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BREAK OF DAY
IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By
Cyprian T. Rust.



BREAK OF DAY
IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

A HISTORY AND A SPECIMEN OF ITS

First Book of English Sacred Song.

300 HYMNS OF DR. WATTS,

Carefully Selected and Arranged, with a Sketch of their History.

BY

CYPRIAN T. RUST,

RECTOR OF WESTERFIELD, SUFFOLK.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE purpose I have in view in this publication will seem to most persons a very strange one,—it is, to call the attention of the public to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns,—a book which has been circulated by thousands and tens of thousands over all the British possessions, a copy of which may be found to this day in almost every devout family, a large portion of which is printed every year in the various collections extant. Strange as the proposal may sound, there is not only good reason for it, but in the interests of true religion there is a necessity for it.

1st. The form in which the Psalms and Hymns appear is a great obstacle to their present and future circulation and use.

2nd. The multitude of new hymns is so great, that there is danger, in the Church Hymnals at least, that the nineteenth century hymns will exclude those of the eighteenth altogether. The first of these causes has stopped the sale of Dr. Watts' Hymns; the second threatens their complete banishment from Divine Service.

I propose, then, as a feeble but earnest protest against the wrong, and an equally earnest attempt at a remedy, to publish about three hundred of Dr. Watts' best hymns, carefully selected, re-arranged, and amended, and to give a history of their introduction into Divine Service in England. The following

considerations may help us to a more clear conception of the blessings which God, through this one man has conferred on this people and nation.

1. Dr. Watts was the first man in England who wrote hymns with the direct purpose of using them in Divine Service. Before his time, no evidence seems to exist that a *hymn*, properly so called,—“a mere human composition,” as the phrase went,—had ever been sung in any church or chapel in England.

2. This truly great man produced these hymns in the very darkest and deadest period of English Church history: at a time which all historians look back upon with awe as the very darkest hour before the dawn.

3. These hymns were written before any of the works of the most correct poets were published, before the New Version of Psalms had come into use, when Pope was only nineteen years old, four years before the *Spectator* appeared, before Charles Wesley was born! Instead of being full of the imperfections, the carelessness, the solecisms now complained of, the book must have appeared at the time to be a specimen of chaste and pure and elevated composition, such as might in vain be sought for anywhere else, even among the best poets of the age.

4. There are more of these hymns, and more of them in proportion to the number originally written, in actual use than can be claimed for any hymn writer living or dead. The number of the poems is about 750; in one collection, “The New Congregational,” 387 of them are found.

5. The field which Dr. Watts opened for himself in the year 1707 was occupied by himself exclusively for thirty, and with not more than one or two com-

petitors for forty, years ; in fact, till his decease in 1748. The first hymn-book published by John Wesley (if he did publish it) was selected for the Moravian Chapel, Fetter Lane, in 1738. The first Wesleyan collection did not appear till 1753.

6. The confessed design of Dr. Watts to compose hymns to be sung in Divine Service was so startling an innovation, so presumptuous a thing in itself, so sure to meet with deadly hostility and scornful ridicule from friends and foes, that the calm and dignified way in which he set about it seems like the inspiration of true genius, almost the prescience of a seer. In his "Essay on Psalmody" he uses all the gentleness, the persuasiveness, and the reasonableness of which he was master, declaring at the same time that if the Church will not receive his compositions, he will be most thankful to give them for the comfort and blessing of those who will adopt them for private and devotional use.

I shall feel that this very humble effort is well rewarded if I can obtain not only a more ample recognition of the services of this great champion of our devotional poetry, but if, also, I may put some check upon the very unjust, supercilious, flippant, boastful comments of modern critics, who, I fear, have but little sympathy with, and still less knowledge of, this very amiable and modest, but yet bold and successful, writer.

In the *collection* of hymns I present those which are in use in the present day, not such as I or any individual might fancy, but those which, in spite of the thousands upon thousands of hymns which have been written since Watts' time, have kept their hold on the public esteem and are still loved and prized by

those who use them. In *arranging* them I have followed the order of the Christian year, which has now become familiar to everyone. In *correcting* them I have removed obsolete words and words which have by accident lost their character, if we may so speak. I have corrected the more flagrant licences of rhyme and grammatical construction, at that time indulged in by the best poets, but not tolerated in our day. I have ventured to alter lines and even verses in some hymns, which, if not altered, would have banished them from the collection, the hymns themselves being far too good to be lost. I have striven above all things never to weaken the stanza by the correction, and never to use a word or phrase not used in other parts of the book.

That there may be no misunderstanding on the subject, that no one may suppose a large number of Watts' Hymns are inadmissible without alterations, I submit the following explanations as to those printed in this book :—

Hymns given as they were written	...	198
Hymns given with unimportant alterations of single words, such as "who" for "that," etc.		72
Hymns where a line or part of a line is altered		25
Hymns where a verse is altered	4
Hymns so far altered as to affect their character and structure (these have the signature C. T. R. attached to them)	7
		<hr/>
		306

Of verses omitted I have taken no account. Watts presented all through the book a number of alternative verses enclosed within brackets, all of which he never expected would be sung. He says himself the hymn is complete without them.

P R E F A C E .

I. *First Publication and Great Success of the Psalms and Hymns.*

THE occasion of Dr. Watts' Hymns was this:—
“The hymns which were sung at the dissenting meeting house at Southampton were so little to his taste, that he could not forbear complaining of them to his father. The father bade him try what he could do to mend the matter. He did, and had such success in his first essay, that a second hymn was earnestly desired of him, and then a third and a fourth, etc., until in process of time there was such a number of them as to make up a volume.” (The Rev. John Morgan, in Milner's “Life of Watts.” P. 255.)

Watts resided at Southampton only two years and a half after he left college,—from April, 1694, to October, 1696. He then removed to Stoke Newington, where he remained five years. If the above statement be correct, he began his career as a hymn writer when he was about 21 years of age. It is said that a large number of his hymns were written before he had preached his first sermon, which was on his 24th birthday. However that may be, it is quite certain that both his Lyric Poems and Hymns and Spiritual Songs were ready for publication in the year 1705, when he had attained his 31st year. He published

his Lyric Poems in December in that year, with the idea of testing the public feeling, clearly not so much on the question of his own success as a poet, as to discover how far *hymns* (several of which were found in this volume), "mere human compositions," would be tolerated by his friends. The Poems were well received, and he now ventured on the bolder flight which he had most at heart,—the publication of his Hymns and Spiritual Songs. He prefixed to it "An Essay toward the Improvement of Psalmody," which is the best historical comment extant on the state of public feeling at that time among Churchmen and Dissenters on the question of the lawfulness of singing hymns in Divine Service. The number of hymns in this first edition is about 280. It was sold out in a year, and he found it necessary to re-edit the two books—the Lyrics and the Hymns—in the same year. The task was not an easy one: he had invited criticism and advice from his friends; and critics, not friendly, had also written to him. Of all the hints which were given him, he made the best use he could. As he had conceived the idea of publishing his version of the Psalms at this time, he withdrew those that were already printed (about fifteen) in the first book: he added one hundred hymns and the whole of the third book to this volume. So weary was he of the task, that he finishes up by saying he hopes he may never have to write or correct another hymn as long as he lives.* The book is substantially the same as that we have now in use.

The Psalms were published in 1719. In the interval the Hymns had reached the sixth edition. The completed work reached its fifteenth edition in

* See Appendix, Note 1.

1748, the year in which the author died. He lived to see his effort crowned with unhopèd for and unexampled success. Strange to say, the multiplication of hymn writers and hymn-books seemed only to increase the popularity and the sale of Watts'. Such writers as Doddridge, and such collectors as Burder and Rippon, wished their books to be considered only as supplements to Watts'. In the year 1780 editions on fine paper with large print and wide margins with tunes from the Psalter bound in morocco with gilt edges were substituted for the shabby old sheepskin copies of former days. A beautiful copy of the Poems was printed at Edinburgh from the Apollo Press. This edition (in Bell's "Poets of Great Britain"), in seven volumes, was very highly prized fifty or sixty years ago. Probably the first twenty-five years of the present century may be fixed upon as the meridian of success. An edition was then published every year in all kinds of type and in every variety of form: large type for the aged, the ministers, and clerks; small editions in ruby, pearl, and diamond for the pocket; cheap copies for Sunday Schools, the Hymns and Psalms re-arranged in one volume; indexes of first lines of verses, and even indexes of *every line of every verse*, till convenience and ornamentation could no further go. The sale in America was, perhaps, equal to, if not greater than, that in England.

At last, about the year 1825, people began to say, Why must we always have two books in use? We do not sing half Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns: why not take out such as we use and put them with the others we must have to supplement them? This appeal was received with as much alarm and indignation as the introduction of the Psalms and

Hymns at the first, but it did not fall to the ground. The Baptist selection appeared soon after 1825, the Congregational in 1833; and now it becomes apparent that the year 1830 had been the time of flood, and that the ebb had begun. The reaction was very slow. At first the people seemed to buy the books from habit, whether they used them or not. It seemed only fit they should possess them, and make presents of them as they had always done. In 1864 there were still 60,000 per annum sold in the United Kingdom and in America.* The tale is very different now: a country bookseller told me his father sold, fifty years ago, on an average a copy a day, about 300 in the year, always having a large and choice stock on hand; now he does not sell one in a year, and has nothing but secondhand copies for sale.

Such is the strange history and fate of these Poems; and who can tell? the story may even yet not be at an end, for the Hymns, which on their first publication assumed at once a foremost position, have maintained the same place to this day! I am not now expressing an opinion, I simply state a fact. It was a wonderful thing that the Hymns and Psalms should have a sale for thirty or forty years of 60,000 copies per annum; but, remember, that sale arose from their *denominational* use. The whole body of Congregationalists (Independents and Baptists) used them as their Hymn-book: the same large sale (perhaps a much larger) is secured for the Wesleyan Hymn-book, and so for the Wesleys' hymns. It is a much more surprising thing, if when hymns begin to be *selected* to be incorporated with others by different parties and sections of the Church,

* Bohn's Catalogue, 1863.

any one writer's hymns should far exceed, in number and importance, those of every other; yet in Watts' case this is the fact. In the new Congregational Hymn-book, published in 1879, there are 1,281 hymns, of which 387 are by Watts. In the Baptist Hymn-book, 1879, there are 1,000 hymns, of which 210 are taken from him. In another edition of the same work there are 270. In Mercer, Bickersteth's, Barry (Church Hymnals) there are about thirty in each. The largest number I have met with in any selection from any other writer is found in Mercer's Church Psalter and Hymn-book, Ed. 1859. In this collection there are 160 of Charles Wesley's alone. Too many by far! for a reason I will explain further on (page xiv.) In the Oxford Edition, 1864, they are very considerably reduced in number. About forty of Charles Wesley's are taken away, and the hymns of all the Wesleys are, I believe, exactly 163, less than one fourth of the number printed in the Wesleyan Hymn-book, and less than one fortieth of the numbers originally written by them. Even this number includes many more than can be fairly called hymns,—poems adapted for singing in mixed congregations in churches and chapels. Here, then, is one fact remarkable enough in its way. There are more Hymns of Dr. Watts *spontaneously selected* for use in Divine Service than of any other writer living or dead.

One more evidence of his supremacy may be given with equal confidence. Take twenty of the best hymns of any English hymn writer of any denomination, the best that can be culled from his writings, with all necessary verbal emendations and omissions of superfluous verses—compare these together, and say who has written the best twenty hymns in the English

language? I answer, without fear of contradiction, CHARLES WESLEY. About twenty of his hymns might serve as models for all writers, for purity, for sweetness, for sublimity, for devotional feeling. He has beaten Watts on his own ground,—the power of turning a psalm into a hymn. Compare the two versions of the 24th Psalm; not only is Wesley's the better of the two, but it seems to me, for sublimity, and fervour, and every other excellence in a hymn, to be without a parallel in the English language. But add a hundred to the twenty, and inquire who has written the best 120 hymns in the language. Once more I am confident of the general verdict. When you extend the number of Charles Wesley's hymns to beyond thirty or forty, from some mysterious cause they cease to be adapted for general use in public worship. They discover the genius of the poet, his fervent devotion and refined taste of feeling; they are fit for devout retirement and meditation: they may be sung with pleasure in families or in *congregations in full sympathy with the writer*. But after all, they are poems and not hymns, they do not *sing well*, as the choir masters say,—a defect very hard to define, but very quickly discovered, very decidedly judged and condemned by the public ear; they have not the smooth and easy flow, the transparent thought, the intelligible harmony and warmth of feeling which commend them to the public taste. There is no surer test of the success of a hymn than the almost unconscious effort to learn it by heart on the part of the congregation; not when it is forced upon the children in the schools, or thrust continually upon the choir, but by the spontaneous selection of it by the body of the people. It is here that Charles

Wesley (out of his own society) would be found to fail, and here that Dr. Watts would rise far above any hymn writer living or dead. From Watts' 120 hymns might be selected with ease, with here and there a verbal alteration, which might be made as popular now, 130 years after his death, as anything sung by Moody and Sankey, were only the same machinery used to bring them before the people. It seems to me that this is about the highest accord of praise which can be given to any hymn writer: that one half of the whole of the hymns he ever wrote should be in use 130 years after his decease, and that he should have written 120 hymns better than the same number by any other writer, *tested* by their fitness for Divine Service.

What a boon these Hymns and Psalms were to pious and devout people when they were first published, it is impossible for us adequately to conceive. Many of them had been composed to be sung at the end of the service. They contain frequently the whole marrow and substance of a powerful sermon. Some of them are unrivalled as paraphrases of Scripture, short and pithy expositions of favourite texts and passages. Preachers got from them most useful hints for their discourses; they formed the substance of most of the extempore prayers, they were sung in the cottage homes of the poor, especially by women and girls at the spinning wheel,* more especially were they the solace of the suffering and afflicted, and made the language of triumph over death. HOW MUCH OF THIS GOOD SEED FALLING CONTINUALLY INTO GOOD GROUND HAD TO DO WITH THE GREAT HARVEST WHICH WAS REAPED AFTER THIRTY YEARS ONLY GOD HIMSELF CAN TELL.

* See Appendix, Note 9.

One reason why they were so popular is, that they were thoroughly *English*,—poetic, vigorous, plain English. The abundant use of Scripture, of Hebrew idioms, of subtle allusions to history and prophecy, and Old Testament story did not make them less so. It is a mistake to suppose that poor people who read their Bibles and attend public worship do not understand poetry and allusions to Scripture. They do understand them, and rejoice in them, much better, it would seem, than the critics who strike them out remorselessly because they do not know what they are, or what they mean. Of one thing I feel confident, the poor can never be compensated for the loss of Watts and Wesley, Cowper and Newton, by *translations*. Some translations (perhaps one in fifty) are real perfect hymns, simply because they are not really translations. The translator is himself a poet: he has made the thoughts of the writer his own, and the hymn is created anew. As such it will live a new life: it will be learnt by heart, and sung in secret as the language of pure devotion. Not so with translations in general: they please the scholar, who has the ring of the Latin or German in his ear; but the poor peasant, or the simple artisan only wonders at them, and admires them because he is told to do so. They do not fit into his thoughts, nor enter into his feelings as the English hymns of English poets do.

II. *Introduction of Hymns into Divine Service.*

No argument is needed, I should think, to show that (unlike the Protestants in Germany) the Church of England and the whole body of Presbyterians and

Nonconformists had declined the use of a Book of Song. A strange but prevalent notion occupied the mind of the whole nation, that nothing but *inspired words* must be used in the service of God. The more literal and exact the rendering, at whatever sacrifice of poetry or melody, the more satisfactory would it be. Besides the metrical version of the Psalms, there were a few hymns in use (by courtesy, so called), versions of the Creed, of the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, the Magnificat, the Nunc Dimittis, the Gospel for Christmas Day, and the Anthem for Easter Day, which were added to the Old and to the New Version. The one hymn, "Have mercy, Lord, on me," was probably allowed as a translation in spirit, if not in the letter, of the 51st Psalm. Of course the hymns now found added to the Psalter are not there by authority. They are by Wesley, Doddridge, and Bishop Ken, and were presumptuously added by the printers in dark and ignorant times! In the large majority of churches we know there was no singing at all: it was a good thing in some places if they got a *service*. The contention among the Nonconformists was very strong indeed, whether, in the first place, there should be any singing at all; and, secondly, if a hymn *must* be sung, say at the Communion, whether it were possible to introduce any other than an inspired hymn. Very hard it was to find among the Psalms of David anything adapted to the service. The dispute had reached its culminating point in the very year when Dr. Watts commenced his task. It seems to have been silenced by an agreement that no attempt should be made to force singing upon unwilling congregations. Objections were made even to Dr. Patrick's Century of Select Psalms: "It was improper to make

a selection where all were alike good." His very modest defence ought surely to have disarmed opposition. "That he only did what every humble clerk must do when he selects a psalm to be sung." It is quite true that many hymns had been written by Milton and Addison, George Herbert, Withers, and Bishop Ken ; but these good men never presumed to thrust them into Divine Service, only to use them in their private or family devotions. There is clear proof that some men with good musical taste and talent struggled hard against this tyranny of custom ; but it was little more than a struggle. In some cases it was allowed that a hymn, *that is, a psalm*, should be sung after Divine Service, when the people had been dismissed with a blessing, that those who liked it might stay, and those to whom it was an offence might depart. It seems little short of a miracle that a young man, twenty-one years of age, fresh from college, who had not even preached his first sermon, should commence a crusade against the whole kingdom, and all the best and wisest men in it, that he should have begun the fight, and *won it too!* His opponents were so completely ashamed of their opposition, that all the evidence of it has been lost, and we are asked to believe that the moment the hymns appeared, they were welcomed and adopted with acclamation and joy. It needs strong evidence, indeed, to prove such a fact. The hymns were circulated by thousands : of this fact there can be no doubt ; but when and where they were used in Divine Service, it is now almost impossible to learn. I feel confident myself, that their introduction was only very slowly effected in thirty or forty years. Milner says, cautiously, "His work *soon* became popular in his own denomination,

upwards of 4,000 copies being sold the first year. It was *gradually* admitted into most of their places of worship: an honour which it still retains. . . . The Baptists *soon* began to use Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns, in connection with their own selections." (Milner, p. 360.) I shall be most thankful to welcome any explanation, any fact, any testimony on the subject from any quarter. It would be pleasant to know that Dr. Watts met with sympathy and success beyond the circle of his personal friends, but I confess that at present I stand in doubt upon the subject. It is contrary to all we know of human nature to find its long-standing prejudices vanish in a moment. Men moving in a narrow circle, grave and reverend seniors, distrustful of novelties in doctrine or practice, were not likely to yield to a comparative youth who was thrusting upon them novelties of his own device, discountenanced alike by every clergyman and dissenting minister in England.

I think what is said about love of music may be otherwise explained. During the twenty years' persecution of Episcopalians by Dissenters, and the twenty years' oppression of the Dissenters by the State, family worship attained a degree of importance which it can only attain in times of severe persecutions. Episcopalians had the prohibited service read by some protected chaplain. Dissenters had their Bible expositions, their prayers and their psalms occupying a time and a position which would be deemed impossible in quiet times. Where there was a love of music in the family, where sweet voices and taste and skill could lead the singing, no doubt, much pleasure was felt in the exercise, and many a pastor, and many a clergyman longed to put

an end to the weary psalms and the nasal drawl of the precentor, or parish clerk. The gifts of God in a musical ear and a fine voice have often triumphed in theological argument as well as in cases of casuistry. In our own day, the lawfulness or expediency of attending oratorios and concerts is settled on very different grounds between two men, one of whom could sing in them with the skill of a professor, and the other "thinks he knows 'God save the Queen,' but is not quite sure that he does not confound it with the Old Hundredth." Just so it was formerly. A man whose family and private circle of friends could make sweet music in the chapel, felt injured by the want of sympathy in the angry deacon, who had given out the psalms for forty years, or in his brother minister, who thought even Patrick's Psalms a dangerous tampering with the original. My firm persuasion is, that Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns were everywhere received with delight for private devotions and in family circles, but that we are indebted to the Methodists for the introduction of hymns into Divine Service.

I do not forget the story about the chapel at Southampton, on the contrary, I remember that Dr. Watts' father was not the minister, but the deacon, perhaps the precentor of the chapel. He *might* have influence enough to introduce a hymn into it, on the contrary, the minister *might have objected to it*. It seems to have been assumed as a fact, without proof, that the Hymns were actually sung there. I notice, too, that Dr. Watts, in mentioning the support of societies in the year 1709, speaks with much doubt and uncertainty as to whether he may venture to hope that his Hymns will be accepted by them, and whether he must not content himself with their

private use.* I have no doubt, whatever, that the Psalms and Hymns were introduced into his own chapel at Bury Street, and into some of those where his personal influence and his honourable position in society had powerfully recommended him. The often quoted letter of Dr. Doddridge about the hymn sung in the country in 1721 is no proof that the Hymns were sung even in the doctor's own chapel at Northampton, though we may *presume* they were.† In after years, as in the present day, hymns were sung in preaching places, which were not allowed in church or chapel. When we find the reverberating thunders still echoing from Dr. Gill's chapel in 1771, and from Mr. Romaine, at St. Anne's, Blackfriars, in 1792, we are forced to believe that the tempest had been very hot when it was at its height. If *presumption* is to decide the question, and not evidence, we may *presume* that "Watts' fancies," as they called the Psalms, and "Watts' whims," as they called the Hymns, met with a very warm reception, but of a very equivocal kind. I will now give a brief sketch of the evidence we have of the actual use of hymns in Divine Service.

In the year 1738 John Wesley first attended the Moravian Chapel, in Fetter Lane. The month of May in that year he gives as the date of his conversion. From July to September he went to Germany, and at the close of the year an anonymous collection of hymns appeared, which have been always ascribed to him, in which, out of seventy-seven, thirty-three were by Dr. Watts, thirteen by Brady and Tate, five translations of John Wesley, and other hymns and psalms from Milton, Addison, Bishop Ken (not one by C. Wesley), now for the first time printed for use in

* See Appendix, Note 1.

† See Appendix, Note 3.

Divine worship. In 1740 John Wesley separated from the Moravians, and in the following year from the Calvinists. About 1743 his own Society was formed. Hymns and poems by the Wesleys were printed and brought into use in the Society year by year, as they had been during their connection with the Moravian Chapel, and which were issued *in one continuous stream for fifty years*, 6,600 in all. In 1753 the first Wesleyan Hymn-book appeared, containing eighty-four hymns. This book, also published anonymously, went through twenty-four editions in thirty-three years, and continued to be the Society's Hymn-book till it was superceded by the one in present use, published by John Wesley in 1780. Cennick's collection appeared in 1741; Seagrave's in 1742; Doddridge's in 1755; the Countess of Huntingdon's in 1764. The Olney Hymns, written to be sung in the great house at Olney, appeared in 1760. I confess it is a wonderful fact that Mr. Romaine, after his perfectly familiar use of hymns written by his own dearest friends, should have remained obdurate to the last; and, as the Countess complained, have the Gospel and Christ in the pulpit, and David and the law in the desk. The first clear proof of the use of Watts' Hymns in Divine Service which I have met with is in the complaint made by the Rev. Martin Tomkins (an Arian or Unitarian) of the Doxologies used in the chapel he attended at Hackney, "especially those from Watts' Hymns." This complaint, though made for a long time privately, first appeared in print in the year 1738. The pamphlet furnishes conclusive proof that the Hymns were sung, and had been *for some time* sung, in Mr. Barker's chapel at Hackney. Mr. Tomkins had given up the ministry, and had lived

at Hackney since the year 1818. I am inclined myself to think that the Hymns were a *recent* introduction, that they had been introduced by Mr. Barker himself, and had added to the offence of his preaching as a zealous Trinitarian. (Milner's "Life of Watts," page 283.) The first clear proof of Dr. Watts' Hymns being sung *in a church* is to be found in a letter of James Harvey to Dr. Watts, dated 1748, in which he tells him that he so used them; and again, in a notice of the fact by a stranger to the Countess of Huntingdon in 1753, who says, "That it was the only case then known: he had never heard of such a circumstance before."* I have no doubt that similar evidence might be produced of their use in other dissenting chapels, but I cannot tell where to find it, and I do not know whether it exists. Till this evidence is forthcoming, I shall be compelled to maintain these two propositions:—

1. That Watts was the first man who wrote hymns to be sung in Divine Service.
2. That we owe to the Methodists their universal adoption in the churches and chapels in England.

III. *Reasons for Selection and Emendation.*

1. The attempt to deal with the whole book of Psalms was a mistake on Watts' part. His express object was *to imitate them*, to make them into hymns, to transfer their fervour of devotion, their earnestness of prayer and praise from the worship of the Temple to that of the Christian congregation. He has succeeded beyond any hopes he could possibly have entertained in his day. Not only are there at the

* See Appendix, Note 2.

very least 150 of these hymns in use, not only are some of them found in almost every collection extant, but he has had hosts of imitators and followers. Some of the best of our modern hymns are exactly what Watts first imagined, of which he gave the first examples, *imitations of Psalms*. Even this is not all. It is remarkable that very few have succeeded where Watts has failed. On the contrary, where he has done well, almost all the others have done well too. His Seventy-second Psalm is almost equalled by Montgomery in his "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," his Twenty-fourth Psalm, as I have said above, is even surpassed by Charles Wesley. But whoever they are that have made this use of the Psalms, Wesley, Francis Lyte, Montgomery, Dr. Irons, Dr. Mason Neale, and Sir Henry Baker, they have only followed in the track which, with much pains and care, through a world of ridicule and opposition, was first cast up for them by Watts. As a translator, he is no better than others: it is given to each man to succeed only in a few of his efforts. It is here that the greatest reduction is made. Only the *imitations* of the Psalms are of real value.

2. The second cause of exclusion is to be found in the spirit of the age. Not only in Dr. Watts, but in all writers of that day, Episcopalian and Dissenter alike, Jeremy Taylor and John Howe, certain subjects are mentioned and even dwelt upon in detail with a harshness which in the present day grates upon our ears. Such as the torments of hell, the devil and his angels, ungodly men, corrupt human nature, the world as opposed to the Church, the natural world as opposed to heaven, the vengeance of God, the hostility even of the Divine attributes, vengeance

and mercy, wrath and pity, and the need of the atonement for their reconciliation and pacification. Remember, this is no mere dispute about the truth or falsehood of the statements; it is a pure question of taste as to the manner of speaking of such subjects, and especially the use of them in prayer and praise. The feeling of our times is against such expressions, they must be expunged from any successful hymns. The number of hymns in Dr. Watts' thus giving offence is small, but the number of verses many. In them will be found nearly all the alterations I have ventured to make. I have been forced to alter lines to save a verse, or a verse to save a hymn.*

One more reason for omission is a matter of regret. Watts, both in the Psalms and Hymns, frequently wrote, for convenience of singing, in two or three different metres. In some cases it is impossible to say which out of the three is the best: each of them has little touches of beauty and felicitous expressions of its own, making it equally good, yet in a selection, where one is compelled to avoid repetition and sameness, it seems absolutely necessary to be content with one of them. It should not be forgotten that here we are rejecting really good hymns equally fit for use with those that remain. In some few cases it is impossible to make a choice: the two versions of the Seventy-second Psalm, and the three versions of the Eighty-fourth are equally worthy of a place in every collection.

3. In emendations the first thing to be said is about the rhyme. For some reason or other all the transgressions of all hymn writers are charged upon Dr. Watts, as if he were the sole example of them.

* See Appendix, Note 6.

Of imperfectly rhymed stanzas, I should say, the proportion in Watts' to those of the New Version of Psalms, 1698, is that Watts has rhymed *more* than *two* thirds of his, and Brady and Tate, his cotemporaries, *less* than *one* third of theirs. One advantage is gained in Watts' by his taking care to rhyme all the best of his psalms, while Tate and Brady, by some unconscious perversity, have omitted to rhyme the best and have been very careful of those rarely sung. In the selection of psalms in the Hymnal of S. P. C. K. about seventy are from the New Version, of which twenty only have the double rhymes, less than one third of the whole. One fact should be noted: these imperfectly constructed verses are far more enduring in short or common than in long metre, for the simple reason that in the short and common metres the couplets used to be printed in one line. Watts took note of this, and has taken care to guard against the evil by making in almost all cases his long metres to have double rhymes. It would be well if our modern hymn writers had been equally careful. In "Hymns Ancient and Modern" there are no less than *eleven* half-rhymed hymns out of the first fifty, and through the whole book an unpleasant proportion of them. As to the bad rhymes in Watts', about which his friends have been as violent as his enemies in condemning him, I can only say he is quite equal to the very best of his cotemporaries. The demand for greater accuracy increased rapidly after the first twenty-eight years of the century, but it was not till the year 1740 that even Pope approached to the fastidiousness of modern taste; he never did, in fact, really attain to it.* Such rhymes in Watts' as were

* See Appendix, Note 5.

common to all the hymn writers and poets of his day I have left unaltered, where they involve a false time or a false concord * I have corrected them. The frequent occurrence of these errors makes me think there was some excuse for them which we do not understand ; as, for instance, we know there is for his making the word *thoughts* rhyme with *faults* : we happen to know that the word *faults* was then pronounced *fauts*. I cannot otherwise account for the annoying frequency of the expression "as he please." I have been obliged to alter stanzas where both the rhymes are imperfect, where one of them might be allowed to pass. With the odd exception of "as he please," I do not know that Watts' rhymes need more alteration than those of any hymn writer (Cowper excepted) of that century. By two imperfect rhymes I mean such a verse as this of Charles Wesley's,—

"Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue ;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do."

If these rhymes were true, they would all sound alike, for the first and last lines are perfect rhymes ; *pursue*, therefore, ought to rhyme with *know*. In such a verse as this it is impossible to discover, till you read the next verse, which lines are *intended* to rhyme, whether the first and second or the first and third. I am myself quite content with the hymn. I suspect, however, if it had been Dr. Watts' it would have been summarily rejected, or without scruple altered.

Another heavy charge brought against Dr. Watts is the extreme sensuousness † of his imagery in

* See Appendix, Note 7.

† See Appendix, Note 6,—Extreme sensuousness.

describing the sufferings and death of Christ, the communion of Christ with His Church and His saints, the glories of heaven, and especially the too familiar use of such expressions as—*Dear God, Dearest Lord, Sweet Jesus*. The best apology for the larger number of these faults is, that they are closely Scriptural. Such sensuous imagery is largely employed to describe the blessings of salvation and the glories of heaven by the Spirit of God. As a matter of personal taste, I dislike the too familiar use of such expressions as *Dearest Lord* and *Sweet Jesus*: I have changed them always where I thought a more chaste and reverent expression could be found. In this I am supported by nearly all the selections extant. But so strange is the revolution of public taste and feeling, that hardly had we succeeded in correcting these blemishes, when, behold, they are poured in upon us in greater abundance than ever, through the translation and imitation of the Latin and German hymns! Among them we find one form which, familiar as it was to the earliest ecclesiastical writers, is unfamiliar to us, which is the same thing as saying it is not Scriptural. I allude to the actual material form and wood of the cross. It is scarcely possible that any unlettered Englishman should receive any pleasure, literary or devotional, from such an image as is contained in the following verses:—

“The royal banners forward go;
 The cross stands forth in mystic glow!
 O, tree of glory, tree most fair,
 Ordained those holy limbs to bear!
 How bright in purple robe it stood!
 The purple of a Saviour’s blood:
 Upon its arms like balance true
 He weighed the price for sinners due!”

Hymns A. and M.

After all, however, the great offence of all the eighteenth century hymn writers is their extreme Calvinism.* Dr. Watts is the most unsectarian of all hymn writers. In his hymns he is neither Churchman nor Dissenter, neither Calvinist nor Arminian, neither Baptist nor Independent. He has one hymn for those who practise adult, two for those who practise infant baptism. His *Churches*, though in his own mind congregations, might stand for any body of communicants, in any parish church—sometimes even for the building itself. The hymns for the Holy Communion contain as fervent expressions as are ventured upon in any save the extreme Anglican Hymnals. It is only by the accidental expression “Jesus invites His saints to *sit around His board*” that his Presbyterianism is detected. There is not a single expression in his hymns, of which so many may be found in others, of combining the act of singing praise to God with singing *at* other people,—the Papists always excepted. Undoubtedly his moderate Calvinism gave great offence to the school of Toplady, of Gill, of Sir Richard Hill, and Brine; but then it won him the support of all those who loved peace. It is strange that the intense hatred and malevolence in certain quarters displayed against Dr. Watts in the present day should arise from what his impugners call his extreme Calvinism; for by this they do not mean at all what used to be meant by *extreme Calvinism*, but rather a Calvinism which included John Wesley as well as Whitfield, Fletcher as well as Toplady, Charles Wesley as well as Cowper,—in other words, it is extreme and decided *Evangelicalism*. Above all other hymns, those of Watts are full of

* See Appendix, Note 7—Extreme Calvinism.

Evangelical truth ; where they are not, they are very rarely selected for use. The rendering of the Psalms when not Evangelical is allowed by every one to sink into oblivion. Here lies, after all, the great secret, the gist of every controversy. Origen against Augustine, from the beginning, and through the ages, and to the end.

IV. *How Tunes were found for the Hymns.*

It may be, perhaps, worth while to refer to the great difficulty with which tunes were obtained for these hymns after they were written. Dr. Watts appeared to have no idea of any possible advance in this direction. He did not venture on more than six metres at the utmost. The idea that anyone could compose a tune to any metre not found in the Psalter seemed never to have entered into his head. By far the largest part of the psalms were written in what seemed then to be known as Common Measure. If I understand him rightly, he appears to have been the first to call the tune to the old 25th Psalm Short Measure, and that to the Old Hundreth Long Measure. Of peculiar metres, he made most use of the 148th. One or two renderings of the old 50th, the old 113th, and the old 122nd formed the utmost limits of his daring. It appears, from his preface, since so few of the congregation could read, that the clerks were compelled to give out the hymns and psalms one line at a time. These lines, very slowly sung, produced such a sense of weariness that only a very few verses could be used. Watts did all in his power to have the couplet read, and to meet this difficulty he endeavoured, *as far as possible*, to bring each sentence within the

limit of the couplet. Many solecisms we complain of were occasioned by this conscientious effort to overcome a practical difficulty. So late as the year 1773, the provision of tunes, as may be seen in the best editions of his books, had not gone beyond those in the Psalter. The new tunes in Green's Psalter seem to be the most daring departure yet ventured upon from the old forms.

It is a curious fact that the Wesleys, from the very first, allowed themselves to be hampered by no such ties. They used the most charming variety of metres, fettered by no previous examples, by no ecclesiastical use. It is a still more remarkable fact that the indefatigable John Wesley took upon himself the task of providing tunes for his people almost as soon as they had hymns to sing. In the year 1742, the very year in which the Society was formed, when they had hardly settled themselves in their new place of worship, he published a volume of tunes, forty-three in number. A Collection of *Tunes set to Music*, as they are commonly sung at the Foundry Chapel. When we notice the dates of these productions we are filled with wonder at the versatility and the promptness of his character. It has been said that he complained "the enemy had all the best tunes." It is impossible to say what John Wesley might not have said ; but of one thing we may be quite sure, his sterling good sense only allowed what was fit to be done. His directions about singing are as much worthy of notice in our well-trained choirs as they were in the rude assemblies in his village chapels. Does anyone know what were the best tunes in the year 1710, when hymns began to be sung, and when, in 1740, Charles Wesley wanted them for some of his

peculiar metres? Some of the best of them, we are told, appeared in the Beggars' Opera, 1727. The best were, perhaps, those of Purcell. One thing is apparent, the difference between sacred and secular music at that time was not such as it is now. The most popular airs were on a minor key; when sung very slowly they had a most lugubrious and funereal sound,—there, however, lay their great charm. They were set to words full of buffoonery and roystering merriment; or, alas! sometimes covert, sometimes gross indecency. The grave faces and tones of the singers gave pungency to the madness of the song. I fear that very few of them could be used with safety at the Society's meetings. All who have studied the history of music know that the close of the last century was the very crisis of its new birth. Dr. Watts lived just before the movement began, before the arrival of Handel in 1710; he died fifty years before Haydn, who was the main instrument of this regeneration.

The Countess of Huntingdon used her influence with Giardini, the celebrated violinist, to get one or two new tunes written, *Moscow* among the rest. Tomaso Giordani, another Italian artist, composed several tunes; the tune called Cambridge is mentioned as one of them. Miss Ford, an accomplished Irish young lady of great musical talent and skill as a vocalist and a composer, was also pressed into the service. Most unfortunately, she attended a drawing-room meeting at Lady Huntingdon's, and, without warning, she witnessed the tones and gestures of her Ladyship in prayer. They were acknowledged to be singular. The young lady was so convulsed with laughter that she made a disturbance in the meeting. Peace was made at last by the composition of a tune

for the difficult metre, "All ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh."

The most extensive manufactory of tunes, however, was in the city of Dublin, in her Ladyship's chapels there. These chapels were at that time attended by some of the most fashionable people in the city. Plunkett Street was an old Presbyterian chapel, purchased by her Ladyship in 1773. Bethesda was a new and costly structure, opened in 1786. Mrs. Howard, the wife of the deacon, and her daughter, Mrs. Cuthbert, supplied the tunes for Bethesda, and a Miss Eyres wrote them for Plunkett Street. About the year 1793, Dr. Rippon was one of the ministers preaching at these chapels. This visit introduced him to the ladies who managed the singing, and from whom he had already received by far the larger number of the new tunes contained in his collection first published in 1791. These new tunes, together with the tunes from the Psalter, and some adaptations of glees and songs of the more serious kind, laid the foundation for that strange medley which was sung in churches and chapels for the next fifty years. It is tantalizing that the names of the authors were not attached to some of these curiosities. When once the example was set, almost every music master and amateur in the kingdom began to follow it. The most celebrated composer of this school was Clarke, of Canterbury, who published three or four volumes of tunes, and who carried the imitative idea as far as it could go. Unfortunately, the success of such imitations only applied to the first verse of the hymns. Some of his tunes had the honour of being sung everywhere, and that for thirty or forty years, though they are well-nigh forgotten

now. I think I can say with confidence that the Independents always protested more or less against these enormities, though only in a silent and partial way. I can recollect as late as the year 1830, a very severe restraint was put upon the singing in many of their chapels. In some, only tunes in the style of St. Ann's or Nayland, without grace notes or repetitions, were allowed, and though very *slow*, the singing was *good*, the harmonies well rendered, and the time well preserved. With the Independents, without design or consciousness, it was Watts against Wesley to the last.

An apology must be made, too, for the churches in which such tunes as Calcutta, and other similar abominations, were introduced. Such performances were a concession to the flutes, and clarionettes, and "the bass" of the village band or choir. At the Rectory and the Vicarage they were listened to with pain, and remembered with shame. Let us not, however, be unjust or unfair. A goodly portion of these tunes was on the whole pleasing. They expressed powerfully the sentiments of the hymns for which they were written. Some of them have sweet harmonies, and by many persons they have been cast into oblivion, not without regret. Were it not for the wearisome repetitions of lines and *half lines*,* they would, as melodies, be far preferable to many we use in the present day. One curious fact has struck me in looking into the subject. Just at the time when all the leading dissenting congregations were returning to good old sound church music, the Church of England began to linger after the very ways they had abandoned.

* See Appendix, Note 9.

There is a style which is easily recognised in Church music, and from which those who have been careful over the services have taken heed not to depart, certainly not to despise and defy it. When any new fashion has come in for a while, it seems soon to have had its day, while the old standard tunes remain fixed and sure. The glee music at the end of the last century (1787) served as a model for many sweet and cheering melodies, easily lending themselves to what in the cathedrals are called *verses*,—stanzas for a single voice, or for two trebles, with a bass or tenor accompaniment, as the case might be. The style of music was even represented by some compositions of Jackson (1803), or Kent (1776), or Clarke Whitfield (1836), both in services and anthems. Many tunes of this kind were composed and sung thirty, or forty, or even fifty years ago. As a specimen of the kind of melody I refer to, Callcott's "Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear" would perhaps be the best. Sometimes the tune was set to the whole hymn, as "Vital spark of heavenly flame" (Harwood), "Our Lord is risen from the dead" (Chesnut New, Dr. Arnold), "Beyond the glittering starry skies" (Husband), and the still more famous tune of Madan's to "Before Jehovah's awful throne," not unfrequently sung to this day in village choirs. The simple harmonies of these "poems," as they were called, and the pleasing melody of the tune or air, caused them to be easily learnt and remembered. In the chapels they were sung as a last performance at an evening service, and in the churches on important occasions, such as missionary and anniversary sermons. They have, however, as a whole, disappeared now, and we have instead of them a curious "composite style," if I may so call it, in

which the gravest specimens of the old church music are connected with the liveliest and most joyous strains, differing not at all from the style of the ordinary song. Tune 197, Hymns A. and M., may stand for a specimen of what I mean. Even the imitative style is reproduced in a new form, and the contrasts are formed in alternative verses in the same hymn. See tune 257, A. and M. I do not pronounce an opinion on this style of music. Some of the tunes are the productions of our best and most honoured composers. I only state the fact that these productions are as far removed as they well can be from what is understood by *church music*, and I question myself whether another reaction will not follow which will exclude them from our churches, as their predecessors (not so far removed from the standard) have been excluded before them. The most objectionable composition of all in our modern hymnals is the evolution of a tune set to solemn words out of the melody of an old song familiar to those that sing at banquets and on similar occasions, such as "The Vicar of Bray," in tune 436, A. and M.; "Glorious Apollo" in the tune for the Holy Communion (313); and others which cannot but grate on the ears of those who have known them in their primitive use.

BREAK OF DAY.

Morning and Evening.

1 Ps. xix. 1.—The heavens declare the glory of God.

GOD of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise;
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

O like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure,
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

H. 79, B. 1.

2

MORNING HYMN.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

Night unto night His name repeats,
 And day renews the sound,
 Wide as the heaven on which He sits,
 To turn the seasons round.

'Tis He supports my mortal frame,
 My tongue shall speak His praise ;
 My sins would rouse His wrath to flame,
 And yet His wrath delays.

On a poor worm Thy power might tread,
 And I could ne'er withstand ;
 Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
 But mercy held Thy hand.

A thousand hapless souls are fled
 Since the last setting sun,
 And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.

Great God ! let all my hours be Thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light ;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

H. 6, B. 2.

3

MORNING OR EVENING.

HOSANNAH, with a cheerful sound,
 To God's upholding hand !
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,
 And yet secure we stand.

That was a most amazing power
 Which raised us with a word,
 And every day and every hour
 We lean upon the Lord.

The evening rests our wearied head,
 And angels guard the room ;
 We wake, and we admire the bed
 Which was not made our tomb.

No rising morning can assure
That we shall end the day ;
For death stands ready at the door
To seize our lives away.

Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law ;
We own Thy grace, Immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings ;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath His shady wings.

H. 5, B. 2.

4 Lam. iii. 23.—Thy mercies are new every morning.

MORNING OR EVENING.

MY God, how endless is Thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

H. 81, B. 1.

5

AN EVENING SONG.

DREAD Sovereign ! let my evening song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around,
 But O how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found !

What have I done for Him that died
 To save my wretched soul ?
 How are my follies multiplied,
 Fast as my minutes roll !

Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
 To Thy dear cross I flee ;
 And to Thy grace my soul resign
 To be renewed by Thee.

Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
 I lay me down to rest,
 As in the embraces of my God,
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

H. 7, B. 2.

6

AN EVENING HYMN.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
 Thus far His power prolongs my days ;
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of His grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home ;
 But He forgives my follies past,
 He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

In vain the sons of earth or hell
 Tell me a thousand frightful things ;
 My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of His wings.

Faith in His name forbids my fear ;
 O may Thy presence ne'er depart !
 And in the morning make me hear
 The loving-kindness of Thy heart.

Thus when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 Shall wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

H. 80, B. 1.

7

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep.

LORD, Thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
 I am for ever Thine :
 I fear before Thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.

And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and business free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
 With my own heart and Thee.

I pay this evening sacrifice :
 And, when my work is done,
 Great God ! my faith and hope relies
 Upon Thy grace alone.

Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
 I give mine eyes to sleep ;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

Ps. 4.

8

AN EVENING PSALM.

LORD, when I count Thy mercies o'er,
 They strike me with surprise !
 Not all the sands that spread the shore
 To equal numbers rise.

My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
 The product of Thy skill ;
 And hourly blessings from Thy hands
 Thy thoughts of love reveal.

These on my heart by night I keep ;
 How kind, how dear to me !
 O may the hour that ends my sleep
 Still find my thoughts with Thee !

Ps. 139.

The Lord's Day.

9

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes !

The King Himself comes near,
 And feasts His saints to-day ;
 Here in His temple we appear,
 And love, and praise, and pray.

One day of sweet content,
 Where Jesus is within,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand, spent
 In pleasure and in sin.

My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 The earnest of a brighter day
 In everlasting bliss.

H. 14, B. 2. (C. T. R.)

10

THE LORD'S DAY.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours His own ;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround Thy throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell ;
 To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
 And all His wonders tell.

Hosanna to the anointed King,
 To David's holy Son ;
 Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
 Salvation from Thy throne.

Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace ;
 Who comes in God His Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
 The Church on earth can raise ;
 The highest heavens in which He reigns
 Shall give Him nobler praise.

Ps. 118.

11

THE LORD'S DAY.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing ;
 To show Thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless His works, and bless His word ;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep Thy counsels ! how divine !

I too shall share a glorious part
 When grace hath well refined my heart ;
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Sin, my worst enemy before,
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
 My inward foes shall all be slain,
 Nor Satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desired or wished below ;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

Ps. 92.

12

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning.

LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high ;
 To Thee will I direct my prayer,
 To Thee lift up mine eye :

Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
 To plead for all His saints,
 Presenting at His Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
 Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

But to Thy house will I resort,
 To taste Thy mercies there ;
 I will frequent Thy holy court,
 And worship in Thy fear.

O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness !
 Make every path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

Ps. 5.

Public Worship.

13

GOING TO CHURCH.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 " In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day ! "

I love her gates, I love the road ;
 The Church, adorned with grace,
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To show His milder face.

Up to her courts with joys unknown
 The holy tribes repair ;
 The Son of David holds His throne,
 And sits in judgment there.

He hears our praises and complaints ;
 And while His awful voice
 Divides the sinners from the saints,
 We tremble and rejoice.

Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest !
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace
 Be her attendants bless'd !

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains ;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my Saviour reigns.

Ps. 122.

14

DIVINE SERVICE.

PRAISE waits in Sion, Lord, for Thee ;
 There shall our vows be paid :
 Thou hast an ear when sinners pray ;
 All flesh shall seek Thine aid.

Lord, our iniquities prevail,
 But pard'ning grace is Thine ;
 And Thou wilt grant us power and skill
 To conquer every sin.

Bless'd are the men whom Thou wilt choose
 To bring them near Thy face,
 Who find a dwelling in Thine house,
 And feast upon Thy grace.

Thus shall the wondering nations see
 The Lord is good and just ;
 And distant islands fly to Thee,
 And make Thy name their trust.

They dread Thy glittering tokens, Lord,
 When signs in heaven appear ;
 But they shall learn Thy holy Word,
 And love as well as fear.

Ps. 65.

15

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
 And my salvation too ;
 God is my strength, nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires :
 O grant me an abode
 Among the Churches of Thy saints,
 The temples of my God !

There shall I offer my requests,
 And see Thy beauty still ;
 Shall hear Thy messages of love,
 And there inquire Thy will.

When troubles rise, and storms appear,
 There may His children hide ;
 God hath a strong pavilion, where
 He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high
 Above my foes around,
 And songs of joy and victory
 Within Thy temple sound.

Ps. 27.

16

LORD'S DAY, MORNING.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek Thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.

I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
 Through all Thy temple shine ;
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
 That vision so divine.

Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when Thy richer grace I taste,
 And in Thy presence dwell.

Not life itself, with all her joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice
 As Thy forgiving love.

Thus till my last expiring day
 I'll bless my God and King ;
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing.

Ps. 63.

17

THE PLEASURES OF DIVINE SERVICE.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are !
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

My flesh would rest in Thine abode,
 My panting heart cries out for God ;
 My God ! my King ! why should I be
 So far from all my joys and Thee ?

Bless'd are the saints who sit on high
 Around Thy throne of majesty ;
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.

Bless'd are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of Thy grace ;
 There they behold Thy gentler rays,
 And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
 To find their way to Zion's gate ;
 God is their strength, and through the road
 They lean upon their helper, God.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
 Till all before Thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

Ps. 84.

18

THE PLEASURES OF GOD'S HOUSE.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
 The joy that from Thy presence springs ;
 To spend one day with Thee on earth
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within Thy house, O God of grace,
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
 Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

God is our sun, He makes our day ;
 God is our shield, He guards our way
 From all the assaults of hell and sin,
 From foes without and foes within.

All needful grace will God bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory too !
 He gives us all things, and withholds
 No real good from upright souls.

O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
 The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
 Lord of the earth and air and sea,
 Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

Ps. 84.

19

THE PLEASURES OF GOD'S HOUSE.

LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are !
 To Thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise Thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

To spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside :
 Where God resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the door
 Than shine in courts.

God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts His hands are filled,
 We draw our blessings thence :
 He shall bestow
 On Jacob's race
 Peculiar grace
 And glory too.

The Lord His people loves ;
 His hand no good withholds
 From those His heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls :
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in Thee.

Ps. 84.

MY soul, how lovely is the place
 To which thy God resorts !
 'Tis heaven to see His smiling face,
 Though in His earthly courts.

There the great Monarch of the skies
 His saving power displays,
 And light breaks in upon our eyes
 With kind and quickening rays.

With His rich gifts the heavenly Dove
 Descends and fills the place,
 While Christ reveals His wondrous love,
 And sheds abroad His grace.

There, mighty God, Thy words declare
 The secrets of Thy will ;
 And still we seek Thy mercy there,
 And sing Thy praises still.

To sit one day beneath Thine eye,
 And hear Thy gracious voice,
 Exceeds a whole eternity
 Employed in carnal joys.

Lord, at Thy threshold I would wait
 While Jesus is within,
 Rather than fill a throne of state,
 Or live in tents of sin.

Could I command the spacious land,
 And the more boundless sea,
 For one bless'd hour at Thy right hand
 I'd give them both away.

Ps. 84.

21

THE ANTHEM OF UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
 And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
 He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,
 Our souls and all our mortal frame :
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heaven our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
 Vast as eternity Thy love !
 Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

Ps. 100.

22

GOD DWELLING IN HIS HOUSE.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to Thy rest !
 Lo ! Thy Church waits with longing eyes
 Thus to be owned and bless'd.

Enter with all Thy glorious train,
 Thy Spirit and Thy Word ;
 All that the ark did once contain
 Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
 Here let Thy praise be spread ;
 Bless the provisions of Thy house,
 And fill Thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign,
 Let God's Anointed shine ;
 Justice and truth His court maintain
 With love and power divine.

Here let Him hold a lasting throne ;
 And as His kingdom grows,
 Fresh honours shall adorn His crown,
 And shame confound His foes.

Ps. 132.

23

ANTHEM OF PRAISE.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends Thy Word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Ps. 117.

24

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt His name,
 While in His holy courts ye wait,
 Ye saints that to His house belong,
 Or stand attending at His gate.

Praise ye the Lord : the Lord is good ;
 To praise His name is sweet employ :
 Israel He chose of old, and still
 His Church is His peculiar joy.

The Lord Himself will judge His saints ;
 He treats His servants as His friends ;
 And when He hears their sore complaints,
 Repents the sorrows that He sends.

Through every age the Lord declares
 His name, and breaks the oppressor's rod ;
 He gives His suffering servants rest,
 And will be known the Almighty God.

Bless ye the Lord who taste His love,
 People and priest exalt His name :
 Amongst His saints He ever dwells ;
 His Church is His Jerusalem.

Ps. 135.

25

INVITATION TO PRAISE.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
 And in His strength rejoice ;
 When His salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach His awful sight,
 And psalms of honour sing ;
 God is a Lord of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in His spacious hand ;
 He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
 And where the hills must stand.

Come, and with humble souls adore,
 Come, kneel before His face ;
 O may the creatures of His power
 Be children of His grace !

Ps. 95.

26

THE MAJESTY OF GOD IN HIS HOUSE.

WITH reverence let the saints appear,
 And bow before the Lord ;
 His high commands with reverence hear,
 And tremble at His word.

How terrible Thy glories be !
 How bright Thine armies shine !
 Where is the power that vies with Thee,
 Or truth compared to Thine ?

The northern pole, and southern, rest
 On Thy supporting hand ;
 Darkness and day, from east to west,
 Move round at Thy command.

Thy words the raging winds control,
 And rule the boisterous deep ;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
 The rolling billows sleep.

Heaven, earth, and air, and sea, are Thine,
 And the dark world of hell ;
 How did Thine arm in vengeance shine
 When Egypt durst rebel !

Justice and judgment are Thy throne,
 Yet wondrous is Thy grace ;
 While truth and mercy, joined in one,
 Invite us near Thy face.

Ps. 89.

27

DIVINE WORSHIP.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
 I'll praise my Maker in my song :
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.

Angels who make Thy Church their care
 Shall witness my devotions there,
 While holy zeal directs my eyes
 To Thy fair temple in the skies.

I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord,
 I'll sing the wonders of Thy Word ;
 Not all Thy works and names below
 So much Thy power and glory show.

To God I cried when troubles rose,
 He heard me, and subdued my foes :
 He did my rising fears control,
 And strength diffused through all my soul.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by Thy hand ;
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows or from sins :
 The work that wisdom undertakes,
 'Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

Ps. 138.

28

THE PEACE OF DIVINE SERVICE.

AWAY from every mortal care,
 Away from earth, our souls retreat ;
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait and worship near Thy seat.

Lord, in the temple of Thy grace
 We see Thy feet, and we adore ;
 We gaze upon Thy lovely face,
 And learn the wonders of Thy power.

If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
 Here we receive some cheering word ;
 We gird the gospel armour on
 To fight the battles of the Lord.

Or if our spirit faints and dies
 (Our conscience galled with inward stings),
 Here doth the righteous Sun arise
 With healing beams beneath His wings.

Father ! my soul would still abide
 Within Thy temple, near Thy side ;
 But if my feet must hence depart,
 Still keep Thy dwelling in my heart.

H. 123, B. 2.

29

Jude 25.—To the only wise God our Saviour.

TO God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.
 'Tis His Almighty love,
 His counsel, and His care,
 Preserve us safe from sin and death,
 And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls,
 Unblemished and complete,
 Before the glory of His face,
 With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
 And make His wonders known.

To our Redeemer, God,
 Wisdom and power belong,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting song.

H. 51, B. 1.

30

SEEKING AFTER GOD.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 The glories that compose Thy name
 Stand all engaged to make me bless'd.

Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God ;
 And I am Thine by sacred ties :
 Thy son, Thy servant, bought with blood.

With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
 For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
 As travellers in thirsty lands
 Pant for the cooling water-brook.

With early feet I love to appear
 Among Thy saints, and seek Thy face ;
 Oft have I seen Thy glory there,
 And felt the power of sovereign grace.

My life itself without Thy love
 No taste of pleasure could afford ;
 'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
 If I were banished from the Lord.

Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
 When busy cares afflict my head,
 One thought of Thee gives new delight,
 And adds refreshment to my bed.

I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise ;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And fill the remnant of my days.

Ps. 63.

31 Rev. v. 12.—Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

“Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
 “To be exalted thus :
 Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
 “For He was slain for us.”

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
 And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

H. 62, B. 1.

The Lord's Coming.

32

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Ye tribes of every tongue ;
 His new-discovered grace demands
 A new and nobler song.

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
 God's own Almighty Son ;
 His power the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds His throne.

Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
 Joy through the earth be seen ;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in living green.

Let an unusual joy surprise
 The islands of the sea :
 Ye mountains, sink ; ye valleys, rise ;
 Prepare the Lord His way.

Behold, He comes ! He comes to bless
 The nations as their God ;
 To show the world His righteousness,
 And send His truth abroad.

Ps. 96.

33

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

JOY to the world ! the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
 Let men their songs employ,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 And wonders of His love.

Ps. 98.

34

Isaiah lix. 2.—The people that walked in darkness have
 seen a great light.

THE lands that long in darkness lay
 Now have beheld a heavenly light ;
 Nations that sat in death's cold shade
 Are bless'd with beams divinely bright.

The virgin's promised Son is born.
 Behold the expected Child appear :
 What shall His names or titles be ?
 "The Wonderful, the Counsellor."

This Infant is the mighty God,
 Come to be nourished and adored ;
 Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
 The Son of David, and his Lord.

The government of earth and seas
 Upon His shoulders shall be laid ;
 His wide dominions shall increase,
 And honours to His name be paid.

Jesus, the holy Child, shall sit
 High on His father David's throne ;
 Shall crush His foes beneath His feet,
 And reign to ages yet unknown.

H. 13, B. 1.

35

TYPES AND PROPHECIES FULFILLED IN CHRIST.

BEHOLD the woman's promised seed !
 Behold the great Messiah come !
 Behold the prophets all agreed
 To give Him the superior room !

Abram, the saint, rejoiced of old
 When visions of the Lord he saw ;
 Moses, the man of God, foretold
 This great Fulfiller of his law.

The types bore witness to His name,
 Obtained their chief design, and ceased ;
 The incense and the bleeding lamb,
 The ark, the altar, and the priest.

Predictions in abundance meet
 To join their blessings on His head :
 Jesus, we worship at Thy feet,
 And own Thee as the promised seed.

H. 135, B. 2.

The Holy Scriptures.

36

LORD, I have made Thy Word my choice,
 My lasting heritage ;
 This shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.

I read the histories of Thy love,
 And keep Thy laws in sight,
 While through the promises I rove
 With ever fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have,
 It makes our sorrows bless'd ;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

Ps. 119.

37

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep His statutes still !
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do His will !

O send Thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart !
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off my eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires, arise
 Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by Thy Word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 And keep my conscience clear.

My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip ;
 Yet since I've not forgot Thy way,
 Restore Thy wandering sheep.

Make me to walk in Thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

Ps. 119

38

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in Thy written Word.

The volume of my Father's grace
Doth all my griefs assuage ;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail,
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

O may Thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to Thy right hand.

H. 119, B. 2.

39

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

THE Lord declares His will,
And keeps the world in awe !
Amidst the smoke of Sinai's hill
Breaks out His fiery law.

The Lord reveals His face,
And, smiling from above,
Sends down the Gospel of His grace,
The epistles of His love.

These sacred words impart
 Our Maker's just commands ;
 The pity of His melting heart,
 And vengeance of His hands.

Hence we awake our fear,
 We draw our comfort hence ;
 The arms of grace are treasured here,
 And armour of defence.

We learn Christ crucified,
 And here behold His blood ;
 All curious arts and lore beside
 Will do us little good.

We read the heavenly Word,
 We take the offered grace,
 Obey the statutes of the Lord,
 And trust His promises.

In vain shall Satan rage
 Against a Book divine,
 Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
 Where beams of mercy shine.

H. 120, B. 2.

40

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

GOD, who in various methods told
 His mind and will to saints of old,
 Sent His own Son, with truth and grace,
 To teach us in these latter days.

Our nation reads the written Word,
 The Book of life, that sure record :
 The bright inheritance of heaven
 Is by the sweet conveyance given.

God's kindest thoughts are here expressed,
 Able to make us wise and bless'd ;
 The doctrines are divinely true,
 Fit for reproof and comfort too.

Ye British Isles, who read His love
 In long epistles from above
 (He hath not sent His sacred Word
 To every land), praise ye the Lord.

H. 53, B. 1.

41

THE OLD TESTAMENT.

TWAS by an order from the Lord
 The ancient prophets spake His Word ;
 His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
 And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.
 The works and wonders which they wrought
 Confirmed the messages they brought ;
 The prophet's pen succeeds his breath
 To save the holy words from death.
 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
 On the dear volume of Thy Book ;
 There my Redeemer's face I see,
 And read His name who died for me.
 Let the false raptures of the mind
 Be lost, and vanish in the wind :
 Here I can fix my hopes secure ;
 Thy Word for ever shall endure.

H. 151, B. 2.

St. John the Baptist.

42

THE MINISTRY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

NOW be the God of Israel bless'd,
 Who makes His truth appear ;
 His mighty hand fulfils His word,
 And all the oaths He sware.
 Now He bedews that ancient root
 With blessings from the skies ;
 He makes the Branch of Promise grow,
 The promised horn arise.

John was the prophet of the Lord,
 To go before His face ;
 The herald whom our Saviour God
 Sent to prepare His ways.

He makes the great salvation known,
 He speaks of pardoned sin ;
 While grace divine, and heavenly love,
 In their own glory shine.

“ Behold the Lamb of God,” he cries,
 “ That takes our guilt away :
 I saw the Spirit o'er His head
 On His baptismal day.

“ Be every vale exalted high,
 Sink every mountain low ;
 The proud must stoop, and humble souls
 Shall His salvation know.

“ The heathen realms with Israel's land
 Shall join in sweet accord ;
 All that are born of man shall see
 The glory of the Lord.

“ Behold the Morning-star arise,
 Ye that in darkness sit ;
 He marks the path that leads to peace,
 And guides our doubtful feet.”

H. 50, B. 1.

The Lord's Coming.

43

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THAT awful day will surely come,
 The appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.

THE LORD'S COMING.

Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
 Thou Sovereign of my heart !
 How could I bear to hear Thy voice
 Pronounce the sound, "Depart !"
 The thunder of that dismal word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.
 What, to be banished for my life,
 And yet forbid to die !
 To linger in eternal pain,
 Yet death for ever fly !
 Oh, wretched state of deep despair !
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste His love.
 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
 I hang upon Thy breast ;
 Without a gracious smile from Thee,
 My spirit cannot rest.
 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on Thy hands ;
 Show me some promise in Thy Book
 Where my salvation stands !
 Give me one kind assuring word
 To sink my fears again,
 And cheerfully my soul shall wait
 Her threescore years and ten.

H. 107, B. 2.

44

THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

THE God of glory sends His summons forth,
 Calls the south nations and awakes the north ;
 From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
 Through distant worlds, and regions of the dead :
 The trumpet sounds ; hell trembles ; heaven rejoices
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

No more shall atheists mock His long delay ;
 His vengeance sleeps no more ; behold the day ;
 Behold the Judge descends ; His guards are nigh ;
 Tempests and fire attend Him down the sky.
 When God appears, all nature shall adore Him :
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before Him.

“ Heaven, earth, and hell, draw near ; let all things come
 To hear my justice and the sinners' doom ;
 But gather first my saints,” the Judge commands,
 “ Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands : ”
 When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
 And shout, ye saints ; He comes for your salvation.

“ Behold my covenant stands for ever good,
 Sealed by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
 And signed with all their names ; the Greek, the Jew,
 That paid the ancient worship or the new : ”
 There's no distinction here ; join all your voices,
 And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.

“ Here, saith the Lord, ye angels, spread their thrones,
 And near Me seat my favourites and my sons :
 Come, my redeemed, possess the joys prepared
 Ere time began : 'tis your divine reward : ”
 When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
 And shout, ye saints ; He comes for your salvation.

Ps. 50.

45 THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST THE LIFE OF THE SOUL.

HOW full of anguish is the thought,
 How it distracts and tears my heart,
 If God, at last, my sovereign Judge,
 Should frown and bid my soul “ Depart ! ”

Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
 Where shall I fly but to Thy breast ?
 For I have sought no other home ;
 For I have learned no other rest.

I cannot live contented here
 Without some glimpses of Thy face ;
 And heaven without Thy presence there
 Would be a dark and tiresome place.

When earthly cares engross the day,
 And hold my thoughts aside from Thee,
 The shining hours of cheerful light
 Are long and tedious years to me.

And if no evening visit's paid
 Between my Saviour and my soul,
 How dull the night ! how sad the shade !
 How mournfully the minutes roll !

This flesh of mine might learn as soon
 To live, yet part with all my blood ;
 To breathe when vital air is gone,
 Or thrive and grow without my food.

The strings that twine about my heart,
 Tortures and racks may tear them off ;
 But they can never, never part
 With their firm hold of Christ my love.

My God ! and can a humble child,
 That loves Thee with a flame so high,
 Be ever from Thy face exiled,
 Without the pity of Thine eye ?

Impossible ! for Thine own hands
 Have tied my heart so fast to Thee,
 And in Thy Book the promise stands,
 That where Thou art Thy friends must be.

H. 100, B. 2.

The Birth of Christ.

46

John i. 1.—Immanuel, God with us.

ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
 From everlasting was the Word :
 With God He was ; the Word was God,
 And must divinely be adored.

By His own power were all things made ;
 By Him supported all things stand ;
 He is the whole creation's head,
 And angels fly at His command.

Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
 He led the host of morning stars :
 Thy generation who can tell,
 Or count the number of Thy years ?

But lo ! He leaves those heavenly forms,
 The Word descends and dwells in clay,
 That He may hold converse with worms
 Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

Mortals with joy beheld His face,
 The eternal Father's only Son ;
 How full of truth ! how full of grace !
 When through His eyes the Godhead shone.

Archangels leave their high abode
 To learn new mysteries here, and tell
 The love of our descending God,
 The glories of Immanuel.

H. 2, B. 1.

47

THE NATIVITY.

BEHOLD, the grace appears !
 The promise is fulfilled !
 Mary, the wondrous virgin bears,
 And Jesus is the Child.

The Lord, the highest God,
 Calls Him His only Son ;
 He bids Him rule the lands abroad,
 And gives Him David's throne.

O'er Jacob shall He reign
 With a peculiar sway ;
 The nations shall His grace obtain,
 His kingdom ne'er decay.

To bring the glorious news,
 A heavenly form appears ;
 He tells the shepherds of their joys,
 And banishes their fears.

“Go, humble swains,” said he,
 “To David’s city fly ;
 The promised Infant born to-day
 Doth in a manger lie.

“With looks and hearts serene,
 Go visit Christ your King ;”
 And straight a flaming troop was seen :
 The shepherds heard them sing,

“Glory to God on high !
 And heavenly peace on earth !
 Goodwill to men, to angels joy,
 At the Redeemer’s birth !”

In worship so divine
 Let saints employ their tongues ;
 With the celestial hosts we join,
 And loud repeat their songs.

Glory to God on high !
 And heavenly peace on earth !
 Goodwill to men, to angels joy,
 At our Redeemer’s birth.

H. 3, B. 1.

HOSANNAH to the royal Son
 Of David’s ancient line !
 His natures two, His person one,
 Mysterious and divine.

The root of David here, we find,
 And offspring is the same :
 Eternity and time are joined
 In our Immanuel’s name.

Bless'd He that comes to wretched men
 With peaceful news from heaven !
 Hosannahs of the highest strain,
 To Christ the Lord be given !
 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
 The hosannah on their tongues,
 Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
 Their silence into songs.

H. 16, B. 1.

49

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

THE King of Glory sends His Son
 To make His entrance on this earth ;
 Behold the midnight bright as noon,
 And heavenly hosts declare His birth !
 About the young Redeemer's head
 What wonders and what glories meet !
 An unknown star arose, and led
 The Eastern sages to His feet.
 Simeon and Anna both conspire
 The infant Saviour to proclaim ;
 Within they felt the sacred fire,
 And bless'd the Babe, and owned His name.
 Then let us hail this happy morn,
 And echo back the songs of heaven :
 For unto *us* a Child is born !
 For unto us a Son is given !

H. 136, B. 2. C. T. R.

The New Year.

50

GOD THE REFUGE OF HIS CHURCH.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their lives and cares,
 Are carried downwards by the flood,
 And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

Ps. 90.

51

FOR THE AGED.

MY God, my everlasting hope,
 I live upon Thy truth :
 Thine hands have held my childhood up,
 And strengthened all my youth.

My flesh was fashioned by Thy power,
 With all these limbs of mine ;
 And from my mother's painful hour
 I've been entirely Thine.

Still has my life new wonders seen
 Repeated every year ;
 Behold my days that yet remain,
 I trust them to Thy care.

Cast me not off when strength declines,
 When hoary hairs arise ;
 And round me let Thy glory shine,
 Whene'er Thy servant dies.

Then in the history of my age,
 When men review my days,
 They'll read Thy love in every page,
 In every line Thy praise.

Ps. 71.

52

THE GREATNESS AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

MY God, my King, Thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue
 Till death and glory raise the song.

The wings of every hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to Thine ear ;
 And every setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done for Thee.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim :
 Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;
 Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of Thy praise,
 And unborn ages make my song
 The joy and labour of their tongue.

But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds ?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds !
 Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
 Vast and immortal be Thy praise !

Ps. 145.

OUR days, alas! our mortal days
 Are short and wretched too;
 "Evil and few," the patriarch says,
 And well the patriarch knew.

'Tis but at best a narrow bound
 That Heaven allows to men.
 And pains and sins run through the round
 Of threescore years and ten.

Well, if ye must be sad and few,
 Run on, my days, in haste;
 Moments of sin, and months of woe,
 Ye cannot fly too fast.

Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
 And call her to the skies,
 Where years of long salvation roll,
 And glory never dies.

H. 39, B. 2.

TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
 And days, how swift they are!
 Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
 Or like a shooting star.

Our life is ever on the wing,
 And death is ever nigh;
 The moment when our lives begin
 We all begin to die.

Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
 Thy lasting favours share,
 Yet with the bounties of Thy grace
 Thou load'st the rolling year.

'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
 And we are clothed with love;
 While grace stands pointing out the road
 That leads our souls above.

His goodness runs an endless round ;
 All glory to the Lord !
 His mercy never knows a bound,
 And be His name adored !
 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
 And when we close our eyes,
 Let the next age Thy praise prolong,
 Till time and nature dies.

H. 58, B. 2.

55

THE GREATNESS AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

LONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,
 My King, my God of love !
 My work and joy shall be the same
 In the bright world above.

Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
 And let His praise be great ;
 I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,
 Thy works of grace repeat.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
 And while my lips rejoice,
 The men that hear my sacred song
 Shall join their cheerful voice.

Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
 And children learn Thy ways ;
 Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
 And nations sound Thy praise.

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
 Shall through the world be known ;
 Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state,
 With public splendour shown.

The world is managed by Thy hands,
 Thy saints are ruled by love ;
 And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
 Though rocks and hills remove.

Ps. 145

SAFETY IN GOD'S PROTECTION.

HE who hath made his refuge God
 Shall find a most secure abode,
 Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
 And there at night shall rest his head.

Then will I say, "My God, Thy power
 Shall be my fortress and my tower ;
 I, who am formed of feeble dust,
 Make Thine almighty arm my trust."

Thrice happy man ! Thy Maker's care
 Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare ;
 Satan the fowler, who betrays
 Unguarded souls a thousand-ways.

Just as a hen protects her brood
 From birds of prey that seek their blood,
 Under her feathers, so the Lord
 Makes His own life His people's guard.

If burning beams of noon conspire
 To dart a pestilential fire,
 God is their life, His wings are spread
 To shield them with a healthful shade.

If vapours with malignant breath
 Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
 Israel is safe ; the poisoned air
 Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

But if the fire, or plague, or sword
 Receive commission from the Lord
 To strike His saints among the rest,
 Their very pains and deaths are blest.

The sword, the pestilence, or fire
 Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
 From sins and sorrows set them free,
 And bring Thy children, Lord, to Thee.

57

SAFETY IN GOD'S PROTECTION.

TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
 There all my hopes are laid :
 The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
 Is my perpetual aid.

Their feet shall never slide to fall
 Whom He designs to keep ;
 His ear attends the softest call ;
 His eyes can never sleep.

He will sustain our weakest powers
 With His almighty arm,
 And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against surprising harm.

Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
 Thy keeper is the Lord ;
 His wakeful eyes employ His power
 For thine eternal guard.

Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have His leave to smite :
 He shields thy head from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.

He guards thy soul, He keeps thy breath,
 Where thickest dangers come :
 Go, and return secure from death,
 Till God commands thee home.

Ps. 121.

Christ in the Temple.

58

MAGNIFICAT. SONG OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
 In God our Saviour we rejoice :
 While we repeat the virgin's song,
 May the same Spirit tune our voice !

CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

The Highest saw her low estate,
 And mighty things His hand hath done :
 His overshadowing power and grace
 Makes her the mother of His Son.

Let every nation call her bless'd,
 And endless years prolong her fame :
 From that fair pattern let us learn
 To trust in God and praise His name.

To those that fear and trust the Lord,
 His mercy stands for ever sure :
 From age to age His promise lives,
 And the performance is secure.

He spake to Abram and his seed,
 "In thee shall all the earth be bless'd :"
 The memory of that ancient word
 Lay long in His eternal breast.

But now no more shall Israel wait,
 No more the Gentiles lie forlorn :
 Lo, the desire of nations comes ;
 Behold the promised seed is born !

H. 60, B. 1.

59

NUNC DIMITTIS ; OR, THE SONG OF SIMEON.

LORD, at Thy temple we appear,
 As happy Simeon came,
 And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
 O make our joys the same !

With what divine and vast delight
 The aged saint was filled,
 When fondly in his withered arms
 He clasped the holy Child !

"Now I can leave this world," he cried,
 "Behold Thy servant dies ;
 I've seen Thy great salvation, Lord,
 And close my peaceful eyes.

“This is the Light prepared to shine
 Upon the Gentile lands,
 Thine Israel's glory, and their hope
 To break their slavish bands.”

Jesus ! the vision of Thy face
 Hath overpowering charms ;
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace
 If Christ be in my arms.

Then when the cords of life shall break,
 How sweet my minutes roll ;
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,
 And glory in my soul.

H. 19, B. 1.

Creation.

60 THE CREATION AND DESOLATION OF THE WORLD.

SING to the Lord who built the skies,
 The Lord who reared this stately frame ;
 Let all the nations sound His praise,
 And lands unknown repeat His name.

He formed the seas, and formed the hills,
 Made every drop, and every dust,
 Nature and time, with all their wheels,
 And pushed them into motion first.

Now from His high imperial throne
 He looks far down upon the spheres ;
 He bids the shining orbs roll on,
 And round He turns the hasty years.

Thus shall this moving engine last
 Till all His saints are gathered in,
 Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
 To shake it all to dust again !

Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
 And lightning burn the globe below,
 Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
 There's a new heaven and earth for you.

H. 13, B. 2.

The Graces of the Spirit.

61

FAITH THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight,
 Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
 And dwells in heavenly light.

It sets times past in present view,
 Brings distant prospects home,
 Of things a thousand years ago,
 Or thousand years to come.

By faith we know the worlds were made
 By God's almighty word :
 Abram, to unknown countries led,
 By faith obeyed the Lord.

He sought a city fair and high,
 Built by the eternal hands,
 And faith assures us, though we die,
 That heavenly building stands.

H. 120, B. 1.

62

MISTAKEN souls ! that dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust.

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead :
 None but a living power unites
 To Christ the living Head.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
 'Tis faith that works by love,
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.

'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
 By a celestial power ;
 This is the grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive hour.

Faith must obey her Father's will,
 As well as trust His grace ;
 A pardoning God is jealous still
 For His own holiness.

When from the curse He sets us free,
 He makes our natures clean,
 Nor would He send His son to be
 The minister of sin.

His Spirit purifies our frame,
 And seals our peace with God ;
 Jesus and His salvation came
 By water and by blood.

H. 140, B. 1.

63

We walk by faith, not by sight.

TIS by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as night ;
 Till we arrive at heaven our home,
 Faith is our guide and faith our light.

The want of sight she well supplies,
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.

Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray ;
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.

So Abram, by Divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God ;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

H. 129, B. 2.

64

1 Cor. xiii.—Charity.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
Should I distribute all my store
To clothe and feed the hungry poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name :
If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

H. 134, B. 1.

65

LOVE TO GOD.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and sings
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of love bear us away
 To see our smiling God.

H. 38, B. 2.

66

Now we see through a glass darkly.

I LOVE the windows of Thy grace,
 Through which my Lord is seen,
 And long to meet my Saviour's face
 Without a glass between.

O that the happy hour were come
 To change my faith to sight !
 I shall behold my Lord at home
 In a diviner light.

Haste, my Beloved, and remove
 These interposing days ;
 Then shall my passions all be love,
 And all my powers be praise.

H. 145, B. 2.

67

1 Peter i. 8.—Whom having not seen we love.

NOT with our mortal eyes
 Have we beheld the Lord ;
 Yet we rejoice to hear His name,
 And love Him in His Word.

On earth we want the sight
 Of our Redeemer's face ;
 Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
 To dwell upon Thy grace.

And when we taste Thy love,
 Our joys divinely grow
 Unspeakable, like those above,
 And heaven begins below.

H. 108, B. 1.

68

CHARITY.

A WAKE, my zeal, awake, my love,
 To serve my Saviour here below,
 In works which perfect saints above
 And holy angels cannot do.

Awake, my charity, to feed
 The hungry, and to clothe the poor ;
 In heaven are found no sons of need,
 There all these duties are no more.

Subdue thy passions, O my soul !
 Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
 Daily thy rising sins control,
 And be thy victories ever new.

The land of triumph lies on high,
 There are no foes to encounter there ;
 Lord, I would struggle till I die
 If I at last the crown may wear.

H. 46, B. 1.

Penitence and Prayer.

69

SEEKING FOR MERCY.

O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
 My load of guilt remove ;
 Break down this separating wall
 That bars me from Thy love.

Give me the presence of Thy grace,
 Then my rejoicing tongue
 Shall speak aloud Thy righteousness,
 And make Thy praise my song.

No blood of goats nor heifers slain
 For sin could e'er atone ;
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.

A soul oppressed with sin's desert,
 My God will ne'er despise ;
 A humble groan, a broken heart,
 Is our best sacrifice.

Ps. 51.

70

SEEKING FOR MERCY.

SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
 Let a repenting rebel live :
 Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
 My crimes though great cannot surpass
 The power and glory of Thy grace ;
 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
 So let Thy pardoning love be found.

O wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess
 Against Thy law, against Thy grace !
 Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce Thee just in death ;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round Thy Word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

Ps. 51.

71

CONFESSION OF SIN.

LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin ;
 And born unholy and unclean :
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death
Thy law demands a perfect heart ;
But we're defiled in every part.

Behold, I fall before Thy face ;
My only refuge is Thy grace ;
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;
Lord, let me hear Thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

Ps. 51.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
Lord, give me life divine ;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

I need the influence of Thy grace
To speed me in Thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

When sore afflictions press me down,
I need Thy quickening powers ;
Thy Word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Are not Thy mercies sovereign still,
 And Thou a faithful God?
 Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal
 To run the heavenly road?

Doth not my heart Thy precepts love,
 And long to see Thy face?
 And yet how slow my spirits move
 Without enlivening grace.

Then shall I love Thy gospel more,
 And ne'er forget Thy Word,
 When I have felt its quickening power
 To draw me near the Lord.

Ps. 119.

73

PARDONING GRACE.

OUT of the deeps of long distress,
 The borders of despair,
 I sent my cries to seek Thy grace,
 My groans to move Thine ear.

Great God, should Thy severer eye,
 And Thine impartial hand,
 Mark and revenge iniquity,
 No mortal flesh could stand.

But there are pardons with my God
 For crimes of high degree;
 Thy Son has bought them with His blood,
 To draw us near to Thee.

I wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
 With strong desires I wait;
 My soul, invited by Thy Word,
 Stands watching at Thy gate.

Just as the guards that keep the night
 Long for the morning skies,
 Watch the first beams of breaking light,
 And meet them with their eyes:

So waits my soul to see Thy grace,
 And more intent than they,
 Meets the first openings of Thy face,
 And finds a brighter day.

Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
 Let Israel seek His face ;
 The Lord is good as well as just,
 And plenteous is His grace.

There's full redemption at His throne
 For sinners long enslaved ;
 The great Redeemer is His Son,
 And Israel shall be saved.

Ps. 130.

74

Romans vi. 1.

SHALL we go on to sin
 Because Thy grace abounds,
 Or crucify the Lord again,
 And open all His wounds ?
 Forbid it, mighty God,
 Nor let it e'er be said
 That we, whose sins are crucified,
 Should raise them from the dead.
 We will be slaves no more,
 Since Christ has made us free,
 Has nailed our tyrants to His cross,
 And bought our liberty.

H. 106, B. 1.

75

SINS CONFESSED AND PARDONED.

O BLESSED souls are they
 Whose sins are covered o'er !
 Divinely bless'd, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more.
 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care ;
 Their lips and lives, without deceit,
 Shall prove their faith sincere.

While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,
And ready pardon found.

Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne ;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

Ps. 32.

76

John iv. 24. SINCERITY IN WORSHIP.

GOD is a Spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

Nothing but truth before His throne
With honour can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before Thy face,
And find acceptance there.

H. 136, B. 1.

77

SALVATION IN THE CROSS.

HERE at Thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath Thy love,
Beneath the droppings of Thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it ever remove.

Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
 Moveless and firm this heart should lie ;
 Resolved, for that's my last defence,
 If I must perish, there to die.

But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear ;
 Am I not safe beneath Thy shade ?
 Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
 Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

Yes, I'm secure beneath Thy blood,
 And all my foes shall lose their aim.
 Hosanna to my dying God,
 And my best honours to His name.

H. 4, B. 2.

78

FEED ON CHRIST OUR SACRIFICE.

NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

But Christ the heavenly Lamb
 Takes all our sins away,
 A sacrifice of nobler name
 And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of Thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin !

My soul looks back to see
 The burdens Thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing His bleeding love.

H. 142, B. 2.

79

UNFRUITFULNESS.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy Word !

Oft I frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of Thy grace
My memory can retain !

How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !

Great God, Thy sovereign power impart
To give Thy Word success :
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.

Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

H. 165, B. 2.

80 Ephes. ii. 8.—By grace ye are saved, through faith.

NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven ;
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven.

Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole ;
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ and saves the soul.

Lord, I believe Thy heavenly word,
Fain would I have my soul renewed ;
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardoned and subdued.

O may Thy grace its power display,
 Let guilt and death no longer reign ;
 Save me in Thine appointed way,
 Nor let my humble faith be vain.

H. 35, B. 1.

The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

81

Gal. vi. 14.—God forbid that I should glory.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God !
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet.
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown.

His dying crimson, like a robe,
 Spreads o'er His body on the tree ;
 Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

H. 7, B. 3.

82

CHRIST THE WISDOM AND THE POWER OF GOD.

NATURE with open volume stands,
 To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;
 And every labour of His hands
 Shows something worthy of a God.

But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines ;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

Here His whole name appears complete ;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.

Here I behold His inmost heart,
Where love and anger seem to join,
Piercing His Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchased pleasures mine.

O, the sweet wonders of that cross !
Where God the Saviour loved and died !
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.

I would for ever speak His name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown ;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

H. 10, B. 3.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm His holy soul.

In long complaints He spends His breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice, join
To execute their dark design.

Yet, gracious God, Thy power and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove ;
Those dreadful sufferings of Thy Son
Atoned for sins which we had done.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

The pangs of our expiring Lord
 The honours of Thy law restored ;
 His sorrows made Thy justice known,
 And paid for follies not His own.

O, for His sake, our guilt forgive,
 And let the mourning sinner live :
 The Lord will hear us in His name,
 Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

Ps. 69.

84

THE VICTORY OF CHRIST'S DEATH.

“**N**OW from the roaring lion's rage,
 O Lord, protect Thy Son,
 Nor leave Thy darling to engage
 The powers of hell alone.”

Thus did our suffering Saviour pray
 With mighty cries and tears ;
 God heard Him in that dreadful day,
 And chased away His fears.

Great was the victory of His death,
 His throne exalted high ;
 And all the kindreds of the earth
 Shall worship or shall die.

A numerous offspring must arise
 From His expiring groans ;
 They shall be reckoned in His eyes
 For daughters and for sons.

The meek and humble souls shall see
 His table richly spread ;
 And all that seek the Lord shall be
 With joys immortal fed.

The isles shall know the righteousness
 Of our incarnate God,
 And nations yet unborn profess
 Salvation in His blood.

Ps. 22.

85

THE VICTORY OF THE CROSS.

LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of Thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repaired and honoured by Thy cross :

When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquished by that dear blood of Thine,
And see the Man that groaned and died
Sit glorious by His Father's side ;

My passions rise and soar above,
I'm winged with faith and fired with love ;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains ;
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall below Thy victories.

Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

H. 5, B. 2.

86

SYMPATHY WITH CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine
The glorious Sufferer stood.

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut His glories in,
 When Jesus our Creator died
 For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

H. 9, B. 2.

CHRIST'S VICTORY AND DOMINION.

I SING my Saviour's wondrous death ;
 He conquered when He fell :
 "'Tis finished !" said His dying breath,
 And shook the gates of hell.

"'Tis finished !" our Immanuel cries,
 The dreadful work is done ;
 Hence shall His sovereign throne arise,
 His kingdom is begun.

His cross a sure foundation laid
 For glory and renown,
 When through the regions of the dead
 He passed to reach the crown.

Exalted at His Father's side
 Sits our victorious Lord ;
 To heaven and hell His hands divide
 The vengeance or reward.

The saints, from His propitious eye,
 Await their several crowns,
 And all the sons of darkness fly
 The terror of His frowns.

H. 114, B. 2.

88 Isaiah liii.—All we like sheep have gone astray.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
 And broke the fold of God,
 Each wandering in a different way,
 But all the downward road.

How dreadful was the hour
 When God our wanderings laid,
 And did at once His vengeance pour
 Upon the Shepherd's head !

How glorious was the grace
 When Christ sustained the stroke !
 His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
 A ransom for the flock.

His honour and His breath
 Were taken both away,
 Joined with the wicked in His death,
 And made as vile as they.

But God shall raise His head
 O'er all the sons of men,
 And make Him see a numerous seed
 To recompense His pain.

"I'll give Him," saith the Lord,
 "A portion with the strong ;
 He shall possess a large reward,
 And hold His honours long."

H. 142, B. 1.

The Resurrection of Christ.

89 EASTER DAY. THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

BLESSED morning, whose young dawning rays
 Beheld our rising God,
 Which saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
 And leave His dark abode.

In the cold prison of a tomb
 The dead Redeemer lay,
 Till the revolving skies had brought
 The third, the appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force
 To hold our God in vain,
 The sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.

To Thy great name, Almighty Lord,
 These sacred hours we pay,
 And loud hosannas shall proclaim
 The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King,
 Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
 With glad hosannas ring.

H. 72, B. 2.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies;
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Come, saints, and weep in silent woe
 For Him who groaned beneath your load:
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see;
 Jesus the dead revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb!
 The tomb in vain forbids His rise;
 Angelic legions guard Him home,
 And shout Him welcome to the skies.

Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
 Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the tyrant Death in chains.

Say, " Live for ever, wondrous King !
 Born to redeem and strong to save ;"
 And say, " O Death, where is thy sting ?
 And where thy victory, O Grave ? "

H. 44, B. 1.

91

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

HOSANNAH to the Prince of light,
 That clothed Himself in clay,
 Entered the iron gates of death,
 And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,
 Since our Immanuel rose ;
 He took the tyrant's sting away,
 And spoiled our hellish foes.

See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
 And to His Father flies,
 With scars of honour in His flesh
 And triumph in His eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And scatters blessings down ;
 Our Jesus fills the middle seat
 Of the celestial throne.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach His blessed abode ;
 Sweet be the accents of your songs
 To our incarnate God.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
 Your sweetest voices raise ;
 Let heaven and all created things
 Sound our Immanuel's praise.

H. 76, B. 2.

92

1 Pet. i. 3—5.—Blessed be the God and Father of our
Lord Jesus Christ.

BLESSED be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored !

When from the dead He raised His Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all His followers must.

There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come ;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

H. 26, B. 1.

93

Lift up your heads, O ye gates.

REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh !
Who can this King of Glory be ?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour He.

Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord the Saviour way :
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

Raised from the dead, He goes before,
To show His saints the open door,
And by His steps to mark the road
Which leads from earth to heaven and God.

Ps. 24.

94

THE ASCENSION.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy
 To God the sovereign King !
 Let every land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus our God ascends on high ;
 His heavenly guards around
 Attend Him rising through the sky,
 With trumpet's joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains ;
 Let all the earth His honours sing :
 O'er all the earth He reigns.

Ps. 47.

95

The ascension and the gifts of the Spirit.

LORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels filled the sky ;
 Those heavenly guards around Thee wait,
 Like chariots that attend Thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious when the Lord was there ;
 While He pronounced His dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious powers of hell,
 That thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains like captives led.

Raised by His Father to the throne,
 He sent the promised Spirit down
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

Ps. 68.

96

The Lord said unto my Lord.

THUS the eternal Father spake
 To Christ the Son : " Ascend, and sit
 At my right hand, till I shall make
 Thy foes submissive at Thy feet.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

“From Zion shall Thy word proceed ;
Thy word, the sceptre in Thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to Thy command.

“That day shall show Thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd Thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines.”

O blessed power ! O glorious day !
What a large victory shall ensue !
And converts, who Thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

Ps. 110.

97

Sit Thou on my right hand.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend Thy throne,
And near the Father sit ;
In Zion shall Thy power be known,
And make Thy foes submit.

What wonders shall Thy Gospel do !
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own Thy sovereign grace.

Jesus our Priest for ever lives
To plead for us above ;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of His love.

God shall exalt Him to His throne,
And His strong rule maintain ;
Till from the dust He calls His own
To share His glorious reign.

Ps. 110.

98

THE TYPES AND THE ANTITYPE.

THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn ;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
 Nor kid nor bullock slain ;
 Incense and spice of costly names
 Would all be burnt in vain.

Aaron must lay his robes away,
 His mitre and his vest,
 When God Himself comes down to be
 The offering and the priest.

He took our mortal flesh to show
 The wonders of His love ;
 For us He paid His life below,
 And prays for us above.

“ Father,” He cries, “ forgive their sins,
 For I myself have died ;”
 And then He shows His opened veins,
 And pleads His wounded side.

H. 12, B. 2.

99

CHRIST'S INTERCESSION.

LIFT up your eyes to the heavenly seats
 Where your Redeemer stays :
 Kind Intercessor, there He sits,
 And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my soul, He died for thee,
 And shed His vital blood ;
 Appeased stern justice on the tree,
 And then arose to God.

Petitions now, and praise may rise,
 And saints their offerings bring ;
 The Priest, with His own sacrifice,
 Presents them to the King.

Jesus alone shall bear my cries
 Up to His Father's throne ;
 He, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs,
 And sweetens every groan.

Ten thousand praises to the King,
 Hosanna in the highest ;
 Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
 To God and to His Christ.

H. 37, B. 2.

HOSANNAH to our conquering King !
 The prince of darkness flies ;
 His troops rush headlong down to hell,
 Like lightning from the skies.

There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
 And fright the rescued sheep ;
 But heavy bars confine their power
 And malice to the deep.

Hosannah to our conquering King !
 All hail, incarnate love !
 Ten thousand songs and glories wait
 To crown Thy head above.

Thy victories and Thy deathless fame
 Through the wide world shall run,
 And everlasting ages sing
 The triumphs Thou hast won.

H. 89, B. 2.

The Pentecost.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the divine disciples met ;
 Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

What gifts, what miracles He gave !
 What power to kill, and power to save !
 Furnished their tongues with wondrous words
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

Thus armed, He sent the champions forth
 From east to west, from south to north :
 "Go, and assert your Saviour's cause ;
 Go, spread the mystery of His cross."

These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low.

Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heavenly arms subdued ;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.

Great King of grace, my heart subdue,
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the victories of His word.

H. 144, B. 2.

102 Romans viii. 14.—The witnessing and sealing Spirit.

WHY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend, and bring
 Some tokens of Thy grace.

Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
 And seal the heirs of heaven ?
 When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven ?

Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear Thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of His love,
 The pledge of joys to come ;
 And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
 Will safe convey me home.

H. 144, B. 1.

103

THE OPERATIONS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

ETERNAL Spirit ! we confess
 And sing the wonders of Thy grace ;
 Thy power conveys our blessings down
 From God the Father and the Son.

Enlightened by Thine heavenly ray,
 Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
 Thine inward teachings make us know
 Our danger and our refuge too.

Thy power and glory work within,
 To break the chains of reigning sin ;
 Our lusts, our passions to subdue,
 And form our stubborn hearts anew.

The troubled conscience knows Thy voice,
 Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
 Thy words allay the stormy wind,
 And calm the surges of the mind.

H. 133, B. 2.

104

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

THIS is the Word of truth and love,
 Sent to the nations from above ;
 Jehovah here resolves to show
 What His almighty grace can do.

This remedy did wisdom find
 To heal diseases of the mind ;
 This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
 Restore the ruined creature, man.

The Gospel bids the dead revive,
 Sinners obey the voice, and live ;
 Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
 And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

Where Satan reigned in shades of night,
 The Gospel strikes a heavenly light ;
 Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
 And calms the rage of angry souls.

Lions and beasts of savage name
 Put on the nature of the lamb ;
 While the wide world esteems it strange,
 Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.
 May but this grace my soul renew,
 Let sinners gaze and hate me too !
 The Word that saves me will engage
 A sure defence from all their rage.

H. 138, B. 2.

105

BREATHING AFTER THE HOLY SPIRIT.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys ;
 Our souls can neither fly nor go
 To reach eternal joys.
 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great ?
 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

H. 34, B. 2.

The Holy Trinity.

106

PRAISE TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

BLESSED be the Father and His love,
 To whose celestial source we owe
 Rivers of endless joys above,
 And rills of comfort here below.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

Glory to Thee, great Son of God,
 From whose dear wounded body rolls
 A precious stream of vital blood,
 Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give Thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
 Who in our hearts of sin and woe
 Makes living springs of grace arise,
 And into boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, we adore ;
 That sea of life and love unknown,
 Without a bottom or a shore.

H. 26, B. 3.

107

I GIVE immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all my comforts here,
 And better hopes above ;
 He sent His own
 Eternal Son,
 To die for sins
 That man had done.

To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with His blood
 From everlasting woe ;
 And now He lives,
 And now He reigns,
 And sees the fruit
 Of all His pains.

To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live :
 His work completes
 The great design,
 And fills the soul
 With joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee
 Be endless honours done ;
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One :
 Where reason fails,
 With all her powers,
 There faith prevails,
 And love adores.

H. 38, B. 3.

108

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

END OF THE PSALMS.

109 Luke xv. 7.—Joy in heaven over the repenting sinner.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
 Through all the courts of paradise,
 To see a prodigal return,
 To see an heir of glory born ?
 With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of His eternal love ;
 The Son with joy looks down and sees
 The purchase of His agonies.
 The Spirit takes delight to view
 The holy soul He formed anew ;
 And saints and angels join to sing
 The growing empire of their King.

H. 101, B. 1.

The Ministry of Angels.

110

Who maketh His angels spirits.

THE Lord, the Sovereign King,
 Hath fixed His throne on high ;
 O'er all the heavenly world He rules,
 And all beneath the sky.

Ye angels, great in might,
 And swift to do His will,
 Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
 Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright hosts who wait
 The orders of their King,
 And guard His Churches when they pray,
 Join in the praise they sing.

While all His wondrous works
 Through His vast kingdom show
 Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
 Shalt sing His graces too.

Ps. 103.

111

Are they not all ministering spirits?

HIGH on a hill of dazzling light
 The King of glory spreads His seat,
 And troops of angels stretched for flight
 Stand waiting round His awful feet.

Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
 Wait on Thy wandering Church below !
 Here we are sailing to Thy coasts ;
 Let angels be our convoy too.

Are they not all Thy servants, Lord ?
 At Thy command they go and come ;
 With cheerful haste obey Thy word,
 And guard Thy children to their home.

H. 18, B. 2.

The Saints in Heaven.

112 Rev. vii. 13.—Who are these arrayed in white robes,
 and whence came they ?

“**W**HAT happy men, or angels, these,
 That all their robes are spotless white ?
 Whence did this glorious troop arrive
 At the pure realms of heavenly light ?”

From torturing racks, and burning fires,
 And seas of their own blood, they came ;
 But nobler blood has washed their robes,
 Flowing from Christ, the dying Lamb.

Now they approach the Almighty throne
 With loud hosannahs night and day ;
 Sweet anthems to the great Three-One
 Measure their blessed eternity.

No more shall hunger pain their souls,
 He bids their parching thirst begone,
 And spreads the shadow of His wings
 To screen them from the scorching sun.

The Lamb who fills the middle throne
 Shall shed around His milder beams :
 There shall they feast on His rich love,
 And drink full joys from living streams.

Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
 Through the vast round of endless years,
 And the soft hand of sovereign grace
 Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

H. 40, B. 1.

113 Rev. vii. 14.—These are they that came out of *the*
 great tribulation.

THESSE glorious forms, how bright they shine !
 “ Whence all their white array ?
 How came they to the happy seats
 Of everlasting day ? ”

From torturing pains to endless joys
 On fiery wheels they rode,
 And strangely washed their raiment white
 In Jesus' dying blood.

Now they approach a spotless God,
 And bow before His throne ;
 With warbling harps and sacred songs
 Adore the Holy One.

The unveiled glories of His face
 On all their armies shine ;
 While the rich treasures of His grace
 Fill them with joy divine.

Hunger and thirst are known no more,
 Nor cold, nor burning heat ;
 Beneath the trees of life they sit,
 And fruits immortal eat.

The Lamb shall lead His heavenly flock
 Where living fountains rise ;
 And love divine shall wipe away
 The sorrows of their eyes.

H. 41, B. 1. (C. T. R.)

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke ;

But we are come to Sion's hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare His will,
 And spread His love abroad.

Behold the innumerable host
 Of angels clothed in light !
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turned to sight !

Behold the blessed assembly there
 Whose names are writ in heaven ;
 And God, the Judge of all, declares
 Their vilest sins forgiven.

The saints on earth and all the dead
 But one communion make ;
 All join in Christ, their living Head,
 And of His grace partake.

In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest :
 The man who dwells where Jesus is
 Must be for ever bless'd.

H. 152, B. 2.

- 115 Heb. xii. 1.—Seeing we are compassed about by so
 great a cloud of witnesses.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears ;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came ;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.

They marked the footsteps that He trod,
 His zeal inspired their breast ;
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For His own pattern given,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

H. 140, B. 2.

Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

- 116 Rom. vi. 3.—Buried with Him in baptism.

DO we not know that solemn word,
 That we are buried with the Lord,
 Baptized into His death, and then
 Put off the body of our sin ?

E

114 BAPTISM AND THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death ;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again ;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

H. 122, B. 1.

117 GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

AT Thy command, ascended Lord,
Here we attend Thy dying feast ;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns Thy board,
And Thine own flesh feeds every guest.

Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died ;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause ;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in His cross.

With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb ;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

H. 19, B. 3.

118 COMMUNION WITH CHRIST AND HIS SAINTS.

JESUS invites His saints
To meet around His board ;
Here pardoned rebels come, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

For food He gives His flesh,
He bids us drink His blood :
Amazing favour ! matchless grace
Of our descending God !

This holy bread and wine
 Maintain our fainting breath,
 By union with our living Lord,
 And interest in His death.

Our heavenly Father calls
 Christ and His members one ;
 We the young children of His love,
 And He the firstborn Son.

We are but several parts
 Of the same broken bread ;
 One body hath its several limbs,
 But Jesus is the head.

Let all our powers be joined
 His glorious name to raise ;
 Pleasure and love fill every mind,
 And every voice be praise.

H. 2, B. 3.

119

CHRIST'S DYING LOVE.

HOW condescending and how kind
 Was God's eternal Son !
 Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
 And pity brought Him down.

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to His throne ;
 There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
 But cost His heart a groan.

This was compassion like a God,
 That when the Saviour knew
 The price of pardon was His blood,
 His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now, though He reigns exalted high,
 His love is still as great ;
 Well He remembers Calvary,
 Nor let His saints forget.

Here we receive repeated seals
 Of Jesus' dying love :
 Hard is the heart that never feels
 One soft affection move.

Here let our songs of praise begin,
 While we His death record,
 And with our joy for pardoned sin,
 Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

H. 4, B. 3.

HOW rich are Thy provisions, Lord !
 Thy table furnished from above !
 The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
 The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
 And help was far, and death was nigh !
 But at the Gospel-call we came,
 And every want received supply.

From the highway that leads to hell,
 From paths of darkness and despair,
 Lord, we are come with Thee to dwell,
 Glad to enjoy Thy presence here.

What shall we pay the Eternal Son
 That left the heaven of His abode,
 And to this wretched earth came down,
 To bring us wanderers back to God ?

It cost Him death to save our lives ;
 To buy our souls it cost His own ;
 And all the unknown joys He gives
 Were bought with agonies unknown.

Our everlasting love is due
 To Him that ransomed sinners lost,
 And pitied rebels, when He knew
 The vast expense His love would cost.

H. 12, B. 3.

121

THE GOSPEL FEAST.

HOW sweet and awful is the place
 With Christ within the doors,
 While everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores !
 The voice of our forgiving God
 Our guilty fear controls ;
 Here peace and pardon bought with blood
 Are food for dying souls.
 While all our hearts and all our songs
 Join to admire the feast,
 Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
 " Lord, why was I a guest ?
 " Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
 And enter while there's room ;
 When thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come ? "

'Twas the same love that spread the feast
 That sweetly forced us in ;
 Else we had still refused to taste,
 And perished in our sin.
 Pity the nations, O our God,
 Constrain the earth to come ;
 Send Thy victorious Word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.
 We long to see Thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
 Sing Thy redeeming grace.

H. 13, B. 3.

122

MOSES AND THE LAMB.

HOW strong Thine arm is, mighty God !
 Who would not fear Thy name ?
 Jesus, how sweet Thy graces are !
 Who would not love the Lamb ?

He has done more than Moses did,
 Our Prophet and our King ;
 From bonds of hell He freed our souls,
 And taught our lips to sing.

In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
 The Egyptian host was drowned ;
 But His own blood hides all our sins,
 And guilt no more is found.

When through the desert Israel went,
 With manna they were fed ;
 Our Lord invites us to His flesh,
 And calls it living bread.

Moses beheld the promised land,
 Yet never reached the place ;
 But Christ shall bring His followers home,
 To see His Father's face.

Then shall our love and joy be full,
 And feel a warmer flame ;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

H. 49, B. 1.

THOU, whom my soul admires above
 All earthly joy and earthly love,
 Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
 Where doth Thy sweetest pasture grow ?

Where is the shadow of that rock
 Which from the sun defends Thy flock ?
 Fain would I feed among Thy sheep,
 Among them rest, among them sleep.

Why should Thy bride appear like one
 That turns aside to paths unknown ?
 My constant feet would never rove,
 Would never seek another love.

The footsteps of Thy flock I see ;
 Thy sweetest pastures here they be ;
 A wondrous feast Thy love prepares,
 Bought with thy wounds and groans and tears.

His sacred flesh He makes my food,
 And bids me drink His precious blood ;
 Here to these hills my soul would come,
 Till my Beloved leads me home.

H. 67, B. 1.

124 John vi. 31.—My Father giveth you the true bread
 from heaven.

LET us adore the eternal Word,
 'Tis He our souls hath fed :
 Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
 And Thou the immortal bread.

The manna came from lower skies,
 But Jesus from above,
 Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
 And rivers flow with love.

The Jews, the fathers, died at last,
 Who ate that heavenly bread ;
 But these provisions which we taste
 Can raise us from the dead.

Blessed be the Lord who gives His flesh
 To nourish dying men ;
 And often spreads His table fresh,
 Lest we should faint again.

Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
 Whilst Jesus finds supplies ;
 Nor shall our graces sink to death,
 For Jesus never dies.

Daily our mortal flesh decays,
 But Christ our life shall come ;
 His unresisted power shall raise
 Our bodies from the tomb.

H. 5, B. 3.

125 For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup,
ye do show the Lord's death till He come.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach Him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget His lovely face ;
And, to refresh our minds, He gave
These kind memorials of His grace.

The Lord of Life this table spread
With His own flesh and dying blood ;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.

Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and His love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on Him.

While He is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near His face.

Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come ;
We wait Thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.

H. 6, B. 3.

126 COMPASSION OF THE DYING CHRIST.

OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb ;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as His name,
And melting as His dying love !

Was ever equal pity found ?
The Prince of heaven resigns His breath,
And pours His life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.

Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws ;
 He from the threatenings set us free,
 Bore the full vengeance on His cross,
 And nailed the curses to the tree.

The law proclaims no terror now,
 And Sinai's thunder rolls no more ;
 From all His wounds new blessings flow,
 A sea of joy without a shore.

Here we have washed our deepest stains,
 And healed our wounds with heavenly blood ;
 Bless'd fountain : springing from the veins
 Of Jesus, our incarnate God.

In vain our mortal voices strive
 To speak compassion so divine ;
 Had we a thousand lives to give,
 A thousand lives should all be Thine.

H. 22, B. 3.

127

PARDON AND STRENGTH FROM CHRIST.

FATHER, we wait to feel Thy grace,
 To see Thy glories shine ;
 The Lord will His own table bless,
 And make the feast divine.

We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,
 We drink the sacred cup ;
 With outward forms our sense is fed,
 Our souls rejoice in hope.

We shall appear before the throne
 Of our forgiving God,
 Dressed in the garments of His Son,
 And sprinkled with His blood.

We shall be strong to run the race,
 To reach the upper sky ;
 He will provide all needful grace,
 And every want supply.

122 THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

Then let us all rejoice and sing,
While this rich food we taste ;
For God, our Maker and our King,
Invites us to the feast. H. 24, B. 3.

128 DELIGHT IN COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone :
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.
My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire :
Come, blessed Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
The trees of life immortal stand
Laden with fruit at Thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by their side
The streams of life for ever glide.
Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of Thy grace ;
Bring down a taste of fruit divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.
Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !
How sweet Thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,
In Thee Thy Father's glories shine ;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known. H. 15, B. 2.

Thanksgiving after Childbirth.

129 THE BLESSING OF GOD SANCTIFYING HIS GIFTS.

IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost ;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well might sleep.

What if you rise before the sun,
 And work and toil when day is done,
 Careful and sparing eat your bread,
 To shun that poverty you dread.

'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest ;
 He can make rich, yet give us rest :
 Children and friends are blessings too,
 If God, our Sovereign, make them so.

Happy the man to whom He sends
 Obedient children, faithful friends :
 How sweet our daily comforts prove,
 When they are seasoned with His love.

Ps. 127.

130 VOWS PAID IN PUBLIC WHICH WERE MADE IN
 SORROW.

WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all His kindness shown ;
 My feet shall visit Thine abode,
 My songs address Thy throne.

Among the saints that fill Thine house,
 My offerings shall be paid ;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.

How happy all Thy servants are !
 How great Thy grace to me !
 My life which Thou hast made Thy care,
 Lord, I devote to Thee.

Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move ;
 Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
 And bound me with Thy love.

Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
 And Thy rich grace record ;
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the Lord.

Ps. 116.

Affliction and Sorrow.

131

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

LET others boast how strong they be,
 Nor death nor danger fear ;
 But we'll confess, O Lord, to Thee,
 What feeble things we are.

Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
 And flourish bright and gay ;
 A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
 And fades the grass away.

Our life contains a thousand springs,
 And dies if one be gone ;
 Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
 Should keep in tune so long !

But 'tis our God supports our frame,
 The God that built us first ;
 Salvation to the Almighty name
 That reared us from the dust.

While we have breath, or use our tongues,
 Our Maker we'll adore ;
 His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
 Or they would breathe no more.

H. 19, B. 2.

132

RESIGNATION UNDER SORROW.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
 And crept to life at first,
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with the dust.

The dear delights we here enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short favours borrowed now,
 To be repaid anon.

'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them in the grave ;
 He gives, and, blessed be His name !
 He takes but what He gave.

Peace, all our angry passions, then ;
 Let each rebellious sigh
 Be silent at His sovereign will,
 And every murmur die.
 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread ;
 And we'll adore the justice too
 That strikes our comforts dead.

H. 5, B. 1.

133 1 Cor. vii. 31.—And they that use this world, as not
 abusing it.

HOW vain are all things here below !
 How false, and yet how fair !
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And every sweet a snare.
 The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flattering light ;
 We should suspect some danger nigh
 Where we possess delight.
 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wavering minds,
 And leave but half for God !
 The fondness of a creature's love,
 How strong it strikes the sense !
 Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.
 Dear Saviour, let Thy beauties be
 My soul's eternal food ;
 And grace command my heart away
 From all created good.

H. 48, B. 2.

134 1 Cor. iii. 21.—For all things are yours.

HOW vast the treasure we possess !
 How rich Thy bounty, King of Grace !
 This world is ours, and worlds to come ;
 Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

All things are ours, the gifts of God,
The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use and to improve them too.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise ;
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great ;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

Father, I wait Thy daily will ;
Thou shalt divide my portion still :
Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

H. 43, B. 1.

135

Rom. viii. 37.—In all these things we are more
than conquerors.

ARE we the soldiers of the cross ?
The followers of the Lamb ?
And shall we fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name ?

Now we must fight if we would reign ;
Increase our courage, Lord !
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they're slain ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

H. 37, B. 1.

136 Gen. xxii. 14.—In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.

SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord ;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

So Abra'm with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command ;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays delivering power ;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

H. 129, B. 1.

137

Wait, I say, on the Lord.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

Let not Thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away ;
God of my life, I fly to Thee
In a distressing day.

Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life His care,
And all my need supply.

My fainting flesh had died with grief
Had not my soul believed
To see Thy grace provide relief ;
Nor was my hope deceived.

Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up ;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

Ps. 27.

138

Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.

Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me ;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from Thy presence die ;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

But to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

Ps. 73.

139

Blessed be the Lord my strength.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield ;
He sends His Spirit with His Word,
To arm me for the field.

When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul His care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

A friend and helper so divine
 Does my weak courage raise ;
 He makes the glorious victory mine,
 And His shall be the praise.

Ps. 144.

140

THE AGED MAN'S PRAYER AND SONG.

GOD of my childhood and my youth,
 The guide of all my days,
 I have declared Thy heavenly truth,
 And told Thy wondrous ways.
 Wilt Thou forsake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart ?
 Who shall sustain my sinking years,
 If God my strength depart ?
 Let me Thy power and truth proclaim
 To the surviving age ;
 And leave a savour of Thy name
 When I shall quit the stage.
 By long experience have I known
 Thy sovereign power to save ;
 At Thy command I venture down
 Securely to the grave.
 The land of silence and of death
 Attends my next remove ;
 O may these poor remains of breath
 Teach the wide world Thy love !
 When I lie buried deep in dust,
 My flesh shall be Thy care ;
 These withering limbs with Thee I trust,
 To raise them strong and fair.

Ps. 71.

Faith and Hope.

141

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
 My heart within me dies ;
 Helpless and far from all relief,
 To heaven I lift mine eyes.

O lead me to the rock,
 So high above my head,
 And make the covert of Thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.

Within Thy presence, Lord,
 For ever I'll abide ;
 Thou art the tower of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.

Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear Thy name ;
 If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.

Ps. 61.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless His name
 For favours so divine.

O bless the Lord, my soul,
 Nor let His mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praise to die.

'Tis He forgives thy sins ;
 'Tis He relieves thy pain,
 'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses
 And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransomed from the grave :
 He who redeemed my soul from hell
 Hath sovereign power to save.

He fills the poor with good,
 He gives the sufferers rest ;
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for the oppressed.

His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known ;
 But sent the world His truth and grace
 By His beloved Son.

Ps. 103.

143 PRAISE TO GOD FOR HIS PITY AND GOODNESS.

MY soul, repeat His praise
 Whose mercies are so great,
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

God will not always chide ;
 And when His strokes are felt,
 His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
 And lighter than our guilt.

High as the heavens are raised
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of His grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins,
 And His forgiving love
 Far as the east is from the west
 Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord
 To those that fear His name
 Is such as tender parents feel ;
 He knows our feeble frame.

He knows we are but dust,
 Scattered with every breath ;
 His anger, like a rising wind,
 Can send us swift to death.

Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower ;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
 It withers in an hour.

But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Ps. 103.

144

Let none that wait on Thee be ashamed.

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord ;
I love to plead His promises,
And rest upon His Word.

Turn, turn Thee to my soul,
Bring Thy salvation near :
When will Thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare ?

When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod ?

The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe ;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

With every morning light
My sorrow new begins ;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

With humble faith I wait
To see Thy face again ;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

Ps. 25.

145 THROUGH THE WILDERNESS TO HEAVEN.

LORD, what a barren land is this
 Of all Divine supplies :
 No healing fruits from heavenly trees,
 No springs of living joys.

Seductive fruits hang bending round,
 And sparkling waters flow ;
 But everywhere the taint is found
 Which poisons all below.

Sometimes through midnight shades we go
 With not one twinkling ray ;
 'Tis all the stoutest heart can do
 To stand and watch for day.

Yet the fair path to Thine abode
 Lies through this dangerous land :
 Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,
 And run at Thy command.

Our soul shall tread the desert through
 With undiverted feet,
 And faith and flaming zeal subdue
 The terrors that we meet.

See the kind angels at the gates
 Inviting us to come.
 There Jesus the Forerunner waits,
 To welcome travellers home.

There on a green and flowery mount
 Our weary souls shall sit,
 And with transporting joys recount
 The labours of our feet.

No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
 Nor trifles vex our ear ;
 Infinite grace shall fill our song,
 And God rejoice to hear.

Eternal glories to the King
 That brought us safely through,
 Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
 And endless praise renew.

H. 53, B. 2. (C. T. R.)

146

JOY OF HEAVEN ON EARTH.

COME ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in the song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place ;
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.
 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.
 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God,
 But favourites of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
 God, from His throne on high,
 Fulfils His firm decrees ;
 He rides upon the stormy sky,
 And treads upon the seas.
 This glorious God is ours,
 Our God of life and love :
 He shall send down His heavenly powers
 To carry us above.
 There we shall see His face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There from the rivers of His grace
 Drink endless pleasures in.
 Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

The hill of Sion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

H. 30, B. 2.

147

DOUBTS DISPELLED.

HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, begone,
 And leave me to my joys ;
 My tongue shall triumph in my God,
 And make a joyful noise.

Darkness and doubts had veiled my mind,
 And drowned my eyes in tears,
 Till sovereign grace with shining rays
 Dispelled my gloomy fears.

O what immortal joys I felt,
 And raptures all divine,
 When Jesus told me I was His,
 And my Beloved mine !

In vain the tempter frights my soul,
 And breaks my peace in vain ;
 One glimpse, dear Saviour, of Thy face
 Revives my joys again.

H. 73, B. 2.

148

HEAVENLY JOYS EXCHANGED FOR THOSE OF THIS
WORLD.

I SEND the joys of earth away ;
 Away, ye tempters of the mind !
 False as the smooth deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.

Your streams were floating me along,
 Down to the gulf of black despair,
 And whilst I listened to your song,
 Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes ;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies !

There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

H. 11, B. 2.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the Gospel armour on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite ?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

What though thine inward lusts rebel ?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace,
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

H. 77, B. 2.

150

THE INCONSTANCY OF OUR LOVE.

WHY is my heart so far from Thee,
 My God, my chief delight ?
 Why are my thoughts no more by day
 With Thee, no more by night ?

Why should my foolish passions rove ?
 Where can such sweetness be
 As I have tasted in Thy love,
 As I have found in Thee ?

When my forgetful soul renews
 The savour of Thy grace,
 My heart presumes I cannot lose
 The relish all my days.

But, ere one fleeting hour is passed,
 The flattering world employs
 Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
 And to pollute my joys.

Trifles of nature or of art,
 With fair deceitful charms,
 Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
 And thrust me from Thy arms.

Then I repent, and vex my soul
 That I should leave Thee so ;
 Where will those wild affections roll
 That let a Saviour go ?

Sin's promised joys are turned to pain,
 And I am drowned in grief ;
 But still my Lord returns again,
 He flies to my relief.

Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
 He draws with loving bands ;
 Divine compassion in His eyes,
 And pardon in His hands.

Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
 And bring my heart to rest
 On the dear centre of my soul,
 My God, my Saviour's breast.

H. 20, B. 2.

151 Is. xl. 28.—They shall mount up with wings as eagles.

AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
 Let every trembling thought be gone :
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
 But they forget the mighty God
 Who feeds the strength of every saint.

That mighty God, whose matchless power
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and drop and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air
 We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

H. 48, B. 1.

152

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

MY Shepherd will supply my need,
 Jehovah is His name ;
 In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.

He brings my wandering spirit back
 When I forsake His ways ;
 And leads me for His mercy's sake
 In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of death
 Thy presence is my stay ;
 A word of Thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.

Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
 Doth still my table spread ;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days :
 O may Thy house be mine abode,
 And all my work be praise !

There would I find a settled rest,
 While others go and come ;
 No more a stranger or a guest,
 But like a child at home.

Ps. 23.

153 My strength is made perfect in weakness.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
 "Strength shall be equal to thy day ;"
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

I glory in infirmity,
 That Christ's own power may rest on me :
 When I am weak, then am I strong ;
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

I can do all things, or can bear
 All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While His strong arm my head sustains.

But if the conflict we begin,
Snared by some unsuspected sin,
No wonder if our watchful foe
Effects our shameful overthrow.

Lord, in Thy mercy, make us see
Our safety and our strength in Thee !
How *safe* we are, held by Thy hand !
How *strong* when in Thy strength we stand !

H. 15, B. 1. (C. T. R.)

154 How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

My God ! how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord ;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy Word.

Ps. 36.

155

In Thy presence is fulness of joy.

MY God, my life, my love !
 To Thee, to Thee I call ;
 I cannot live if Thou remove,
 For Thou art all in all.

Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell ;
 'Tis paradise when Thou art here ;
 If Thou depart, 'tis hell.

The simplings of Thy face,
 How amiable they are !
 'Tis heaven to rest in Thine embrace,
 And nowhere else but there.

To Thee, and Thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss ;
 They sit around Thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the harps above
 Can make a heavenly place,
 If God His residence remove,
 Or but conceal His face.

Nor earth, nor all the sky,
 Can one delight afford,
 No, not a drop of real joy,
 Without Thy presence, Lord.

Thou art the sea of love
 Where all my pleasures roll,
 The circle where my passions move,
 And centre of my soul.

To Thee my spirits fly
 With passionate desire ;
 And yet how far from Thee I lie !
 Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

156

For with Thee is the fountain of life.

ABOVE these heaven-created rounds,
 Thy mercies, Lord, extend ;
 Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
 Where time and nature end.

From Thee, when creature-streams run low,
 And mortal comforts die,
 Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
 And raise our pleasures high.

Though all created light decay,
 And death close up our eyes,
 Thy presence makes eternal day,
 Where clouds can never rise.

Ps. 36.

157

Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

MY God, my portion, and my love,
 My everlasting all !
 I've none but Thee in heaven above,
 Or on this earthly ball.

What empty things are all the skies,
 And this inferior clod !
 There's nothing here deserves my joys,
 There's nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning sun
 Scatters his feeble light :
 'Tis Thy sweet beams create my noon ;
 If Thou withdraw, 'tis night.

Restless, I mark the weary pace
 With which the minutes roll ;
 But if my Saviour shows His face,
 'Tis morning with my soul.

To Thee we owe our wealth and friends,
 And health and safe abode ;
 Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,
 But they are not my God.

How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
 If once compared to Thee!
 Or what's my safety, or my health,
 Or all my friends to me?

Were I possessor of the earth,
 And called the stars my own,
 Without Thy graces and Thyself
 I were a wretch undone.

Let others stretch their arms like seas,
 And grasp in all the shore,
 Grant me the visits of Thy face,
 And I desire no more.

H. 94, B. 2.

158 Who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will.

LET the whole race of creatures lie
 Abased before their God;
 Whate'er His sovereign voice has formed,
 He governs with a nod.

Ten thousand ages ere the skies
 Were into motion brought,
 All the long years and worlds to come
 Stood present to His thought.

If light attends the course I run,
 'Tis He provides those rays;
 And 'tis His hand that hides my sun,
 If darkness cloud my days.

Yet I would not be much concerned,
 Nor vainly long to see
 The volumes of His deep decrees,
 What months are writ for me.

When He reveals the book of life,
 O may I read my name
 Amongst the chosen of His love,—
 The followers of the Lamb!

H. 99, B. 2.

159 VISION OF CHRIST THROUGH THE EYE OF FAITH.

FROM Thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
 And run eternal rounds,
 Beyond the limits of the skies,
 And all created bounds.

The holy triumphs of my soul
 Shall death itself out-brave,
 Leave dull mortality behind,
 And fly beyond the grave.

There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
 In heaven's unmeasured space,
 I'll spend a long eternity
 In pleasure and in praise.

Millions of years my wondering eyes
 Shall o'er Thy beauties rove,
 And endless ages I'll adore
 The glories of Thy love.

Blessed Jesus, every smile of Thine
 Shall fresh endearments bring,
 And thousand tastes of new delight
 From all Thy graces spring.

Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
 Up to Thy blessed abode ;
 Fly, for my spirit longs to see
 My Saviour and my God.

H. 75, B. 2.

160 The fashion of this world passeth away.

WHY should this earth delight us so ?
 Why should we fix our eyes
 On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
 And every pleasure dies ?

While time his sharpest teeth prepares
 Our comforts to devour,
 There is a land above the stars,
 And joys above his power.

Nature shall be dissolved and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

When will that glorious morning rise ?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies
From underneath the ground ?

H. 164, B. 2.

161 They that seek the Lord shall not want any good
thing.

I'LL bless the Lord from day to day ;
How good are all His ways !
Ye humble souls that used to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.

Sing to the honour of His name,
How a poor sufferer cried ;
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

When threatening sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes,

I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears ;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenced all my fears.

O sinners, come and taste His love :
Come, learn His pleasant ways ;
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of His grace.

He bids His angels pitch their tents
Round where His children dwell ;
What ills their heavenly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.

O love the Lord, ye saints of His ;
 His eye regards the just.
 How richly blessed their portion is
 Who make the Lord their trust !

Young lions, pinched with hunger, roar
 And famish in the wood ;
 But God supplies His holy poor
 With every needful good.

Ps. 34.

162

LIGHT IS SOWN FOR THE RIGHTEOUS.

THE Almighty reigns, exalted high
 O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;
 Though clouds and darkness veil His feet,
 His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

O ye that love His holy name,
 Hate every work of sin and shame ;
 He guards the souls of all His friends,
 And from the snares of hell defends.

Immortal light and joys unknown
 Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
 Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
 And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
 The sacred honours of the Lord ;
 None but the soul that feels His grace
 Can triumph in His holiness.

Ps. 97.

163

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
 And firm as mountains be,
 Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
 That leans, O Lord, on Thee.

Not walls nor hills could guard so well
 Old Salem's happy ground,
 As those eternal arms of love
 That every saint surround.

While tyrants are a smarting scourge
 To drive them near to God,
 Divine compassion shall allay
 The fury of the rod.

Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
 And lead them safely on
 To the bright gates of Paradise,
 Where Christ their Lord is gone.

But if we trace those crooked ways
 Which the old serpent drew,
 The wrath that drove him first to hell
 Shall smite his followers too.

Ps. 125.

164 The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.

MY God, the steps of pious men
 Are ordered by Thy will ;
 Though they should fall, they rise again,
 Thy hand supports them still.

The Lord delights to see their ways,
 Their virtue He approves ;
 He'll ne'er deprive them of His grace,
 Nor leave the men He loves.

The heavenly heritage is theirs,
 Their portion and their home ;
 He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
 Of blessings long to come.

Ps. 37.

165 I will cry unto God that performeth all things for me.

MY God, in whom are all the springs
 Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
 Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,
 Till the dark cloud is overblown.

Up to the heavens I send my cry,
 The Lord will my desires perform ;
 He sends His angel from the sky,
 And saves me from the threatening storm.

Be Thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land Thy wonders tell.

My heart is fixed, my song shall raise
 Immortal honours to Thy name ;
 Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise—
 My tongue, the glory of my frame.

High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,
 And reaches to the utmost sky ;
 His truth to endless years remains,
 When lower worlds dissolve and die.

Be Thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land Thy wonders tell.

Ps. 57.

166 So He bringeth them to the desired haven.

OUR sins, alas, how strong they be !
 And, like a violent sea,
 They break our duty, Lord, to Thee,
 And hurry us away.

The waves of trouble, how they rise !
 How loud the tempests roar !
 But death shall land our weary souls
 Safe on the heavenly shore.

There to fulfil His sweet commands,
 Our speedy feet shall move ;
 No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
 Or cool our burning love.

There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
 The wonders of His grace,
 Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
 And smile in every face.

For ever His dear sacred name
 Shall dwell upon our tongue,
 And Jesus and salvation be
 The close of every song.

H. 86, B. 2.

167 WHO DWELLETH IN LIGHT INACCESSIBLE.

HOW wondrous great, how glorious bright
 Must our Creator be,
 Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
 Of vast infinity!

Our soaring spirits upwards rise
 To the celestial throne;
 Fain would we see the blessed Three,
 And the Almighty One.

Our reason stretches all its wings,
 And climbs above the skies;
 But still how far beneath Thy feet
 Our grovelling reason lies!

H. 87, B. 2.

168 Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.

WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
 Those mournful colours wear?
 What doubts are these that waste your faith,
 And nourish your despair?

What though your numerous sins exceed
 The stars that fill the skies,
 And aiming at the eternal throne,
 Like pointed mountains rise?

What though your mighty guilt beyond
 The wide creation swell,
 And has its deep foundations laid
 Low as the gulfs of hell?

See here an endless ocean flows
 Of never-failing grace,
 Behold a dying Saviour's veins
 The sacred flood increase.

It rises high, and drowns the hills,
 Has neither shore nor bound ;
 Now if we search to find our sins,
 Our sins can ne'er be found.

Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
 That buries all our faults,
 And pardoning blood, that swells above
 Our follies and our thoughts.

H. 85, B. 2.

169 To the upright there ariseth light in darkness.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days
 And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades, if He appear
 My dawning is begun ;
 He is my soul's sweet morning star,
 And He my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
 And whispers, I am His.

My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe ;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Should bear me conqueror through.

H. 54, B. 2.

170 Ephes. iii. 19.—That ye may know the love of Christ,
 which passeth knowledge.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
 By faith and love in every breast ;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
 The joys that cannot be expressed.

Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length
 Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God whose power can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,
 Be everlasting honours done
 By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

H. 135, B. 1.

171

THE PEACE OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

LORD, how secure and blessed are they
 Who feel the joys of pardoned sin :
 Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
 Their minds have heaven and peace within.

The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
 Made up of innocence and love ;
 And soft and silent as the shades
 Their nightly minutes gently move.

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
 The clouds of doubt before them flee ;
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,
 And calm as summer evenings be.

How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
 Where groves of living pleasure grow :
 And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
 Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

They scorn to seek our golden toys,
 But spend the day and share the night
 In numbering o'er the richer joys
 That heaven prepares for their delight.

While wretched we, like worms and moles,
 Lie grovelling in the dust below :
 Almighty Grace, renew our souls,
 We will aspire to glory too.

H. 57, B. 2.

172

COMFORT IN SORROW.

NOW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
 And show my name upon His heart,
 I would forget my pains awhile,
 And in the pleasure lose the smart.

But O it swells my sorrows high
 To see my blessed Jesus frown !
 My spirits sink, my comforts die,
 And all the springs of life are down.

Yet why, my soul, why these complaints ?
 Still while He frowns His bowels move ;
 Still on His heart He bears His saints,
 And feels their sorrows and His love.

My name is printed on His breast ;
 His book of life contains my name ;
 I'd rather have it there impressed
 Than in the bright records of fame.

When the last fire burns all things here,
 Those letters shall securely stand,
 And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
 Writ by the eternal Father's hand.

Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
 Whilst here I wait my Father's will ;
 My rising and my setting sun
 Roll gently up and down the hill.

H. 50, B. 2.

173

PRAISE FOR CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

LET them neglect Thy glory, Lord,
 Who never knew Thy grace ;
 But our loud songs shall still record
 The wonders of Thy praise.

We raise our shouts, O God, to Thee,
 And send them to Thy throne ;
 All glory to the united Three,
 The undivided One.

"Twas He, and we'll adore His name,
That formed us by a word ;

"Tis He restores our ruined frame :
Salvation to the Lord !

Hosannah ! let the earth and skies

Repeat the joyful sound ;

Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

H. 35, B. 2.

174 Isaiah xl. 27.—In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise ?
And where's our courage fled ?

Have restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead ?

Have we forgot the Almighty name
That formed the earth and sea ?

And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay ?

Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell ;

He gives the conquest to the weak,
Their fiercest foes to quell.

Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease ;

But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,

Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

H. 32, B. 1.

175 Titus ii. 10.—Teaching us to deny ungodliness.

SO let our lips and lives express

The holy Gospel we profess ;

So let our works and virtues shine,

To prove the doctrine all Divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honours of our Saviour God,
 When the salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.
 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
 Whilst justice, temperance, truth, and love,
 Our inward piety approve.

H. 132, B. 1.

176

Underneath are the everlasting arms.

HOW can I sink with such a prop
 As my eternal God,
 Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
 And spreads the heavens abroad ?
 How can I die while Jesus lives,
 Who rose and left the dead ?
 Pardon and grace my soul receives
 From mine exalted Head.
 All that I am, and all I have,
 Shall be for ever Thine ;
 Whate'er my duty bids me give,
 My cheerful hands resign.

H. 116, B. 2.

177

RETIREMENT AND MEDITATION.

MY God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and Thee ;
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.
 Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
 Call me away from flesh and sense,
 One sovereign word can draw me thence ;
 I would obey the voice Divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
 Let noise and vanity be gone ;
 In secret silence of the mind,
 My heaven, and there my God, I find.

H. 122, B. 2.

178 1 John 3.—Behold, what manner of love the Father hath
 bestowed upon us.

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
 The Father has bestowed
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God !
 'Tis no surprising thing
 That we should be unknown ;
 The Jewish world knew not their King—
 God's everlasting Son.
 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made ;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.
 A hope so much Divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.
 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.
 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne ;
 My faith shall Abba Father cry,
 And Thou the kindred own.

H. 64, B. 1.

179 1 Peter 2.—As new born babes, desire the sincere milk
 of the Word, that ye may grow thereby.

SO new-born babes desire the breast
 To feed, and grow, and thrive ;
 So saints with joy the gospel taste,
 And by the gospel live.

With inward gust their heart approves
 All that the word relates ;
 They love the men their Father loves,
 And hate the works He hates.

Not all the flattering baits on earth
 Can make them slaves to lust ;
 Make them forget their heavenly birth,
 Or grovel in the dust.

Not all the chains that tyrants use
 Shall bind their souls to vice ;
 Faith, like a conqueror, can produce
 A thousand victories.

Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
 Abides and reigns within ;
 Immortal principles forbid
 The sons of God to sin.

Not by the terrors of a slave
 Do they perform His will,
 But with the noblest powers they have,
 His sweet commands fulfil.

They find access at every hour
 To God within the veil ;
 Hence they derive a quickening power,
 And joys that never fail.

O happy souls ! O glorious state
 Of overflowing grace !
 To dwell so near their Father's seat,
 And see His lovely face !

Lord, I address Thy heavenly throne ;
 Call me a child of Thine ;
 Send down the Spirit of Thy Son
 To form my heart Divine.

There shed Thy choicest loves abroad,
 And make my comforts strong :
 Then shall I say, " My Father God !"
 With an unwavering tongue.

180

PARTING WITH CARNAL JOYS.

MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
 And bids the world farewell,
 Base as the dust beneath my feet,
 And mischievous as hell.

No longer will I ask your love,
 Nor seek your friendship more ;
 The happiness that I approve
 Is not within your power.

There's nothing round this spacious earth
 That suits my large desire ;
 To boundless joy and solid mirth,
 My nobler thoughts aspire.

Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
 From sin and dross refined,
 Still springing from the throne of God,
 And fit to cheer the mind.

Th' Almighty Ruler of the sphere,
 The glorious and the great,
 Brings His own all-sufficiency there,
 To make our bliss complete.

Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd climb the heavenly road ;
 There sits my Saviour dressed in love,
 And there my smiling God.

H. 10, B. 2.

181

DELIGHT IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

LORD, what a heaven of saving grace
 Shines through the beauties of Thy face,
 And lights our passions to a flame !
 Lord, how we love Thy charming name !

When I can say, my God is mine,
 When I can feel Thy glories shine,
 I tread the world beneath my feet,
 And all that earth calls good or great.

While such a scene of sacred joys
 Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
 Here we could sit, and gaze away
 A long, an everlasting day.

Well, we shall quickly pass the night
 To the fair coasts of perfect light ;
 Then shall our joyful senses rove
 O'er the dear object of our love.

There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
 And pluck new life from heavenly trees ;
 Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
 A drop of heaven on worms below.

Send comforts down from Thy right hand,
 While we pass through this barren land,
 And in Thy temple let us see
 A glimpse of love, a glimpse of Thee.

H. 16, B. 2.

182 1 Cor vi. 11.—And such were some of you : but ye are washed.

NOT the malicious or profane,
 The wanton or the proud,
 Nor thieves, nor slanderers, shall obtain
 The kingdom of our God.

Surprising grace ! and such were we
 By nature and by sin,
 Heirs of immortal misery,
 Unholy and unclean.

But we are washed in Jesu's blood,
 We're pardoned through His name ;
 And the good Spirit of our God
 Has sanctified our frame.

O for a persevering power
 To keep Thy just commands !
 We would defile our hearts no more,
 No more pollute our hands.

H. 104, B. 1.

183

JOY OF DELIVERANCE.

WHEN God revealed His gracious name,
 And changed my mournful state,
 My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
 The grace appeared so great.

The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did Thy hand confess ;
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung surprising grace.

“Great is the work,” my neighbours cried,
 And owned the power Divine ;
 “Great is the work,” my heart replied,
 “And be the glory Thine.”

The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night ;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.

Let those that sow in sadness, wait
 Till the fair harvest come ;
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 And shout the blessings home.

Though seed lie buried long in dust,
 ’Twill not deceive their hope :
 The precious grain can ne’er be lost,
 For grace ensures the crop.

Ps. 126.

184

THE BEATITUDES.

BLESSED are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty ;
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

Blest are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.

Blessed are the meek, who stand afar
 From rage and passion, noise and war ;
 God will secure their happy state,
 And plead their cause against the great.

Blessed are the souls that thirst for grace,
 Hunger and long for righteousness,
 They shall be well supplied and fed
 With living streams and living bread.

Blessed are the men whose bowels move
 And melt with sympathy and love ;
 From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
 Like sympathy and love again.

Blessed are the pure, whose hearts are clean
 From the defiling powers of sin,
 With endless pleasure they shall see
 A God of spotless purity.

Blessed are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
 They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
 The sons of God, the God of peace.

Blessed are the sufferers, who partake
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord :
 Glory and joy are their reward.

H. 102, B. 1.

O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
 While men lie grovelling here !
 His hopes are fixed above the sky,
 And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings,
 While peace and joy combine
 To form a life whose holy springs
 Are hidden and Divine.

He waits in secret on his God ;
 His God in secret sees :
 Let earth be all in arms abroad,
 He dwells in heavenly peace.
 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
 Beyond this world and time,
 Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
 Nor thoughts of sinners climb.
 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
 To raise his figure here ;
 Content and pleased to live unknown,
 Till Christ his life appear.
 He looks to heaven's eternal hill,
 To meet that glorious day ;
 But patient waits his Saviour's will
 To fetch his soul away.

H. 31, B. 1.

186 I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel.

GOD is my portion and my joy,
 His counsels are my light ;
 He gives me sweet advice by day,
 And gentle hints by night.
 His hand provides my constant food,
 He fills my daily cup ;
 Much am I pleased with present good,
 But more rejoice in hope.
 My soul would all her thoughts approve
 To His all-seeing eye ;
 Not death, nor hell, my hope shall move,
 While such a Friend is nigh.

Ps. 16.

Death and Resurrection.

187 Job xix. 25.—I know that my Redeemer liveth.

GREAT God, I own Thy sentence just,
 And nature must decay ;
 I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow clay.

L.

Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs ;
 My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives ;
 My God, my Saviour, comes.
 The mighty Conqueror shall appear
 High on a royal seat,
 And death, the last of all His foes,
 Lie vanquished at His feet.
 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
 And gnaw my wasting flesh,
 When God shall build my bones again
 He clothes them all afresh.
 Then shall I see Thy lovely face
 With strong immortal eyes ;
 And feast upon Thy unknown grace
 With pleasure and surprise.

H. 6, B. 1.

188 Rev. xiv. 13.—Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
 For all the pious dead ;
 Sweet is the savour of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.
 They die in Jesus, and are blessed ;
 How kind their slumbers are !
 From sufferings and from sins released,
 And freed from every snare.
 Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the Lord ;
 The labours of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

H. 18, B. 1.

189 1 Cor. xv. 55.—Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory.

O FOR an overcoming faith
 To cheer my dying hours,
 To triumph o'er the tyrant Death,
 And all his frightful powers !

Joyful with all the strength I have
 My quivering lips should sing,
 "Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
 Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
 Death hath no sting beside;
 The law gave sin its damning power;
 But Christ, my ransom, died.

Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conquerors while we die,
 Through Christ our living Head.

H. 17, B. 1.

190 THROUGH THE GRAVE AND GATE OF DEATH TO A
 JOYFUL RESURRECTION.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to His arms.

Are we not tending upward too
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow
 To keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.

The graves of all His saints He bless'd,
 And softened every bed:
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head?

Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way;
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise :
 Awake, ye nations under ground !
 Ye saints, ascend the skies !

H. 3, B. 2.

191

AND must my body faint and die ?
 And must this soul remove ?
 O for some guardian angel nigh
 To bear it safe above !
 Jesus, to Thy dear faithful hand
 My naked soul I trust,
 And my flesh waits for Thy command
 To drop into the dust.

H. 28, B. 2.

192

MY soul, come meditate the day,
 And think how near it stands,
 When thou must quit this house of clay,
 And fly to unknown lands.
 O could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their stead,
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead ;
 Then should we see the saints above
 In their own glorious forms,
 And wonder why our souls should love
 To dwell with mortal worms.
 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
 These fetters, and this load !
 And long for evening to undress,
 That we may rest with God !
 We should almost forsake our clay
 Before the summons come,
 And pray and wish our souls away
 To their eternal home.

H. 61, B. 2.

193

TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

AND must this body die?
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldering in the clay?
 Corruption, earth, and worms
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.
 God my Redeemer lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down, and watches all my dust,
 Till He shall bid it rise.
 Arrayed in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And every shape, and every face,
 Look heavenly and divine.
 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love;
 We would adore His grace below,
 And sing His power above.
 Dear Lord, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

H. 110, B. 2.

194

2 Tim. iv. 6.—Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life.

HE is a God of sovereign love
 Who promised heaven to me,
 And taught my thoughts to soar above,
 Where happy spirits be.
 Prepare me, Lord, for Thy right hand,
 Then come the joyful day,
 Come death, and some celestial band,
 To bear my soul away.

God hath laid up in heaven for me
 A crown which cannot fade :
 The righteous Judge at that great day
 Shall place it on my head.

Nor hath the King of grace decreed
 This prize for me alone ;
 But all that love and long to see
 The appearance of His Son.

Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
 From every ill design ;
 And to His heavenly kingdom keep
 This feeble soul of mine.

God is my everlasting aid,
 And hell shall rage in vain ;
 To Him be highest glory paid,
 And endless praise—Amen.

H. 52, B. 2. H. 27, B. 1.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
 If God be with us there ;
 We may walk through its darkest shade,
 And never yield to fear.

I could renounce my all below,
 If my Creator bid ;
 And run, if I were called to go,
 And die as Moses did.

Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
 And view the promised land,
 My flesh itself should long to drop,
 And pray for the command.

Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
 I would forget my breath,
 And lose my life among the charms
 Of so divine a death.

H. 49, B. 2.

196

CHRIST'S PRESENCE IN DEATH.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
 What timorous worms we mortals are!
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away:
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

But if in that dark hour I hear
 The whisperings of the voice Divine;
 "Fear not, for I am with thee here,
 I will not leave thee, thou art mine."

That voice can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on His arm I lean my head
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

H. 31, B. 2. (C. T. R.)

197

HAPPY RESURRECTION.

NO, I'll repine at death no more,
 But with a cheerful smile resign
 To the cold dungeon of the grave
 These dying, withering limbs of mine.

Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
 And crumble all my bones to dust,
 My God shall raise my frame anew
 At the revival of the just.

Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
 Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
 Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come;
 Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay!

Our weary spirits faint to see
 The light of Thy returning face,
 And hear the language of those lips,
 Where God has shed His richest grace.

Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.

H. 102, B. 2.

198

FLESH AND SPIRIT.

WHAT vain desires, and passions vain,
Attend this mortal clay !
Oft have they pierced my soul with pain,
And drawn my heart astray.

For ever blessed be Thy grace,
That formed my soul anew,
And made it of a heaven-born race,
Thy glory to pursue.

My spirit holds perpetual war,
And wrestles and complains ;
But views the happy moment near
That shall dissolve its chains.

Cheerful in death I close my eyes,
To part with every lust ;
And charge my flesh, whene'er it rise,
To leave them in the dust.

My purer spirit shall not fear
To put this body on ;
Its tempting powers no more are there,
Its lusts and passions gone.

H. 22, B. 1.

199

FAITH IN THE RESURRECTION.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong ;
His arm is my almighty prop ;
Be glad, my heart ; rejoice, my tongue ;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

My flesh shall Thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way
Up to Thy throne above the sky.

There streams of endless pleasure flow ;
And full discoveries of Thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

Ps. 16.

200

THE SAINT'S HOPE OF GLORY.

LORD, I am Thine ; but Thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love ;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is Thine.
What sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine :
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake and find me there ?
O glorious hour ! O blessed abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul !
My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Ps. 17.

Missions.

201

THE UNIVERSAL KING.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Behold, the islands with their kings,
 And Europe her best tribute brings ;
 From north to south the princes meet,
 To pay their homage at His feet.

There Persia, glorious to behold,
 There India shines in eastern gold ;
 And barbarous nations at His word
 Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown His head ;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns :
 The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blessed.

Where He displays His healing power,
 Death and the curse are known no more ;
 In Him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the long Amen.

Ps. 72.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
 The known and unknown worlds obey,
 Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
 Extend His power, exalt His throne.

Thy sceptre well becomes His hands,
 All heaven submits to His commands ;
 His justice shall avenge the poor,
 And pride and rage prevail no more.

With power He vindicates the just,
 He treads the oppressor in the dust ;
 His worship and His fear shall last,
 Till hours, and years, and time be past.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
 So shall He send His influence down ;
 His grace on fainting souls distils,
 Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands that lie beneath
 The shades of overspreading death
 Revive at His first dawning light,
 And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in His days,
 Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;
 Peace, like a river from His throne,
 Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Ps. 72.

203 Isaiah lii. 7.—How beautiful upon the mountains are
 the feet of them that bring good tidings.

HOW beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill !
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.

How charming is their voice !
 How sweet the tidings are !
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
 He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !

How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heavenly light !
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
 The Lord makes bare His arm
 Through all the earth abroad ;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

H. 10, B. 1.

204

THE TRANSMISSION OF DIVINE TRUTH.

LET children hear the mighty deeds
 Which God performed of old,
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.
 He bids us make His glories known,
 His works of power and grace ;
 And we'll convey His wonders down
 Through every rising race.
 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs ;
 That generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their heirs.
 Thus they shall learn in God alone
 Their hope securely stands ;
 That they may ne'er forget His works,
 But practise His commands.

Ps. 78.

The Message of the Gospel.

205

THE GOSPEL.

BLESSED are the souls that hear and know
 The Gospel's joyful sound ;
 Peace shall attend the path they go,
 And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up
 Through their Redeemer's name ;
 His righteousness exalts their hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives ;
 Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
 Thy God for ever lives.

Ps. 89.

206 Isaiah xlv. 25.—In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel
 be justified.

THE Lord on high proclaims
 His Godhead from His throne :
 "Mercy and justice are the names
 By which I will be known.
 "Ye dying souls that sit
 In darkness and distress,
 Look from the borders of the pit
 To my recovering grace."
 Sinners shall hear the sound ;
 Their thankful tongues shall own
 "Our righteousness and strength is found
 In Thee, the Lord, alone."
 In Thee shall Israel trust,
 And see their guilt forgiven ;
 God will pronounce the sinners just,
 And take the saints to heaven.

H. 85, B. 1.

207 Isaiah lv. 1.—Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to
 the waters.

LET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice,
 The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
 Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind,

Eternal Wisdom has prepared
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.

Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join ;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.

Ye perishing and naked poor,
 Who work with mighty pain
 To weave a garment of your own,
 That will not hide your sin,

Come naked, and adorn your souls
 In robes prepared by God,
 Wrought by the labours of His Son,
 And dyed in His own blood.

Great God ! the treasures of Thy love
 Are everlasting mines,
 Deep as our helpless miseries are,
 And boundless as our sins.

The happy gates of Gospel grace
 Stand open night and day ;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

H. 7, B. 1.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
 In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold Thy Word,
 We read Thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days, Thy power confess ;
 But the blessed volume Thou hast writ
 Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars, convey Thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand :
 So when Thy truth begun its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest
 Till through the world Thy truth has run,
 Till Christ has all the nations bless'd
 That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
 Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view
 In souls renewed, and sins forgiven :
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make Thy Word my guide to heaven.

Ps. 19.

209

SALVATION.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay ;
 But we arise by grace divine
 To see a heavenly day.

Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

H. 88, B. 2.

210

Prov. viii.—Christ the Wisdom of God.

SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
 And not her speech be heard?
 The voice of God's eternal Word,
 Deserves it no regard?

"I was His chief delight,
 His everlasting Son,
 Before the first of all His works,
 Creation, was begun.

"Before the flying clouds,
 Before the solid land,
 Before the fields, before the floods,
 I dwelt at His right hand.

"When He adorned the skies,
 And built them, I was there,
 To order when the sun should rise,
 And marshal every star.

"When He poured out the sea,
 And spread the flowing deep,
 I gave the flood a firm decree
 In its own bounds to keep.

"Upon the empty air
 The earth was balanced well;
 With joy I saw the mansion where
 The sons of men should dwell.

"My busy thoughts at first
 On their salvation ran,
 Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
 Was fashioned to a man.

"Then come, receive my grace,
 Ye children, and be wise:
 Happy the man that keeps my ways;
 The man that shuns them dies."

211

GOD GLORIFIED IN THE GOSPEL.

THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites His children near,
While power and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.

Here in Thy Gospel's wondrous frame
Fresh wisdom we pursue ;
A thousand angels learn Thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace ;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God ;
And Thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in His blood.

But still the lustre of Thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

H. 126, B. 2.

212

Rom. iii. 19.—That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built ;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now ;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace !
 When in Thy name we trust,
 Our faith receives a righteousness
 That makes the sinner just.

H. 94, B. 1.

213

1 Cor. i. 23.—To the Jews a stumblingblock, to the
 Greeks foolishness.

CHRI^ST and His cross is all our theme ;
 The mysteries that we speak
 Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
 And folly to the Greek.
 But souls enlightened from above
 With joy receive the word ;
 They see what wisdom, power, and love
 Shine in their dying Lord.
 The vital savour of His name
 Restores their fainting breath ;
 But unbelief perverts the same
 To guilt, despair, and death.
 Till God diffuse His graces down,
 Like showers of heavenly rain,
 In vain Apollos sows the ground,
 And Paul may plant in vain.

H. 119, B. 1.

214

John iii. 14.—As Moses lifted up the serpent in the
 wilderness.

SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
 The brazen serpent high,
 The wounded felt immediate ease,
 The camp forbore to die.
 "Look upward in the dying hour,
 And live," the prophet cries ;
 But Christ performs a nobler cure,
 When Faith lifts up her eyes.
 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
 High in the heavens He reigns ;
 Here sinners, by the old serpent stung,
 Look, and forget their pains.

When God's own Son is lifted up,
 A dying world revives ;
 The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
 The expiring Gentile lives.

H. 112, B. 1.

215 Titus iii. 7.—Not by works of righteousness which
 we have done.

LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
 How great our guilt has been !
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.
 But, O my soul ! for ever praise,
 For ever love His name
 Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
 Of folly, sin, and shame.
 'Tis not by works of righteousness
 Which our own hands have done ;
 But we are saved by sovereign grace
 Abounding through His Son.
 'Tis from the mercy of our God
 That all our hopes begin ;
 'Tis by the water and the blood
 Our souls are washed from sin.
 'Tis through the purchase of His death
 Who hung upon the tree,
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe
 On such dry bones as we.
 Raised from the dead, we live anew ;
 And, justified by grace,
 We shall appear in glory too,
 And see our Father's face.

H. 111, B. 1.

216 1 Cor. i. 30.—Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and
 righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

BURIED in shadows of the night,
 We lie till Christ restores the light ;
 Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
 And chase the darkness of the mind.

Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
 Till His atoning blood appears ;
 Then we awake from deep distress,
 And sing, " The Lord our Righteousness ! "

Our very frame is mixed with sin,
 His Spirit makes our natures clean ;
 Such virtues from His sufferings flow,
 At once to cleanse and pardon too.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
 Binding His slaves in heavy chains ;
 He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
 The iron bondage from our necks.

Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
 Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness ;
 Thou art our mighty all, and we
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

H. 97, B. 1.

217 2 Tim. i. 12.—For I know whom I have believed.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend His cause,
 Maintain the honour of His Word,
 The glory of His cross.

Jesus, my God ! I know His name,
 His name is all my trust ;
 Nor will He put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as His throne His promise stands,
 And He can well secure
 What I've committed to His hands
 Till the decisive hour.

Then will He own my worthless name
 Before His Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

H. 103, B. 1.

218 Phil. iii. 7.—What things were gain to me, I counted
loss for Christ.

NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

Now for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake :
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake !

The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne ;
But faith can answer Thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

H. 109, B. 1.

219 LOOKING FOR PARDON AND SALVATION.

HOW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin, how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred Word :
"Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief,
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief !

To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly,
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

Stretch out Thine arm, victorious King !
 My reigning sins subdue,
 Let them have no dominion more,
 But keep me firm and true.
 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On Thy kind arms I fall ;
 Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus and my all.

H. 90, B. 2.

220 John x. 28.—Neither shall any man pluck them
 out of my hand.

FIRM as the earth Thy Gospel stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.
 His honour is engaged to save
 The meanest of His sheep ;
 All that His heavenly Father gave
 His hands securely keep.
 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
 His favourites from His breast ;
 In the dear bosom of His love
 They must for ever rest.

H. 138, B. 1.

221 CONSOLATION IN THE COVENANT OF MERCY.

OUR God ! how firm His promise stands,
 E'en when He hides His face ;
 He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
 His glory and His grace.
 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
 Since Christ and we are one ?
 Thy God is faithful to His saints,
 Is faithful to His Son.
 Beneath His smiles my heart has lived,
 And part of heaven possessed ;
 I praise His name for grace received,
 And trust Him for the rest.

H. 40, B. 2.

222

THE OATH AND THE PROMISE.

HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from Thee, my God !
But everlasting is Thy love,
And Jesus seals it with His blood.

The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace ;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

Amidst temptations sharp and long
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

The Gospel bears my spirits up,
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

H. 139, B. 1.

223

John i. 13.—Which were born, not of blood, nor of
the will of the flesh.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace ;
Born in the image of His Son,
A new peculiar race.

The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

Our quickened souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

H. 95, B. 1.

224 Rom. viii. 34.—Who shall condemn? It is Christ that died.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold Him rising from the dead.

He lives, He lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there.

Who shall divide us from His love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

Faith hath an overcoming power;
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

H. 14, B. 1.

225 1 Tim. i. 9.—Who hath saved us, and called us.

NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given,
He saves from hell, we bless His name,
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

Not for our duties or deserts,
But of His own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for His praise.

'Twas His own purpose that begun
 To rescue rebels doomed to die ;
 He gave us grace in Christ His Son
 Before He spread the starry sky.

Jesus the Lord appears at last,
 And makes His Father's counsels known ;
 Declares the great transaction's past,
 And brings immortal blessings down.

He dies, and in that dreadful night
 Did all the powers of hell destroy ;
 Rising He brought our heaven to light,
 And took possession of the joy.

H. 137, B. 1.

The Perfections and the Providence of God.

226

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing ;
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.

Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound His power abroad ;
 Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
 And the performing God.

Proclaim "salvation from the Lord
 For wretched, dying men ;"
 His hand has writ the sacred word
 With an immortal pen.

Engraved as in eternal brass,
 The mighty promise shines ;
 Nor can the powers of darkness raise
 Those everlasting lines.

THE PERFECTIONS AND THE

His is the power of life and death,
Through air, and earth, and seas,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils His great decrees.

His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies,
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

O might I hear Thine heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

H. 69, B. 2.

227

Job 26.—God incomprehensible and glorious.

CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal, uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search His nature out?

'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

God is a King of power unknown,
Firm are the orders of His throne;
If He resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask Him why or what He does?

He wounds the heart, and He makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When He shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

He frowns, and darkness veils the moon ;
 The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;
 The pillars of heaven's starry roof
 Tremble and start at His reproof.

He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
 The crooked serpent, and the worm ;
 He breaks the billows with His breath,
 And smites the sons of pride to death.

These are a portion of His ways ;
 But who shall dare describe His face ?
 Who can endure His light, or stand
 To hear the thunders of His hand ?

H. 170, B. 2.

228

GOD'S PERFECTIONS AND GLORY.

GREAT God ! Thy glories shall employ
 My holy fear, my humble joy ;
 My lips in songs of honour bring
 Their tribute to th' eternal King.

Earth, and the stars, and worlds unknown,
 Depend precarious on His throne ;
 All nature hangs upon His word,
 And grace and glory own their Lord.

His sovereign power what mortal knows ?
 If He command, who dare oppose ?
 With strength He girds Himself around,
 And treads the rebels to the ground.

Who shall pretend to teach Him skill,
 Or guide the counsels of His will ?
 His wisdom, like a sea Divine,
 Flows deep and high beyond our line.

His name is holy, and His eye
 Burns with immortal jealousy ;
 He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
 His fiery vengeance on their heads.

The beamings of His piercing sight
 Bring dark hypocrisy to light ;
 Death and destruction naked lie,
 And hell uncovered to His eye.

Th' eternal law before Him stands ;
 His justice, with impartial hands,
 Divides to all their due reward,
 Or by the sceptre or the sword.

His mercy, like a boundless sea,
 Washes our load of guilt away ;
 While His own Son came down and died
 To engage His justice on our side.

Each of His words demands my faith ;
 My soul can rest on all He saith ;
 His truth inviolably keeps
 The largest promise of His lips.

O tell me, with a gentle voice,
 "Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice !
 Filled with Thy love, I dare proclaim
 The brightest honours of Thy name.

H. 167, B. 2.

229

NOW TO THE KING ETERNAL AND INVISIBLE.

LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
 We can't behold Thy bright abode ;
 O 'tis beyond a creature mind
 To glance a thought half way to God !

Infinite leagues beyond the sky
 The great Eternal reigns alone,
 Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
 Nor angels climb the lofty throne.

The Lord of glory builds His seat
 Of gems insufferably bright,
 And lays beneath His sacred feet
 Substantial beams of gloomy night.

Yet, glorious Lord, Thy gracious eyes
 Look through and cheer us from above ;
 Beyond our praise Thy grandeur flies,
 Yet we adore, and yet we love.

H. 26, B. 2.

230

THE DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

HOW shall I praise the eternal God,
 That infinite unknown ?
 Who can ascend His high abode,
 Or venture near His throne ?

The great Invisible ! He dwells
 Concealed in dazzling light ;
 But His all-searching eye reveals
 The secrets of the night.

Those watchful eyes that never sleep
 Survey the world around ;
 His wisdom is a boundless deep,
 Where all our thoughts are drowned.

Speak we of strength ? His arm is strong
 To save or to destroy ;
 Infinite years His life prolongs,
 And endless is His joy.

He knows no shadow of a change,
 Nor alters His decrees ;
 Firm as a rock His truth remains
 To guard His promises.

Sinners before His presence die ;
 How holy is His name !
 His anger and His jealousy
 Burn like devouring flame.

Justice on her imperial throne
 Maintains the rights of God ;
 While Mercy sends her pardons down,
 Bought with a Saviour's blood.

Now to my soul, immortal King,
 Speak some forgiving word ;
 Then 'twill be double joy to sing
 The glories of my Lord.

H. 166, B. 2.

231

ACCESS BY A MEDIATOR.

COME let us lift our joyful eyes
 Up to the courts above,
 And smile to see our Father there
 Upon a throne of love.
 Once on the holy mount He stood,
 In tempest, clouds, and flame :
 Our God appeared consuming fire
 To those who feared His name.
 But now the word of life and love
 He speaks from highest heaven ;
 The blood of sprinkling has a voice
 Which tells of sins forgiven.
 Now we may bow before His feet,
 And venture near the Lord ;
 No fiery cherub guards His seat,
 Nor double-flaming sword.
 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
 Are opened by the Son ;
 High let us raise our notes of praise,
 And reach the almighty throne.
 All glory to the eternal King,
 Who gave His Son to die ;
 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
 Great Advocate on high.

H. 108, B. 2. (C. T. R.)

232

GOD GLOBIFIED AND SINNERS SAVED.

FATHER, how wide Thy glories shine !
 How high Thy wonders rise !
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,
 Their motions speak Thy skill ;
 And on the wings of every hour
 We read Thy patience still.

But when we view Thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms
 Our souls are filled with awe divine
 To see what God performs.

When sinners break the Father's laws,
 The dying Son atones :
 O the dear mysteries of His cross,
 The triumph of His groans !

Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains ;
 Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song !
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

H. 46, B. 1.

233

Praise Him all ye angels of His.

GOD ! the eternal awful name
 That the whole heavenly army fears,
 That shakes the wide creation's frame,
 And Satan trembles when he hears.

Like flames of fire His servants are,
 And light surrounds His dwelling-place ;
 But, O ye fiery flames ! declare
 The brighter glories of His face.

'Tis not for such poor worms as we
 To speak so infinite a thing ;
 But your immortal eyes survey
 The beauties of your sovereign King.

Tell how He shows His smiling face,
 And clothes all heaven in bright array ;
 Triumph and joy run through the place,
 And songs eternal as the day.

Speak (for you feel His burning love)
 What zeal it spreads through all your frame
 That sacred fire dwells all above,
 For we on earth have lost the name.

Proclaim His wonders from the skies,
 Let every distant nation hear ;
 And while you sound His lofty praise,
 Let humble mortals bow and fear.

H. 27, B. 2.

234

HALLELUJAH.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in His praise :
 His nature and His works invite
 To make this duty our delight.

He formed the stars, those heavenly flames ;
 He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—
 A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

His saints are lovely in His sight ;
 He views His children with delight ;
 He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
 He sees and loves His image there.

Ps. 147.

235

HALLELUJAH.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! my heart shall join
 In works so pleasant, so Divine ;
 Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
 And when my soul ascends to God.

Praise shall employ my noblest powers
 While immortality endures ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past
 While life, and thought, and being last.

His truth for ever stands secure ;
 He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor ;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.

He loves His saints, He knows them well,
 He calls them with Himself to dwell.
 Thy God, O Zion ! ever reigns ;
 Praise Him in everlasting strains.

Ps. 146.

236

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
 My God, my heavenly King ;
 Let age to age Thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies ;
 Through the whole earth His bounty shines,
 And every want supplies.

With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
 On Thee for daily food,
 Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.

How kind are Thy compassions, Lord !
 How slow Thine anger moves !
 How soon He sends His pardoning word
 To cheer the souls He loves !

Creatures, with all their endless race,
 Thy power and praise proclaim ;
 But saints that taste Thy richer grace
 Delight to bless Thy name.

Ps. 145.

N

237 ISRAEL LED TO CANAAN : THE SAINTS TO HEAVEN.

GIVE thanks to God : He reigns above.
 Kind are His thoughts, His name is Love ;
 His mercy ages past have known,
 And ages long to come shall own.

Let the redeemed of the Lord
 The wonders of His grace record ;
 Israel, the nation whom He chose
 And rescued from their mighty foes.

When God's almighty arm had broke
 Their fetters and the Egyptian yoke,
 They traced the desert, wandering round
 A wild and solitary ground.

There they could find no leading road,
 Nor city for a fixed abode ;
 Nor food, nor fountain, to assuage
 Their burning thirst or hunger's rage.

In their distress to God they cried :
 God was their Saviour and their Guide ;
 He led their march far wandering round,—
 'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

Thus, when our first release we gain
 From sin's old yoke and Satan's chain,
 We have this desert world to pass,
 A dangerous and a tiresome place.

He feeds and clothes us all the way,
 He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
 He guards us with a powerful hand,
 And brings us to the heavenly land.

O let the saints with joy record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord !
 How great His works ! how kind His ways !
 Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

238

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

GREAT God, how infinite art Thou !
 What worthless worms are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made ;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.

Nature and time quite naked lie
 To Thine immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky
 To the great burning day.

Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in Thy view ;
 To Thee there's nothing old appears ;
 Great God ! there's nothing new.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn.
 And vexed with trifling cares,
 While Thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.

Great God, how infinite art Thou !
 What worthless worms are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee.

H. 67, B. 2.

239

GOD'S DECREES AND PROMISES.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
 To Him who earth's foundations laid ;
 Praise Him by whose decrees were given
 The unchanging laws of earth and heaven.

Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
 Who rules His people by His word,
 And there as strong as His decrees
 He sets His kindest promises.

THE PERFECTIONS AND THE

Firm are the words His prophets give,
 Sweet words on which His children live ;
 Each of them is the voice of God,
 Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.

Each of them powerful as that sound
 Which bade the new-made world go round ;
 And stronger than the solid poles
 On which the wheel of nature rolls.

Whence then should doubts and fears arise ?
 Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?
 Slowly, alas ! our mind receives
 The comfort that our Maker gives.

O for a strong, a lasting faith,
 To credit what the Almighty saith !
 To embrace the message of His Son,
 And call the joys of heaven our own !

Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
 And all the wheels of nature break,
 Our steady souls should fear no more
 Than solid rocks when billows roar.

Our everlasting hopes arise
 Above the ruinable skies,
 Where the eternal Builder reigns,
 And His own courts His power sustains.

H. 60, B. 2.

HOLY AND REVEREND IS HIS NAME.

GREAT is the Lord ! His works of might
 Demand our noblest songs :
 Let His assembled saints unite
 Their harmony of tongues.

Great is the mercy of the Lord !
 He gives His children food ;
 And, ever mindful of His word,
 He makes His promise good.

His Son, the great Redeemer, came
 To seal His covenant sure ;
 Holy and reverend is His name,
 His ways are just and pure.

They that would grow divinely wise
 Must with His fear begin ;
 Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
 In hating every sin.

Ps. 111.

241

THE SECURITY OF THE REDEEMED.

ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
 And triumph in my God ;
 Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
 His glorious grace abroad.

He raised me from the deeps of sin,
 The gates of gaping hell,
 And fixed my standing more secure
 Than 'twas before I fell.

The arms of everlasting love
 Beneath my soul He placed ;
 And on the Rock of Ages set
 My slippery footsteps fast.

The city of my blessed abode
 Is walled around with grace,
 Salvation for a bulwark stands
 To shield the sacred place.

Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
 And all his legions roar ;
 Almighty mercy guards my life,
 And bounds his raging power.

Arise, my soul ; awake, my voice,
 And tunes of pleasure sing ;
 Loud hallelujahs shall address
 My Saviour and my King.

H. 82, B. 2.

242

SAFETY IN GOD ALONE.

MY spirit looks to God alone ;
 My rock and refuge is His throne ;
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on His salvation waits.

Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways,
 Pour out your hearts before His face :
 When helpers fail, and foes invade,
 God is our all-sufficient aid.

Once has His awful voice declared,
 Once and again my ears have heard,
 "All power is His eternal due ;
 He must be feared and trusted too."

For sovereign power reigns not alone,
 Grace is a partner of the throne :
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
 Shall well divide our last reward.

Ps. 62.

243

For we walk by faith, not by sight.

LORD, we adore Thy vast designs,
 The obscure abyss of Providence,
 Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble sense.

Now Thou arrayest Thine awful face
 In angry frowns, without a smile ;
 We, through the cloud, believe Thy grace,
 Secure of Thy compassion still.

Through seas and storms of deep distress
 We sail by faith, and not by sight ;
 Faith guides us in the wilderness,
 Through all the briers and the night.

Dear Father, if Thy lifted rod
 Resolve to scourge us here below,
 Still we must lean upon our God,
 Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

H. 109, B. 2.

244 GOD SEEN IN CREATION AND REVELATION.

O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name !
The glories of Thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

When I behold Thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light ;

Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That Thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so ?

That Thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form ;
Made lower than His angels are,
To save a dying worm.

Let Him be crowned with majesty
Who bowed His head to death ;
And be His honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name !
The glories of Thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

Ps. 8.

245 His mercy endureth for ever.

GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all His ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown :
His mercies ever shall endure
When lords and kings are known no more.

He built the earth, He spread the sky,
 And fixed the starry lights on high.
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat His mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light ;
 He bids the moon direct the night :
 His mercies ever shall endure
 When suns and moons shall shine no more.

The Jews He freed from Pharaoh's hand,
 And brought them to the promised land :
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat His mercies in your song.

He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
 And felt His pity work within :
 His mercies ever shall endure
 When death and sin shall reign no more.

He sent His Son with power to save
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat His mercies in your song.

Through this vain world He guides our feet
 And leads us to His heavenly seat :
 His mercies ever shall endure
 When this vain world shall be no more.

Ps. 136.

HALLELUJAH.

246 Psalm cl. 6.—Let every thing that hath breath praise
 the Lord.

L OUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
 From distant worlds where creatures dwell ;
 Let heaven begin the solemn word,
 And sound it dreadful down to hell.

The Lord, how absolute He reigns !
 Let every angel bend the knee ;
 Sing of His love in heavenly strains,
 And speak how fierce His terrors be.

High on a throne His glories dwell,
 An awful throne of shining bliss !
 Fly through the world, O sun ! and tell
 How dark thy beams compared to His. *

Awake, ye tempests, and His fame
 In sounds of dreadful praise declare !
 And the sweet whisper of His name
 Fill every gentler breeze of air.

Let clouds, and winds, and waves, agree
 To join their praise with blazing fire ;
 Let the firm earth and rolling sea
 In this eternal song conspire.

Ye flowery plains, proclaim His skill ;
 Valleys, lie low before His eye ;
 And let His praise from every hill
 Rise tuneful to the neighbouring sky.

Ye stubborn oaks and stately pines,
 Bend your high branches and adore :
 Praise Him ye beasts in different strains ;
 The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

Birds, ye must make His praise your theme ;
 Nature demands a song from you ;
 While the dumb fish that cut the stream
 Leap up and mean His praises too.

Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
 When nature all around you sings ?
 O for a shout from old and young,
 From humble swains, and lofty kings !

Wide as His vast dominion lies,
 Make the Creator's name be known ;
 Loud as His thunder shout His praise,
 And sound it lofty as His throne.

Jehovah, 'tis a glorious word !
 O may it dwell on every tongue !
 But saints who best have known the Lord
 Are bound to raise the noblest song.

Speak of the wonders of that love
 Which Gabriel plays on every chord :
 From all below, and all above,
 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

Pa. 148.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments He assumes
 Are light and majesty :
 His glories shine with beams so bright,
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.

The thunders of His hand
 Keep the wide world in awe ;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard His holy law :
 And where His love resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.

Through all His ancient works
 Surprising wisdom shines,
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their cursed designs.
 Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
 His great decrees, His sovereign will.

And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend ?
 And will He write His name,
 " My Father and my Friend ?"
 I love His name, I love His Word ;
 Join all my powers and praise the Lord.

H. 169, B. 2.

248 The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock.

JUST are Thy ways, and true Thy Word,
Great Rock of my secure abode :
Who is a God beside the Lord ?
Or where's a refuge like our God ?

'Tis He that girds me with His might,
Gives me His holy sword to wield ;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads His salvation for my shield.

He lives, and blessed be my Rock !
The God of my salvation lives :
The dark designs of hell are broke ;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name ;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach and bear the shame.

To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend ;
Thy love to saints in Christ their Head
Knows not a limit nor an end.

Ps. 18.

249

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through ;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.
Within Thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find Thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with-God.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
 What large extent, what lofty height !
 My soul, with all the powers I boast
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,
 To quit Thy service and Thy love,
 Where, Lord, could I Thy presence shun,
 Or from Thy dreadful glory run ?

If up to heaven I take my flight,
 'Tis there Thou dwellest enthroned in light ;
 Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
 And Satan groans beneath Thy chains.

If, mounted on a morning ray,
 I fly beyond the western sea,
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest Thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun Thy sight
 Beneath the spreading veil of night,
 One glance of Thine, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into day.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

Ps. 139.

IN all my vast concerns with Thee
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
 The notice of Thine eye.

Thy hand my heart and reins possess
 Where unborn nature grew,
 Thy wisdom all my features traced,
 And all my members drew.

Thine eye with nicest care surveyed
 The growth of every part ;
 Till the whole scheme Thy thoughts had laid
 Was copied by Thy art.

Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
 Show me Thy wondrous skill ;
 But I review myself, and find
 Diviner wonders still.

Thy awful glories round me shine,
 My flesh proclaims Thy praise ;
 Lord, to Thy works of nature join
 Thy miracles of grace.

Ps. 139.

251

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
 And views the nations from afar,
 Let everlasting praises fly,
 And tell how large His bounties are.

He that can shake the worlds He made,
 Or with His word, or with His rod,
 His goodness, how amazing great !
 And what a condescending God !

God, that must stoop to view the skies,
 And bow to see what angels do,
 Down to our earth He casts His eyes,
 And bends His footsteps downwards too.

He overrules all mortal things,
 And manages our mean affairs ;
 On humble souls the King of kings
 Bestows His counsels and His cares.

Our sorrows and our tears we pour
 Into the bosom of our God ;
 He hears us in the mournful hour,
 And helps us bear the heavy load.

In vain might lofty princes try
 Such condescension to perform ;
 For worms were never raised so high
 Above their meanest fellow-worm.

O could our thankful hearts devise
 A tribute equal to Thy grace,
 To the third heavens our songs should rise
 And teach the golden harps Thy praise.

H. 46, B. 2.

252

GOD'S CONDESCENSION.

THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls ;
 Will the Eternal dwell with us ?
 What canst Thou find beneath the poles
 To tempt Thy chariot downward thus ?
 Still might He fill His starry throne,
 And please His ears with Gabriel's songs ;
 But heavenly Majesty comes down,
 And bows to hearken to our tongues.

Great God, what poor returns we pay
 For love so infinite as Thine !
 Words are but air, and tongues but clay ;
 But Thy compassions all Divine.

H. 45, B. 2.

253

THE MYSTERIES OF REDEMPTION.

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
 That brightest monument of praise
 That e'er the God of love designed,
 Employs and fills my labouring mind.

Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
 A burden for an angel's tongue :
 When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
 He tunes and summons all His strings

Proclaim inimitable love :
 Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
 Puts off the beams of bright array,
 And veils the God in mortal clay !

What black reproach defiled His name,
 When with our sins He took our shame !
 He whom adoring angels bless'd
 Is made the impious rebel's jest.

He that distributes crowns and thrones
 Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans !
 The Prince of life resigns His breath,
 The King of glory bows to death !

But see the wonders of His power,
 He triumphs in His dying hour ;
 And while by Satan's rage He fell,
 He dashed the rising hopes of hell.

Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
 And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood ;
 Thus He arose, and reigns above,
 And conquers sinners by His love.

Who shall fulfil this boundless song ?
 The theme surmounts an angel's tongue :
 How low, how vain are mortal airs,
 When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs !

H. 37, B. 1.

254 I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever.

MY never-ceasing songs shall show
 The mercies of the Lord,
 And make succeeding ages know
 How faithful is His word.

The sacred truths His lips pronounce
 Shall firm as heaven endure :
 And if He speak a promise once,
 The eternal grace is sure.

How long the race of David held
 The promised Jewish throne !
 But there's a nobler covenant sealed
 To David's greater Son.
 His seed for ever shall possess
 A throne above the skies ;
 The meanest subject of His grace
 Shall to that glory rise.
 Lord God of hosts, Thy wondrous ways
 Are sung by saints above ;
 And saints on earth their honours raise
 To Thy unchanging love.

Ps. 89.

255

Thou art from everlasting.

JEHOVAH reigns, He dwells in light,
 Girded with majesty and might ;
 The world, created by His hands,
 Still on its first foundation stands.
 But ere this spacious world was made,
 Or had its first foundations laid,
 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Thyself the ever-living God.
 Like floods, the angry nations rise,
 And aim their rage against the skies ;
 Vain floods, that aim their rage so high !
 At Thy rebuke the billows die.
 For ever shall Thy throne endure ;
 Thy promise stands for ever sure ;
 And everlasting holiness
 Becomes the dwellings of Thy grace.

Ps. 93.

The Person and Mediation of Christ.

256

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
 See in His face what wonders meet !
 Earth is too narrow to express
 His worth, His glory, or His grace.

The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;
Nature, to make His beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

Is He compared to wine or bread ?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed ;
That flesh, that dying blood of Thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.

Is He a tree ? The world receives
Salvation from His healing leaves ;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.

Is He a rose ? Not Sharon yields
Such fragranciness in all her fields ;
Or if the lily He assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.

Is He a vine ? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit ;
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living Vine !

Is He the head ? Each member lives,
And owns the vital power He gives ;
The saints below and saints above
Joined by His Spirit and His love.

Is He a fountain ? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death ;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

Is He a fire ? He'll purge my dross ;
But the true gold sustains no loss :
Like a refiner shall He sit,
And tread the refuse with His feet.

Is He a rock ? How firm He proves !
The Rock of Ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams that from Him flow
Attend us all the desert through.

Is He a way? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood ;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.

Is He a door? I'll enter in :
Behold the pastures large and green ;
A paradise divinely fair :
None but the sheep have freedom there.

Is He designed the corner-stone,
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make Him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

Is He a temple? I adore
The indwelling majesty and power ;
And still to this most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.

Is He a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light ;
I know His glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning-star.

Is He a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness ;
Nations rejoice when He appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

O let me climb those higher skies
Where storms and darkness never rise !
There He displays His power abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, His full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold Him face to face.

257

PERSONAL GLORY OF CHRIST.

I'LL speak the honours of my King,
 His form divinely fair ;
 None of the sons of mortal race
 May with the Lord compare.

Sweet is Thy speech, and heavenly grace
 Upon Thy lips is shed ;
 Thy God with blessings infinite
 Hath crowned Thy sacred head.

Gird on Thy sword, victorious Prince !
 Ride with majestic sway ;
 Thy terror shall strike through Thy foes,
 And make the world obey.

Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;
 Thy Word of grace shall prove
 A peaceful sceptre in Thy hands,
 To rule the saints by love.

Justice and truth attend Thee still,
 But mercy is Thy choice ;
 And God, Thy God, Thy soul shall fill
 With most peculiar joys.

Ps. 45.

258

THE PASSION AND EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

COME, all harmonious tongues,
 Your noblest music bring ;
 'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
 And Christ the Man, we sing.

Tell how He took our flesh,
 To take away our guilt ;
 Sing of the drops of sacred blood
 The reckless soldiers spilt.

Alas, the cruel spear
 Went deep into His side,
 The precious flood of purple gore
 Their ruthless weapons dyed.

THE PERSON AND

The waves of swelling grief
 Did o'er His bosom roll,
 Our sins and all men's load of guilt
 Lay heavy on His soul.

Down to the shades of death
 He bowed His awful head,
 Yet He arose to live and reign
 When Death itself is dead.

No more the bloody spear,
 The cross and nails no more ;
 For hell itself shakes at His Name,
 And all the heavens adore.

There the Redeemer sits
 High on the Father's throne ;
 To Him with boldness we draw near,
 Through His beloved Son.

There His full glories shine
 With uncreated rays,
 And bless His saints' and angels' eyes
 To everlasting days.

H. 84, B. 2.

THE OFFICES OF CHRIST.

JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore :
 All are too mean to speak His worth,
 Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

But O what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use
 To teach His heavenly grace !
 Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love He bears for me.

Arrayed in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in His hands,
Commissioned from His Father's throne
To make His grace to mortals known.

Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name :
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

Be Thou my counsellor,
My pattern, and my guide ;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near Thy side :
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep :
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers, and fulfils
His Father's broken laws :
Behold my soul at freedom set !
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood, and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

My Advocate appears
 For my defence on high ;
 The Father bows His ears,
 And lays His thunder by :
 Not all that hell or sin can say
 Shall turn His heart, His love away.

My dear Almighty Lord,
 My Conqueror and my King,
 Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace, I sing :
 Thine is the power ; behold, I sit
 In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down ;
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown :
 A feeble saint shall win the day
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.

Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on,
 I shall be safe, for Christ displays
 Superior power and guardian grace.

H. 150, B. 1.

NOW for a tune of lofty praise
 To great Jehovah's equal Son !
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays
 Tell the loud wonders He hath done.

Sing how He left the worlds of light,
 And the bright robes He wore above ;
 How swift and joyful was His flight,
 On wings of everlasting love.

Down to this base, this sinful earth,
 He came to raise our souls on high ;
 'Twas not in vengeance or in wrath,—
 Jesus, our Lord, was born *to die*.

The angry crowds their Prince surround,
 Unconscious of the blood they spilt ;
 While weighty sorrows pressed Him down,
 Large as the load of all our guilt.

Deep in the shades of gloomy death
 The almighty Captive prisoner lay,
 The almighty Captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Up to His throne of shining grace ;
 See what immortal glories sit
 Round the sweet beauties of His face.

Amongst a thousand harps and songs
 Jesus, the God, exalted reigns ;
 His sacred name fills all their tongues,
 And echoes through the heavenly plains.

H. 43, B. 2.

261

THE NEW CREATION.

ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
 Doth His own glories show :
 " Behold, I sit upon my throne
 Creating all things new.

" Nature and sin are passed away,
 And the old Adam dies ;
 My hands a new foundation lay,
 See the new world arise.

" I'll be a sun of righteousness
 To the new heavens, I make ;
 None but the new-born heirs of grace
 My glories shall partake."

Mighty Redeemer, set me free
 From my old state of sin ;
 O make my soul alive to Thee,
 Create new powers within.

Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
 And mould my heart afresh ;
 Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
 And turn the stone to flesh.

Far from the regions of the dead,
 From sin, and earth, and hell,
 In the new world that grace has made
 I would for ever dwell.

H. 130, B. 2.

JEHOVAH speaks ! let Israel hear ;
 Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
 While God's eternal Son proclaims
 His sovereign honours and His names.

“ I am the last, and I the first,
 The Saviour God, and God the just ;
 There's none beside pretends to show
 Such justice and salvation too.

“ Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
 Just on the verge of death and hell,
 Look up to Me from distant lands,
 Light, life, and heaven, are in my hands.

“ I by my holy name have sworn,
 Nor shall the word in vain return,
 To Me shall all things bend the knee,
 And every tongue shall swear to Me.

“ In Me alone shall men confess
 Lies all their strength and righteousness ;
 And by their shining graces prove
 Their interest in my pardoning love.”

H. 84, B. 1.

263 THE GLORY OF GOD IN THE FACE OF JESUS.

NOW to the Lord a noble song !
 Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue ;
 Hosannah to the eternal Name,
 And all His boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesus' face,
 The brightest image of His grace ;
 God, in the person of His Son,
 Has all His mightiest works outdone.

The spacious earth and spreading flood
 Proclaim the wise, the powerful God ;
 And Thy rich glories from afar
 Sparkle in every rolling star.

But in His looks a glory stands,
 The noblest labour of Thine hands :
 The pleasing lustre of His eyes
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.

Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name :
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound !
 Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !

O may I live to reach the place
 Where He unveils His lovely face !
 Where all His beauties you behold,
 And sing His name to harps of gold.

H. 47, B. 2.

264 GOD MANIFEST IN THE FLESH.

DEAREST of all the names above,
 My Saviour, and my God,
 What precious streams of life and love
 Flow through Thy cleansing blood !

'Tis by the merits of Thy death
 The Father smiles again ;

'Tis by Thine interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.

When God in human flesh I see,
 The mystery is made known ;
 The holy, just, and sacred *Three*
 Are in redemption *One*.

'Tis when Immanuel's face appears,
 My hope, my joy begin ;
 His name forbids my slavish fears,
 His grace removes my sin.

While some on their own works rely,
 And some of wisdom boast,
 I love the incarnate mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

H. 148, B. 2. (C. T. R.)

265

EXCELLENCY OF THE GOSPEL.

LET everlasting glories crown
 Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord ;
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,
 And writ the blessings in Thy Word.

In vain the trembling conscience seeks
 Some solid ground to rest upon ;
 With long despair the spirit breaks,
 Till we apply to Christ alone.

How well Thy blessed truths agree !
 How wise and holy Thy commands !
 Thy promises, how firm they be !
 How firm our hope and comfort stands !

Should all the forms that men devise
 Assault my faith with treacherous art,
 I'd call them vanity and lies,
 And bind the Gospel to my heart.

H. 131, B. 2.

266

EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

DIVINE Redeemer, gracious Lord !
 I read my duty in Thy Word ;
 But in Thy life the law appears,
 Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
 Such deference to Thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so Divine,
 I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer ;
 The desert Thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear
 More of Thy gracious image here ;
 Then God the Judge shall own my name
 Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

H. 139, B. 2.

267

THE MESSAGE OF MERCY.

RAISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune ;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace has done.

Sing how eternal love
 Its chief Beloved chose,
 And bade Him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.

His hand no thunder bears,
 No terror clothes His brow ;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.

'Twas mercy filled the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardons down
 To rebels doomed to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrows cease ;
 Bow to the sceptre of His love,
 And take the offered peace.

Lord, we obey Thy call ;
 We lay a humble claim
 To the salvation Thou hast brought,
 And love and praise Thy name.

H. 104, B. 2.

268 I will make mention of Thy righteousness only.

MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
 When I begin Thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of Thy grace ?

Thou art my everlasting trust,
 Thy goodness I adore :
 And since I knew Thy graces first,
 I speak Thy glories more.

My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road,
 And march with courage in Thy strength
 To see my Father, God.

When I am filled with sore distress
 For some surprising sin,
 I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but Thine.

How will my lips rejoice to tell
 The victories of my King !
 My soul redeemed from sin and hell
 Shall Thy salvation sing.

My tongue shall all the day proclaim
 My Saviour and my God.
 His death has brought my foes to shame,
 And drowned them in His blood.

Awake, awake my tuneful powers,
 With this delightful song
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.

269 The stone which the builders refused is become the head
stone of the corner.

BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.

Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the Name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise ;
'Tis Thy own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Ps. 118.

270

THE MESSAGE OF MERCY.

COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs ;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

So strange, so boundless, was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His equal Son
To give them life again.

Thy hands, dear Saviour, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
 And wipe your sorrows dry ;
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
 And you shall never die.

See, gracious Lord, our willing souls
 Accept Thine offered grace ;
 We bless the great Redeemer's love,
 And give the Father praise.

H. 103, B. 2.

271

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
 Amidst His Father's throne ;
 Prepare new honours for His name,
 And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at His feet,
 The Church adore around,
 With vials full of odours sweet,
 And harps of sweeter sound.

Those are the prayers of the saints,
 And these the hymns they raise :
 Jesus is kind to our complaints,
 He loves to hear our praise.

Eternal Father, who shall look
 Into Thy secret will ?
 Who but the Son shall take that book,
 And open every seal ?

He shall fulfil Thy great decrees,
 The Son deserves it well :
 Lo, in His hand the sovereign keys
 Of heaven, and death, and hell !

Now to the Lamb that once was slain
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 For ever on Thy head.

Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
 Hast set the prisoners free ;
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with Thee.

The worlds of nature and of grace
 Are put beneath Thy power ;
 Then shorten these delaying days,
 And bring the promised hour.

H. 1, B. 1.

272

REDEMPTION BY PRICE AND POWER.

JESUS, with all Thy saints above,
 My tongue would bear her part,
 Would sound aloud Thy saving love,
 And sing Thy bleeding heart.

Blessed be the Lamb, my gracious Lord,
 Who bought me with His blood,
 And quenched the fiery, flaming sword
 In His own vital flood :

The Lamb that freed my captive soul
 From Satan's heavy chain,
 Who did my raging fears control,
 My angry lusts restrain.

All glory to the dying Lamb,
 And never-ceasing praise,
 While angels live to know His name,
 Or saints to feel His grace.

H. 29, B. 2.

273

THE LOVE AND PITY OF CHRIST.

IN heavy chains of dark despair
 We guilty sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day,
 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief,
 He saw, and, O amazing love !
 He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste He fled,
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
 And brake our iron chains ;
 Jesus hath freed our captive souls
 From everlasting pains.

O for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.

Angels assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold ;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

H. 79, B. 2.

274 Rev. v. 12.—Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.

WHAT equal honours shall we bring
 To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
 When all the notes that angels sing
 Are far inferior to Thy name ?

Worthy is He that once was slain,
 The Prince of Peace that groaned and died ;
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
 At His Almighty Father's side.

Power and dominion are His due
 Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar ;
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus, too,
 Though He was charged with madness here.

All riches are His native right,
 Yet He sustained amazing loss ;
 To Him ascribe eternal might
 Who left His weakness on the cross.

Honour immortal must be paid,
 Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
 While glory shines around His head,
 And a bright crown without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb
 Who bore the curse for-wretched men !
 Let angels sound His sacred name,
 And every creature say, Amen.

H. 63, B. 1.

275

Rev. i. 5, 7.—To Him that hath loved us.

NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
 The wonders of His dying love,
 Be humble honours paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.

'Twas He that cleansed our foulest sins,
 And washed us in His richest blood :
 'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
 And brings us rebels near to God.

To Jesus our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus our superior King,
 Be everlasting power confessed,
 And every tongue His glory sing.

Behold, on flying clouds He comes,
 And every eye shall see Him move ;
 Though with our sins we pierced Him once,
 Then He displays His pardoning love.

The unbelieving world shall wail
 While we rejoice to see the day :
 Come, Lord, nor let Thy promise fail,
 Nor let Thy chariots long delay.

H. 61, B. 1.

276

Isa. lxi. 10.—He hath clothed me with the garments of
 salvation.

AWAKE, my heart ! arise, my tongue !
 Prepare a tuneful voice ;
 In God, the life of all my joys,
 Aloud will I rejoice.

F

'Tis He adorned my naked soul,
 And made salvation mine ;
 Upon a sin polluted worm
 He makes His graces shine.

And lest the shadow of a spot
 Should on my soul be found,
 He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
 And cast it all around.

How far the heavenly robe exceeds
 What earthly princes wear !
 These ornaments, how bright they shine !
 How white the garments are !

The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
 And hope, and every grace ;
 But Jesus spent His life to work
 The robe of righteousness.

Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
 By the great sacred Three !
 In sweetest harmony of praise
 Let all my powers agree.

H. 20, B. 1.

WHEN the first parents of our race
 Rebelled and lost their God,
 When the infection of their sin
 Had tainted all our blood ;

Infinite pity touched the heart
 Of the eternal Son :
 Descending from the heavenly court,
 He left His Father's throne.

Aside the Prince of glory threw
 His most Divine array,
 And wrapped His godhead in a veil
 Of our inferior clay.

His living power and dying love
 Redeemed unhappy men,
 And raised the ruins of our race
 To life and God again.

To Thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
 We joyfully resign ;
 Blessed Jesus, take us for Thy own,
 For we are doubly Thine.

Thine honour shall for ever be
 The business of our days ;
 For ever shall our thankful tongues
 Speak Thy deserved praise.

H. 78, B. 2.

278 And thought it not robbery to be equal with God.

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God !
 Our spirits bow before Thy seat ;
 To Thee we lift a humble thought,
 And worship at Thine awful feet.

Thy power hath formed, Thy wisdom sways,
 All nature with a sovereign word ;
 And the bright world of stars obeys
 The will of their superior Lord.

Mercy and truth unite in one,
 And smiling sit at Thy right hand ;
 Eternal justice guards Thy throne,
 And vengeance waits Thy dread command.

A thousand seraphs strong and bright
 Stand round the glorious Deity ;
 But who amongst the sons of light
 Pretends comparison with Thee.

Yet there is one of human frame,
 Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
 Thinks it no robbery to claim
 A full equality with God.

Their glory shines with equal beams ;
 Their essence is for ever one,
 Though they are known by different names,
 The Father God, and God the Son.

Then let the name of Christ our King
 With equal honours be adored ;
 His praise let every angel sing,
 And all the nations own their Lord.

H. 51, B. 2.

279

Heb. iv. 15.—THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above ;
 His heart is full of tenderness,
 Of pity and of love.

Touched with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For He has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent, and pure,
 The great Redeemer stood,
 While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
 And did resist to blood.

He in the days of feeble flesh
 Poured out His cries and tears,
 And in His measure feels afresh
 What every member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame ;
 The bruised reed He never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and His power ;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.

H. 125, B. 1.

280

JESUS AND AARON.

JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold
 A thousand glories more
 Than the rich gems and polished gold
 The sons of Aaron wore.

They first their own burnt-offerings brought
 To purge themselves from sin ;
 Thy life was pure without a spot,
 And all Thy nature clean.

Fresh blood as constant as the day
 Was on their altar spilt ;
 But Thy one offering takes away
 For ever all our guilt.

Their priesthood ran through several hands,
 For mortal was their race ;
 Thy never-changing office stands
 Eternal as Thy days.

Once in the circuit of a year,
 With blood, but not His own,
 Aaron within the veil appears
 Before the golden throne ;

But Christ, by His own powerful blood,
 Ascends above the skies,
 And in the presence of our God
 Shows His own sacrifice.

Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
 On Sion's heavenly hill ;
 Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
 And wears His priesthood still.

He ever lives to intercede
 Before His Father's face :
 Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
 Nor doubt the Father's grace.

H. 145, B. 1.

281

Matt. xi. 25, Luke x. 21.

JESUS, the Man of constant grief,
A mourner all His days ;
His spirit once rejoiced aloud,
And tuned His joy to praise.

“ Father, I thank Thy wondrous love,
That hath revealed Thy Son
To men unlearned ; and to babes
Hath made Thy Gospel known.

“ The mysteries of redeeming grace
Are hidden from the wise,
While pride and carnal reasonings join
To swell and blind their eyes.”

Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all His works of grace
By His own sovereign will.

H. 12, B. 1.

282

Song iii. 11.—THE CORONATION OF CHRIST.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee ;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first received Thy pledge of love.

The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay,
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing Thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

O that the months would roll away,
 And bring that coronation day!
 The King of grace shall fill the throne,
 With all His Father's glories on.

H. 72, B. 1.

The Church on Earth.

283 THE CHURCH THE SAFETY OF THE NATION.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let His praise be great;
 He makes His churches His abode,
 His most delightful seat.

These temples of His grace,
 How beautiful they stand!
 The honours of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.

In Sion God is known,
 A refuge in distress;
 How bright has His salvation shone
 Through all her palaces!

When kings against her joined,
 And saw the Lord was there,
 In wild confusion of the mind
 They fled with hasty fear.

When navies tall and proud
 Attempt to spoil our peace,
 He sends His tempest roaring loud,
 And sinks them in the seas.

Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold
 Where His own sheep have been.

In every new distress
 We'll to His house repair,
 We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

Ps. 48.

284

THE BEAUTY AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

FAR as Thy name is known,
 The world declares Thy praise ;
 Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne,
 Their songs of honour raise.

With joy let Judah stand
 On Sion's chosen hill,
 Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
 And counsels of Thy will ;
 Let strangers walk around
 The city where we dwell,
 Compass and view thine holy ground,
 And mark the building well ;
 The orders of Thy house,
 The worship of Thy court,
 The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
 And make a fair report.

How decent and how wise !
 How glorious to behold !
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
 And rites adorned with gold.

The God we worship now
 Will guide us till we die,
 Will be our God while here below,
 And ours above the sky.

Ps. 48.

285

THIS AND THAT MAN SHALL BE BORN THERE.

GOD in His earthly temples lays
 Foundations for His heavenly praise :
 He likes the tents of Jacob well,
 But still in Zion loves to dwell.

His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

What glories were described of old !
What wonders are of Zion told !
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew :
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

When God makes up His last account
Of natives in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourished there.

Ps. 87.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by Thine hand ;
Let me within Thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

There grow Thy saints in faith and love,
Blessed with Thine influence from above,
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.

The plants of grace shall ever live ;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive ;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true ;
None that attend His gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

Ps. 92.

287

Isaiah xxvi.—We have a strong city.

HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand ;
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land !

Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell ;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy the assaults of hell.

Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling ;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on His grace.

Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears ;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as His years.

What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low ;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.

On Babylon our feet shall tread
In that rejoicing hour ;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.

H. 8, B. 1.

288

So He led them by a right way.

WHEN Israel's tribes from bondage brought,
Had left the hated ground ;
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

The Lord Himself chose out their way,
 And marked their journeys right ;
 Gave them a leading cloud by day,
 A fiery guide by night.

They thirst, and waters from the rock
 In rich abundance flow ;
 And following still the course they took,
 Ran all the desert through.

O wondrous stream ! O blessed type
 Of overflowing grace !
 So Christ, our Rock, maintains our life
 Through all this wilderness.

Thus guarded by the Almighty hand,
 The chosen tribes possessed
 Canaan, the rich, the promised land,
 And there enjoyed their rest.

Then let the world forbear its rage,
 The Church renounce her fear ;
 Israel must live through every age,
 And be the Almighty's care.

Ps. 105

289 The time to favour her, the set time, is come.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice :
 Behold the promised hour ;
 Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
 And comes to exalt His power.

Her dust and ruins that remain
 Are precious in our eyes :
 Those ruins shall be built again,
 And all that dust shall rise.

The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
 And stand in glory there ;
 Nations shall bow before His name,
 And kings attend with fear.

He sits a Sovereign on His throne,
 With pity in His eyes ;
 He hears the dying prisoners groan,
 And sees their sighs arise.

He frees the souls condemned to death,
 And when His saints complain
 'Twill ne'er be said, "That praying breath
 Was ever spent in vain."

This shall be known when we are dead,
 And left on long record ;
 That ages yet unborn may read,
 And trust, and praise the Lord.

Ps. 102.

290

God is our refuge and strength.

GOD is the refuge of His saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade ;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold Him present with His aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled .
 Down to the deep, and buried there ;
 Convulsions shake the solid world,
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
 In sacred peace our souls abide,
 While every nation, every shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God ;
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
 And watering our Divine abode.

That sacred stream, thine holy Word,
 Which all our raging fear controls ;
 Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against a threatening hour ;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Ps. 46.

291 Isa. xlix. 14.—For Zion hath said, God hath forsaken
 me, my God hath forgotten me.

NOW shall my inward joys arise,
 And burst into a song ;
 Almighty love inspires my heart,
 And pleasure tunes my tongue.

God on His thirsty Zion hill
 Some mercy drops has thrown,
 And solemn oaths have bound His love
 To shower salvation down.

Why do we then indulge our fears,
 Suspicions, and complaints ?
 Is He a God, and shall His grace
 Grow weary of His saints ?

Can a kind woman e'er forget
 The infant of her womb ?
 And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
 Her suckling have no room ?

“Yet,” saith the Lord, “should nature change,
 And mothers faithless prove,
 Zion still dwells upon the heart
 Of everlasting love.

“Deep on the palms of both my hands
 I have engraved her name ;
 My hands shall raise her ruined walls,
 And build her broken frame.”

H. 39, B. 1.

292 GOD THE DEFENCE OF HIS CHURCH.

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
 The seat of Thy Creator's grace ;
 Thine holy courts are His abode,
 Thou earthly palace of our God !

Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
 A guard of heavenly warriors waits ;
 Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
 Fixed on His counsels and His love.

Thy foes in vain designs engage,
 Against His throne in vain they rage ;
 Like rising waves, with angry roar,
 They dash and die upon the shore.

God is our shield, and God our sun ;
 Swift as the fleeting moments run,
 On us He sheds new beams of grace,
 And we reflect His brightest praise.

H. 64, B. 2.

WE are a garden walled around,
 Chosen and made peculiar ground ;
 A little spot enclosed by grace
 Out of the world's wide wilderness.

Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
 Planted by God the Father's hand ;
 And all His springs in Sion flow
 To make the young plantation grow.

Awake, O heavenly wind ! and come,
 Blow on this garden of perfume ;
 Spirit Divine ! descend and breathe
 A gracious gale on plants beneath.

Make our best spices flow abroad,
 To entertain our Saviour God ;
 And faith, and love, and joy appear,
 And every grace be active here.

Our Lord into His garden comes,
 Well pleased to smell our poor perfumes,
 And calls us to a feast Divine,
 Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

Jesus, we will frequent Thy board,
 And sing the bounties of our Lord ;
 But the rich food on which we live
 Demands more praise than tongue can give.
 H. 74, B. 1.

294

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

WHO is this fair one in distress
 That travels from the wilderness ?
 And pressed with sorrows and with sins,
 On her beloved Lord she leans.

This is the spouse of Christ our God,
 Bought with the treasures of His blood ;
 And her request and her complaint
 Is but the voice of every saint.

“ O let my name engraven stand,
 Both on Thy heart and on Thy hand ;
 Seal me upon Thine arm, and wear
 That pledge of love for ever there.

“ Stronger than death Thy love is known,
 Which floods of wrath could never drown ;
 And hell and earth in vain combine
 To quench a fire so much Divine.

“ But I am jealous of my heart,
 Lest it should once from Thee depart ;
 Then let Thy name be well impressed
 As a fair signet on my breast.

“ Till Thou hast brought me to Thy home,
 Where fears and doubts can never come,
 Thy countenance let me often see,
 And often Thou shalt hear from me.”

H. 78, B. 1.

The Church in Heaven.

295

THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

THERE is a land of pure delight
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

THE CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers :
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green :
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

O ! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unobscured eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

H. 66, B. 2.

HOPE OF HEAVEN OUR SUPPORT.

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all !

There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

H. 65, B. 2.

297

DEATH AND GLORY.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal and on high ;
 And here my spirit waiting stands
 Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolved and fall,
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heavenly Father's call.

'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
 Who forms Thee fit for heaven,
 And, as an earnest of the place,
 Has His own Spirit given.

We walk by faith of joys to come,
 Faith lives upon His Word ;
 But while the body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.

'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
 But we had rather see ;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with Thee.

H. 110, B. 1.

298

1 Cor. ii. 9.—For eye hath not seen, nor hath the ear
 heard.

NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
 Nor sense nor reason known
 What joys the Father has prepared
 For those that love the Son.

But the good Spirit of the Lord
 Reveals a heaven to come ;
 The beams of glory in His Word
 Allure and guide us home.

THE CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace ;
 No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
 Can see or taste the bliss.

Those holy gates for ever bar
 Pollution, sin, and shame ;
 None shall obtain admittance there
 But followers of the Lamb.

He keeps the Father's book of life,
 There all their names are found ;
 The hypocrite in vain shall strive
 To tread the heavenly ground.

H. 105, B. 1.

THE WORSHIP OF HEAVEN.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
 The place of Thine abode,
 I'd leave Thy earthly courts, and flee
 Up to Thy seat, my God !
 Here I behold Thy distant face,
 And 'tis a pleasing sight ;
 But to abide in Thine embrace
 Is infinite delight.
 I'd part with all the joys of sense
 To gaze upon Thy throne ;
 Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
 Unspeakable, unknown.
 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
 In shining ranks they move,
 And drink immortal vigour in
 With wonder and with love.
 Then at Thy feet with lowly fear,
 The adoring armies fall ;
 With joy they shrink to nothing there,
 Before the Eternal All.
 There I would vie with all the host
 In duty and in bliss,
 While less than nothing I could boast
 And vanity confess.

The more Thy glories strike mine eyes,
 The humbler I shall lie ;
 Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
 Unmeasurably high.

H. 68, B. 2.

300

JOY OF FAITH.

MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
 And look within the veil ;
 There springs of endless pleasure rise,
 The waters never fail.

There I behold, with sweet delight,
 The blessed Three in One ;
 And strong affections fix my sight
 On God's incarnate Son.

His promise stands for ever firm,
 His grace shall ne'er depart ;
 He binds my name upon His arm,
 And seals it on His heart.

Light are the pains that nature brings :
 How short our sorrows are,
 When with eternal future things
 The present we compare.

I would not be a stranger still
 To that celestial place,
 Where I for ever hope to dwell
 Near my Redeemer's face.

H. 162. B. 2.

301

GLORY OF CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

OH ! the delights, the heavenly joys,
 The glories of the place
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
 Of His o'erflowing grace !

Sweet majesty and awful love
 Sit smiling on His brow ;
 And all the glorious ranks above
 At humble distance bow.

THE CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

Princes to His imperial name
 Bend their bright sceptres down,
 Dominions, thrones, and powers, rejoice
 To see Him wear the crown.

Archangels sound His lofty praise
 Through every heavenly street,
 And lay their highest honours down
 Submissive at His feet.

Those soft, those blessed feet of His
 That once rude iron tore ;
 High on a throne of light they stand,
 And all the saints adore.

His head, the dear majestic head
 That cruel thorns did wound,
 See what immortal glories shine
 And circle it around.

This is the Man, the exalted Man,
 Whom we unseen adore ;
 But when our eyes behold His face,
 Our hearts shall love Him more.

H. 91, B. 2.

SIGHT OF GOD AND CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
 Stoop down and take us on Thy wings,
 And mount and bear us far above
 The reach of these inferior things :

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
 Up where eternal ages roll ;
 Where solid pleasures never die,
 And fruits immortal feast the soul.

O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
 Of our Almighty Father's throne ;
 There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
 Clothed in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around Him stand,
 And thrones and powers before Him fall ;
 The God shines gracious through the Man,
 And sheds sweet glories on them all.

O what amazing joys they feel
 While to their golden harps they sing,
 And sit on every heavenly hill,
 And spread the triumphs of their King !

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear
 That I shall mount to dwell above,
 And stand and bow amongst them there,
 And view Thy face, and sing, and love ?

H. 23, B. 2.

303 Rev. v. 6.—THE VISION OF THE LAMB.

ALL mortal vanities, be gone,
 Nor tempt my eyes, nor charm my ears,
 Behold amidst the eternal throne
 A vision of the Lamb appears.

Glory His fleecy robe adorns,
 Marked with the bloody death He bore ;
 Seven are His eyes, and seven His horns,
 To speak His wisdom and His power.

Lo ! He receives a sealed book
 From Him that sits upon the throne ;
 Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
 On dark decrees and things unknown.

All the assembling saints around
 Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
 And in new songs of Gospel sound
 Address their honours to His name.

The joy, the shout, the harmony,
 Flies o'er the everlasting hills :
 " Worthy art Thou alone," they cry,
 " To read the book, to loose the seals."

Our voices join the heavenly strain,
 And with transporting pleasure sing,—
 “Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 To be our Teacher and our King!”

His words of prophecy reveal
 Eternal counsels, deep designs;
 His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
 The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

Thou hast redeemed our souls from hell
 With Thine invaluable blood;
 And sinners who did once rebel
 Are now made favourites of their God.

Worthy for ever is the Lord
 Who died for treasons not His own,
 By every tongue to be adored,
 And dwell upon His Father's throne!

H. 25, B. 1.

304 Rev. xxi. 1.—KINGDOM OF CHRIST AMONG MEN.

LO! what a glorious sight appears
 To our believing eyes!
 The earth and seas are passed away,
 And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where God resides,
 That holy, happy place,
 The new Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorned with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing,
 “Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King.

“The God of glory down to men
 Removes His blessed abode;
 Men, the dear objects of His grace,
 And He the loving God.

“ His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
 From every weeping eye,
 And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
 And death itself, shall die.”

How long, dear Saviour ! O how long
 Shall this bright hour delay ?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

H. 21. B. 1.

305

THE BLESSED SOCIETY IN HEAVEN.

• **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
 Through every heavenly street,
 And say, there's nought below the sun
 That's worthy of thy feet.

Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
 And tread the courts above ;
 Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
 Shall tempt our meanest love.

There on a high majestic throne
 The Almighty Father reigns,
 And sheds His glorious goodness down
 On all the blissful plains.

Bright like a sun the Saviour sits,
 And spreads eternal noon,
 No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
 To want the feeble moon.

Amidst those ever-shining skies
 Behold the sacred Dove,
 While banished sin and sorrow flies
 From all the realms of love.

The glorious tenants of the place
 Stand bending round the throne :
 And saints and seraphs sing and praise
 The infinite Three One.

But O what beams of heavenly grace
 Transport them all the while !
 Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
 And love in every smile !

Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
 That joyful hour appear,
 When I shall leave this house of clay,
 To dwell amongst them there ?

H. 33, B. 2.

306 THE VANITY OF EARTH IN COMPARISON WITH HEAVEN.

UP to the fields where angels lie,
 And living waters gently roll,
 Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
 But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
 Can make this load of guilt remove ;
 And Thou canst bear me where Thou fliest,
 On Thy kind wings, celestial Dove !

O might I once mount up and see
 The glories of the eternal skies !
 What little things these worlds would be !
 How despicable to my eyes !

Had I a glance of Thee, my God,
 Kingdoms and men would vanish soon ;
 Vanish as though I saw them not,
 As a dim candle dies at noon.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
 I should perceive the noise no more ;
 Then we can hear a shaking leaf
 While rattling thunders round us roar.

Great All in All ! Eternal King !
 Let me but view Thy lovely face,
 And all my powers shall bow and sing,
 Thine endless grandeur and Thy grace.

H. 41, B. 2.

APPENDIX.



NOTE 1. (See page x.)

In the preface to the Lyric Poems he says, "Wide defects and superfluities may be found, but I have at present neither inclination nor leisure to correct, and I hope I never shall. It is one of the biggest satisfactions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be ever free of making or mending poems again. The following years of my life shall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my station; excepting those hours that may be employed in finishing my imitation of the Psalms of David in Christian languages, which I have now promised the world.—1709, May 14th." Twenty-seven years after, he says, "Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret." "Will this short note of Horace excuse a man who has resisted nature many years, but has sometimes been overcome?"—Preface to the 7th Edition, 1736.

(See page xxi.)

"If the Lord who inhabits the praises of Israel shall refuse to smile on this attempt for the reformation of Psalmody among the Churches, yet I humbly hope that His blessed Spirit will make these composures useful to private Christians; and if they may but attain the honour of being esteemed pious meditations, to assist the devout and the retired soul in the exercises of love, faith, and joy, it will be a valuable compensation to my labours: my heart shall rejoice at the notice of it, and my God shall receive the glory. This was my hope and vow in the first publication; and it is now my duty to acknowledge to him, with thankfulness, how useful he has made these compositions already, to the comfort and edification of societies, and of private persons."—Preface to the 2nd Edition, 1709.

NOTE 2. (See page xxiii.)

REV. JAMES HERVEY.

“Among other of your edifying compositions I have reason to thank you for your Sacred Songs which I have introduced into the service of my church, so that in the solemnities of the Sabbath, and in a lecture on the week-day, your muse lights up the incense of our praise, and furnishes our devotions with harmony.”—*Weston Favell*, Dec. 10th, 1747. In “*Milner's Life*,” p. 694.

“Last Sabbath day, after preaching in the morning at Olney, with three others I rode to hear one, Mr. Hervey, a minister of the Church of England, who preached at Collingtree, and to my great surprise and satisfaction, having never seen such a thing before, they sung two of Dr. Watts' Hymns, the clerk giving them out line by line.” This account was written by Mr. Joseph Smith, one of Whitefield's preachers, in a letter to a friend. The Countess of Huntingdon quotes it in an undated and undirected letter, inserted in her life, about the year 1753.—“*Life and Times*,” vol. 1., p. 192.

NOTE 3. (See page xxi.)

DR. DODDRIDGE.

“On Wednesday last I was preaching in a barn to a pretty large assembly of plain country people, at a village a few miles off. After a sermon from Hebrews vi. 12, we sung one of your hymns, which, if I remember right, was the 140th in the second book (‘Give me the wings of faith to rise’), and in that part of the worship I had the satisfaction to observe tears in the eyes of several of the auditory, and after the service was over some of them told me that they were not able to sing, so deeply were their minds affected by it, and the clerk, in particular, told me he could hardly utter the words of it. These were most of them poor people who work for their living. I found that your *Hymns and Psalms* were almost their daily entertainment.”—*P. Doddridge*, *May*, 1731. “*Milner's Life*,” p. 472.

NOTE 4. (See page xvi.)

TRANSLATIONS FROM MODERN LATIN.

On the subject of translation I should be glad to put in a word. There is something very near akin to the ludicrous in the mysterious words, "From the Latin." Up to the close of the fifteenth century, before the languages of Europe had become the vehicles of poetic or scientific speech, Latin hymns were intelligible and possible, some of them very beautiful and valuable; but after Shakespeare and Milton and Dryden had written in English, or Molière or Racine or Voltaire in French, if any learned man, French, German, or English, chose to employ his learned leisure in writing Latin hymns,—hymns which must have come to his own mind first in French or English, and have been by him done into Latin,—it would surely be a very odd way of introducing such very modern compositions by heading them, "From the Latin." Precisely cotemporary with Dr. Watts, working like him in the eighteenth century, Charles Coffin, a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic, composed many hymns for the Paris Breviary. Of these, twenty-five very smooth but very tame translations, *many with only half rhymes*, have appeared in Hymns A. and M. Altogether, room has been found in the New Edition for thirty-four hymns of these modern Latin writers, cotemporary with Addison, Dryden, and Watts; while, strange to say, for all the noble hymn writers of the eighteenth century, Watts, Wesley, Cowper, Doddridge, Brady, and Tate, and eighteen other composers, room for only *thirty-nine* has been found, including only *four* out of three hundred hymns of Dr. Watts in present use. The pendulum of public consent and feeling has surely reached the extreme point of oscillation in this direction. It is scarcely possible for it to go further. A Frenchman's exercises in modern Latin have fairly banished all cotemporary English writers out of the field. Could his sentiments and feelings have been consulted, it is highly probable that the Jansenism of Charles Coffin would have compelled him in his heart of hearts to prefer the free expression of these rejected hymns of Watts to his own. From a friend, who has made a careful analysis of Hymns Ancient and Modern, I find that there are translated from the Greek 10, from the Latin 139, from Italian, Danish, and German, 17; in all, 166 translated hymns in that collection!

NOTE 5. (See page xxvi.)

BAD RHYMING.

In Pope's *Essay on Man*, published between 1732 and 1734, twenty-four years after Dr. Watts' *Hymns*, there may be found bad rhymes enough to justify any that are met with in the *Psalms and Hymns*. Perhaps, too, there are in the same poem quite as many awkwardly-constructed and unfinished sentences. Pope could easily have altered them, had he cared to do so: such as *thought, fault*, then pronounced *faut* (see Dr. Johnson and see Dr. Watts, Hy. 85, Bk. 2)—*barrier, near* (a pronunciation adopted merely for the rhyme)—*sphere, fair—race, grass—rule, fool—ill, principle—born, return—wood, God—policies, bees—enjoy, luxury*. In what are now called "The Moral Essays," Pope took more pains to finish off his work than in anything else he ever wrote. The rhymes alone give evidence of the fact. Yet even here there occur what in Dr. Watts' are unpardonable vices and crimes, such as *revere, star—draught, thought* (even then pronounced *draft*)—*fools, ridicules—great, cheat—compelling, Helen—given, heaven* (frequently)—*see, villainy—heirs, ears—on, sun—pursue, do—sure, poor—spirit, merit—state, eat*. Poor hymn writers! Comparing Dr. Watts with his very best cotemporaries, the charge of carelessness and want of taste can hardly with fairness be sustained. I say with fairness and justice, for it seems to me that the nineteenth century critic is intolerant only of the prosiness and solecisms in rhyme and writing of these unpretending Calvinistic hymn writers. He will endure far worse and far more intolerable specimens of his own times. We are told of the jingle of such a hymn as "A debtor to mercy alone," and of Toplady's making *given* rhyme with *heaven*; but is there in all Watts, or Cowper, or Wesley a prose and a jingle equal to the following specimens? Can anyone conceive of the pleasure of singing on Easter Day such a piece of doggerel as "To Galilee forthwith proceed," in preference to the inspiring strains of English poets!

The Apostles' hearts were full of pain
 For their dear Lord so lately slain;
 By rebel servants doom'd to die
 A death of cruel agony.

With gentle voice the angel gave
 The women tidings at the grave:
Fear not, your Master shall ye see;
He goes before to Galilee.

Th' eleven, when they hear, with speed
To Galilee forthwith proceed,
 That there once more they may behold
 The Lord's dear face, as He foretold.

Christian, dost thou see them
 On the holy ground ;
 How the troops of Midian
 Prowl and prowl around ?

Christians, up and smite them,
 Counting gain but loss ;
 Smite them by the merit
 Of the holy cross.

Shame upon you, legions
 Of the heavenly King :
 Denizens of regions
 Past imagining !

What, with pipe and tabor
 Pass away the light,
 When He bids you labour,
 When He tells you—*Fight ?*

NOTE 6. (See page xxvii.)

EXTREME SENSUOUSNESS.

By extreme sensuousness is meant the profuse employment of natural images in describing things which are wholly spiritual and Divine. The case in point furnishes us with a curious instance of the meeting of two extremes. The devotional poetry of the Catholic Church, and that of the rigid Protestants in the last century, furnish us with a nearly equal number of hymns in this style. Here again the protest of the Dissenters has been overborne and carried away by the example of the Church of England. About fifty years ago a strong feeling was expressed on the subject by dissenting writers ; many familiar hymns were dismissed from use, and others were so altered and curtailed that *the outcry among the congregations was very general against the*

severity of the critics. "The Catholic revival," strange to say, has altered all this: it has affected the whole Nonconformist body quite as powerfully, and even more universally, than it has done the Church of England. Before 1840, where were the Gothic "Churches," the steeples and spires, the organs, the chanting, the *Te Deum* and Canticles, the Liturgies, the floral decorations, the psalmody, both of verse and song, altogether of a new and foreign character from that ever used before? And now, who more freely and gladly accept the translations from the Latin hymns, or from the German chorales as old as the Latin, and other productions of later writers in the same style? No wonder that Dr. Watts' Hymns are again printed as they were written; it would be cruel to exclude any hymn he ever wrote because of the sensuousness of his imagery. Whether for evil or for good, so it is: sensuousness of expression has ceased to be a danger. As in many of the German songs, melody of expression, clever varieties of metre, good and unexpected rhymes, songs, in fact, made for music, will take the ear and the heart, and that, sometimes, with but a small modicum of meaning of any kind lurking beneath the words.

Probably there are but few persons who possess so large a number of hymn-books and hymnals as I have gathered together, and I may, therefore, I hope, without presumption, express my private opinion that of all the collections of hymns I have seen, the Congregational Hymn-book, as it is the largest, is at the same time the MOST CATHOLIC in the best sense of the word; and as for tunes, for care and judgment, for pains-taking enquiry into the history of them, and all the literature about them, as well as for cheapness and beauty, the large edition of the Irish Church Hymnal stands far, very far, before all the rest.

(See page xxiv.)

HARSH EXPRESSIONS.

I referred to the *harsh expressions* of Dr. Watts. It is a great thing to say that they are only *harsh*, with scarcely a trace of the coarseness which characterized the writings of the cultured and reverend poets of his day. I allude to such a verse as the following,—

Cursed be the man, for ever cursed,
 Who doth one wilful sin commit;
 Death and damnation for the first,
 Without relief and infinite,—

and as specimen of his abuse of the doctrine of reconciliation, take the following,—

Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame ;
Our God appeared consuming fire,
And Vengeance was His name.

Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calm'd His frowning face,—
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

It is only fair, I think, to confess that we owe much of the improvement of our language in these matters to the Unitarian controversy. Their writers pointed out so plainly the love of God in sending His Son into the world, and in general the mercy and beneficence of the Creator, that their most vehement opponents saw the unscriptural and untruthful character of the representations in common use.

NOTE 7. (See page xxix.)

EXTREME CALVINISM.

“To Locke, the worldly scepticism of Bolinbroke, and the gloomy Supralapsarianism of Watts, would have been almost alike intolerable.”—English Church in the 18th century. “Abbey and Overton,” vol 1., p. 544.

The word *Supralapsarian* is a long word, almost as bad as Mesopotamia; no one knows what evil may lurk beneath it, especially with the word “gloomy” prefixed to it. Among the countless speculations which were agitated by the schoolmen, and by the Puritan writers, who were their most ardent disciples, was the following: “When God ordained men to eternal life, were they in THE DIVINE MIND regarded as fallen or unfallen?” The Supralapsarians said they were looked upon as unfallen, the Sublapsarians said they were considered as already fallen. I have heard the point argued many a time by simple-hearted men, who had a childlike belief in every word, every argument, and every illustration used in Scripture, I mean those which could be made to bear upon this subject, and of all the useless, *impractical theories* then discussed, this one always appeared to

me the most harmless and innocent, the least likely of all to throw any gloom or moroseness over any man's character or creed. Of the two views, I always considered the supralapsarian as the more cheerful and pleasant one. Whether Dr. Watts held it or not I cannot say, but if he did, I should think it had as much influence on his ministry and character as the adoption by him in preference of one of the two theories of light. The Calvinism of Dr. Watts was what was technically known as Baxterianism, in which the harsher doctrines of Calvinism were so confronted with other views, and so neutralized by them, that practically such Calvinism differed in nothing but words from the Arminianism of Wesley himself. No doubt many Supralapsarians held many offensive views which they chose to connect with the theory, or which, more likely, their opponents charged upon them as its legitimate results. No doubt there are to be found in Watts' many harsh expressions, and some very dark descriptions of the world in which he lived; but the world of Swift and Pope, of Lord John Harvey and others, the London that Watts saw and knew, was not a pleasant world for a good man to contemplate: it might be described literally "as mischievous as hell." Watts' most famous contemporaries, who thought it a distinction to have only once seen him, or to get one letter from him, who knew him as one living all his life-time out of their own world in the charmed circle of good society; every one, indeed, at that time, friends or enemies, would have been filled with wonder and displeasure had they foreseen the fact that "want of religious modesty and taste, repellent harshness in expression, coarseness of conception, unchastened fancy, vulgarity of thought and expression," would one day fill up the portraiture of THE AMIABLE DR. WATTS.

(See page xxvii.)

FALSE CONCORDS.

The God that rules on high,
And thunders *when He please*.

Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation *as He please*.

He raises monarchs to the throne
And sinks them *as He please*.

One day amidst the place
Where my dear God *hath been*.

How well our God secures the fold
Where His own sheep *have been*.

NOTE 8. (See page viii.)

“WATTS ALTERED.”

The expression “Watts altered” is used with so much uncertainty and ambiguity, that it conveys no information at all. Take, for instance, the 100th Psalm, “Watts altered by Wesley.” In this case Wesley has contributed just three words. All that he did was to suppress the first verse, and to make such alterations in the second as would conceal the omission. The hymn belongs to Watts: he alone has the credit and honour of its authorship. In other cases there are fathered upon him productions which none of his lovers and friends would for one moment acknowledge to be his. Take, for example the 103rd Psalm, given by Bickersteth, 508 “Hymnal Companion,” and by a strange oversight in so excellent an editor marked by him *unaltered!* It is a wretched cento of lines gathered from everywhere and everybody, about as impossible a thing for Watts to have written as the doxology appended to his hymn in H. 108 A. & M., by Sir Henry Baker.

Another grievance hard to be endured is, that some of his most Scriptural and, to his friends, most familiar allusions should be condemned and thrust aside as unintelligible by the critics. In the martyrs’ hymn (31, B. 1) the two lines—

“From torturing racks to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,”—

seem to have irritated all the compilers. The allusion, of course, is to the horses of fire and chariots of fire in the translation of Elijah. Watts had the idea suggested to him much nearer home. In the “Pilgrim’s Progress, in the story of the martyrdom of Faithful, he is represented as thus conveyed from the stake to heaven. What a pity to destroy the intention of the hymn by reducing the sufferings of “The Great Tribulation”

into the ordinary trials of everyday life! This hymn, charming as it is, *must* be altered: one or two expressions in it are most unfortunate, "Tormenting thirst shall *leave their souls, and hunger flee as fast.*" "The unveiled glories of His face among His saints *reside.*" But to scotticise it as Cameron has done is to take it out of the whole sphere and style of Watts' writing. One curious blunder, among countless others, has arisen about the last verse of the ever to be lamented hymn, "Welcome, sweet day of rest,"—the hymn which everybody loves, which every one confesses *must* be altered, and the alterations of which, however tenderly and carefully made, no one approves. The last verse is—

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

The same estimable editor, to whom I have just referred, speaks of this verse as impossible to be used in the Service of the Church of England, apparently because of the idea of "sitting to sing." Surely there never was a greater mistake. The comparison of the soul to a caged bird is a common and favourite image with Dr. Watts. (See *Lyric Poems, A sight of heaven in sickness.*)

"My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings."

In the verse referred to there is a further allusion to the well-known fact that nightingales and larks in long captivity will, to the pain and grief of their owners, often "sing themselves to death:" they will sit on their perches and die in the very ecstasy of their song. It is very hard upon the poet to have this idea exchanged for that of *sitting* in a square pew in a Presbyterian chapel. Singing oneself away from it! A most amusing volume might be written on "the corrections of Watts." They would form quite a history of successive eras of discrimination and taste! In old times you could gauge the Calvinism or the Arminianism of the corrector by his subtle alterations. In later times you could test his knowledge of Scripture, or his standard of poetic feeling, by his reducing all dangerous flights of fancy to the dead level of the old Psalms, called "judicious emen-

dation." To this very day there is no more sure estimate of the toleration of Evangelical sentiment, or Evangelical interpretation of Scripture, than the admission of Watts' best hymns into a hymn-book. In the "Hymns for the poor of the flock," all the unacknowledged fancies of the Plymouth Brethren's creed may be traced in the changes made in the most familiar hymns. The fashion of alteration, however, seems to be fast fading away. The hymns of writers who were *themselves* not *up to the standard*, in spite of their acknowledged excellency, are as a rule rejected altogether.

NOTE 9. (See page xv.)

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

Among all the obscure corners of the past into which our magazine writers have burrowed for amusement and instruction to their readers, I have never seen one article which has done justice to the spinning wheel,—the most peaceful and picturesque occupation of the young and elderly maidens, little more than sixty years ago. My experience was wholly confined to the Eastern Counties, where, however, there was a very great demand for the very finest yarns for the bombazine and crape manufactures at Norwich. The dame to whom I am indebted for the first taste of literature was one of the most skilful and picturesque looking of such spinsters. Her yarns were so fine and perfect, and fetched such good remuneration, that it was considered a great favour for a young maiden or two to be allowed to spin with her. She rented a respectable house in the street of the town in which she lived, the back portion of which was underlet. Her one large room had a clean boarded floor, which was carefully wiped over with a damp cloth every morning, besides a thorough scouring on Saturday, so that no dust should be swept up with the *orts*—the small hard knots in the wool which had been thrown off in the spinning. Her own wheel stood in the middle of the room in the length of it, she sat on a high-backed chair, and as she was not so flexible in her limbs as she once was, she drew out only very short but beautifully even and fine threads at each turn of the wheel. The two girls occupied the two ends of the room, with their wheels at right angles to the other one. They did not sit down, but ran to and fro towards the spindle, and formed a pretty picture, such as we may wish in vain to see again. At that time the favourite tunes to the hymns were

adapted from glees and other popular airs. "There is a land of pure delight" was sung to "Drink to me only with thine eyes." "Come we that love the Lord" was sung to Corelli's tune, and was so great a favourite that in Norwich it was called "The Spinner's Hymn." Other hymns were set to "All's well," "The heavens are telling," and very pleasantly did they sound as part songs from the trebles of the girls' sweet voices. The old lady with her large copy of Watts bound in green baize placed on a high stool before her, superfluously giving out the couplets, and the young girls, who were in the chapel choir and knew all the verses and tunes by heart, singing them at intervals with more delight, I fear, in the music than in the song. Spinning had much to do with the Methodist taste for music, and the young men were not at all slow at finding out that they could sit in a corner and sing bass, or tenor, or counter tenor, to the spinster's tunes. To the humble, honest, devout widow and spinster there has never been (I fear there never can be) an adequate compensation for the loss of her spinning wheel. Does any one now living remember the fascination of the reel, the beautiful mahogany reel, which every little boy and girl burned with such intense desire to be allowed to *turn*, and which, alas, they never could? The little beautifully carved hammer, which, with a smart blow, marked off the score or the hundred yards wound off the spindle, if touched by little busy hands would have told a false tale. And so the reel was only turned by an old woman full of care, calculating with wrinkled brow the length of yarn she should be paid for, and all the delight it must have given to little hands and merry faces was longed for in vain.

(See Page xxxiv.)

ABSURDITIES OF DIVIDED LINES.

No doubt many of the absurdities which might follow the practice of repeating two or three times over the half of a line were invented in after days. I cannot myself say I ever heard one of them sung. Such catastrophes were, of course, obviated by a wise and prudent clerk. I will mention three out of many I have heard of and have now forgotten. The grave and solemn tune called Job repeats itself in the last line, and is said to *have given opportunity for the following absurdity: the whole congregation singing very gravely and slowly, "Stir up this stu—Stir up this stu—pid heart of mine."* Another tune, a

short metre, brought out another fourth line in still more questionable taste, sung first by the women and then by the men, "And learn to kiss—And learn to kiss—the rod!" Another tune, called Bath Chapel, a common metre and a lively one, three times divided in the third line, elicited the great chorus, "Upon a poor pol—Upon a poor pol—Upon a poor pol—luted worm." I remember (as an instance of the more ancient style) being taken when quite a child to a chapel in a remote country village, where there were three little boards kept, marked c.m., l.m., s.m., and which were hung up on the pulpit by the clerk to mark the three solitary tunes which would be ventured upon by the congregation. This clerk, who was a character, used a huge square mahogany pitch pipe, the notes on the slide being engraved on a piece of lead, and to be quite sure he had got a clear conception of the key, he murmured softly to himself the descending first, fourth, sixth, and eighth, to the words Ca—leb—and Josh—u—a. This same man had an ingenious way of perfecting a faulty rhyme of Dr. Watts by singing gravely and slowly,—

Man has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with quenchless fires;
Tossed to and fro his passions fly
From vanitee to vanity.

NOTE 10. (See page xvii.)

"THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR."

The contention about Psalmody may not inaptly be thus entitled. It began about the middle of the seventeenth century, and was not ended till past the middle of the eighteenth. It was complicated by a number of conflicting opinions, which it is very difficult clearly to understand, and still more difficult, in a brief notice, to explain. Some of the disputants clearly sided with the Quakers and maintained that singing in Divine Service was an obsolete usage, and inconsistent with the spirituality of the new dispensation: others seemed to hold views and opinions similar to some of the Irvingites,—that singing could only be lawful to an individual and to one inspired to sing—inspired both in the hymn and in the tune—the practical result of this theory, of course, as with that of the Quakers, was no singing at all. A third party who held to psalms, absolutely inspired,

would use no metrical version, but contended for the prose translation in the Bible. There was a further confusion arising from the effects of persecution. At one time the people were afraid to sing, lest they should be heard, and so discover their place of meeting; at another time they resorted to singing because it was held to be no violation of the law, and they could not be arrested for it. In one point I differ from Mr. Curwen, in his interesting article in the *British Quarterly* (October, 1879). I feel confident the people did sing the Psalms out of the Bible; they did not chant them in the narrow sense in which the word chant is now used. They sung them in plain song: that is, on one note, falling perhaps to the third or to the fifth at the end of the sentence; just as the Psalms, and sometimes the Lessons, were read or sung from immemorial times in the churches. I have no doubt in my own mind that the conventional modulated tone of reading, which we now universally adopt, is comparatively a modern practice. I fancy I can myself recollect a time when it was very different,—when not only prayers and psalms and lessons in churches, but even extempore prayers in chapels were uttered in a monotonous tone on a high key, with a kind of wailing sound, very different from the soft and modulated voice which among educated people is everywhere now to be heard. It seems to me that these good people, who, “so they said,” *could not sing a metrical psalm*, could easily sing in a monotone the Psalms in the Bible, following the lead of the minister, or one who could from practice regulate the music.

This use, however, whatever was its nature, was not what those who advocated singing demanded. They wanted to sing metrical psalms to a psalm tune, especially at the Lord's Supper. They thought the Scripture clearly taught them, in the example of our Lord and His disciples, at this service, to “sing a hymn.” It was extremely difficult to find any psalm adapted to the service. The 23rd Psalm, and about twenty or thirty verses selected from the whole psalter, were used over and over in a way which even then did not commend itself to the popular taste. A further attempt to sing a psalm at the close of the service was met as the psalm at the Lord's Supper had been,—with very determined hostility: the men put on their hats as a silent protest, or they left the place before the singing began. It is still more difficult to understand the objection to the use of books, as an improvement upon the practice of “lining out,” as it was called. In the Baptist general assembly, held at Taunton in the year 1699, a resolution was passed: “We humbly think that those who are not for the practice of singing at the

Lord's Supper, may, without wrong to their consciences, leave those to their liberty, who are for singing, to stay and sing in the same places where the Supper is administered after those who are not for singing are gone; and this, we think, will be much more honourable to the name of God, and our holy profession, than to send away dissatisfied members by recommendation."—Ivimey, *History of the Baptists*, p. 540.

This, then, was the furthest advance in Congregational Psalmody in the year 1700. The metrical version of Sternhold and Hopkins was used in the churches: the verses were lined out, and the tune led by the clerk. Among the Presbyterians and Independents selected metrical psalms were sung either during the service or at the end of it; but with the Baptists the practice of singing had been adopted only in a very few places: even where it was adopted it was stipulated that the service should be wholly concluded, and, at the Lord's Supper, the collection made before the Psalm was sung. At one of the principal chapels in London (Devonshire Square), singing was commenced with these limitations in 1710. In Maze Pond Chapel, which had separated from its parent church to avoid the singing, it was not begun till 1735. No one, I should think, with such evidence before him will accept the assertion without separate proof in every case, that Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns were "every where welcomed with delight, and eagerly adopted by Nonconformists in public worship." Dr. Watts tells us that on the Sunday after his ordination, March 29th, 1702, they sung *a Gospel hymn*, from Rev. i. 5, 6, 7, at the Lord's Supper; probably the first English hymn that had been sung in Divine Service in London. No doubt this was the famous Southampton hymn, No. 271, in this collection. We are told further, in the records of this congregation, that in the year 1723 they sung two psalms and hymns at every service: it is not mentioned what they were, but I have no doubt that in his own meeting his own Psalms and Hymns are intended.—Rippon's Register, last vol., pp. 558, 593.

There was one odd exception to the rejection of "human compositions." A hymn was sung on a week-day on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, and perhaps on some other occasions of national thanksgiving. I remember, about 1820, hearing a very aged man tell a story which a boy would not be likely to forget. He said that forty years ago he had heard the parish clerk of Bildeston, in Suffolk, on the 5th of November

give out, "A hymn of my own composing" (a hyme of my own composin'). He then gravely read the first verse :—

"That was a wicked thing
Which sinners did conspire,
To blow up the Par-li-a-ment
With gunn-á-powder fire."

I have never heard the story since, or seen it in print; but I have no doubt it is an old legend which has its locality in many other places besides Bildeston, and has been attested in each place by eye and ear witnesses.

(See page xxxvi.)

In tune 313, there is an unpleasant reminder of "Glorious Apollo," very slowly sung; in tune 197, of Calcott's Glee, "Harold the Valiant;" in tune 24, of Signor Contino's song, "Si vuol ballara," in Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro."

ERRATA.

On page xxviii for *two* read *too*.

On page xxii for *superceded* read *superseded*.

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