why stand ye idle all the day?  
Thrust, thrust the sickle in;  
The harvest is already ripe,  
And reapers must begin  
To gather sheaves when man believes  
And turns away from sin.

Why stand ye idle all the day?  
The trumpet must be blown  
Until the gospel's saving sound  
Through all the world is known,  
And men revere with soul sincere  
The great “I Am” alone.

## SCATTER THE SEEDS OF BLESSING.

OH, scatter the seeds of blessing  
Along each barren shore,  
Till earth becomes a verdant plain,  
Blooming forevermore.

Oh, scatter the seeds of blessing  
With kind and liberal hand ;  
Each blade is worth broad acres  
Of thorns upon the land.

Oh, scatter the seeds of blessing,  
Though they be small and dry,  
For early dews and latter rains  
Will reach them from on high.

Oh, scatter the seeds of blessing  
Along each barren shore,  
Till earth becomes a verdant plain,  
Blooming forevermore.

---

GRAIN ON THE HARVEST-FIELD.

THERE'S grain on the harvest-field,  
And the song of those who reap  
Shall fill the air with gladness,  
And over the mountains sweep.

There's grain on the harvest-field,  
Work, work, while the day is on ;  
The sun has passed the noontide,  
And the light will soon be gone.

There's grain on the harvest-field,  
And the reapers shall be paid ;  
The King has guaranteed to the work  
His succor and His aid.

There's grain on the harvest-field,  
But the garnering time is nigh,  
When angels with rejoicing songs  
Will bear the sheaves on high.

---

ANTICIPATING EVIL.

SOME people carry a satchel,—  
A satchel full of sorrow ;  
And spend their time in brooding o'er  
The evils of the morrow.

A sulky genius keeps the key,  
And throws away all that's good ;  
But everything that's stamped "distress"  
Is saved for their daily food.

And all the ills that man can know  
Seem hovering in one breast;  
Can mortal life consent to stay  
In such a gloomy nest?

---

## GOOD IN DISGUISE.

OH, smooth the furrows on thy brow,  
Wipe sorrow from thine eyes,  
And let thy soul bathe in God's love,  
With gladness and surprise.

The many evils that we fear  
Oft train for higher good;  
We should rejoice, if discipline  
Were better understood.

Much chastening always will be found  
A necessary thing,  
To wean us from attractions here,  
And bind to Christ, our King.

The sliding sands of earth may lead  
To seek the solid Rock,  
On which to place our destiny,  
And fear no future shock.

## THE BLESSED RAIN.

THE gracious rain has come at last,  
We greet it with delight,  
And sing with joy the glorious hand,  
Which still does all things right.

To vitalize each drooping plant,  
And snatch it from the grave,  
The mission of this heavenly gift  
Is to retrieve and save,—

To save from parching and from death  
The flowerets and the grain,  
Were there no blessed summer showers,  
Man's labor were in vain.

But when the sweet, the blessed showers  
On the broad fields descend,  
We recognize, in realms above,  
A Father and a Friend.

---

## THE GOOD PASSPORT.

I MET an angel in the street,  
With flowing golden hair;  
His silver voice most sweetly said,  
In softened tones of prayer,—

“ If I should die and go to heaven,  
I'd take my Bible there,  
I've told my father what I want,  
And charged with special care,

“ To put the Bible near my head,  
And, when my flesh shall rise,  
I'll take the Bible in my hand,  
As I ascend the skies.

“ And when the door is open wide,  
Where heavenly glory lies,  
I'll read the Bible as I go,  
With pleasure in my eyes.”

The Bible had entranced his heart,  
And made his faith grow strong ;  
The Bible was his solace here,  
His glory and his song.

The Bible, to his infant mind,  
Was passport, joy and guide,  
His introduction to the skies,—  
He loved, believed, and died.

## WISH FOR AN AFFLICTED ONE.

O H, could the power of mortal arm  
The flowers of beauty save,  
Whatever keeps this bosom warm  
Would snatch thee from the grave,—

Would sweep the languor from that brow  
Where health and vigor played ;  
So should thy youthful beauty glow,  
In smiles once more arrayed.

With every pleasant fruit and flower,  
Along thy pathway strewn,  
Thy life be like a charming bower,  
Where sorrow is unknown,—

Enriched with happiness while here,  
On this bright, verdant clod,  
And glory in the upper sphere,—  
The Paradise of God.

But Oh, how frail is mortal power !  
How feeble each design !  
The creatures of a transient hour  
Must look for aid Divine.

And faith presents immortal things,  
With glory in their train ;  
In Christ our life are all our springs,  
And death itself is gain.

## RETROSPECT.

FIFTY short years have flitted by,  
Like shadows o'er the plain;  
And for the fathers, dwelling here,  
Of course we look in vain.

But they have left a heavenly trace  
On every path they trod;  
How well they served their fellow men,  
While here they walked with God.

So long as memory holds its throne,  
And lights the sacred past;  
Their holy lives, like headland lights,  
Shall guide us to the last.

---

## JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

LOOK up, ye down-cast, weary ones,  
And take the gracious warning;  
"Sorrow endureth for a night,  
Joy cometh in the morning."

The merciful, who dwells on high,  
Will hear the prisoner's sighing;  
And in his tenderness and love  
Make answer to his crying.

God lifts the needy from the slough  
Of darkness and despairing,  
The face, suffused with tears at night,  
At morn fresh joy is wearing.

Look up, ye sad and weary ones,  
And take the gracious warning ;  
“ Sorrow endureth for the night,  
Joy cometh in the morning.”

---

#### THE OLD-FASHIONED CHAIR.

OH, what has become of the old-fashioned chair,  
Where my heart oft ascended while kneeling in  
prayer,—

The chair that has witnessed the sigh and the groan  
That broke from my heart while weeping alone?

Alas, it had witnessed the cold and the sere,  
The winter of feeling, so dismal and drear,  
The flood-gates of feeling were closely sealed up,  
And my hand held like hyssop affliction's full cup.

And the skies were all curtained, obscuring the  
light,

The day dream of joy was turned into night,  
So cold and so frigid that nothing would melt,  
Surrounded with darkness — a night to be felt.

'Twas there where I knelt, 'mid depression and woe.  
My voice 'neath the pressure refusing to flow,  
Unrelieved by the tear, too burdened to sigh,  
The lone heart was waiting for grace from on high.

Thick darkness had parted its mantle afar.  
And showed the bright beaming of Bethlehem's  
Star,—

It shone in such splendor, hope smiled in its beam,  
And peace and salvation flowed down in a stream.

If vows of devotion were fervent and true,  
Its witnessed fulfillments were feeble and few;  
Though I knelt on its cushion full three times a day,  
It often had whispered, "How little you pray."

---

JUBILEE.

JUST fifty years have passed,  
It is the Jubilee day,  
Since Jesus found my soul in tears,  
And washed my guilt away.

Oh, I remember well  
How God-like he appeared,  
When he delivered me from death,—  
The death I long had feared.

He kindly healed my wounds,  
By his Almighty grace ;  
How joyfully I bowed to him,  
When he revealed his face.

No tongue can ever tell  
The peace that ruled within,  
When, washed from my enormous guilt,  
And saved from death and sin.

On this glad Jubilee,  
Be glory and renown  
To Him who saved my sinful soul  
From God's eternal frown.

---

REMINISCENCES.

WHEN first the cross of Christ appeared  
To my desponding soul,  
'Twas then the balm of Gilead flowed,  
And made my spirit whole.

'Twas healing for the dreadful wounds  
That sin had made within ;  
'Twas the transforming power of grace,  
The antidote of sin.

A thrill of joy ran through my heart,  
And streaming from the throne  
Came gushings of internal peace,—  
A peace before unknown.

My tongue broke forth in lofty strains  
To celebrate His praise,  
Whose mercy had reclaimed my soul  
From sin's destructive ways.

---

## ON LEAVING OLIVER STREET.

HOW can I leave the altar-stone,  
Where holy men were kneeling,  
When this my heart was young and warm,  
And full of joyful feeling?

And when beneath the Hudson's wave,  
In the baptismal waters,  
I owned my Lord, and joined myself  
To Zion's sons and daughters.

'Twas there they gladly sang and prayed,  
" Good Lord, thy saints deliver  
From all temptation, sin and death,  
And keep them safe forever."

The Spirit seemed to answer then,  
The motion of their breathing ;  
Successes crowned their blessed work,  
In glorious prospects wreathing.

And every day new crowns were brought  
For him, the King of glory,  
Of converts young and full of life,  
Who told the joyful story,—

How Jesus met them in the way,—  
Their need, their guilt, discerning,—  
From the dark ways of sin and woe,  
Their wandering footsteps turning.

The heavenly gates were open wide,  
The showers of grace descended,  
And happy souls dissolved in tears,  
And grace and glory blended.

How can I leave the altar-stone,  
Where holy men were kneeling,  
When this my heart was young and warm,  
And full of joyous feeling?

## OUR OWN WAY.

“A man’s heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps.”

PROV. xvi. 9.

TIME, passing time has answered me,  
As eloquent as mild;

“Thou knowest not thy destiny,  
Thou darkened, wayward child.

“’Tis by thy Father’s hand unseen  
Thy ways are all prepared;  
He has a vision deep and keen  
Which thou hast never shared.

“Thick darkness hovers o’er thy mind  
With an impervious gloom;  
Thy future visions are as blind  
As though beyond the tomb.

“And yet dost thou pretend to guide  
With confidence thy feet,  
Assured thy steps will never slide  
Where death and terror meet?

“And, art thou sure, thy plan pursued,  
However fair and bright,  
Experience never will intrude,  
To show, *it was not right!*

“Stay, thoughtless mortal, stay thy tread,  
Nor dare presume again  
To move thy foot till light is shed  
To mark thy pathway plain!”

Ask Heaven to give thee peace and truth,  
To Heaven resign thy care,  
Press on with ardor, fitting youth,  
To find acceptance there.

---

LIGHT FROM HEAVEN.

I SUNK in the depths of despair,  
Overwhelming with anguish my soul,  
Till Jesus, the Master, appeared,  
And made the transgressor quite whole.

The light and the glory that shone  
Came down from the regions above,  
And brought the assurance of faith,  
The manifest tokens of love.

How boundless the joy of that hour  
When life with its blessings came down,  
And the heavens seemed clothed with a smile  
Instead of a threatening frown.

## A BEAUTEOUS SERAPH.

A BEAUTEOUS seraph came from heaven,  
With pure and spotless wing,  
He spoke in mellow tones of joy,  
And thus began to sing :

“Glory shall be to God on high,  
His peace o’er earth extend ;  
The great Messiah’s gracious reign  
Shall never, never end.

“Cut from the mountain without hands,  
The stone shall onward roll,  
Till the blest gospel’s saving news  
Shall reach each needy soul.

“And all the earth shall gladly crown  
The blest, immortal One,  
Who comes to seek, who comes to save,—  
God’s well-beloved Son.

“The Wonderful, the Counselor,  
Shall reign through endless days,  
And every nation, filled with joy,  
Break forth in rapturous praise.”

## THE ELOQUENT PRAYER.

T WAS an eloquent prayer,  
Addressed to the pews ;  
Full of theology fine,  
Well sprinkled with news ;  
And God was the medium  
Preferred to convey  
Whatever the preacher  
Thought proper to say.

So the narrative flowed,  
Through what was called prayer,  
But heart-felt devotion  
Declined to be there ;  
Save, save us, O Jesus,  
From going astray ;  
When we lift up our hands,  
Professing to pray.

---

## THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

A LIGHT-HOUSE, planted on a hill,  
Oft tells a cheerful story,  
And drives the gloom of night away  
With brilliant rays of glory.

The mariner on ocean's wave  
Is warned against his danger,  
When drawing near the treacherous coast  
Of foreign strand, a stranger.

There is a light on Zion's tower,  
To guide the lost and weary,  
When drifting o'er the waves of time,  
With prospects dark and dreary.

The radiance of that glorious light  
Will smooth the roughest ocean,  
For death and sorrow bring us joy,  
And peace succeeds commotion.

---

## A CALL TO BENEVOLENCE.

THE calls of poverty,  
Of sorrow, want, and pain,—  
Oh, never let them look to thee,  
And ask thy gifts in vain.

What yet may be thy state  
On earth, thou dost not know,  
Ah! it, like theirs, may be the fate  
Of bitterness and woe.

But should thy future sky,  
Beam with prosperity,  
Oh, bid it light the tearful eye,  
That asks thy charity.

And in the reckoning day,  
When worlds thy works shall see,  
Oh, then the righteous Judge shall say,  
“Ye've done it unto me.”

---

#### GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE'S a good time coming, brothers,  
Meet, meet to sing and pray;  
Prayer is the best employment,  
The best for night and day;  
Cast out all fear, and now draw near,  
Our Jesus is the way.

There's a good time coming, brothers,  
The Saviour is our friend,  
And His presence will be with us,  
Be with us to the end,  
Our sure support and sole resort  
Till grace and glory blend.

There's a good time coming, brothers,  
Prayer lifts the heart on high ;  
Beyond every stormy morning  
There is a bright blue sky ;  
And through each storm we see the form  
Of angels drawing nigh.

There's a good time coming, brothers,  
Read, read the holy word ;  
It is the highest wisdom  
That man has ever heard ;  
Precept and song, streaming along,  
The Word is the Spirit's sword.

There's a good time coming, brothers,  
The Blessed will forgive,  
While bowing at His gracious throne,  
His mercy bids us live ;  
How happy we will always be  
While Jesus comes to give.

There's a good time coming, brothers,  
We cast our care on Him ;  
Above the clouds smiles the broad sky  
With radiance never dim ;  
'Mid storm and gale we shall prevail,  
We shall prevail through Him.

## TO MY CHILDREN.

**B**E these the secrets of your life,  
To be yourselves content,  
And thankful to the Bountiful,  
Whose blessings have been lent,—

To know how little you deserve  
Of all that you enjoy,  
To banish every cankering care  
That might your peace destroy,—

To think the hills and vales your own,  
Because your Father's care  
Has formed them with His mighty hand  
And placed their grandeur there.

Slight not the beauteous flowers that bloom  
With fragrant joy for all,  
To search for spiders and for snails  
Along the garden wall.

Set not your minds on clouds that lower,  
But on the light that's shining,  
Beyond the storm-cloud of the sky,  
Behold the silver lining.

## SHALL WOMAN SPEAK?

SHALL fair woman speak in public?  
S Can man refuse to hear  
The voice that taught him how to speak,  
And dried his early tear?

Shall fair woman speak in public?  
Her sympathy and love  
Gives her a world, all, all her own,  
To charm, to melt, to move.

Shall fair woman speak in public?  
She has a heart to feel,  
And eloquence drops from her tongue,  
To pierce like points of steel.

Shall fair woman pray in public?  
With wants she feels alone,  
Shall she be thrust aside by man,  
While drawing near the throne?

Shall fair woman preach in public?  
Who dares to throw away  
This mighty source of grace and power,  
In this auspicious day.

## GAY ATTIRE.

WHAT stands behind those gauzy clouds  
Of fashion and of froth?  
Can any servant of the Lord  
Bring such great nonsense forth?

Can it show forth heaven's holy light  
Behind these screens of pride,  
And will it shine in bright array,  
With vanity inside?

What must a worldling think, to see  
A Christian thus attired,—  
A butterfly in human form,  
Waiting to be admired?

The saints of old were wiser far,  
And humble in their mien;  
Their costume made their spirit known,  
Wherever they were seen.

The garb that tells of pride and lust  
Had all been thrown aside,  
To follow Him, the heavenly One,  
Their pattern and their guide.

## THE POOR CHILD.

POVERTY'S angel had stricken the child,  
Rags were her clothing, tatteréd and wild.

Cold winds of winter were kissing her skin,  
Discomfort and death were lurking within.

The morsel that kept her little blood warm,  
Was sought in the street, in sunshine or storm.

Through dirt and distress her beauty still smiled,  
While angels of death were smiting the child.

The messenger came in darkness of night,  
And took the poor child to regions of light.

A breath of foul air, in passing along,  
Finished life's poem and ended its song.

A victim of want, scarce five winters old,  
Details of story too sad to be told.

Draw not on fancy for pictures of woe ;  
Truth is more striking than fancy's best glow.

Her ashes are here, her spirit has fled,  
Now little Mary, the beggar, is dead.

For children of want, in the system of grace,  
Oh, think it not strange that heaven has a place.

God's thoughts are richer in bountiful worth,  
Than can be conceived by worms of the earth.

God's mercy is great, great as the great sea,  
Boundless and glorious, effective and free.

What word did she bear our Father on high?  
Had we fed her here, or left her to die?

Oh, ye who enjoy the warmth of your fire,  
Whose wish is a draft for all you desire,—

Oh, think of the poor in hunger and cold,  
Send them in mercy a pittance of gold.

The winds boldly whisper the death they may bear,  
Daughters of sorrow, deprived of your care.

Let them not carry the story on high,  
You hardened your heart, and left them to die.

---

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON.

**H**IGH hung the harps of Palestine,  
As o'er a living tomb;  
The chords that used to vibrate joy,  
Were silent in the gloom.

Captivity had bound her soul  
To shadows and decay ;  
Her ancient faith and trust in God  
Had passed in grief away.

And thus she sat beside the stream,  
A sad and mournful thing,  
Forgetful of her former strength,  
And of her heavenly King.

But Zion shall arise again,  
Her wrongs shall be redressed,  
And many sons shall crowd her gates,  
To be forever blest.

---

EMPTINESS.

**T**HERE are no thoughts within my brain,  
No motion in my will ;  
And yet these clumsy finger-joints  
Are kept in motion still.

Why should my ink thus run to waste,  
When there's no thought to chain  
To this white sheet, spread out so fair,  
So free from every stain ?

'Twere better far to take my rest,  
Until some startling thing  
Shall wake emotions in the mind,  
To plume the muse's wing.

---

THE MISER BANKER.

I'VE had a great honor this morning,  
Talked with a millionaire,  
At the door of his ancient domain,  
While stealing a breath of cheap air.

Ninety winters have pelted his brow,  
And thinned out his aged gray hair;  
He looked like the sage of some cave,  
Drawn forth to the mouth of his lair.

His manners were gentle and kind,  
Ungarnished and plain was his mien,  
An old-fashioned bachelor man,  
But still rich enough for a queen.

His bonds and his money, unwasted,  
Were laid up like snow, in a pile,  
Though his wardrobe would often appear  
In quantity mean as in style.

Just then his shirt wanted a collar,  
And some few buttons beside ;  
Such troubles he wished to avoid,  
And every appearance of pride.

Whether he has been careful to pile  
The treasures that glow in the skies,  
Are matters this scribbler knows not,  
And he does not dare to surmise.

---

## ELSEWHERE.

A SEARCH for happiness I made,  
Through mountain dells of deepest shade ;  
Soft echoes sadly met me there,  
And whispered out, " Elsewhere, elsewhere."

I wandered through the rounds of mirth,  
Where earthly forms of joy had birth ;  
But still I heard the echo there,  
In noisy shouts, " Elsewhere, elsewhere."

I floated on the stream of time,  
Through every region, every clime,  
And made my search with anxious care,  
But land and wave cried out, " Elsewhere."

To worldly wisdom I applied,—  
With haughty brow she turned aside,  
And with a sharp and scornful air,  
She shouted out, “Elsewhere, elsewhere.”

I then appealed to hoards of gain,  
And heard from them, with deepest pain,  
In answer to my fervent prayer,  
The dismal sound, “Elsewhere, elsewhere.”

And then I turned and questioned fame,  
She answered, with a blush of shame,  
“I have no happiness to spare,  
Go make your search elsewhere, elsewhere.”

Then I communed with stations high,  
Their slow response came thundering by,  
Though boasting with a pompous air,  
They ended with, “Elsewhere, elsewhere.”

I sought from industry the boon,—  
Most honestly it answered soon,  
“Although I keep from many a snare,  
The thing you seek is still elsewhere.”

At length I heard the gospel sound,  
In Christ the glorious boon was found ;  
I pressed it to my heart with care,  
And had no more to look elsewhere.

“ Elsewhere ” was then a needless word,  
New peace had come, new hopes were stirred,  
And in my Saviour I possessed  
The elements of joy and rest.

---

## THE SKY.

NO gorgeous hall compares with thee,  
Thou bright, blue sky above ;  
Thou beautiful immensity,  
Thou canopy of love !

Great kings have built their arches high,  
And spread their fame abroad ;  
But all the arches of the sky  
Are Thine, Almighty Lord.

And all the wonders beaming there,  
At noon and eventide,  
But speak Thy presence, and declare  
Thy glory far and wide.

Far as our mortal eyes can reach,  
Or towering thought conceive,  
Thy wisdom and thy power they teach,  
And force us to believe.

## PLYMOUTH ROCK.

'T WAS on this memorable stone,  
Our pilgrim fathers trod,  
When to these wilds they came alone,  
For conscience and for God.

Here, kneeling on the frozen strand,  
In heartfelt, fervent prayer,  
They sought the succor of His hand,  
And found His presence there.

How cold and wintry was the sky,  
How warm each pious breast!  
They saw with a prophetic eye,  
God's kingdom in the west!

A state without an earthly king,  
A church from prelates free,  
Were household words, a powerful spring,  
That wove our destiny.

To all their children they bequeathed  
These bases of reform,  
In which the very thoughts are wreathed,  
That keep our life-blood warm.

And while this rocky emblem stands  
Firm in its resting-place,  
We pledge our hearts, we join our hands,  
To praise Almighty grace.

And every spire we raise aloft,  
Shall blazon on the sky,  
The glorious truths they taught so oft,  
Truths that can never die.

---

## THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING to God, how boundless the  
theme!

The subject is wider than mortals can dream :  
The dew-drops of morning are few when compared  
With the showers of blessing in which we have  
shared.

Our Shepherd is watching the fold of His care,  
And guarding their footsteps from evil and snare,  
The bliss of His presence still cheers them along,  
With the joys of salvation in volumes of song.

---

## PRAY ALWAYS.

OUR Saviour spake a parable  
To all of human kind ;  
Oh, hear the gracious words He spake,  
And bear them still in mind.

He said men always ought to pray,  
And never, never faint ;  
A Father's ear will always hear,  
And answer their complaint.

He'll hear when in the darkest hour  
They bow before His throne ;  
His succor will outrun their words,  
And make His mercy known.

---

## IN JESUS' NAME.

OUR souls shall lift their prayer to God,  
Soon as our eyes awake ;  
Our plea at morning, as at night,  
Is still for Jesus' sake.

No other merit can we boast,  
We make no other claim,  
But the sole merit that we plead,  
Is Jesus' precious name.

'Tis by this door we enter in,  
And bow before the throne ;  
The energy that draws our heart,  
Is in this name alone.

---

## PRAYER.

PRAYER is the offering of the soul,  
In holy sacrifice ;  
The turning of the heart to God,  
Who dwells above the skies.

Prayer, in the pressure of our need,  
Compels our souls to go  
To Him who keeps a full supply  
To banish every woe.

Prayer is the exercise of faith ;  
Prayer prompts the needy soul  
To go to Christ, who has the power  
To make the sinner whole.

Prayer leads us to the chamber, where  
The King is found alone ;  
And thence the faithful soul comes forth  
With blessings from the throne.

---

## THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

GO in the early morning,  
G Before the sun has risen,  
And let your soul, expanding,  
Break through its earthly prison.

Go in the noontide brightness,  
And let your wants be known ;  
Both day and night, the Merciful  
His watchful care has shown.

Go when the evening curtains  
Are wrapped around the earth,  
And in the solemn stillness,  
Recount the Saviour's worth.

Go in the hours of midnight,  
When silence rules alone ;  
Go to the Seat of Mercy,  
And bow before God's throne.

Go, ask the benediction  
Of Him who reigns on high,  
Blest with the hope of glory,—  
Hope that shall never die.

---

## EVENING.

THE evening sun begins to cast  
Long shadows on before ;  
To tell that day is gone at last,  
And all its toils are o'er.

How calm the weary day departs,  
Without a sigh or groan ;  
And brings a solace to our hearts,  
Which evening gives alone :

Oh, how refreshing is the air,  
Now breathing from the hill,  
With blissful fragrance everywhere,  
And music from the rill.

The evening shades begin to cast  
Their shadows on before,  
To tell that day has gone at last,  
And all its toils are o'er.

## EVENING PRAYER.

I<sup>N</sup> the sweet hour of evening prayer,  
Devotion's calm delight  
Should close the business of the day,  
And fit us for the night.

God is the strength of our right arm,  
In Him we live and move ;  
The blessings which we here enjoy,  
Flow from His throne above.

His ever gracious eye looks down,  
To guide, direct and keep  
The humble souls who trust in Him,  
Or waking or asleep.

We cast ourselves on Him alone,  
And close our eyes in peace :  
Persuaded that the Lord is good,  
Whose mercies never cease.

Thus in the hour of evening prayer,  
Devotion's calm delight  
Closes the business of the day,  
And fits us for the night.

## SABBATH MORNING.

'TIS a quiet Sabbath morning,  
    T Balm is floating on the air ;  
Chime these bells with cheerful warning,  
    Come, ye needy ones, to prayer.

With devotion's ardor swelling,  
    Lift your heavy hearts above ;  
All your wants and sorrows telling  
    To the Father, who is love.

His kind ear will always listen  
    To the saddest tale of woe ;  
He will make the darkness glisten,  
    And the lights of glory glow.

Come, my soul, this Sabbath morning,  
    Though by sorrow's shade oppressed ;  
Take the kind and gentle warning,  
    And enjoy the holy rest.

---

  
LIFE.

HOW slender is the gossamer,  
    H Which holds this life of ours,  
Like threads that sever at the touch  
    Of zephyrs from the bowers.

Life is a vapor, passing off,  
A transient morning cloud,  
Whose dew has wet the early grass,  
And beautified its shroud.

Life is a fading flower of grass,  
Parched by the burning sun ;  
It gathers up the beautiful,  
And all its work is done.

---

## LIFE HERE AND HEREAFTER.

OUR life is like a winter's day,  
Its hours are nearly past ;  
The afternoon is present now,  
And night is coming fast.

The shadows lengthen on our path,  
The sun is hasting down,  
And evening puts the drapery on,  
And wears its starry crown.

But there's a land beyond the west,  
Where brighter glories shine ;  
In that fair clime no darkness comes,  
Nor golden suns decline.

And there is light and love and joy,  
All flowing on forever,  
The evening shades will bring us there,  
Beyond the chilly river.

We're near the glorious streets of gold,  
The pearly gates appear ;  
'Tis afternoon already now,  
The brighter land is near.

---

#### THE WEB OF LIFE.

O'ER every loom of human life,  
How swift the shuttle flies !  
Each one must weave the warp and woof,  
And then lies down and dies.

The smiling infant weaves a piece,  
The breadth of its own hand,  
And when its little task is done,  
Goes to the spirit-land.

Some blooming youth is weaving on,  
With prospects clear and bright,  
When suddenly the woof is out,  
And all is dark as night.

The pilgrim of a hundred years,  
Weaves long and checkered cloth,  
But weak and wasted, at the end,  
Is crushed before the moth.

And others drive the shuttle on,  
With loads of pain and care,  
Just like a post-horse on the road,  
That runs with dash and dare.

An eagle, of the fleetest kind,  
With pinions spread on high,  
Once tried to pass this shuttle gauge,  
But soon came down to die.

So fall the great and haughty ones,  
Who make this world their trust,  
The victims of their fancied strength,  
They drop into the dust.

---

THE SHORT JOURNEY.

WHEN near the city of the dead,  
With solemn tread we fare,  
We think how few the steps may be  
To our apartments there.

In how few hours the dial-plate  
May point us to the earth,  
There we must lay this mortal by,  
Like ashes from the hearth.

Our mother, in her kindness,  
Opens her breast to all ;  
And we, her children, wait our turn,  
To hear the final call.

It falls upon the ears of men,  
With echoes everywhere ;  
Now summoning the aged here,  
And then the infant there.

And so they come in countless throngs,  
Of every age and name ;  
Some, those who seek the world of light,  
Some from the lists of shame.

And every soul that stands between  
These ocean-wide extremes,  
Must join the city of the dead,  
Despite their golden dreams.

---

THE DEAD INFANT.

THIS beautiful blossom  
Is plucked from its stem ;  
The crown of the future  
Is robbed of its gem.

Some angel, in passing,  
Hath borne it away  
From earth's cheerless regions  
To mansions of day.

Though bitter the parting,  
Yet joyful the gain;  
A cherub of glory,  
Our babe will remain.

---

## DEATH.

WHEN death's cold fingers come to play  
Around the stoutest hearts,  
Life gathers up its active feet,  
Then suddenly departs.

It leaves the senseless ashes, cold,  
To moulder in the grave;  
Earth has no balsam to restore,  
No energy to save.

And so we pass, with every day,  
Like chaff before the wind;  
Prepared or unprepared, we go,  
And leave all things behind.

My soul, ah ! whither wilt thou flee ?  
To Him who dwells on high ?  
Or to those dismal depths of woe,  
Where death will never die ?

---

## IN MEMORIAM J. S. O.

AS sinks the weary summer sun  
Behind the golden west,  
So passed our sainted one away,  
When he was called to rest.

Not in the dark and sullen gloom  
That hovers round the night,  
But in the ray where glories bloom,  
Refulgent with delight,—

Beyond the curtains of the night,  
Where radiant beauties glow,  
Along celestial streams of bliss,  
Which shall forever flow.

He saw bright haloes o'er his head,  
And holy angels there,  
With willing heart and ready wing,  
Soon took him to their care.

Oh, with what holy ecstasy  
This faithful pilgrim trod  
Over the waves of Jordan's stream,  
To the bosom of his God.

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

**H**IS faith was strong at eventide,  
Almost like vision, clear ;  
And love, like music in the soul,  
Cast out each doubt and fear.

Strength from on high sustained his heart  
With energy unknown.  
Earth faded from his sight, but heaven  
Around his spirit shone.

The chariot that Elijah rode  
Came through the parting sky,  
And angel messengers drew near  
To bear his soul on high.

Celestial light was round him poured,  
He heard the angels sing ;  
And faith, impatient of delay,  
Spread out its buoyant wing.

Thus, rising from this narrow sphere,  
He bade the world adieu,  
Exclaiming, with a loving heart,  
“ The God of Love is true.”

There seraphim in perfect bliss  
Wait at the shining shore,  
To gather saints in Jesus' fold,  
Safe, safe forevermore.

---

THE CHRISTIAN IN DEATH.

HOW like an alabaster cast  
The happy Christian lay,  
When death had in a moment past  
And kissed his soul away.

A group of smiling angels fanned  
His weary frame to rest,  
And music from their joyful band  
Thrilled through his fainting breast.

Was such an emblem ever seen  
Of innocence and love  
A halo shining from his mien  
Like the bright things above?

Thus Moses from the mount of God  
With shining visage came,  
For he on holy ground had trod,  
And glory filled his frame.

SHALL WE MEET?—BEAUTIFUL CITY. 83

Above we know our brother dwells,  
Freed from this house of clay,  
Seraphic joy his bosom swells,  
In never ending day.

---

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

SHALL we meet beyond the river,  
The beautiful river of God ;  
Where eternal life and glory  
Forever are flowing abroad,  
In crystal streams  
Beyond our dreams  
From the pure fountains of the Lord ?

---

BEAUTIFUL CITY.

BEAUTIFUL CITY! beautiful city!  
Where angels sing,—  
Beautiful city! beautiful city!  
Where God is King.

Beautiful city! beautiful city!  
With streets of gold;  
Beautiful city! beautiful city!  
Of wealth untold.

Beautiful city! beautiful city!  
Where all are blest;  
Beautiful city! beautiful city  
Of endless rest.

Beautiful city! beautiful city!  
Life's bright river,  
Beautiful city! beautiful city!  
Flows forever.

Beautiful city! beautiful city!  
Where life is won,  
Beautiful city! beautiful city!  
God is her Sun.

Beautiful city! beautiful city!  
No frightful snare,  
Beautiful city! beautiful city!  
Nor death is there.

Beautiful city! beautiful city!  
Where all is light,  
Beautiful city! beautiful city!  
Without a night.

---

“IT IS OURS.”

**I**T is ours, it is ours;  
The glorious hope of life  
Outspreads heaven's palaces afar  
Beyond the realms of strife.

Yes, the time is surely coming,  
And we shall enter in  
The land of Beulah and of joy,  
Beyond the reach of sin.

It is ours, it is ours,  
Ye moments, pass away,  
And bring us to the pearly gates  
Of everlasting day.

It is ours, it is ours,  
The city paved with gold ;  
And crowns of life are waiting there  
With treasures yet untold.

---

THE RESURRECTION. — AN ARGUMENT.

WHY is it thought incredible  
That God should raise the dead,—  
The God that made the universe,  
Creation's sovereign Head?

All the infinities are His,  
His eye all substance sees ;  
The wondrous working of His will,  
Each atom moves to please.

From ocean's limitless expanse  
The viewless vapors rise,  
Kissed in the glowing light of day,  
And mingle with the skies.

And what are we but vapors too,  
That vanish swift away,  
And, like the vapors of the clouds,  
Return some other day?

Change after change has been the law  
Of all created things ;  
Change, the old key-note of the earth,  
O'er all its surface rings.

Perchance a single grain of corn  
Drops in the earth, and dies,  
But from its wasting and decay,  
A thousand grains arise.

Whence do they come? The curious mind,  
The anxious heart will say,  
They come from God,— the source of life,  
Whose glory they display.

There is a resurrection force,  
Which every spring unfolds ;  
And shows the mighty power of Him  
Whose hand all things upholds.

## MY COUNTRY.

“MY country, 'tis of thee,” I sing,  
Columbia's verdant plains,  
And all her hills of liberty,  
Where peace and plenty reigns ; —  
The land that God declares His own  
By His abundant care,  
And showers the bounties of His love  
On harvests growing there.  
The wide spread land has wealth in store  
For those who turn her soil ;  
And gold, out-cropping from her hills,  
Repays the miner's toil.  
Her coal-fields lie extended wide,  
Locked in the mountains strong,  
A mighty magazine of power,—  
Enough for ages long.  
Her iron forges blow their blasts  
Of revelry and joy ;  
And vales are musical with men,  
Glad in their stern employ.  
Her churches lift their spires on high,  
On hill-side and on plain,  
Telling the world the glorious truth,  
That godliness is gain.

The tread of genius o'er her soil  
Excites a joyous song ;  
The sons of industry and toil  
Are stalwart, bold and strong.

Earth's oceans wash her several coasts,  
And dash against her shore,  
Where all the ships that skim the seas  
Might ride forevermore.

Her mountain peaks that kiss the sky,  
And prairies spreading wide,  
With forests wave or yellow grain,  
In autumn's joyous pride.

Magnificence exhausts itself  
In her great waterfalls,  
And glory from the eastern sky,  
To western glory calls.

Our eagle spreads his mighty wings,  
And hails the rising sun,  
And shrieks, in his peculiar tone,  
" This land shall all be one."

Then, turning with a dreadful scowl,  
Repeats the tone again,  
Till north, and south, and east, and west,  
Return a loud " Amen."

Her Sunday-schools have rung their bell  
And called the children in,  
To hear of victories of love,  
Saving from death and sin.

Her mission-ships have sailed abroad  
To every distant strand,  
Freighted with words of endless life,  
By Jesus' blest command.

The music of this noble land  
Shall lift its voice to God ;  
And spread the glory of His name  
Through all the earth abroad.

---

## ON VISITING FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

**M**ANY have passed away,  
A traceless cloud,  
But thou hast marked thy day  
With actions proud.

Death has not silenced thee,  
But, speaking still,  
The bosoms of the free  
Shall feel thy will.

A monarchy of mind,  
Swaying our powers,  
Proudly our pulses feel,  
Franklin is ours.

Sage of the sainted past,  
Though in the ground,  
Thy teachings long shall last,  
With wisdom crowned.

Philosophy and truth  
Thine only aim,  
Exemplar of our youth,  
We hail thy name.

Wherever liberty  
Makes itself heard,  
Thy name will ever be  
A household word.

---

THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

**H**AIL! blest land of liberty,  
Where the truth is flowing free,  
And each happy child may be  
Nursed and trained in love.

God has filled the land with springs,  
Corn and fruit and goodly things,  
Hill and vale and mountain rings  
Thrilling notes of praise.

## CHORUS.

Sound the trump of liberty,  
May the Lord of glory be  
The defender of the free,  
With His mighty arm.

All men were endowed by Thee,  
With estates of liberty ;  
None can ever alien be  
In God's commonwealth—  
With these glorious truths, unfurled,  
Floats our banner to the world ;  
Shafts of justice will be hurled,  
To maintain it there.  
Sound the trump, &c.

OUR OLD FLAG, AND ALL OUR LAND,—  
Here we take our final stand,  
With the good old hero band ;  
Live or perish here.  
Freedom's altar, nobly graced,—  
Lives and fortunes to the last,  
On its sacred hearth we cast,  
As our sacrifice.  
Sound the trump, &c.

Let our flag, Lord, wave on high,  
 Stripes and stars on Thy blue sky,  
 Till time trembles and shall die,—  
 Emblem of the free.

Night and day, throughout each year,  
 Be our shield from every snare,  
 Watch us with a shepherd's care,  
 Lest we stray from Thee.  
 Sound the trump, &c.

---

FREEDOM'S CALL.

COME, come, ye freemen of the North,  
 Your country calls you now;  
 From every hamlet sally forth,  
 Leave anvil, axe and plough.

Now sterner duties are required,  
 Gird, gird your armor on;  
 For liberty each heart is fired,  
 Till victory is won.

---

SLAVERY—1862.

THE Lord will smite thee, Slavery,  
 With His right hand of power;  
 His poor will pass the great Red Sea  
 At the appointed hour.

Then all thy mighty lords shall be  
With Pharaoh and his host,  
Beneath the deep, the great, deep sea,  
Forever, ever lost.

The jubilee of earth has come,  
And songs triumphant rise ;  
And joy shall fill each humble home  
With chants of paradise.

---

## THE DEMANDS OF SLAVERY BEFORE THE WAR.

**Y**ES, ye demand that we should smile  
On this great scourge of men ;  
And that your slaves should, for the while,  
Be planted on each glen—

From the Atlantic's stormy coast  
To the Pacific's plain ;  
And from the verge of Oregon,  
Down to the Spanish Main,—

That every Island of the sea  
Our future may obtain,  
Shall never hail for liberty,  
And Freedom's joyful reign,—

That Bunker-hill be set apart,  
With all New England's soul,  
To be the negro-driver's mart,  
To call his chattel-roll.

And ye demand that we should sing  
Continual songs of praise,  
For blessings hatched 'neath slavery's wing,  
For a benighted race.

Slave institutions,— they must shine,  
While Freedom hides her face,  
And we must own, 'mid light divine,  
That Slavery is grace.

Perhaps we may,— but not just now,—  
We've something else to do ;  
We'll grasp the hammer and the plough,  
Or grasp the sword for you.

---

THE EDICT OF FREEDOM BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

FROM cold streams of Eastport  
To warm Rio Grande,  
There flieth an edict  
All over the land ;

From the roaring Atlantic  
To the great western sea,  
The thunder is rolling —  
“The people are free.”

The trees of the forest  
Are clapping their hands,  
And shouting the echo  
Of joy to all lands.

Old Moloch has fallen!  
And Freedom remains  
To bury the monster  
And tread out his stains.

Now millions are joining  
The jubilant song,  
And starting the chorus  
The ages prolong ;

Injustice has vanished,  
And truth shall proclaim  
The national glory,  
And honor her name.

## THE MARTYRS OF FREEDOM.

GOD strengthened them to strike, and break  
The chains of slavery ;  
And bade four millions, born in thrall,  
Step forward and be free.

And now while freedom fills the air,  
And smiles upon the soil,  
The ploughman's song and woman's praise  
Rehearse their valiant toil.

And all who play the statesman's part  
And speak the nation's voice,  
With joy recount their glorious deeds,  
Do homage, and rejoice.

The ages, as they roll along,  
Shall still preserve their fame,  
And flowers immortal form the wreath  
Of every patriot's name.

---

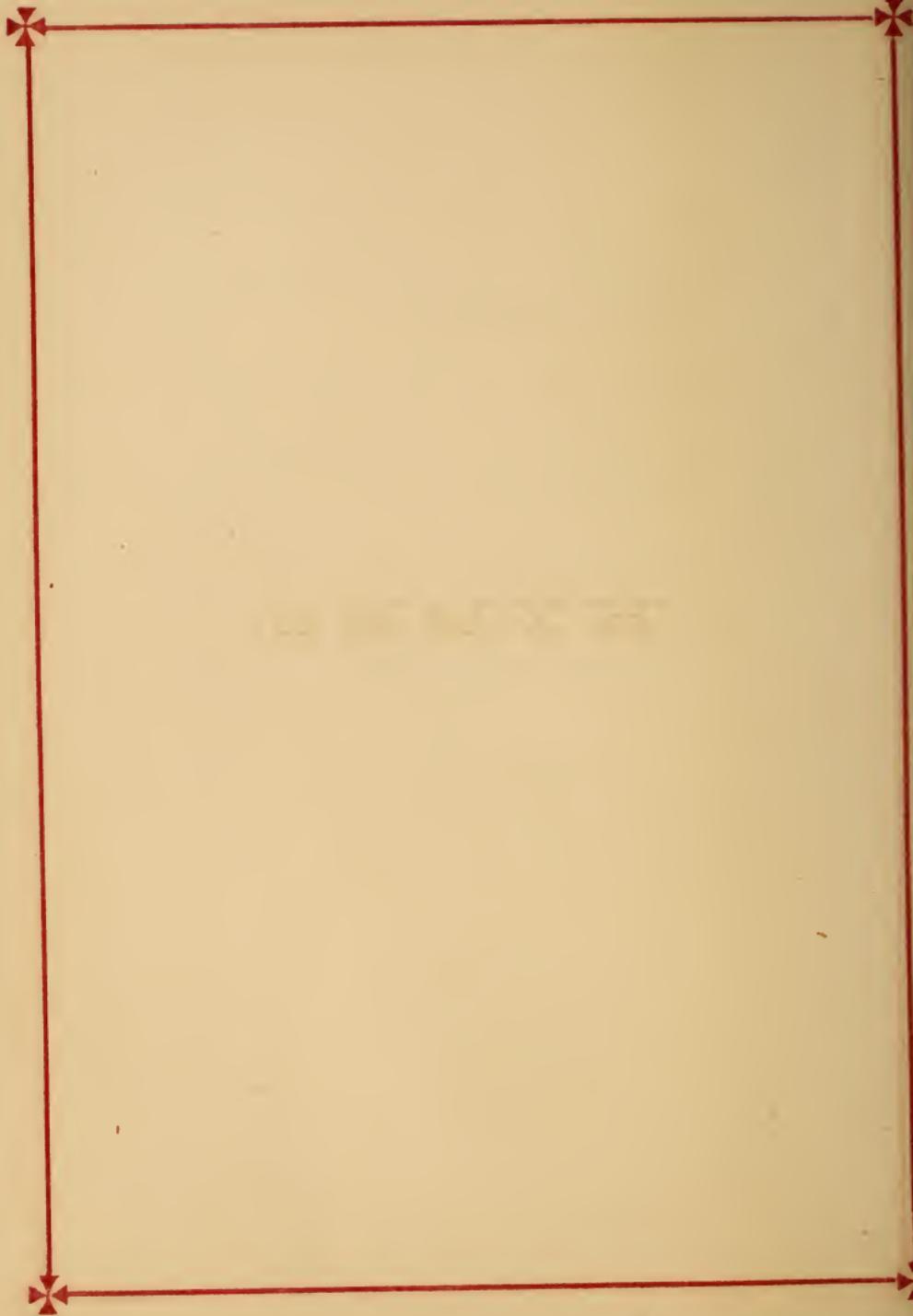
DECORATION DAY.

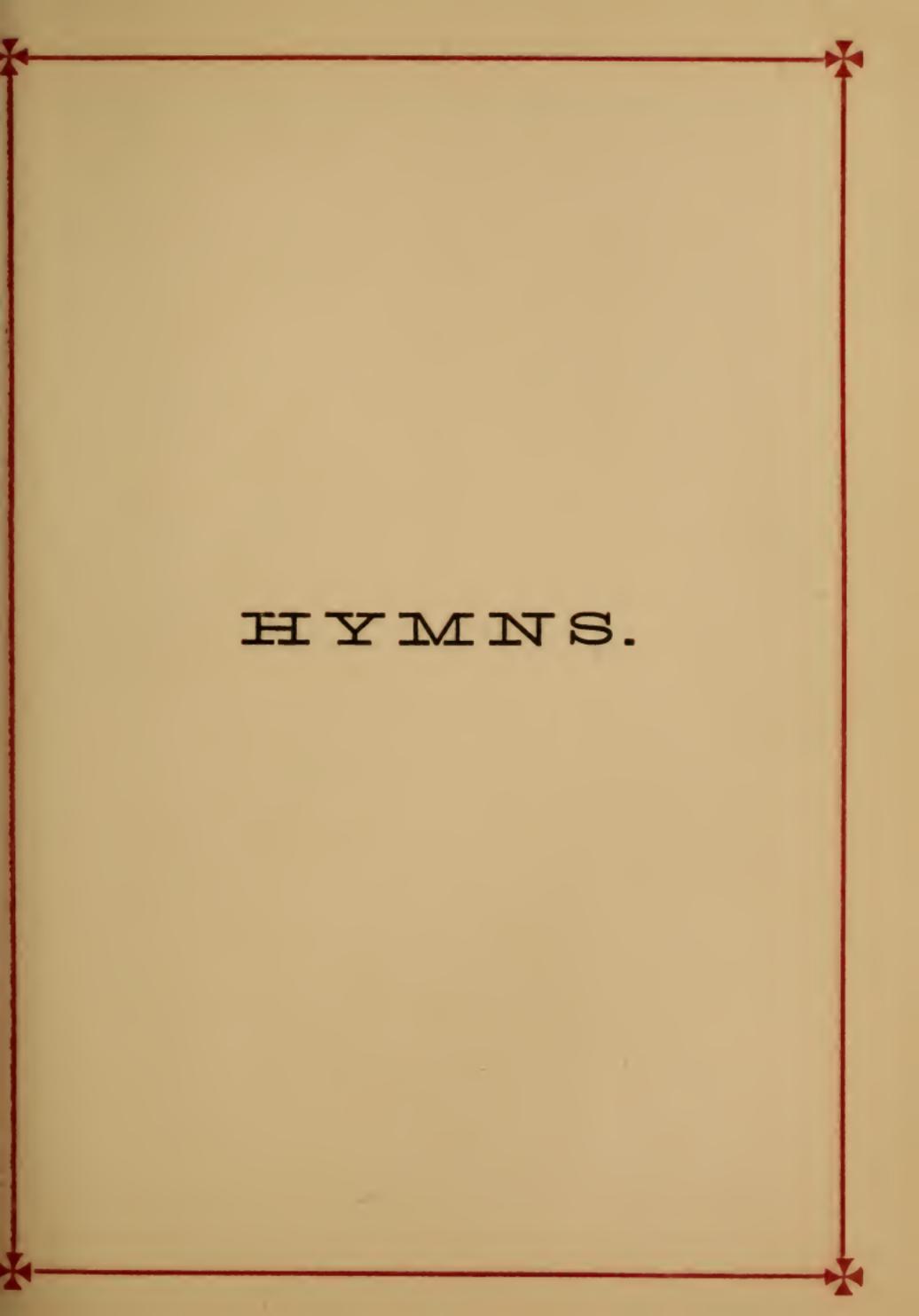
WE come to scatter fragrant flowers  
On every soldier's grave ;  
Their dust and memory is ours,—  
They died the land to save.

Fame spreads her glories round each name, —  
They bled for truth and peace ;  
Freedom shall keep her hallowed flame,  
Their honors to increase.

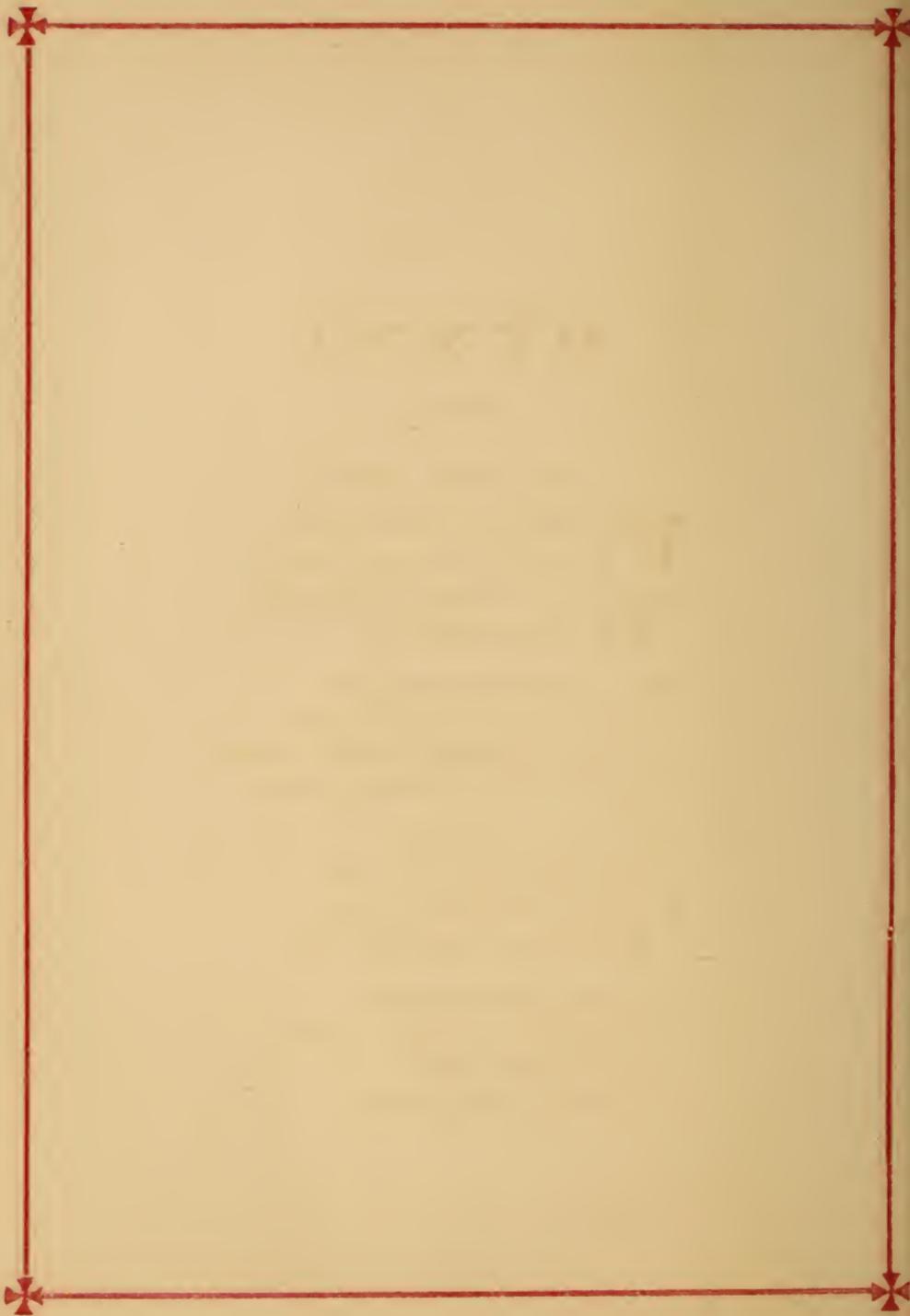
We come to tell the mournful tale  
Of heroes who have gone ;  
And strew this green sepulchral vale  
With laurels they have won.

And here we scatter fragrant flowers  
On every martyr's grave ;  
Their honor and their dust is ours,  
They died the land to save.





H Y M N S .



# H Y M N S .

---

---

## GOD IN ALL THINGS:

**Y**ES, all things speak of God ;  
The rolling wheels of time  
But mark the instants in His years  
With indexes sublime.

The brilliant orbs that light  
This else dark world of ours,  
Are sparks of glory from His throne,  
And show His wondrous power.

And every verdant leaf  
That smiles upon the earth  
Is but the handiwork of Him  
Who gave to all things birth.

All nature strives in vain  
To guage His mighty power ;  
God is eternity itself,  
And time is but an hour.

## GOD FROM ETERNITY.

FROM everlasting Thou art God,  
Thou self-existent One ;  
The universe of worlds declares  
What Thy right arm hath done.

To everlasting Thou art God,  
O'er Thee no change can come ;  
Eternity will roll its round,  
And heaven still be Thy home.

The mountains and the plains are thine,  
The oceans and the air ;  
And Thy beneficence is found  
Descending everywhere.

Myriads of angels wait Thy word,  
And worship at Thy throne ;  
They fly, obedient to Thy will,  
And make thy wisdom known.

Can dust and ashes raise its prayer  
To Him who dwells on high ?  
And will the holy and the just  
Stoop down to hear its cry ?

With lips unclean we come to seek  
The grace in Jesus' blood ;  
And ask the cleansing of our souls  
Through that atoning flood.

Still, He's the everlasting God,  
The great I am, alone ;  
He took a servant's humble place,  
And suffered to atone.

---

## THE UNCHANGEABLE.

WHO is that glorious Being? — who? —  
Eternal in His range,  
The fountain of whose sympathy  
Has never known a change?

'Tis He to whom the morning stars  
First raised creation's song ;  
And He to whom the angels sang,  
O'er Bethlehem's shepherd throng.

'Tis He who came from Bozrah's vale,  
And trod the press alone,  
With crimson o'er His garments shed,  
Who suffered to atone.

To Him the everlasting gates,  
Joyful, flew open wide ;  
When from the bonds of death released,  
He sought his Father's side.

Then immortality shone forth,  
As brilliant as the sun ;  
And all the realms of darkness owned  
Redemption's work was done.

'Twas Jesus, the redeeming Lord,  
Divine and firm and true,  
In Him there's nothing growing old,  
And nothing can be new.

The same exhaustless power and grace  
His liberal hand bestows,  
The fountain of celestial love  
Forever overflows.

No coming ages ever can  
Draw this great ocean down,  
While Jesus sits enthroned on high,  
And wears the glorious crown.

The same to-day as yesterday,  
And evermore the same,  
All power and righteousness are His,  
And centre in His name.

The universe shall sing the song  
Of glory and renown,  
To Him who sits upon the throne,  
And wears the heavenly crown.

---

## GOD EVERYWHERE.

**I**F we the wings of morning take,  
And fly through boundless space,  
We should behold Thy goodness still,  
And all Thy wonders trace.

There is no height, no depth profound,  
Where we can hide from Thee ;  
The darkness and the light are one,—  
Ah, whither can we flee ?

Thine eye would see us in the deep,  
Would follow us on high ;  
From Thee we cannot flee, O God,  
Thou art forever nigh.

---

## GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

**G**OD is the great omnipotent,  
Whose presence fills all space ;  
And His Almighty arm of power  
Is seen in every place.

He set His signet on the sky  
When all the stars were made ;  
This clock-work of the universe  
His glory has displayed.

And earth, the minor satellite,  
On which our footsteps tread,  
Receives the rays of light divine  
From Him, the living Head.

The ocean with its mighty waves,  
When dashing on the shore,  
But thunders out His wondrous praise  
Who lives forevermore.

Let all that have from Him their breath  
Join with the sacred throng,  
To praise the great Omnipotent  
In everlasting song.

---

THE FOUNTAIN OF ALL GOOD.

GOD is the Fountain of all good  
From which we seek supplies ;  
And every blessing we receive  
Comes from the Only Wise.

'Tis God who meets our every need,  
To Him the ravens cry,  
And all who come to Him in faith  
Will find His favor nigh.

God listens to the humble poor,  
And makes His mercy known  
To such as supplicate His grace  
And bow before His throne.

---

#### THE GREAT ROCK.

**M**Y soul shall love the Lord,  
And blessed be His name;  
His mercy has retrieved my life  
From sorrow, sin and shame.

My soul shall love the Lord,—  
The Rock on which I stand  
Defies the dashing waves of time,  
Immovable and grand.

My soul shall love the Lord,  
Each fleeting hour shall bring  
Me nearer to His home of love,  
And Christ, my only King.

## GOD A HEALER.

OH, thou mourner in Zion,  
 Let faith tune thy voice;  
 In the God of salvation  
 'Tis well to rejoice.

For His arm is Almighty,  
 His mercy is nigh,  
 With an ear to consider  
 The breath of a sigh.

With the rich balm of Gilead,  
 He healeth the soul,  
 And the blood of redemption  
 Will render us whole.

Oh, thou mourner in Zion,  
 Let faith tune thy voice,  
 In the God of salvation  
 'Tis well to rejoice.

---

 THE GOOD FOUNDATION.

GOOD is the Rock on which I stand,—  
 The tower of my defense  
 Is far above the reach of sin,  
 Of passion and of sense.

No archery of this lower world,  
Can e'er dislodge my soul,  
While He commands the citadel,  
With His Divine control.

Protected by His power and grace,  
My safety is complete ;  
My thoughts ascend in yearning love,  
Before His mercy seat.

And thence the streams of mercy flow,  
In bountiful supply,  
From the resources of my God,  
Who sits enthroned on high.

My faith perceives His battlements,  
Up reaching, firm and strong,  
With the sentinels of glory round,  
Triumphant in their song.

---

GOD A PROTECTOR.

**T**AKE us beneath Thy tender care,  
Thou Prince of life divine ;  
Thou covert from the angry storm,  
Oh, make us wholly Thine.

Beneath the shadow of Thy wings,  
True peace and safety dwells ;  
And in the promise of Thy word,  
Each hope immortal swells.

On Thee my hopes of life are fixed,  
In Thee my rest is found ;  
Like anchors cast within the vail,  
On firm and solid ground.

The God of everlasting love,  
Has every promise framed ;  
The fainting soul that trusts in Him,  
Shall never be ashamed.

---

GOD MY SALVATION.

GOD is my salvation,  
I will not be afraid ;  
The Lord Jehovah is my strength,  
My counselor, my aid.

God is my salvation,  
'Twas His Almighty hand,  
Me from my lost condition turned,  
To seek the heavenly land.

God is my salvation,  
On Him alone I lean,  
To wash the stains of guilt away,  
And make me pure and clean.

God is my salvation,  
In every threatening hour,  
My soul shall cast itself on Him,  
And trust His boundless power.

God is my salvation,  
On Him my soul relies,  
To save it from eternal death,  
And bring it to the skies.

---

## GOD RECONCILED.

THINE anger, Lord, has passed away,  
And comfort from on high  
Has soothed this broken heart of mine,  
And brought salvation nigh.

Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue  
In an out-flowing song,  
Glowing with confidence in Him  
Whose arm alone is strong.

No dread shall e'er disturb my soul,  
For God, my strength, is near;  
He who has cast his soul on Him  
Should never yield to fear.

---

GOD THE SOUL'S REFUGE.

THE eternal God thy refuge is,  
His shield he throws around  
The places where His people dwell,  
And makes them holy ground.

The sacred shadow of His wing  
Their panoply shall be,  
A refuge from each coming storm,  
To all eternity.

His everlasting arms shall be  
Beneath his suffering saints,  
His gracious hands shall open wide  
To answer their complaints.

Their meat and drink shall be made sure,  
Early and latter rain  
Shall fall upon their heritage,  
And never fall in vain.

The eternal God thy refuge is,  
He folds His arms around  
The places where His people dwell,  
And makes them holy ground.

---

## IMPLORING GOD'S PROTECTION.

O THOU, our heavenly Father, hear  
The voice of humble prayer ;  
And take us, in our feebleness,  
In Thy protecting care.

Beneath the shadow of Thy wings,  
Oh, may our souls abide,  
And through the fearful storms of life  
Within thy covert hide.

So shall the storms of earth pass by,  
And harmless ever be,  
And every tempest, every blast  
Shall drive our souls to Thee,—

To Thee, the source of every joy,  
The fountain of our love,  
The antidote to each distress,  
Out-flowing from above.

## HELP IN GOD ONLY.

O THOU that hearest prayer,  
Come, listen to our cry,  
And lift us from the gates of death,  
Or we must faint and die.

Thy mercy is supreme,  
Thy goodness has no bound ;  
We are the creatures of Thy power,  
In Thee our help is found.

We have no plea to make  
Of merit of our own ;  
We pray alone for Jesus' sake,  
While bowing at Thy throne.

O Thou that hearest prayer,  
Come, listen to our cry ;  
And lift us from the gates of death,  
Or we must faint and die.

---

MAN FRAIL, BUT GOD ALMIGHTY.

O THOU great Arbiter on high,  
To whom all things are known,  
The nations are but dust to Thee,  
And ashes at Thy throne ;

A potter's vessel in Thy hand  
Is dashed against a stone ;  
And moths are crushed beneath the tread  
Of Him who reigns alone.

Oh, help us, feeble suppliants, now  
Thy mercy to implore,  
And grant that we may humbly come  
To worship and adore  
The Fountain of eternal love,  
Both now and evermore,  
Whose gracious power first gave us breath,  
Whose mercy can restore.

Oh, may it be our highest aim  
To have that mercy ours,  
To cleanse our blindness and our guilt,  
And renovate our powers ;  
So shall we feel the righteousness  
Which falls in heavenly showers,  
And songs of gratitude shall sound  
From Zion's lofty towers.

---

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

**M**USIC should tune its every note  
To the Creator's praise ;  
And all the universe of song  
Its sounds of glory raise.

The birds on every verdant bough,  
And harps with golden strings,  
But echo forth the silent joy  
That dwells in muter things.

The sun which sheds his rays abroad,  
And every twinkling star,  
Proclaims the wonders of His love,—  
How great His glories are.

Creation joins with one accord  
To show what God hath done ;  
And heavenly music ushered forth  
His well beloved Son.

---

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

**H**AIL, hail, the ever glorious Star,  
The Star of Bethlehem ;  
Well might the heavens astonished stand,  
He came not to condemn.

Hail, hail, the Saviour from on high,  
The child of Bethlehem ;  
The crowns of all the earth are His,  
And heaven's bright diadem.

Hail, hail, the rays of holy light  
That shine from Bethlehem ;  
Mercy and truth and love unite,  
In this fair, glorious gem.

Hail, hail, the bright, the morning star,  
The Star of Bethlehem ;  
With eastern sages join your songs,—  
He was adored by them.

Hail, hail, with incense, gold, and myrrh,  
The Star of Bethlehem ;  
Bring all the homage of your heart,  
And worship in His name.

---

CHRIST'S HUMILIATION.

**T**HOUGH universal wealth was His,  
In poverty He trod ;  
And took on Him the servant's form,  
To bring us near to God.

He suffered scorn on this our earth,  
He came to bleed and die,  
That sinners of the vilest name  
Might live, and dwell on high.

'Twas through His sacrifice and blood  
 That our redemption came ;  
 And glory shines on this dark world,  
 Through our Redeemer's name.

Though universal wealth was His,  
 In poverty He trod ;  
 And took on Him the servant's form,  
 To bring us home to God.

---

#### THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

**O**H, lend a listening ear,  
 Thou merciful on high,  
 When dust and ashes come to Thee,  
 Through Jesus drawing nigh.

Remove the darkness from  
 These blinded eyes of ours ;  
 And make the dews of heavenly grace  
 Refresh our fainting powers.

May Jesus' dying love  
 Fill all our souls with light ;  
 And Bethlehem's Star rise on our souls,  
 In all His saving might.

## THE BREAD OF LIFE.

I AM the bread of life,  
On Me my people live ;  
The hope of everlasting joy  
My blood alone can give.

Thou art the bread of life,  
On Thee our souls depend ;  
In Thee our expectations rise,  
In Thee our wishes end.

I am the bread of life,  
On Me my people feed ;  
The Shepherd of their blessedness  
Supplies their every need.

I am the bread of life,  
The fountain-head of joy,  
To Me the thirsty soul may come,  
Nor fear, nor doubt annoy.

---

CHRIST THE FOUNDATION.

I N the realms of consolation,  
Where the truth of God is known,  
Jesus is the great foundation,  
Jesus is the corner stone.

On this rock the building, resting,  
Bids defiance to all time,  
'Mid the tempest's fiercest raging,  
Standing in the light sublime.

Ho! ye weary and desponding,  
Here is refuge, here is rest;  
Come and enter this blest refuge,  
Come and enter, and be blest.

Here the breath of consolation,  
Coming from the realms above,  
Brings, in largest store, God's blessings,  
Brings the gifts of heavenly love.

---

CHRIST THE ONLY FOUNDATION.

**W**E come to put our trust in Thee,  
The great foundation stone,  
'Tis on this living Rock we rest,  
'Tis here we rest alone.

There is no other refuge found  
Beneath the heavenly dome,  
To which the guilty soul can come,  
And find it has a home.

Firm on this rock our Zion stands,  
The glory of all time,  
Millions have hailed this Rock,—the joy  
Of every age and clime.

We come to put our trust in Thee,  
The great foundation stone,  
'Tis on this living Rock we rest,  
And here we rest alone.

---

#### THE TRUE REFUGE.

GO, spread thy wants before the Lord,  
Thou heavy-laden soul ;  
'Tis Jesus only has the power  
To make the wounded whole.

His hands can reach the lowest depths,  
The depths of thy distress ;  
And from the wretched damps of death  
He can redeem, and bless.

'Tis His to raise the fallen souls,  
That mourn in dark despair ;  
And fill their mouths with joyous songs  
Of gratitude and prayer.

Take courage, then, and go to Him,  
Whose mercy is so vast;  
He never turns away the poor,  
But helps them to the last.

---

A TOWER OF STRENGTH.

OUR Jesus is the tower of strength  
To which His people flee;  
We've no defense below the skies,  
Except, O Lord, in Thee.

Our Jesus is the tower of strength  
On which we must depend;  
We glory in a fadeless hope  
In Him, our only Friend.

Our Jesus is the tower of strength,  
The only solid rock,  
On which salvation's work is built,  
Beyond earth's every shock.

Our Jesus is the tower of strength  
To all who trust His grace;  
And they whose refuge is His name,  
Have reached a heavenly place.

## CHRIST A ROCK.

CHRIST is the great, majestic Rock  
On which our hope must stand ;  
Here hope may build its tower secure,—  
All else is drifting sand.

This grand foundation will not move,  
Though earth and stars decay ;  
The joy of everlasting life  
Shall never pass away.

The God who laid this corner stone,  
And framed all meaner things,  
He is Himself the great I AM,  
The only King of kings.

---

## THE ROCK OF AGES.

LORD, forbid that we should rest  
On any other thing,  
Than on the Rock of Ages, found  
In Jesus Christ, our King.

In Him alone we are secure,  
'Tis there our souls must hide  
Beneath the shadow of His wings,  
Cleansed by His crimson tide.

On this foundation, broad and strong,  
For ever to remain,  
We place our glory and our hope,  
Not to be changed again.

O Lord, forbid that we should rest  
On any other thing,  
Than on the righteousness of Him,  
Our Saviour and our King.

---

#### JESUS THE SOURCE OF LIGHT.

O JESUS, Thou great source of light,  
To Thee alone we flee,  
And from each danger, fear and strife,  
We hide ourselves in Thee.

Beneath the shadow of thy wings,  
Our willing souls would stay ;  
For every hope of safety springs  
From Thee, life's only way.

Oh, lift our souls from this dark earth,  
On wings of heavenly love,  
And bring us, through the higher birth,  
To see Thy face above.

## JESUS OUR SUN.

OUR Jesus is the central sun,  
Where all heaven's glories meet,  
Through Him the heavenly throne above  
Becomes the mercy-seat.

The dayspring to refresh our souls,  
Shines from His lovely face ;  
And all the blessings we receive,  
Are outgrowths of His grace.

To Him we bring our downcast souls,  
And sorrows pass away,  
And clouds of night by Him are changed  
To pure and perfect day.

This Jesus is our central sun,  
Where all heaven's glories meet,  
Through Him the heavenly throne above  
Becomes the mercy-seat.

---

## CHRIST MIGHTY TO SAVE.

MIGHTY to save ! the precious news  
First issued from the sky ;  
And all the angels joyful sang,  
Glory to God on high.

Mighty to save! the wondrous work  
For which our Saviour came,  
Proclaims a joy throughout the earth,  
In His beloved name.

Mighty to save! such words of grace  
New life, new joy, impart;  
Bringing the cheering balm of hope  
To every bleeding heart.

Mighty to save from pending death,  
And an eternal curse;  
With all the themes of peace and joy  
Forever to rehearse.

Mighty to save! Oh, wondrous grace!  
By Thee the work is done;  
We live, we live, for Jesus died,  
God's well beloved Son.

Mighty to save! 'tis Christ alone,  
Who can exert such power  
To turn the tides of death away,  
To light despair's dark hour.

Mighty to save! how blest the hour  
When on His name we call,  
And with a trembling joy declare,  
Christ is our all in all.

Mighty to save! He leads us on  
The straight and narrow way,  
'Till we behold the glorious light  
Of everlasting day.

---

## CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.

CHRIST is the only corner stone,  
In which our souls can trust;  
We rest on Him, on Him alone,  
All other hopes are dust.

Christ is the germ of every hope  
That rises in our hearts,  
'Tis His salvation gives us light,  
And heavenly joy imparts.

Christ is the life in which we move,  
The star that guides our way,  
He leads us through the realms of night,  
To scenes of endless day.

Christ is our joy, He gives us peace,  
All glorious and divine;  
He scatters all our night of gloom;  
Lord, on thy people shine.

## SPEAKING PEACE.

O JESUS, Master, let me hear  
The sweet, inviting voice,  
Which banished all my guilty fears,  
And made my heart rejoice.

When words from God's beloved Son,  
Broke silence to my soul,  
"Be of good cheer, despairing one,  
My grace can make thee whole,"—

Each latent nerve was thrilled to life,  
While tremblingly I heard;  
And, 'mid the dark, conflicting strife,  
"Forgiveness," was the word,

That swept the tempests from my sky,  
And made my soul rejoice,  
As faith took hold of Him who spoke  
With kind, inviting voice.

---

## PEACE IN JESUS.

GOD'S mercy, as with balmy wing,  
Came down and healed my soul;  
It drove my dark despair away,  
And made my spirit whole.

I sat me down at Jesus' feet,  
And found a quiet place,  
Where joy and glory overflowed,  
From fountains of His grace.

My tongue sang loud of heavenly love,  
I found my joys increase,  
As Jesus whispered to my soul,  
"I give to you my peace."

The boundless treasure filled my heart  
With visions of delight,  
Till paths of duty and of life  
Glowed with celestial light.

---

PEACE IN JESUS.

**B**ENEATH the shadow of His wings,  
Where safety still abides,  
My soul with comfort sits and sings,  
And with assurance hides.

The storms of earth, in passing by,  
Cannot disturb my soul,  
While rays of glory from on high,  
Exert a sweet control.

The echoes of perpetual joy  
Ring through this happy shade ;  
And nothing can that peace destroy,  
Which Jesus' love has made.

Beneath the shadow of His wings,  
My faith and hope abide ;  
I seek the bliss of heavenly things,  
Whatever may betide.

---

“ FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK.”

**O**H, fear not then, ye little ones,  
Ye have a Father's care,  
Whose love has watched o'er all your paths,  
And numbered every hair.

Two sparrows but a farthing bring,  
And yet they never fall  
Without the knowledge and consent  
Of Him who rules o'er all.

Shall sparrows small, those minor things,  
Receive more care than they  
For whom the heavenly homes were built  
In everlasting day ?

For them the Saviour came to earth,  
And offered sacrifice,  
To wash away the guilt of sin,  
And bring them to the skies.

The lapse of ages cannot change  
The purpose of His grace ;  
And Jesus ever, ever holds  
His saints in His embrace.

---

## RESTING IN JESUS.

**H**AIL to our dear Redeemer's name,  
To us 'tis life and health ;  
The wonders of His sovereign grace  
Bring comfort, joy and wealth ; —

A wealth that overflows the heart,  
That drives the night away,  
While glory breaks, in blissful rays,  
From everlasting day.

O Thou, our Saviour, great and strong,  
Our willing souls would rest,  
From all the burdens of their toil,  
Upon Thy gracious breast ;

Cleansed by the healing of that flood  
 Which purifies the soul,  
 And rescued from the guilt of sin,  
 By Him who makes us whole.

---

CHRIST A REDEEMER.

**G**IVE me that sacred stream that flows,  
 To cleanse me from my guilty woes,  
 And sheds abroad the sweet repose  
 That comes from my Redeemer.

Give me the hope that soars above,  
 To fields of glory and of love,  
 And all the joys that join to prove  
 The grace of my Redeemer.

Give me the faith that takes firm hold  
 Of all that Christ, my Lord, has told,  
 In promises worth more than gold,  
 From Him, my dear Redeemer.

---

EXCELLENCE OF CHRIST.

**T**HERE is an excellence in Christ,  
 Whose hand is strong to save;  
 Whose mercy offers endless joy  
 In realms beyond the grave.

There is an excellence in Christ,  
Our shield and our defense,  
The Rock on which our souls must rest,  
And draw their blessings thence.

There is an excellence in Christ,  
From Him we ask our bread,  
And living waters come from Him,  
Our great, exalted Head.

There is an excellence in Christ,  
On which we must depend,  
To cleanse us from our guilt and sin,  
And keep us till the end.

---

## MY SAVIOUR.

O JESUS, my Saviour,  
The first and the last,  
The hope of the future,  
The joy of the past,—

O Jesus, my Saviour,  
In deepest of grief,  
I turn to Thy mercy,  
And find sweet relief.

O Jesus, Thy brightness  
Supplies me with light ;  
When cast down and feeble,  
Then Thou art my might.

---

## THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

**B**EHOLD the stream of love divine,  
That flows from Jesus' side ;  
Ye sinners, bow before the cross,  
And see the crimson tide.

It washes out the deepest stain  
That sin has ever known,  
And gives the soul a confidence,  
To bow before the throne.

This boundless mercy ever runs  
In one unfailing flow,  
To cleanse away the guilt of sin,  
The cause of all our woe.

Behold the stream of love divine,  
That flows from Jesus' side ;  
Ye sinners, bow before the cross,  
And see the crimson tide.

## SAVED BY JESUS CHRIST.

WHEN rushing down the dreadful steep,  
That terminates in death,  
Jesus restored my guilty soul,  
And gave me life and breath.

Oh, what transporting joys I felt,  
When, with a voice divine,  
He said, "Thy sins are all forgiven,  
And I myself am Thine."

Thou gracious Saviour of my soul,  
Be still forever near,  
To shield me from the wiles of sin,  
And I shall never fear.

But leaning firmly on Thine arm,  
Till ends this mortal strife,  
I'll wait the bidding of my Lord,  
To enter into life.

---

A DIVINE SAVIOUR.

THOU celestial Saviour, Friend,  
Thy mercies ever shine;  
And every gleam of goodness here  
Declares Thou art divine.

O Thou celestial Saviour, Friend,  
 Mere ashes though we be,  
 Our sacrifice of grateful song  
 Is due alone to Thee.

---

## SAFE IN JESUS.

**W**HEN tossed by the billows of life  
 Upon the rough surges of grief,  
 We are sure to o'ercome in the strife,  
 Through Jesus, our Saviour and Chief.

The tempests that roar, the fierce wave,  
 The flashes of lightning that glare,  
 Might drive us to death and the grave,—  
 But Jesus, the Master, is there.

The sea becomes placid and still,  
 When the smile of His mercy appears ;  
 We gladly submit to His will,  
 And banish the whole of our fears.

---

## JESUS THE GREAT REDEEMER.

**J**ESUS is the great Redeemer,  
 Jesus is the mighty Lord ;  
 Round His head what glories cluster,  
 With an ever blest accord,  
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Over every vale and mountain  
Sound the glories of His fame ;  
Let the isles and oceans mingle,  
Singing " Glory to His name,"  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Hail the wonders of salvation,  
Let His praises fly abroad ;  
Jesus is the great Redeemer,  
Jesus is the mighty Lord,—  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

---

#### THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

**O**N Calvary's sacred mountain  
The Cross in glory stands,—  
The beacon-light of mercy  
To near and distant lands.

'Twas there the great atonement  
Was offered up on high ;  
When Jesus, the Redeemer,  
Was raised, to bleed and die.

'Tis from the cross of Jesus  
That our forgiveness flows,  
To heal the broken-hearted,  
And cleanse their deadly woes.

## CALVARY.

THOU on Calvary's height,  
In suffering most supreme,  
We hail Thee, Son of God, with power  
Thy people to redeem.

Extended on the cross,  
For them Thou didst atone;  
And they receive the gift of life  
From Thee, and Thee alone.

We hear the dying cry  
From Thee,—the God we love;  
It breaks our hearts, it makes us rise  
To seek the things above.

---

## LED CAPTIVITY CAPTIVE.

CAPTIVITY is captive now,  
"The stone is rolled away,"  
And all the gloom of darkness flees  
Before the light of day.

Captivity is captive now,  
The empty tomb declares,  
The all atoning Son of God  
Has broken Satan's snares.

Captivity is captive now,  
Since Jesus Christ arose,  
Triumphant in His victory  
O'er all His conquered foes.

Captivity is captive now,  
Go, spread the glorious news;  
Come, all ye needy sons of earth,  
His grace no more refuse.

Captivity is captive now,  
God's freedom is proclaimed,  
And gracious acts of mercy flow  
Wherever Christ is named.

---

#### THE THEME OF GLORY.

**O**N the towering heights of glory,  
The saints and angels sing;  
Christ the centre of their story,  
Christ, the great, immortal King.

All the angel hosts adore Thee,  
With songs of worship sweet;  
As the only theme of glory,  
Always bowing at Thy feet.

Ere the hills were old and hoary,  
Lifting up their heads sublime,  
Jesus was the theme of glory,  
In the early dawn of time.

And though earth be red and gory,  
Though mortal hopes may fail,  
Jesus is the theme of glory,  
Hail Him, ye despairing, hail.

Let all men bow before Thee,  
Shouting glory be to God,  
For the blessed path to glory,  
Which the gracious Jesus trod.

---

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

“**F**OR Jesus' sake,” the key note is,  
Of those who plead with Heaven ;  
To this great plea, of matchless worth,  
An audience will be given.

“For Jesus' sake,” the sinner cries,  
Wash out my guilty stain ;  
And lead me in the path of joy,—  
To find immortal gain.

“ For Jesus’ sake,” the saint replies,  
Thy favor I entreat ;  
No other plea can I put forth,  
Before the mercy seat.

“ For Jesus’ sake,” all men must say,  
Before their prayer succeeds ;  
This draft on God, the merciful,  
Will answer all their needs.

---

## PRAISE TO CHRIST.

LIFT, lift your voices, loud and strong,  
Let glad hosannas ring,  
Jesus the great salvation is,  
Jesus, the heavenly King.

Let every sound of sorrow cease,  
And every voice give praise  
To Him who stoops to hear our song,  
The God of endless days.

His hand is ever open wide,  
With bounties rich and free ;  
With blessings for the humble poor,  
With life, my soul, for thee.

We'll raise a chorus, loud and long,  
For grace that falls in showers,  
To lift us from the depths of death,  
With new-created powers.

---

## THE PRECIOUS NAME.

“JESUS, I love Thy precious name,”  
To me 'tis life and health ;  
The boundless treasures of Thy grace  
Bring comfort, joy and wealth.

Without His mercy I must sink  
In sorrow, sin and shame ;  
But there is pardon from above,  
In Jesus' precious name.

On Him I cast my helpless soul,  
Without Him I am lost,  
To His dear blood my soul shall cleave,  
Whatever be the cost.

Jesus, I love Thy precious name,  
In it I put my trust,  
On this great Rock my hope shall rest,  
Till all things sink in dust.

## CROWN HIM.

ALL hail! the Prince of Bethlehem,  
Who once in sorrow trod;  
And crown Him with the diadem,  
The diadem of God.

Place it with gladness on His head,  
Who wore a crown of thorn;  
And suffered in the sinner's stead,  
Forsaken and forlorn,—

But now exalted to His throne,  
To reign through endless days,  
Where sounds His glorious name alone,  
And all things shout His praise.

Let every soul break forth in song  
At Jesus' precious name,  
And join with the celestial throng,  
His honors to proclaim.

Ye angels, who adore our Lord,  
And worship at His feet,  
Come, bow with us in sweet accord,  
Before the mercy-seat.

Come, hail the Prince of Bethlehem,  
Who once in sorrow trod,  
And bring the royal diadem  
To crown the Son of God.

---

## COME TO JESUS.

OH, come to Jesus, sinner, come,  
And take the rich reward  
Eternal mercy offers those  
Who love and fear the Lord.

Oh, come to Jesus, sinner, come,  
The words of Jesus give  
Rest to the soul condemned to death;  
He bids the sinner live.

Oh, come to Jesus, sinner, come,  
His bleeding sacrifice  
Will wash your guilty stains away,  
And fit you for the skies.

Oh, come to Jesus, sinner, come,  
His arms are open wide;  
And those who ask His favor now,  
His mercy will not chide.

Oh, come to Jesus, sinner, come,  
The showers of heavenly rain  
Will renovate the barren soul,  
And make it live again.

Oh, come to Jesus, sinner, come,  
And cast your burden there ;  
His gracious ear is waiting still  
To hear the mourner's prayer.

---

#### THE SAVOR OF LIFE AND OF DEATH.

THE savor of life is a savor of joy,  
Of glory, of peace, and of rest ;  
A smile that comes beaming from Jesus, our Lord,  
But resting alone on the blest.

The savor of death is a terrible thing,  
That comes to the wicked alone ;  
It hardens more deeply the obdurate heart,  
It changes the flesh to a stone.

O Saviour, dear Saviour, look down upon me,  
In wonderful kindness and love,  
And draw my affections away from the earth,  
To the regions of glory above.

## ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE.

O H, escape for thy life,  
And look not behind,  
For all those who linger,  
Destruction will find.

The tempest is breaking,  
The vengeance comes down,—  
The fire of God's anger,  
The storm of His frown.

And time never lingers,  
Day hasteth to night,  
And shadows of darkness  
Soon follow the light.

Oh, let us be seeking  
A refuge on high,  
Before the destroyer  
Comes up, and we die.

And this is the moment,  
No other is ours,—  
To ask that salvation  
May come down with power.

## LOOKING TO CHRIST.

O JESUS, Thou anointed One,  
In righteousness complete,  
Declared the Son of God with power  
To fill the mercy-seat,  
Regard our lowly station.

On Thee the crowns of life are set,  
Both mercy and the sword  
Are Thine, by whom the worlds were made,  
Thou ever-living Word,  
Oh, hear our supplication.

Mere dust and ashes though we be,  
We bring our sacrifice,  
From altars of a broken heart,  
To Thee above the skies ;  
Accept of our oblation.

Before Thy majesty we kneel,  
Our needy case we bring  
To Thee, the sovereign Lord of heaven,  
Our Saviour and our King ;  
Oh, show us Thy salvation.

## SAVED BY GRACE.

**M**Y tongue shall ever bless  
The great and glorious name  
Of Him who saved me, by His grace,  
From sorrow, sin and shame.

To God my cheerful voice  
Shall rise in grateful song;  
And all the pulses of my soul  
His praises shall prolong.

Each passing hour of life  
Shall tune my heart anew,  
To glory in His righteousness,  
Who faithful is and true.

---

## CHRIST'S YOKE.

**H**IS yoke is so easy,  
His burden is light,  
His grace is unfailing,  
And boundless His might;  
Come, come to His banquet,  
And lean on His breast,  
Whose merciful kindness  
Will furnish you rest.

The joy of His presence,  
The bliss of His love,  
Are heavenly blessings  
That bear us above ;  
His yoke is so easy,  
His burden is light,  
The paths of His goodness  
Are glorious and bright.

---

“ I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS.”

“ **B**UT I have called you friends,”  
And shown my love for you ;  
What course, saith Jesus, will ye take,  
What will my followers do ?

We'll stir, dear Lord, these hearts,  
In songs of gratitude  
To Him who gives eternal life,—  
The gracious and the good.

Our lives and all we have  
Shall glorify His name,  
Who died to save our souls from death,  
From sorrow, sin and shame.

## THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

O THOU, whose dwelling is on high,  
Exalted and alone,  
To Thee in dust we come to cry,  
Before Thy gracious throne,  
And in our need, we humbly plead,  
Through Thy Beloved Son.

We plead the promises of grace  
In His atoning blood,  
And ask the favor that finds place  
Through that all-cleansing flood,  
Which, when He died, flowed from His side,  
To bring the soul to God.

Wilt Thou, our heavenly Father, take  
The offering that we bring,  
And hear the plea, "for Jesus' sake,"  
Presented to our King;  
A contrite heart, our fitting part,  
While we salvation sing.

---

COME TO JESUS.

COME thou, my soul, and humbly bow  
Where thou hast never trod;  
And there, with penitential tears,  
Confess thy sins to God.

Come, wash in that atoning blood  
Which Jesus Christ has shed,  
To cleanse the sinner from his guilt,  
And raise him from the dead.

Come, plead the all-abounding grace,  
Out-flowing from His love,  
To vanquish all the forms of woe,  
And bear the soul above.

---

## THE WAY OF FORGIVENESS.

COME thou, my soul, and humbly bow  
Before thy Maker, God ;  
And with contrition in thine heart,  
Confess where thou hast trod ;

How thou hast run the downward road  
Of folly, sin and shame,  
And ask that heavenly mercy may  
Thy wandering soul reclaim.

Come, plead for that all-cleansing blood  
To wash away thy stain ;  
And ask forgiveness, in the name  
Of a Redeemer slain.

So shall thy sins be blotted out,  
 And peace once more shall reign;  
 And thou shalt own the glorious truth,  
 That godliness is gain.

---

THE GARMENTS OF SALVATION.

THE garments of salvation,—  
 How beautiful they shine;  
 These spotless robes of righteousness  
 Come from a hand Divine,—

To cover o'er our sorrow,  
 Our nakedness and shame;  
 The uniform of heaven, prepared  
 In Jesus' blessed name.

Clad in these holy vestments,  
 How safely we may trust;  
 We shall find rest in glory, too,  
 When slumbering in the dust.

---

“THE LORD IS MY PORTION.”

THE Lord is my portion, my guardian and guide,  
 His hand will direct me whatever betide,  
 Though the deep swelling surges may over me flow,  
 Adversity's waves of affliction and woe  
 With poverty's pinchings prevail;

Yet the Lord is my portion, the Lord is my guard,  
 His hand shall protect me, His grace shall reward.  
 While faith ever cheerful is trusting His aid  
 Whose arm is Almighty ; I am not afraid  
     His merciful goodness will fail.

The arrows of death all around me may fly,  
 Disease bid his victims in myriads to die,  
 Or famine in paleness may stalk through the land,  
 And wave o'er the people destruction's cold wand,  
     'Till earth become breathless and still ;

Yet the Lord is my portion, His hand will provide ;  
 My hope from destruction and trembling He'll hide,  
 While submissive and humble I watch for His hand,  
 Most gladly obeying His every command,  
     Resolving my all in HIS WILL.

---

REST IN JESUS.

O JESUS, Master, let us rest  
 Our weary heads on Thy dear breast,  
     Holy Saviour,  
     In Thy favor,  
     Oh, give us rest.

Rest from temptation's fatal snare,  
And rest from every worldly care,  
    With joy in Thee,  
    To whom we flee,  
    For succor there.

Oh, may our hearts be fixed on high,  
And while we live, and when we die,  
    Our faith be shown  
    In God alone,  
    Our God on high.

---

## LOOKING UP.

**O** LORD, our God, in love look down,  
    In all Thy tenderness,  
While dust and ashes come to Thee,  
    To pardon and to bless.

Disperse the darkness from our minds,  
    And make us know the joy  
Of those who cast themselves on Thee,  
    And enter Thine employ.

Preserve us from the ways of sin,  
    In which our feet have trod ;  
And by an all-constraining love,  
    May we be drawn to God.

## BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL.

OH, bless the Lord, my soul,  
His goodness is complete ;  
He occupies the throne of love,  
He fills the mercy-seat ;  
The needy cry to Him on high,  
And gracious answers meet.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,  
He washed thee from thy sin,  
He cleansed thee from thy crying guilt,  
He made thee pure within ;  
He takes the soul, and makes it whole,  
And breaks the power of sin.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,  
The shadow of that Rock  
Shelters from rays of burning heat,  
And guards His little flock ;  
How safe they lie beneath His eye,  
From every threatening shock !

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul ;  
His sheep will always hear  
The voice of Him, their Shepherd, King,  
Which draws them gladly near  
The bosom where they feel His care,  
And never yield to fear.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul ;  
 From Him thy life proceeds,  
 And by the cool refreshing streams  
 His grace most gently leads  
 To paths of joy, without alloy,  
 Where bliss to woe succeeds.

---

THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS.

**B**ENEATH the shadow of His wings  
 My willing soul has lain,  
 And bathed in all those heavenly springs  
 That purge each guilty stain.

Beneath the shadow of His wings,—  
 Thou place of glorious rest,  
 What sacred joy, what holy things  
 Here fill the waiting breast.

Beneath the shadow of His wings  
 No evil can mislead  
 The soul that in devotion clings  
 To Him who hears it plead.

Beneath the shadow of His wings  
 My willing soul has lain,  
 And bathed in all those heavenly springs  
 That purge each guilty stain.

## THE WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN.

COME, all ye heavy laden souls,  
Ye weary and distressed;  
Come, take the yoke of Jesus Christ,  
And be forever blest.

To all who tread the heavenly path,  
Depending on His might,  
His yoke is easy to their neck,  
And all His burdens light.

There is a glory in the soul,  
When love and duties blend,  
And each pulsation beats with joy  
From Christ, our gracious Friend.

---

SEEKING GOD.

O LORD, be merciful,  
And crown us with that love  
Which gives our souls their blessed hope,  
And lives and reigns above;  
Yet comes below to cure our woe,  
And gives us strength to move.

O Lord, be merciful  
To dust and ashes here ;  
And from temptation's wily snares  
Preserve us in Thy fear,  
That we may be made safe in Thee,  
Our God, forever near.

---

## FORGIVENESS.

**F**ORGIVENESS is a joyful sound  
In every sinner's ear ;  
It is the voice of sovereign grace,  
In mercy drawing near.

When Jesus, in His boundless love,  
Declares our sins forgiven,  
A thrill of holy joy is felt  
Through every breast in heaven.

The gladsome seraphs join the song,  
With all their glowing fire,  
And all the realms of glory ring  
With joy from every lyre !

The saints unite their happy strains,  
And spread the bliss abroad ;  
So there is joy in heaven and earth,  
When sinners turn to God.

## SINS FORGIVEN.

GO, go thy way, rejoicing,  
G Thy sins are all forgiven;  
Thou hast the richest blessing  
That ever came from Heaven.

Jesus, the great salvation,  
Came from His home above,  
To tell the joyful story  
Of His redeeming love.

When, saying to the vilest,  
"Thy sins are all forgiven,"  
He opens up a pathway  
That leads straight on to heaven.

They who depend on Jesus  
Shall never, never fail;  
Whatever may assail them,  
They shall at last prevail.

Then go thy way, rejoicing,  
Thy sins are all forgiven,  
Thou hast the richest blessing  
That ever came from Heaven.

## THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

“THE Sabbath of the soul”  
 Is when the Saviour tells  
 The glory of that ecstasy  
 Which from His bosom swells.

“The Sabbath of the soul”  
 Brings a sweet day of rest  
 Beneath the shadow of those wings  
 Where everything is blest.

“The Sabbath of the soul,”—  
 To this we now aspire ;  
 Complete obedience to our Lord  
 Will fill our souls' desire.

---

 FAITH.

FAITH is the mighty hand that holds  
 The promise of the Lord,  
 And lifts the soul from deep despair  
 Through His unfailing word.

Faith is the resurrection-power  
 By which we leave the dead,  
 And rise to life and joy in God,  
 Through Christ, our living head.

Faith is the anchor that outrides  
 The storms below the skies,  
 Twin-sister of the glorious hope,—  
 The hope that never dies.

---

## POWER OF FAITH.

THE grace of faith endows the soul  
 With energy and love ;  
 And plumes it with celestial wings,  
 To soar to realms above.

It makes the vision clear and strong,  
 To look beyond the skies ;  
 It casts its anchor by the throne  
 Of God, the Only Wise.

That anchor is its sure defense  
 Against all earthly woe ;  
 Faith waits no triumph in the skies,  
 But has it here below.

---

## THE CHRISTIAN'S SAFETY.

THE rocky cliffs shall be  
 The Christian's strong defense ;  
 The cohorts of his angry foes  
 Can never drive him thence.

Celestial guardians will  
Assist him to prevail ;  
His bread shall evermore be sure,  
His waters never fail.

In God he puts his trust,  
And safely dwells on high ;  
No terror shall assault him there  
No evil shall draw nigh.

With such a panoply  
His heart may well rejoice,  
And join the angels in their song,  
With loud and thankful voice.

---

FORBID THEM NOT.

**F**ORBID them not to come  
To Him, the Son of God,  
Who dwelt upon this earth of ours,  
And childhood's pathway trod.

Forbid them not to come  
To Him, the children's Friend ;  
Who offers them His mercy now,  
And glory at the end.

Forbid them not to come  
To Him whose power is great,  
His blessings call them every day ;  
Why should they longer wait?

---

## SAVED BY GRACE.

**N**AKED and cold, and in my blood,  
In nature's field I lay ;  
Till Jesus Christ, the merciful,  
Came passing by that way.

Compassion moved His tender heart,  
And His Almighty arm  
Was stretched to save my soul from death,  
From sorrow, guilt and harm.

He breathed upon my wounded soul,  
And bade my spirit live ;  
'Twas then I felt the thrill of joy  
Which none but He could give.

Hosanna to the Holy One,  
Whose heart was opened wide,  
And cleansed me, through the sacred flood  
That issued from His side.

## THE SEA OF LOVE.

OH, let me bathe myself in Thee,  
Thou sea of love Divine;  
And feel the cleansing of Thy blood,  
That precious blood of Thine.

Thou art the source of boundless joy,  
And happiness complete  
Thrills through the pulses of my soul  
While bowing at Thy feet.

There I perceive the smiling face  
Of Jesus reconciled,  
And taste the wonders of the love  
That owns a sinful child.

Oh, let me bathe myself in Thee,  
Thou fount of love Divine,  
And feel the cleansing of Thy blood,  
That precious blood of Thine.

---

## RICHES IN THE CROSS.

THE banner of the cross unfolds  
A wealth of love Divine;  
Arise, thou weary one of earth,  
And make those riches thine.

Come, seek this bounty from the hand  
Of Him who dwells on high ;  
The marvel of this lower world,  
The glory of the sky.

Reject not, in your poverty,  
A treasure so sublime,  
Including all the crowns of life  
Beyond the bounds of time.

Beneath the banner of the cross  
The gracious path-way lies,  
From lowest deeps of sin and death  
To God, the only Wise.

---

CHRIST SUFFERING AND TRIUMPHANT.

**H**AIL, Son of man and Son of God,  
The everlasting Word,  
The Wonderful, the Counselor,  
The great, Almighty Lord.

Cheerful He left the realms of love,  
With power and grace to save ;  
He suffered in the sinner's stead,  
And slumbered in the grave.

A victor, from that dark domain  
In majesty He rose,  
Declared to be the Son of God,  
Triumphant o'er His foes.

And now He sits with glory crowned,  
Upon the throne of grace,  
And sends His blessed Spirit down  
To save our ruined race.

---

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE ON HIM.

**O**H, whither, whither shall I go  
To cast my care?  
Where is there One who deigns to hear  
The sinner's prayer?

Jesus, the sinner's only Friend,  
Has grace to spare;  
And now His majesty stoops down  
To hear your prayer.

His kind, inviting voice proclaims,  
Come, freely come,  
And find within His sheltering love  
A heavenly home.

Now thither, thither I will go  
And cast my care,  
For there is One who deigns to hear  
The sinner's prayer.

---

## HOW JESUS SPAKE.

HE spake as no man ever spake,—  
Not in a thunder tone;  
But with the meekness and the power  
Which dwelt in Him alone.

He spake as no man ever spake,—  
And threw the gates ajar,  
That human vision might behold  
The glorious realms afar.

He spake as no man ever spake  
Of that o'erflowing grace,  
Which brought Him from the throne on high  
To save a guilty race.

He spake as no man ever spake,—  
Have we received His word,  
And hid in an obedient heart  
The message of our Lord?

## GRATITUDE.

A SONG of holy gratitude  
Shall exercise my voice ;  
Whate'er becomes of me or mine,  
In God I will rejoice.

My soul shall rest on His decrees,  
While promises of love  
Shall bear my thoughts from transient things,  
To trust in things above.

---

## YEARNINGS.

OH, for the vision to discern  
The wonders of His law,  
And see the promises of God,  
As faithful Abraham saw.

Oh, for obedient hearts to tread  
Where Enoch's footsteps trod ;  
And walk, like Him, through this vain world,  
To glory and to God.

Oh, for a tongue to speak the praise  
Of our Redeemer's name,  
To tell the world how good He is,  
And all His grace proclaim.

Oh, for the wisdom that inclines  
The lost to seek Thy ways ;  
And tunes their hearts with gratitude  
To sound the Saviour's praise.

Oh, for the blessing from on high  
That makes dead sinners live ;  
The power that renovates the heart  
Is thine, O Lord, to give.

---

## ASPIRATIONS.

OH, for a living coal,  
From off thine altar, Lord,  
To purify polluted lips  
To speak Thy holy word.

Oh, for a soul to bow,  
To bow and to adore  
The Bountiful of heaven and earth,  
Who has all bliss in store.

Oh, for an active faith  
To seize each glorious thing  
That comes descending from above,  
With mercies from my King.

Oh, for the wings of love,  
To bear my soul away  
From all the transient things of earth,  
To joys that ne'er decay.

Oh, for a tender heart,  
To feel my sins forgiven,  
Obedient to the voice of God,  
And set on Christ and heaven.

---

## PRAYER FOR GRACE.

**D**EAR Jesus, our exalted Lord,  
Oh, condescend to hear  
The cry we offer unto Thee,  
And bless us with Thy fear.

Oh, turn our wayward feet aside  
From every wicked way,  
And bless us with the grace of those  
Who seek eternal day.

Oh, may we see the glorious light  
On Zion's holy hill;  
And walk in paths of righteousness,  
With those who do Thy will.

## THE THRONE OF GRACE.

**O** LORD, on Thee, on Thee we throw  
 Our every anxious care ;  
 Before Thy gracious presence bow,  
 And leave each burden here.

'Tis here blest mercy I have found,  
 'Tis here that grace is given,  
 With Gilead's balm the heart is bound,  
 When broken, pained and riven.

'Tis here the sweet relief we find,  
 Which Jesus' hand imparts ;  
 Dispelling fear, assuaging grief,  
 Quenching all fiery darts.

Here may we daily, hourly seek  
 For safety, strength, defense ;  
 And meekly coming in Thy name,  
 Draw all our comforts hence.

---

“ WHERE TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED.”

**T**HERE am I in the midst of them,  
 Who humbly congregate,  
 To offer humbly praise and prayer,  
 And then in patience wait.

There am I in the midst of those  
 Who have a contrite heart,  
 And who have cast all things aside,  
 To seek the better part.

There am I in the midst of them  
 Who have a firm belief  
 In Him who came to bleed and die,  
 For sinners, e'en the chief.

There am I in the midst of them  
 Whose spirits worship God,  
 And cry to Him, the merciful,  
 Oh, send Thy love abroad.

---

POWER OF PRAYER.

**P**RAYER is a tower of strength,  
 A heavenly battlement,  
 With armament of God  
 To feeble mortals lent.

Before this mighty power,  
 Legions of foes recede ;  
 While, bending low in faith,  
 The promises we plead.

Be thou our sun and shield,  
From darkness and the grave,  
O Thou Almighty arm,  
Omnipotent to save.

We cast ourselves on Thee,  
Depending on Thine aid;  
Speak to our hearts and say,  
“ Oh, be not thou afraid.”

And then a worm shall thresh  
Mountains of towering strength;  
And, trusting in His God,  
Victorious be at length.

---

MY HEART IS FIXED.

O GOD, my roving heart is fixed,  
And fixed on Thee alone;  
Praise shall employ my grateful tongue,  
In worship at Thy throne.

I will recount in joyous lays,  
The wonders of Thy love,  
And tell the condescending grace  
That lifts the soul above,—

Above the vanities of earth,  
Where God, my God, resides ;  
And whence His boundless mercy flows  
In everlasting tides.

Forever be my heart thus fixed,  
And fixed on Thee alone ;  
Still to recount in endless songs,  
The glories of Thy throne.

---

## A SAVIOUR FOUND.

**M**Y soul has found the Lord,—  
So great the bliss appears,  
The joy that overruns my heart  
Is bursting forth in tears.

My soul has found the Lord,—  
No tongue can ever tell  
The ecstasy of love and peace,  
With which my pulses swell.

My soul has found the Lord,—  
I cast on Him my care,  
And guilt and sin that weighed me down,  
And lost my burden there.

My soul hath found the Lord,—  
His own almighty hand  
Has snatched me from the burning pit,  
And now secure I stand.

My soul has found the Lord,—  
So great the bliss appears,  
The joy that overruns my heart  
Is bursting forth in tears.

---

## CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

SAVED from billows of destruction,  
To the cross of Christ I cling;  
Fallen is my burden from me,  
Wakes my heart with joy to sing.

Lost in wonder, in a moment  
Everything is clear and bright;  
All my darkness has departed,  
And I see a glorious light.

Be it so,— is this believing,  
Oh, the joy it brings my heart!  
Oh, the bliss, the present glory,  
Oh, the peace it can impart.

Every nerve with joy is thrilling,  
Death is past and life is won,  
Oh, the mercy of forgiveness,  
Oh, the great achievement done!

Saved from billows of destruction,  
To the cross of Christ I cling;  
Fallen is my burden from me,  
Wakes my heart with joy to sing.

---

## THE PRECIOUS BIBLE.

THY word is the joy of my heart,  
My pulses beat gladly and free,  
In high adoration and song,  
With praise and devotion to thee.

How sweet to my mouth is its taste,  
It gives me new life and new strength;  
The power on which I depend,  
Will make me triumphant at length.

Thy word is my anchor of hope,  
By faith it holds firmly, when cast;  
The truth which sustains me on earth,  
Will still be as firm to the last.

## THE AMIABLE TABERNACLES.

HOW amiable Thy dwellings are,  
 O Thou whose name is love;  
 The circuit of the heavens is Thine,  
 And all the hosts above.

My soul desires to enter in  
 The place of Thine abode;  
 My heart and flesh rejoice in Thee,  
 The ever living God.

Blessed are they who dwell within  
 Thy palaces of grace;  
 Their songs of honor shall ascend,  
 And reach the heavenly place.

---

 BETHEL.

THIS is the house of God,  
 His glory dwelleth here;  
 And here He has His throne of grace,  
 To hear the mourner's prayer.

This is the house of God,  
 And we His people come  
 To sing our songs of joyful praise,  
 And find a peaceful home.

This is the house of God,  
He spreads His table here ;  
We come to feast our hungry souls  
On His delicious fare.

This is the house of God,  
Here wisdom lifts her voice,  
And speaks the glorious promises,  
In which our souls rejoice.

---

## BEFORE SERMON.

**H**ELP us to listen to Thy word,  
While God, our God, is near,  
And seek the place of Thy delight,  
With reverence and with fear.

Thy Zion is the holy hill,  
Where all Thy saints resort ;  
The blessed angels hear their songs,  
And bear the glad report.

Here mercies, flowing from the skies,  
Descend like summer showers ;  
Come, like His people, come to God,  
Yield Him your noblest powers ; —

To Him, the merciful, on high,  
From whom all blessings flow,  
And hope, and peace, and joy, descend  
To us who dwell below.

---

## DEDICATION HYMN.

O THOU, our Saviour, God,  
Look down from realms above ;  
And with Thy glory fill this house,  
The dwelling of Thy love ;  
Where saints unite to seek Thy light,  
And all Thy goodness prove.

Peace be within these walls,  
And holiness sincere ;  
And love,— the wondrous love of God,  
That casteth out all fear ;  
And God's rich grace, in every place,  
To whom we may draw near.

Within these temple gates,  
May multitudes arise ;  
To trust in Jesus' dying love,  
And bleeding sacrifice ;  
And sing their lays of sacred praise,  
To God, the Only Wise.

## DEDICATION HYMN.

WE come to seek Thy gracious aid,  
Thou Bountiful above,  
Whose glory fills the heavenly worlds,  
Whose crowning name is love.

## CHORUS.

Angels of light  
Surround the throne,  
And joy to make  
His glory known.

But how shall we, of sinful lips,  
Presume to lisp Thy praise,  
And join the song of melody,  
Which holy angels raise?

Angels of light, &c.

We'll come in Jesus' precious name,  
For pardon and access;  
Through that dear name God loves to hear,  
He loves to hear and bless.

Angels of light, &c.

Oh, let Thy glory fill the house  
Our feeble hands have raised,  
That we may find salvation here,—  
And God alone be praised.

Angels of light, &c.

## A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

GOD is the governor of men,  
G And with His gracious care  
Blesses the harvests of the land,  
That all His love may share.

His bounteous hand in love bestows  
Raiment and friends and food ;  
The bliss of youth, the glow of health,  
And all we have of good.

'Tis on the pleasure of His grace,  
Our being must depend ;  
'Tis He sustains the tides of life,  
He is our constant Friend.

To Him be glory evermore,  
In whom we live and move,  
For all His blessings here below,  
And those reserved above.

---

SERVING CHRIST IN HIS PEOPLE.

WE cannot offer gifts to Thee,  
W Thou great I am, above,  
But those shall have our sympathy,  
Whom Thou hast deigned to love.

The poor, whom Thou hast made Thy care,  
Shall never ask in vain,  
For what from us, Thy stewards, Lord,  
The suffering should obtain.

We cannot offer gifts to Thee,  
Thou Majesty, above,  
But those shall have our sympathy,  
Whom Thou hast deigned to love.

---

#### THE COMMISSION.

GO, preach the Gospel to the poor,  
To earth's dejected ones ;  
And gather in the prodigals  
From Adam's vilest sons ;  
And tell this glorious truth to all,  
'Twas sinners, Jesus came to call.

Go to the darkest dungeons, go,  
The torch of life to bear ;  
Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead,  
In love, and faith, and prayer ;  
And tell this glorious truth to all,  
'Twas sinners, Jesus came to call.

Go, point them to the star of hope,  
To Bethlehem's holy child,  
Who came from heaven to seek and save  
The lost, the sin-defiled ;  
Oh, tell this wondrous truth to all,  
'Twas sinners, Jesus came to call.

Go, bid them to the marriage feast,—  
No longer slaves of sin,—  
The loving Bridegroom waits to bless,  
Compel them to come in ;  
Oh, tell this glorious truth to all,  
'Twas sinners, Jesus came to call.

Go, preach the gospel to the poor  
Of Adam's ruined race ;  
Proclaim the mercy of the Lord,  
Proclaim His boundless grace ;  
Oh, tell this glorious truth to all,  
'Twas sinners, Jesus came to call.

---

“ AS YE GO, PREACH.”

“ GO, preach my gospel,” saith the Lord,  
“ To stranger and to friend ;  
And lo ! my presence will be there,  
To cheer you to the end.

“Wherever man shall roam abroad,  
On island or on main,  
There spread the glorious tidings forth,  
Point to the Lamb once slain.

“Oh, tell the wonders of His love,  
His tenderness and grace,  
Who gave Himself a sacrifice  
For sinners of our race.

“Tell how that sacrifice avails  
To those who seek the Lord;  
Tell of the resurrection power,  
That dwells in Jesus’ word.

“Go preach this gospel far and wide,  
To stranger and to friend,  
And lo! my presence will be there,  
To cheer you to the end.”

---

SPREAD THE GLAD TIDINGS.

GO, tell the wondrous story,  
Far as the earth extends,  
And spread the tale of glory,  
How love and justice blends.

Go, tell the glad salvation,  
Wherever man is found,  
That every distant nation,  
May hear the joyful sound,—

The joyful sound, once flowing  
O'er Bethlehem's happy plain,  
The gift of God bestowing,  
And everlasting gain.

Go, tell the wondrous story,  
Far as the earth extends,  
And spread the tale of glory,  
How love and justice blends.

---

“FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE.”

**F**REELY ye have received  
The light of life divine ;  
So freely make the wonder known,  
And let the glory shine.

Go now and gladly tell  
The heavenly wonder o'er,  
How Jesus calls the sinner here,  
And saves forevermore.

Tell what His love has done  
For those who trust His name ;  
And as the champions of His grace,  
The word of God proclaim.

---

## THE CENSER.

GREAT Maker of the universe,  
Who mak'st each planet's bound,  
Whose silent praise they all rehearse,  
As move their orbs around,—

Oh, grant, that earth may, in Thy hand,  
Like a fair censer swing,  
And joy, and praise, at thy command,  
Make all her mountains ring,—

That as through space she rolls along,  
Rich odors may arise,  
An incense sweet, a fragrance strong,  
Breathed in the upper skies.

Then beauty shall her surface crown,  
Briers and thorns decay,  
New charms, new glories shall be thrown  
Around each rising day.

Then men shall give their hearts to Thee,  
In countless, happy throngs;  
Salvation, glory, liberty,  
Shall thrill their joyful tongues.

---

## THE REAPERS.

OH, cease not to labor,  
The land where ye toil  
Is God's blessed vineyard,  
Go, work on the soil.

Oh, cease not to labor,  
The day is far gone.  
And when the night cometh,  
Your work will be done.

Oh, cease not to labor,  
Till evening shall come,  
When angels will whisper,  
"Ye weary, come home."

---

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR heavenly Father and our King  
The universal Lord,  
Hallowed be Thy most holy name,  
Through all the earth abroad.

Give us this day our daily bread,  
And all we need beside,  
Help us to cast ourselves on Thee,  
Whatever may betide.

Oh, let Thy kingdom come on earth,  
And all Thy will be done,  
In righteousness and holy joy,  
Till time's short race is run.

Forgive our sins, most gracious Lord,  
And teach us to forgive,  
And try to do some good to those  
With whom we're called to live.

And in temptation's fatal paths  
Permit us not to stray ;  
But guard us in our feebleness,  
From every evil way.

Thine is the kingdom and the power,  
And be the glory Thine,  
Forever and forever more,  
With honors all divine.

---

THE DAILY PRAYER.

THOU Merciful, above,  
Whose hand upholds  
Thy feeble folds,  
In tenderness and love.

To Thee we look each morn, —  
And thus we pray,  
Bread for the day, —  
Dependent we were born.

From every tempting path  
Keep us away,  
Lest we should stray,  
And thus invite Thy wrath.

---

## DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

**B**EFORE the morning light appears,  
My voice to Thee shall cry,  
O Thou, whose arm is everywhere,  
Whose mercy always nigh.

Mere dust and ashes come to claim  
Protection and supply,  
From Him who built the universe,  
From Him who reigns on high.

His bounteous hand is open wide,  
His mercy will bestow  
The succor which the sinner needs,  
To save from sin and woe.

## MORNING INVOCATION.

JESUS, my Saviour and my King,  
To Thee my soul belongs ;  
To Thee I raise the voice of prayer,  
And my thanksgiving songs.

Soon as the morning light appears,  
To Thee I'll lift my eyes ;  
And seek the blessings that descend  
In mercy from the skies.

Lord, hear each morn my humble call,  
And give me, for the day,  
Sufficient grace to hear Thy voice,  
Saying, " This is the way."

---

## MORNING SUPPLICATION.

O GOD, to whom all ages come,  
Thy people's strength, Thy people's home,  
In mercy lend an ear ;  
We bow before Thy gracious throne,  
To make our wants and sorrows known,  
Oh, condescend to hear.

Dispel the darkness from our mind,  
And let thy " Spirit's rushing wind "  
Breathe o'er each lifeless soul,

To animate each cold desire,  
And touch our lips with holy fire ;  
    Dear Jesus, make us whole.

Wash our pollutions all away,  
And guide our footsteps, lest they stray  
    From Thy delightful path ;  
Oh, draw us to "the things above,"  
That, raptured by Thy glorious love,  
    We may escape Thy wrath.

---

## A MORNING PRAYER.

**M**Y soul shall rise at early dawn,  
And offer up its cry  
To Him whose sovereign hand controls  
    The stars that roll on high.

To Him, the Merciful, I'll go,  
And make my sorrows known ;  
Exalted is the Lord our God,  
    Yet goodness rules His throne.

But will that glorious Majesty  
    In mercy condescend  
To be the helper of this dust,  
    His Father and his Friend ?

God's favors fall like showers of rain  
Through Christ, our risen Lord ;  
Sinners may come and find rich grace,  
Relying on His word.

---

## SABBATH.

ON this glad morning of the Lord,  
This holy hour of prayer,  
Help us, O Thou, the Merciful,  
To banish worldly care  
While we draw nigh to Thee on high,  
Whose grace is always near.

Before Thy throne, Thou God of grace,  
We bow to Thee alone ;  
And worship Him who dwells in heaven,  
Yet suffered, to atone ;  
And, gracious, hears our joys and fears,  
When we address His throne.

Lord, let thy beauty now appear,  
Bring heavenly things to view ;  
Oh, touch our lips with sacred fire,  
Thou holy, good and true ;  
With love inspire, with glad desire,  
Come and make all things new.

## EVENING HYMN.

O THOU, the Lord of evening hours,  
To Thee we lift our eyes ;  
We see Thy glories, beaming forth  
From all the starry skies.

These are the wonders of Thy power,  
Which Thy right hand hath made ;  
Lord, what are we, compared with these,  
But insects in the shade ?

And yet how mindful God has been  
Of us, poor, sinful worms,  
In Christ His grace has shone from heaven,  
In its divinest forms.

The stars enjoy His constant care,  
And praise with silent voice ;  
But dearer to the heart of God,  
The people of His choice.

For them He built a brighter sphere,  
In the fair realms above,  
Where joy is smiling evermore,  
Where all the air is love.

No mortal spirit can conceive  
The riches flowing there,  
Heaven is a world of bliss, with which  
No mortal joys compare.

Yet as their Lord and Master is,  
So shall His people be ;  
Clothed in the glories of their Lord,  
From sin and sorrow free.

---

MORNING AND EVENING SONG.

**M**Y soul shall bless the Lord,  
In accents loud and strong ;  
And celebrate His dying love  
In every morning song.

My soul shall bless the Lord,  
Whose hands are open wide,  
And whose salvation comes anew  
With every evening tide.

My soul shall bless the Lord  
For all His tender care ;  
He warns me, in His holy word,  
To flee from every snare.

My soul shall bless the Lord,  
And ask for faith more strong ;  
For God is ever in the right,  
Though I am often wrong.

My soul shall bless the Lord,  
Who saves my soul from strife ;  
And leads me, through the path of peace,  
To everlasting life.

---

## THE EUCHARIST.

THIS is the day when Christ invites  
His people to partake  
Of bread and wine, with grateful joy,  
Saved, saved, for Jesus' sake.

These are the words His kindness spoke  
"Be sure, remember Me,  
Who suffered agony and death,  
From death to set you free."

Come, then, my soul, to meet thy Lord,  
And, with a living faith,  
Bow down thy head in humble prayer,  
And hear what Jesus saith.

Seek for refreshing from the blood  
That washed thy sins away ;  
And bind anew the bands of love,  
And never, never stray.

---

## REMEMBER.

**R**EMEMBER thou the love and grace,  
That Christ, thy Lord, bestowed ;  
Remember that He bled and died,  
And paid the debt we owed.

Remember all the promises  
His grace has e'er displayed ;  
Remember, those that trust in Him  
Shall never be dismayed.

Remember that the Son of God  
For thee His blood has spilt ;  
Remember that His righteousness  
Can cover all thy guilt.

Remember that His dying love  
Is boundless and supreme ;  
Remember that the bliss of heaven  
Is greater than we dream.

Remember, O my thoughtless soul,  
To bless His holy name,  
And in a song of solemn joy  
His goodness to proclaim.

---

## THE ONE SONG.

WE come to bow our needy souls  
To Him who made the light;  
And placed the glory of His throne  
Beyond the shades of night.

There in the peerless bliss of heaven  
The holy seraphs shine,  
And offer choruses of joy  
To Him, the Light divine.

And there, redeemed by Jesus' blood,  
The saints, who here have trod,  
Join in one spirit and one song,  
To praise and worship God.

Oh, may the influence of their love  
Descend on us while here,  
And lift us from our low estate,  
To worship in Thy fear.

## THE BRIGHTER WORLD.

THERE is a land no eye hath seen,  
Surpassing every thought ;  
Where glory spreads her brightest sheen,  
And all with love is fraught.

There floods of light shall fill the eye  
With everlasting day,  
There none can sorrow, none can die,  
Nor loved ones pass away.

God is the light and glory there,  
Far brighter than the sun,  
In every thought and everywhere,  
His will alone is done.

---

## HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is the place where God resides,  
And thence His glories flow  
In rich and everlasting tides,  
To banish human woe.

Heaven is the place where angels dwell,  
And sing their songs of joy ;  
To God their highest praises swell,—  
How blest is their employ !

Heaven is the land for which we start  
When we believe in God ;  
And give to Jesus all our heart,  
And follow where He trod.

Heaven is the boon to which the saints  
Are striving to attain,  
Beyond the region of complaints,—  
Where death itself is gain.

---

THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED.

THERE are celestial plains that lie  
Beyond this narrow sphere ;  
There night and death have passed away,  
And all is bright and clear ;  
There angels sing,  
There blessings spring,  
Through heaven's immortal year.

No pain, no death, no grief, no sigh,  
In all that vast parterre ;  
Peace breathes o'er all the fragrant flowers  
That cluster sweetly there ;  
There far and wide  
Spreads the broad tide  
Of wonders, rich and rare.

They far exceed what mortals here  
Can know or comprehend ;  
Yet faith, sublime, sustains the hope  
That we, when life shall end,  
Through boundless grace,  
Shall reach the place,  
And be with Christ, our Friend.

---

## HEAVEN.

NO darkening cloud shall wave its wing  
O'er that pure atmosphere,  
Where Jesus sits, enthroned in love,—  
No doubt, no care, no fear.

No wave of sorrow e'er shall pass  
Across the peaceful breast  
Of those who are exalted there  
To seats of endless rest.

No thought of grief shall enter there,  
No shade of pain or gloom ;  
Such woes the righteous leave behind,  
In passing through the tomb.

The songs of glory ever rise,  
As incense, to the throne,  
Where Jesus sits in majesty,  
And is adored alone.

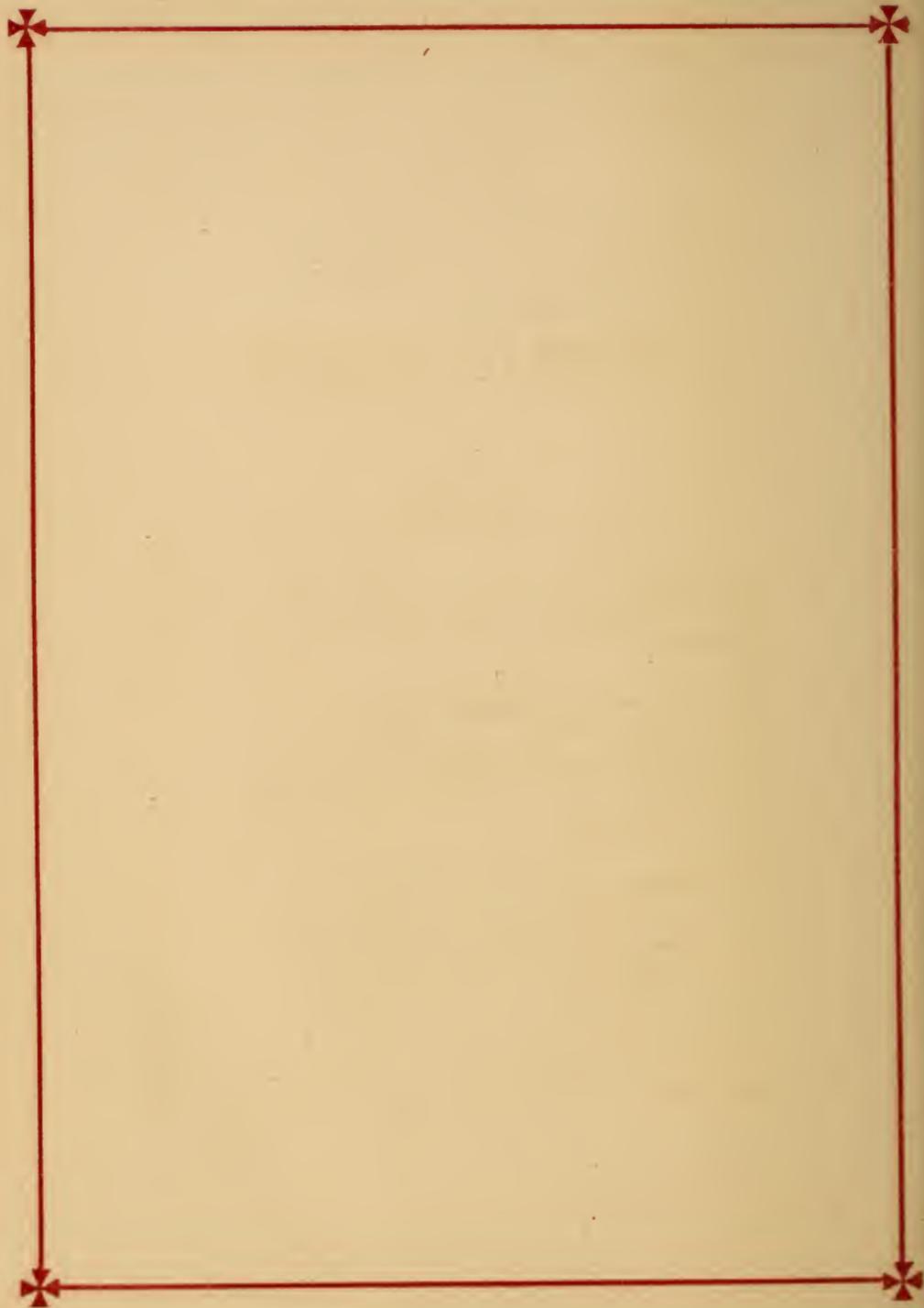
---

## AMEN.

**A** MEN! Thy great majestic arm  
Will do whate'er it deigns;  
And we, submissively, will say,  
"The sovereign Ruler reigns."

So let it be, Almighty Lord,  
According to Thy will;  
And we, the creatures of Thy hand,  
Will hear Thy word, "Be still."

So let it be, our Lord on high,  
We nothing know aright,  
But blindly creeping on the earth,  
We seek from Thee our light.



## INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

---

### POEMS.

	PAGE.
The Advent . . . . .	5
Jesus in Bethlehem . . . . .	10
Bethlehem . . . . .	11
Christmas . . . . .	12
The Shepherds of Bethlehem . . . . .	13
Christ's Mighty Works . . . . .	14
Christ Suffering and Triumphant . . . . .	15
Christ Only . . . . .	16
The Sweetest Story . . . . .	17
The Agony . . . . .	18
True Wisdom . . . . .	19
Suffer Little Children . . . . .	20
Faith, Hope and Charity . . . . .	21
The Gospel Trumpet . . . . .	22
The Good Physician . . . . .	23
A Broken Heart . . . . .	24
Lord, Save, or I Perish . . . . .	25
Deliverance . . . . .	26

	PAGE.
Beauty for Ashes . . . . .	26
God is a Spirit . . . . .	27
God Everywhere . . . . .	28
God our Refuge . . . . .	29
God's Promise . . . . .	30
Inventory . . . . .	31
Come . . . . .	32
Grace Weighed . . . . .	36
Grace . . . . .	37
Why Stand ye Idle . . . . .	38
Scatter the Seeds of Blessing . . . . .	39
Grain on the Harvest-field . . . . .	39
Anticipating Evil . . . . .	40
Good in Disguise . . . . .	41
The Blessed Rain . . . . .	42
The Good Passport . . . . .	42
Wish for an Afflicted One . . . . .	44
Retrospect . . . . .	45
Joy Cometh in the Morning . . . . .	45
The Old-fashioned Chair . . . . .	46
Jubilee of my Conversion . . . . .	47
Reminiscences . . . . .	48
Taking Leave of Oliver Street . . . . .	49
Our Own Way . . . . .	51
Light from Heaven . . . . .	52
A Beauteous Seraph . . . . .	53
The Eloquent Prayer . . . . .	54
The Light-house . . . . .	54
Call to Benevolence . . . . .	55
Good Time Coming . . . . .	56

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

205

	PAGE.
To my Children . . . . .	58
Shall Woman Speak . . . . .	59
Gay Attire . . . . .	60
The Poor Child . . . . .	61
By the Rivers of Babylon . . . . .	62
Emptiness . . . . .	63
The Miser Banker . . . . .	64
Elsewhere . . . . .	65
The Sky . . . . .	67
Plymouth Rock . . . . .	68
Thanksgiving . . . . .	69
Pray Always . . . . .	69
In Jesus' Name . . . . .	70
Prayer . . . . .	70
The Hour of Prayer . . . . .	71
Evening . . . . .	72
Evening Prayer . . . . .	73
Sabbath Morning . . . . .	74
Life . . . . .	74
Life Here and Hereafter . . . . .	75
The Web of Life . . . . .	76
The Short Journey . . . . .	77
The Dead Infant . . . . .	78
Death . . . . .	79
In Memoriam — J. S. O. . . . .	80
The Dying Christian . . . . .	81
The Christian in Death . . . . .	82
Shall we Meet Beyond the River . . . . .	83
Beautiful City . . . . .	83
It is Ours . . . . .	84

	PAGE.
The Resurrection — An Argument . . . . .	85
My Country . . . . .	87
Visiting Franklin's Grave . . . . .	89
The Land of Liberty . . . . .	90
Freedom's Call . . . . .	92
Slavery — 1862 . . . . .	92
The Demands of Slavery Before the War . . . . .	93
The Edict of Freedom by President Lincoln . . . . .	94
The Martyrs of Freedom . . . . .	96
Decoration Day . . . . .	96

---

### HYMNS.

God in All Things . . . . .	101
God from Eternity . . . . .	102
The Unchangeable . . . . .	103
God Everywhere . . . . .	105
God Seen in His Works . . . . .	105
The Fountain of All Good . . . . .	106
The Great Rock . . . . .	107
God a Healer . . . . .	108
The Good Foundation . . . . .	108
God a Protector . . . . .	109
God my Salvation . . . . .	110
God Reconciled . . . . .	111
God the Soul's Refuge . . . . .	112
Imploring God's Protection . . . . .	113

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

207

	PAGE.
Help in God Only . . . . .	114
Man, Frail ; but God, Almighty . . . . .	114
Universal Praise . . . . .	115
Star of Bethlehem . . . . .	116
Christ's Humiliation . . . . .	117
The Light of the World . . . . .	118
The Bread of Life . . . . .	119
Christ the Foundation . . . . .	119
Christ the Only Foundation . . . . .	120
The True Refuge . . . . .	121
A Tower of Strength . . . . .	122
Christ a Rock . . . . .	123
The Rock of Ages . . . . .	123
Jesus the Source of Light . . . . .	124
Jesus our Sun . . . . .	125
Mighty to Save . . . . .	125
Christ All and In All . . . . .	127
Speaking Peace . . . . .	128
Peace in Jesus . . . . .	128
Peace in Jesus . . . . .	129
"Fear Not, Little Flock" . . . . .	130
Resting in Jesus . . . . .	131
Christ a Redeemer . . . . .	132
Excellence of Christ . . . . .	132
My Saviour . . . . .	133
The Blood of Jesus . . . . .	134
Saved by Jesus Christ . . . . .	135
A Divine Saviour . . . . .	135
Safe in Jesus . . . . .	136
Jesus the Great Redeemer . . . . .	136

	PAGE.
The Sacred Mountain . . . . .	137
Calvary . . . . .	138
Led Captivity Captive . . . . .	138
The Theme of Glory . . . . .	139
For Jesus' Sake . . . . .	140
Praise to Christ . . . . .	141
The Precious Name . . . . .	142
Crown Him . . . . .	143
Come to Jesus . . . . .	144
The Savior of Life and of Death . . . . .	145
Escape for thy Life . . . . .	146
Looking to Christ . . . . .	147
Saved by Grace . . . . .	148
Christ's Yoke . . . . .	148
I have Called you Friends . . . . .	149
Through Jesus Christ . . . . .	150
Come to Jesus . . . . .	150
The Way of Forgiveness . . . . .	151
The Garments of Salvation . . . . .	152
The Lord is my Portion . . . . .	152
Rest in Jesus . . . . .	153
Looking Up . . . . .	154
Bless the Lord, O my Soul . . . . .	155
The Shadow of His Wings . . . . .	156
The Weary and Heavy Laden . . . . .	157
Seeking God . . . . .	157
Forgiveness . . . . .	158
Sins Forgiven . . . . .	159
The Sabbath of the Soul . . . . .	160
Faith . . . . .	160

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

209

	PAGE.
Power of Faith . . . . .	161
The Christian's Safety . . . . .	161
Forbid them Not . . . . .	162
Saved by Grace . . . . .	163
The Sea of Love . . . . .	164
Riches in the Cross . . . . .	164
Christ Suffering and Triumphant . . . . .	165
Casting all your Care on Him . . . . .	166
How Jesus Spake . . . . .	167
Gratitude . . . . .	168
Yearnings . . . . .	168
Aspirations . . . . .	169
Prayer for Grace . . . . .	170
The Throne of Grace . . . . .	171
Where two or three are Gathered . . . . .	171
Power of Prayer . . . . .	172
My Heart is Fixed . . . . .	173
A Saviour Found . . . . .	174
Clinging to the Cross . . . . .	175
The Precious Bible . . . . .	176
The Amiable Tabernacles . . . . .	177
Bethel . . . . .	177
Before Sermon . . . . .	178
Dedication Hymn . . . . .	179
Dedication Hymn . . . . .	180
A Thanksgiving Hymn . . . . .	181
Serving God in His People . . . . .	181
The Commission . . . . .	182
"As Ye Go, Preach" . . . . .	183
Spread the Glad Tidings . . . . .	184

	PAGE.
Freely ye have Received, Freely Give . . . . .	185
The Censer — A Missionary Hymn . . . . .	186
The Reapers . . . . .	187
The Lord's Prayer . . . . .	187
The Daily Prayer . . . . .	188
Dependence on God . . . . .	189
Morning Invocation . . . . .	190
Morning Supplication . . . . .	190
A Morning Prayer . . . . .	191
Sabbath Morning . . . . .	192
Evening Hymn . . . . .	193
Morning and Evening Song . . . . .	194
The Eucharist . . . . .	195
Remember . . . . .	196
The One Song . . . . .	197
The Brighter World . . . . .	198
Heaven . . . . .	198
The Glory to be Revealed . . . . .	199
Heaven . . . . .	200
Amen . . . . .	201

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

---

	PAGE.
A beauteous seraph came from heaven . . . .	53
All hail the Prince of Bethlehem . . . .	143
A light-house planted on a hill . . . .	54
Amen! Thy great majestic arm . . . .	201
A search for happiness I made . . . .	65
A song of holy gratitude . . . .	168
As sinks the weary summer sun . . . .	80
At midnight, as the air grew still . . . .	12
At night, when mankind slept . . . .	18
Beautiful city, beautiful city . . . .	83
Beauty for ashes is the gift . . . .	26
Before the morning light appears . . . .	189
Behold the stream of love divine . . . .	134
Beneath the shadow of His wings . . . .	129
Beneath the shadow of His wings, My . . . .	156
Be these the secrets of your life . . . .	58
Bright angels sang a joyous song . . . .	11
But I have called you friends . . . .	149
Captivity is captive now . . . .	138
Christ is the great majestic Rock . . . .	123

	PAGE.
Christ is the only Corner-stone . . . .	127
Come, all ye heavy-laden souls . . . .	157
Come, all ye lovely children, come . . . .	17
Come, come, ye freemen of the North . . . .	92
Come, dwellers of the mountain . . . .	32
Come thou, my soul, and humbly bow Before . . . .	151
Come thou, my soul, and humbly bow Where . . . .	150
Dear Jesus, our exalted Lord . . . .	170
Environed by the walls of death . . . .	26
Faith is the mighty hand that holds . . . .	160
Faith spreads abroad her radiant wings . . . .	21
Far in the east the morning star . . . .	13
Fifty short years have flitted by . . . .	45
Forbid them not to come . . . .	162
Forgiveness is a joyful sound . . . .	158
For Jesus' sake, the key-note is . . . .	140
From cold streams of Eastport . . . .	94
From everlasting Thou art God . . . .	102
Give me that sacred stream that flows . . . .	132
Go, go thy way rejoicing . . . .	159
God is my salvation . . . .	110
God is the fountain of all good . . . .	106
God is the great Omnipotent . . . .	105
God is the Rock on which I stand . . . .	108
God's mercy, as with balmy wing . . . .	128
God strengthened them to strike, and break . . . .	96
Go in the early morning . . . .	71
Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord . . . .	183
Go preach the gospel to the poor . . . .	182
Go, spread thy wants before the Lord . . . .	121

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

213

	PAGE.
Go, tell the wondrous story . . . . .	184
Grace is not in the market-place . . . . .	36
Grace is not weighed in balances . . . . .	37
Great Maker of the universe . . . . .	186
Hail, blest land of liberty . . . . .	90
Hail, hail, the ever-glorious Star . . . . .	116
Hail, Son of man and Son of God . . . . .	165
Hail to our dear Redeemer's name . . . . .	131
Heaven is the place where God resides . . . . .	198
He comes, He comes to ransom . . . . .	14
Help us to listen to Thy word . . . . .	178
Her ways are ways of pleasantness . . . . .	19
He spake as no man ever spake . . . . .	167
High hung the harps of Palestine . . . . .	62
His faith was strong at eventide . . . . .	81
His yoke is so easy . . . . .	148
How amiable Thy dwellings are . . . . .	177
How can I leave the altar-stone . . . . .	49
How like an alabaster cast . . . . .	82
How slender is the gossamer . . . . .	74
I am the bread of life . . . . .	119
If we the wings of morning take . . . . .	105
I have a broken heart . . . . .	24
I met an angel in the street . . . . .	42
In the depths of thine heart . . . . .	25
In the realms of consolation . . . . .	119
In the sweet hour of evening prayer . . . . .	73
I sunk in the depths of despair . . . . .	52
It is ours, it is ours . . . . .	84
I've had a great honor this morning . . . . .	64

	PAGE
Jesus, I love Thy precious name . . . . .	142
Jesus is the great Redeemer . . . . .	136
Jesus, my Saviour and my King . . . . .	190
Just fifty years have passed . . . . .	47
Know ye that He who dwells on high . . . . .	15
Lift, lift your voices, loud and strong . . . . .	141
Look up, ye down-cast, weary ones . . . . .	45
Many who have passed away . . . . .	89
Mighty to save — the precious news . . . . .	125
Music should tune its every note . . . . .	115
My country, 'tis of thee I sing . . . . .	87
My soul has found the Lord . . . . .	174
My soul shall bless the Lord . . . . .	194
My soul shall love the Lord . . . . .	107
My soul shall rise at early dawn . . . . .	191
My tongue shall ever bless . . . . .	148
Naked, and cold, and in my blood . . . . .	163
Night's solemn orbs were rolling . . . . .	5
No darkening cloud shall wave its wing . . . . .	200
No gorgeous hall compares with thee . . . . .	67
O'er every loom of human life . . . . .	76
O God, my roving heart is fixed . . . . .	173
O God, to whom all ages come . . . . .	190
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul . . . . .	155
Oh, cease not to labor . . . . .	187
Oh, come to Jesus, sinner, come . . . . .	144
Oh, could the power of mortal arm . . . . .	44
Oh, escape for thy life . . . . .	146
Oh, fear not then, ye little ones . . . . .	130
Oh, for a living coal . . . . .	169

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

215

	PAGE.
Oh, for the vision to discern . . . . .	168
Oh, lend a listening ear . . . . .	118
Oh, let me bathe myself in Thee . . . . .	164
Oh, scatter the seeds of blessing . . . . .	39
Oh, smooth the furrows on thy brow . . . . .	41
Oh, suffer little children . . . . .	20
Oh, thou mourner in Zion . . . . .	108
Oh, what has become of the old-fashioned chair . . . . .	46
Oh, whither, whither shall I go . . . . .	166
O Jesus, Master, let me hear . . . . .	128
O Jesus, Master, let me rest . . . . .	153
O Jesus, my Saviour . . . . .	133
O Jesus, thou anointed One . . . . .	147
O Jesus, thou great source of light . . . . .	124
O Lord, be merciful . . . . .	157
O Lord, forbid that we should rest . . . . .	123
O Lord, on Thee, on Thee we throw . . . . .	171
O Lord, our God, in love look down . . . . .	154
On Calvary's sacred mountain . . . . .	137
On this glad morning of the Lord . . . . .	192
On the towering heights of glory . . . . .	139
O Thou celestial Saviour, Friend . . . . .	135
O Thou on Calvary's height . . . . .	138
O Thou great Arbiter on high . . . . .	114
O Thou, our heavenly Father, hear . . . . .	113
O Thou, our Saviour God . . . . .	179
O Thou, that hearest prayer . . . . .	114
O Thou, the Lord of evening hours . . . . .	193
O Thou whose dwelling is on high . . . . .	150
Our God is a Spirit . . . . .	27

	PAGE.
Our heavenly Father and our King . . . . .	187
Our Jesus is the central sun . . . . .	125
Our Jesus is the tower of strength . . . . .	122
Our life is like a winter's day . . . . .	75
Our Saviour spake a parable . . . . .	69
Our souls shall lift their prayer to God . . . . .	70
Poverty's angel hath stricken the child . . . . .	61
Prayer is a tower of strength . . . . .	172
Prayer is the offering of the soul . . . . .	70
Remember thou the love and grace . . . . .	196
Saved from billows of destruction . . . . .	175
Shall fair woman speak in public . . . . .	59
Shall we meet beyond the river . . . . .	83
Some people carry a satchel . . . . .	40
Take us beneath Thy tender care . . . . .	109
Thanksgiving to God, how boundless the theme . . . . .	69
The angels swift from heaven came down . . . . .	10
The banner of the cross unfolds . . . . .	164
The calls of poverty . . . . .	55
The eternal God, thy refuge sure . . . . .	29
The eternal God thy refuge is . . . . .	112
The evening sun begins to cast . . . . .	72
The garments of salvation . . . . .	152
The grace of faith endows the soul . . . . .	161
The gracious rain has come at last . . . . .	42
The Lord is my portion, my guardian and guide . . . . .	152
The Lord will smite thee, Slavery . . . . .	92
The only place of safety is . . . . .	16
The promise has not lost its power . . . . .	30
There am I in the midst of them . . . . .	171

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

217

	PAGE.
There are no thoughts within my brain . . . .	63
There is a great almighty Power . . . .	28
There is a land no eye hath seen . . . .	198
There is an excellence in Christ . . . .	132
There's a good time coming, brothers . . . .	56
There's grain on the harvest-field . . . .	39
The rocky cliffs shall be . . . .	161
The Sabbath of the soul . . . .	160
The savor of life is a savor of joy . . . .	145
The trumpet of salvation . . . .	22
The whole need no physician . . . .	23
Thine anger, Lord, has passed away . . . .	111
This beautiful blossom . . . .	78
This is the day when Christ invites . . . .	195
This is the house of God . . . .	177
Though universal wealth was His . . . .	117
Thou Merciful, above . . . .	188
Thy word is the joy of my heart . . . .	176
Time, passing time, has answered me . . . .	51
'Tis a quiet Sabbath morning . . . .	74
'Twas an eloquent prayer . . . .	54
'Twas on this memorable stone . . . .	68
We cannot offer gifts to Thee . . . .	181
We come to seek Thy gracious aid . . . .	180
We come to bow our needy souls . . . .	197
We come to put our trust in Thee . . . .	120
We come to scatter fragrant flowers . . . .	96
What inventory has thy soul . . . .	31
What stands behind those gauzy clouds . . . .	69
When death's cold fingers come to play . . . .	79

	PAGE.
When first the cross of Christ appeared . . . .	48
When near the city of the dead . . . .	77
When rushing down the dreadful steep . . . .	125
When tossed by the billows of life . . . .	136
Who is that glorious Being,—who . . . .	103
Why is it thought incredible . . . .	85
Why stand ye idle all the day . . . .	38
Yes, all things speak of God . . . .	101
Yes, ye demand that we should smile . . . .	93

