

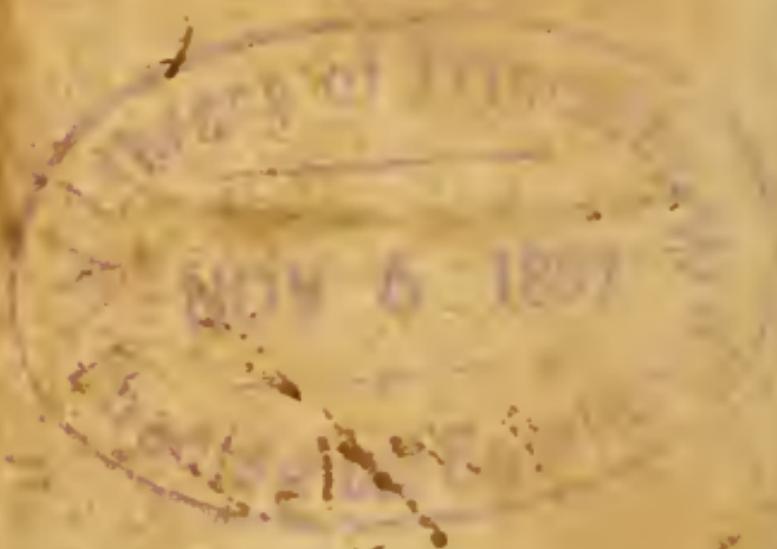


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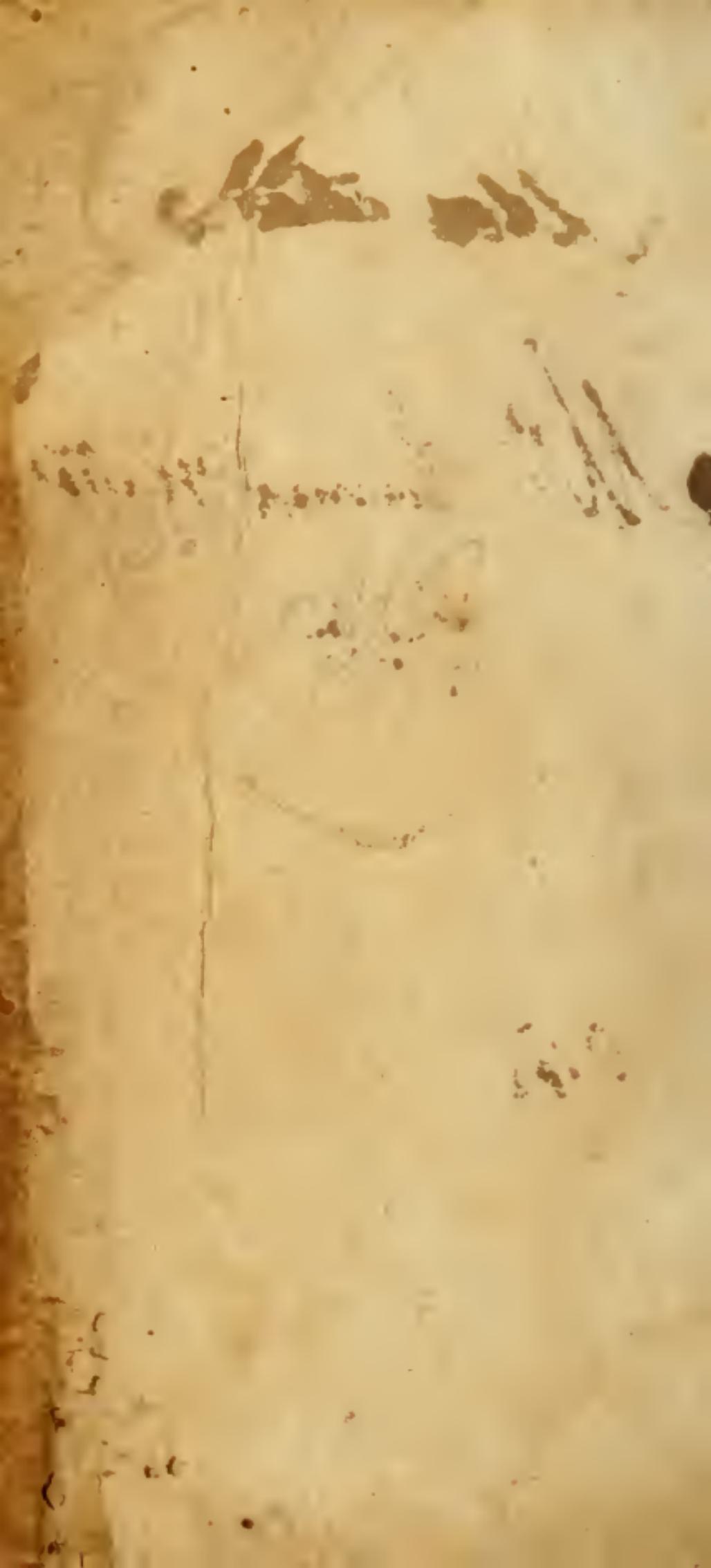
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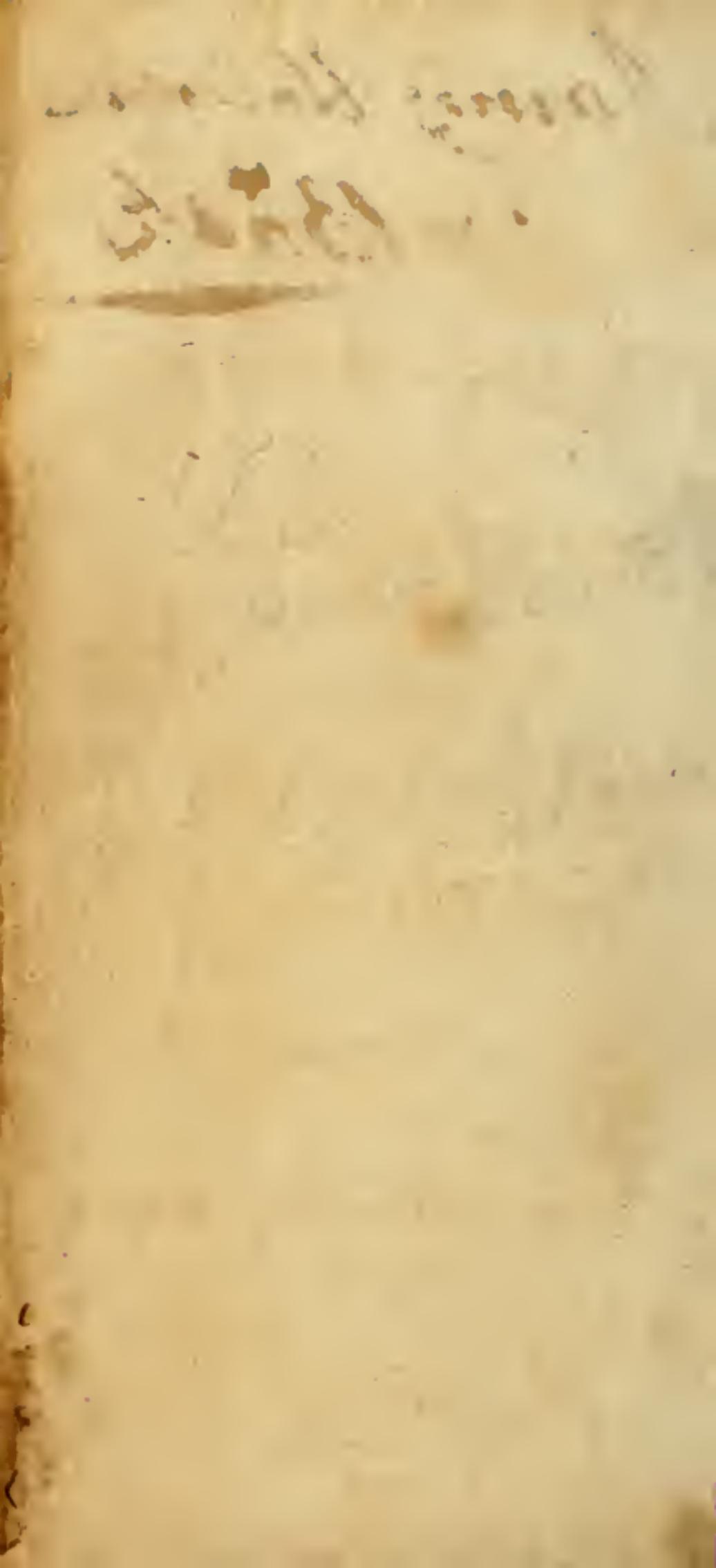
Book
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James
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James Haicston

Book



THE
✓
CHRISTIAN
HYMN-BOOK,

CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

*“ Let every thing that hath breath praise the
Lord. Praise ye the Lord.”* Psalm cl, 6.

THIRD EDITION.

CINCINNATI:

LOOKER AND WALLACE, PRINTERS,

.....
1815.

District of Ohio, to wit :

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, and in the thirty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, DAVID WALLACE, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit : " The Christian Hymn-Book, corrected and enlarged. ' Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.' Psalm cl, 6. Third Edition."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled " An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned," and also of the act entitled " An act supplementary to the act entitled ' An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints.' "

A copy, attest,

HUMPHREY FULLERTON,

Clerk Ohio District.

CHRISTIAN HYMNS.

INVITATION.

HYMN 1. L. M.

The new and living way.

- 1 **M**Y God, inspire this heart of mine
To praise thy name in songs di-
vine;
Let heavenly love breathe thro my clay,
While speaking of the living way.
- 2 The way to death, with haste I trod,
Oppressed with sin, a heavy load :
But O, how happy was that day,
When first I found the living way.
- 3 The veil of Jesus' flesh I see,
Is rent and torn, and bleeds for me :
That blood divine sheds heavenly day,
And marks this new and living way.
- 4 O Jesus, when I view the plan,
How God descends to dwell with man;
I leap for joy and boldly say,
I'm in this new and living way.

- 5 Whene'er thy smiling face I view,
My strength and vigor I renew ;
I'm then prepared to shout and pray
Along the new and living way.
- 6 A sinner, I confess I am ;
But O, I've found the bleeding Lamb ;
He washed my foulest stains away,
And set me in this living way.
- 7 When in this living way I move,
I'm filled with sweet seraphic love,
O, how I long to see the day,
When all shall croud this living way.
- 8 How boundless is the love of God,
How rich the drops of Jesus' blood ;
And yet what thousands go astray,
And miss the new and living way.
- 9 Some hate this way, which life imparts,
But let us run with cheerful hearts ;
For when we quit this house of clay,
We'll rise and shout this living way.
- 10 And when we reach the heavenly goal,
Where living streams of pleasure roll,
Our song shall be to endless day,
"All glory to the living way."

HYMN 2.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity love and power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;

True belief and true repentance,
Will not fail to bring you nigh ;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger ;
Nor of fitness fondly dream :
All the fitness he requires,
Is, to feel your need of him ;
This he gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy ladened,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous ;
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hear him cry before he dies :
" It is finished !"
Sinners, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merits of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude,
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may do the same.

HYMN 3. L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
 Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God has bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
 The invitation is to all ;
 Come all the world, come sinner, thou,
 All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come all ye souls, by sin opprest,
 Ye restless wanderers after rest ;
 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message, as from God, receive,
 Ye all may come to Christ, and live ;
 O let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 5 His love is mighty to compel ;
 His conquering love consent to feel,
 Yield to his love's redeeming power,
 And fight against your God no more.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious bleeding sacrifice ;
 His offered benefits embrace,
 And freely now be saved by grace.
- 7 This is the time, no more delay ;
 This is the acceptable day ;
 Come in this moment at his call,
 And live for him who died for all.

HYMN 4. L. M.

- 1 **I** LONG to see the season come, [home ;
 When sinners shall come flocking
 To taste the heaven of Jesus' love,
 And seek the joys that are above.

INVITATION.

- 2 Hark, 'tis the glorious gospel sound,
 Inviting sinners all around ;
 Behold the loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 He now is knocking at your heart,
 Waiting salvation to impart ;
 To wash you in atoning blood,
 And seal you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 A few more days, and you must go,
 To realms of joy, or endless woe ;
 In worlds of light, with Christ to dwell,
 Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.
- 5 Come, then, dear sinners counsel take,
 And all your sinful ways forsake ;
 This world give o'er, leave friends behind,
 In Christ you shall redemption find.
- 6 Take your companion by the hand,
 And all your children in a band,
 And give them up at Jesus' call,
 To pardon, bless, and save them all.
- 7 And when the day of Christ shall come,
 And he collect his jewels home ;
 On Zion's mount, you all shall stand,
 And join the bright angelic band.
- 8 O, what a glorious company !
 May I be there that sight to see ;
 And join in praise to Jesus' name,
 All glorious in Jerusalem.

HYMN 5. S. M.

- 1 **H**OW free the fountain flows,
 Of endless life and joy ;
 That spring which no confinement knows,
 Whose waters never cloy.

- 2 How sweet the accents sound,
From the Redeemer's tongue :
" Assemble all ye nations round,
" In one obedient throng."
- 3 The spirit bears the call,
To all the distant lands ;
The church, the bride, reflects it back,
While Jesus waiting stands :
- 4 " Ho ! every thirsty soul,
" Approach the sacred spring ;
" Drink, and your fainting spirits cheer,
" Renew the draught and sing.
- 5 " Let all that will, approach,
" The water freely take,
" Free for the world, behold it flows,
" You all may now partake."
- 6 With thankful hearts, we come
To take the offered grace ;
And call on all that hear, to join
The trial and the praise.

HYMN 6. C. M.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Tho many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm ;
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die ;
Jesus the strength of every saint,
Will daily strength supply.

- 4 Tho sometimes unperceived by sense,
To faith he's always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then what have we to fear?
- 5 Cleave to the Saviour's precious name,
Your confidence hold fast;
And surely as he overcame,
You'll conquer too, at last.

HYMN 7.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonng Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Thro all the earth proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought,
The heritage above,
May have it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves to sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus, live;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face ;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 6 Jesus, our great high-priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad ;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

HYMN 8. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice :
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind ;
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.
- 5 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 pains
 To weave a garment of your own,
 That will not hide your stains,
 Come naked, and adorn your souls
 With righteousness divine:
 This robe is spotless, rich and free,
 And lasting as the mind.

Dear 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.

HYMN 9. L. M.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
 That seeks relief for all his woe?
 Where shall the guilty conscience find
 Ease for the torment of the mind?
 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
 Or form our natures fit for heaven?
 Can souls, all o'er defiled with sin, [clean?
 Make their own powers and passions
 The gospel shows a Saviour nigh,
 All other schemes in vain we try;
 'Tis there that power and glory dwell,
 That save rebellious souls from hell.

This is the pillar of our hope,
 That bears our fainting spirits up:
 We read the grace, we trust the word,
 And find salvation in the Lord.

- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines ;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.
- 6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

HYMN 10. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak ;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Doth thy salvation flow ;
'Tis not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share ;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.
- 4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native powers ;
But to his sovereign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.
- 5 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
He'll form your hearts anew ;
His gospel and his heart have room,
For rebels such as you.
- 6 His doctrine is almighty love,
There's virtue in his name
To turn a raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

HYMN 11.

SINNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by ;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry ;
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears,
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears.

Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case ?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face.
Wilt thou fear Emmanuel ?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood ?

Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds ?
Hark from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds :
See from all his bursting veins,
Blood of wondrous virtue flow :
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

Tho his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less ;
Tho he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress :
By himself the Lord has sworn
He delights not in thy death,
But invites thee to return,
That thou may'st live by faith.

Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
What throngs his throne surround,

These, tho sinners once like thee,
 Have full salvation found :
 Yield not then to unbelief,
 While he says " there yet is room :"
 Tho of sinners thou art chief,
 Since Jesus calls thee, come.

HYMN 12. 7's

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
 Ye who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Sing and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears ;
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye alas ! who long have been
 Willing slaves to death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
 Welcome to his sacred rest :
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When his spirit leads us home,
 When we to his glory come,
 We shall all the fulness prove,
 Of our Lord's redeeming love.
- 7 He subdued th' infernal powers,
 Those tremendous foes of ours,
 From their cursed empire drove :
 Mighty in redeeming love.

- 8 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful wing :
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to sing redeeming love.

HYMN 13. L. M.

Weary souls invited to rest. Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls, with sin distress,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your sins and heal your woes ;
Pardon and life and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart :
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And leads us to eternal rest.

HYMN 14. L. M.

Christ's invitation to thirsty souls.

John vii, 37.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of life exalted stands,
Aloud he cries, and spreads his
hands ;
He calls ten thousand sinners round,
And sends a voice from every wound.

- 2 " Attend ye thirsty souls, draw near,
 " And satiate all your wishes here :
 " Behold the living fountain flows,
 " In streams as various as your woes.
- 3 " An ample pardon here I give,
 " And bid the sentenced rebel live :
 " Show him my Father's smiling face,
 " And lodge him in his dear embrace.
- 4 " I purge from sin's detested stain,
 " And make the crimson white again,
 " Lead to celestial joys refined,
 " And lasting as the deathless mind."
- 5 Blest Saviour, I can doubt no more ;
 I hear, and wonder, and adore :
 Panting I seek that fountain-head,
 Whence waters, so divine, proceed.
- 6 Clear spring of life, flow on, and roll,
 With growing swell, from pole to pole,
 Till flowers and fruits of paradise,
 Round all the winding currents rise.

AWAKENING.

HYMN 15. 7's.

- 1 **S**INNER, art thou still secure ?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
 Can thy heart and hands endure
 In the Lord's avenging day ?
 See his mighty arm made bare !
 Awful terrors clothe his brow !
 For his judgment now prepare,
 Thou must either break or bow.
- 2 At his presence, nature shakes,
 Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee,

- Solid mountains melt like wax,
 What will then become of thee ?
 Who his coming may abide ?
 You that glory in your shame,
 Will you find a place to hide,
 When the world is wrapped in flame ?
- 3 Then the great, the rich, the wise,
 Trembling, guilty, self-condemned,
 Must behold the piercing eyes
 Of the judge they once blasphemed ;
 Where are now their haughty looks ?
 O ! their horror and despair,
 When they see the opened books,
 And their dreadful sentence hear !
- 4 Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
 Soon we must resign our breath,
 And our souls be called to pass
 Thro' the iron gate of death.
 Let us now our days improve,
 Listen to the Gospel voice,
 Seek the things that are above,
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.
- 5 Lord, when flesh and heart shall fail,
 Let thy love our spirits cheer.
 Strengthened thus, we shall prevail
 Over Satan, sin, and fear,
 Trusting in thy precious name,
 May we thus our journey end ;
 Then our foes shall lose their aim,
 And the Judge will be our Friend.

HYMN 16. C. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard ;
 His mercy speaks to-day ;
 He calls you by his sovereign word,
 From sin's destructive way.

- 2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
 You live devoid of peace ;
 A thousand things within your breast,
 Deprives your soul of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark and leads to hell,
 Why will you persevere ?
 Can you in endless torments dwell,
 Shut up in black despair ?
- 4 Why will you, in the crooked ways,
 Of sin and folly go ?
 In pain you travel all your days,
 To reap immortal woe.
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
 Thro' his abounding grace ;
 His mercy will the guilt forgive,
 Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the scepter of his word,
 Renouncing every sin ;
 Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
 And learn his will divine.
- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts
 He pardons like a God ;
 He will forgive your numerous faults,
 Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

HYMN 17. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE manna, favored Israel's meat,
 Was gathered, day by day ;
 When all the host was served, the heat
 Melted the rest away.
- 2 In vain to hoard it up, they tried,
 Against tomorrow came ;
 It then bred worms and putrified,
 And proved their sin and shame.

- 3 'Twas daily bread, and would not keep,
But must be still renewed :
Faith should not want a hoard or heap,
But trust the Lord for food.
- 4 The truths by which the soul is fed,
Must thus be had afresh ;
For notions, resting in the head,
Will only feed the flesh.
- 5 However true, they give no life,
Nor unction do impart ;
They breed the worms of pride & strife,
But cannot cheer the heart.
- 6 Nor can the best experience past,
The life of faith maintain ;
The brightest hope will faint at last,
Unless revived again.
- 7 Dear Lord, while we in prayer are found,
Do thou the manna give ;
O ! let it fall on all around,
That we may eat and live.

HYMN 18. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?
Awake, my sluggish soul ;
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug and strive ;
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live !
- 3 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?

Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

- 4 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise,
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN 19. C. M.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "the spacious
fields,
"And flocks and herds are mine ;
"O'er all the cattle of the hills,
"I claim a right divine.
- 2 "I ask no sheep, for sacrifice,
Nor bullocks, burnt with fire ;
"To hope and love, to pray and praise,
"Are all that I require.
- 3 "Invoke my name, when trouble's near
"My hand shall set thee free ;
"Then shall thy thankful lips declare
"The honor due to me.
- 4 "The man that offers humble praise,
"Declares my glory best :
"And those that tread my holy ways,
"Shall my salvation taste."

HYMN 20. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life,
How vast our soul's affairs !
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay :
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home
 But we march heedless on,
 And ever hastening to the tomb,
 Stoop downward as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
 That slight the joys above!
 What chains of vengeance should we feel,
 That break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
 And lift our thoughts on high,
 That we may end this mortal race,
 And see salvation nigh.

HYMN 21. L. M.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there;
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, take up thy cross,"
 Is the Redeemer's great command;
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
 And walks the way of God no more,
 Is but esteemed almost a saint,
 And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
 Create my heart entirely new:
 And bring me with thyself to reign,
 Where false apostates never do.

HYMN 22. C. M.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
 That leads to joys on high;
 'Tis but a few that find the gate,
 While crouds mistake and die.

- 2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passions suppressed and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules ;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banished hence,
That vile idolatry,
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint :
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

PENITENTIAL.

HYMN 23. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds,
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word ;
Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;
I do believe thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
 My reigning sins subdue :
 Drive the old dragon from his seat,
 With all his hellish crew.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On thy kind arms I fall,
 Be thou my strength, and righteousness,
 My Jesus and my all.

HYMN 24. C. M.

1 **B**EHOLD the wretch, whose lust and
 Have wasted his estate ; [wine,
 He begs a share among the swine ;
 To taste the husks they eat.

2 "I die with hunger, here," he cries,
 "I starve in foreign lands ;
 "My father's house has large supplies,
 "And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
 "Fall down before his face ;
 "Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
 "Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said, and hastened to his home,
 To seek his father's love ;
 The father saw the rebel come,
 And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
 Embraced and kissed his son ;
 The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
 For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
 (The father gives command)
 "Dress him in garments white and clean,
 "With rings adorn his hand.

- 7 " A day of feasting I ordain,
 " Let mirth and joy abound ;
 " My son was dead, and lives again ;
 " Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN 25. L. M.

- 1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away,
 Away ye tempters of the mind ;
 False as the smoothe deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
 Down to the gulph of black despair ;
 And while I listened to your song,
 Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
 That warned me of that dark abyss ;
 That drew me from those treacherous
 And bade me seek superior bliss. [seas,
- 4 Now to the shining realms above,
 I stretch my hands and glance my eyes ;
 O for the pinions of a dove,
 To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There from the bosom of my God,
 Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;
 There would I fix my last abode,
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN 26. C: M.

- 1 **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight,
 And bids the world farewell ;
 Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
 And mischievous as hell.
- 2 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.

HYMN 27. L. M.

The Beatitudes. Mat. v, 2—12.

BLEST are the humble souls, who 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.

Blest 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.

Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
 Hunger and long for righteousness ;
 They shall be well supplied and fed
 With living streams and living bread.

- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ the Lord they shall obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are
From the defiling power of sin. [clear
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest 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.
- 8 Blest 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.

THE BACKSLIDER RETURNING
HYMN 28. C. M.

“ O that I were as in months past.”

- 1 **S**WEET was the time when first I
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue ;
And when the evening shades prevail
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm ;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord
And saw his glory shine ;

And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

Then to his saints I often spoke,
Of what his love had done ;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light recalls,
No light to me returns.

My prayers are now a chattering noise,
For Jesus hides his face ;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But does not reach my case.

Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey ;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

HYMN 29. C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God ;
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I found the Lord ?
Where is the soul refreshing view,
Of Jesus and his word ?

What peaceful hours I then enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still ;
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest,

I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
What e'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame,
So purer light shall mark the road,
That lead's me to the Lamb.

HYMN 30. L. M.

1 **O** THOU that hearest when sinners cry
Tho all my crimes before thee lie
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin ;
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight :
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho I have grieved thy spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead for mercy through thy son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring :
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
 Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
 And they shall praise a pardoning God.

O may thy love inspire my tongue !
 Salvation shall be all my song :
 And all my powers shall join to bless
 The Lord my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 51.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye,
 Call back a wandering sheep,
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep :
 Let me be by grace restored :
 On me, long-suffering, Lord, be shown ;
 Turn, and look upon me Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

Saviour Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, thro redeeming love,
 The humble contrite heart,
 Give, what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy love unknown,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

For thine own compassion's sake,
 The gracious wonder shew ;
 Cast my sins behind thy back,
 And wash me white as snow :
 If thy bowels now be moved,
 If I now myself bemoan,
 Turn and look upon me Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die ;

Life and happiness and love,
 Drop from thy gracious eye :
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down :
 Turn, and look upon me Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

5 Look, as when thy eye pursued,
 The first apostate man,
 Saw him weltering in his blood,
 And bade him rise again :
 Speak my paradise restored,
 Redeem me by thy grace alone :
 Turn and look upon me Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

6 Look, as when thy languid eye
 Was closed that we might live ;
 "Father," (at the point to die
 My Saviour gasped) "forgive."
 Surely with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries "'ti
 O my loving, bleeding Lord. [done;
 Thou breakest my heart of stone.

REPENTING SINNER.

HYMN 32. C. M.

- 1 **P**HYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
 To thee I bring my case ;
 My raging malady control,
 And heal me by thy grace.
- 2 Pity the anguish I endure,
 See how I mourn and pine ;
 For never can I hope a cure,
 From any hand but thine.
- 3 I would disclose my whole complaint,
 But where shall I begin ?

No words of mine can fully paint,
That worst distemper, sin.

4 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent and lame;
And overclouds and fills my mind;
With folly, fear, and shame.

5 A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
Tumultous in my breast;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.

6 Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Say, canst thou let a sinner die
Who longs to live with thee?

HYMN 33. S. M.

1 **B**ESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor:
From year to year my helpless soul,
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.

3 But my complaints remain;
I feel the very same,
As full of guilt and fear and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languished here
And what distress I feel.

5 How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie,

Surely the mercy I have sought,
Is not for such as I.

6 But whither can I go ?

There is no other pool,
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

7 Here then from day to day

I'll wait and hope and cry ;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die ?

8 No, he is full of grace,

He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face
To perish at his feet.

HYMN 34. C. M.

1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,

Where Jesus answers prayer,
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,

With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,

By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield, and hiding place,

That sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O wonderous love ! to bleed and die,

To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
 "My promised grace receive."
 'Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will,
 I can, I do believe.

HYMN 35. C. M.

- 1 **O** THOU that seest and knowest my
 Thyself unseen, unknown, [grief,
 Pity and grant me quick relief,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Regard me with a gracious eye,
 The long sought blessing give,
 And bid me at the point to die,
 Behold thy face and live.
- 3 A darker soul did never yet
 Thy promised help implore ;
 O that I now my Lord might meet,
 And never lose him more.
- 4 Now Jesus, now the Father's love
 Shed in my heart abroad,
 The middle wall of sin remove,
 And let me in to God.

HYMN 36. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy far-extended fame
 My drooping soul exults to hear ;
 Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
 Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old, thou didst receive,
 With comfortable words and kind,
 Their sorrows cheered, their wants re-
 lieved, [blind.
 Healed the diseased and cured the
- 3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
 In every place and age the same ?

- Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name ?
- 4 Tho eighteen hundred years are past,
Since thou didst in the flesh appear ;
Thy tender mercies ever last,
And still thy healing power is here.
- 5 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess ;
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect me in holiness.
- 6 That token of thy utmost good,
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow ;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

HYMN 37. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve :
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, tho my sin
Has like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Surely he will command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 Surely he will admit my plea,
Surely will hear my prayer ;

But if I perish I will pray,
 And perish only there.

- 6 I can but perish if I go,
 I am resolv'd to try :
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die.

HYMN 38. L. M.

- 1 **A**H! wretched souls who strive in vain,
 Slaves to the world & slaves to sin;
 A nobler toil may I sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction gain.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers to serve the Lord ;
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Confiding daily in his word.
- 3 O be his service all my joy,
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labors so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My constant, my determin'd choice,
 To yield to his supreme control,
 And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor wandering, leave his sacred ways.
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

SUPPLICATION.

HYMN 39. 7's.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow,
 O! do not our suit disdain,
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
 In compassion now descend,
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee, here we stay,
 Lord, we know not how to go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford.
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the time of joy return;
 Those who are cast down lift up,
 Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek and find,
 Thee a gracious God and kind;
 Heal the sick, the captive free,
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 40. S. M.

- 1 **A**ND can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away
 My Jesus to receive!
 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
 I can hold out no more;

I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own the conqueror.

- 2 Tho late, I all forsake,
My friends my all resign :
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine :
Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove :
Settle and fix my wavering soul,
With all thy weight of love.
- 3 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know ;
To seek and taste no other bliss
No other good below ;
My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art,
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

HYMN 41. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known,
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.
- 2 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.
- 3 I would be thine, thou knowest I would,
And have thee all my own ;
Thee, O my all-sufficient good,
I want, and thee alone.
- 4 Thy name to me, thy nature grant ;
This, only this, be given ;
Nothing beside my God, I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.

- 5 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
 Into my soul descend,
 No longer from thy creature stay,
 My author and my end.
- 6 Come Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 And seal me thine abode ;
 Let all I am in thee be lost,
 Let all be lost in God.

HYMN 42. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, I know, I feel thee mine,
 And will not quit my claim,
 Till all I have is lost in thine,
 And all renewed I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
 But will not let thee go,
 Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
 And all thy goodness know.
- 3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
 Shed in my heart abroad ;
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fixed in God.
- 4 O that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow !
 Burn up the dross of base desire ;
 And make the mountains flow !
- 5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
 And all my sins consume ;
 Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
 Spirit of burning, come.
- 6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul ;
 Scatter thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.

- 7 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
 When entered into rest ;
 I only live my God t' admire,
 My God forever blest.
- 8 My steadfast soul from falling free,
 Shall then no longer move ;
 But Christ be all the world to me,
 And all my heart be love.

HYMN 43. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy wandering sheep behold !
 See, Lord, with yearning bowels see
 Poor souls, that cannot find the fold,
 Till sought and gathered in by thee.
- 2 Lost are they now, and scattered wide,
 In pain, and weariness, and want ;
 With no kind shepherd near to guide
 The sick, and spiritless, and faint.
- 3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good,
 And sheep-redeeming shepherd art ;
 Collect thy flock and give them food,
 And pastors after thine own heart.
- 4 Give the pure word of general grace,
 And great shall be the preachers croud ;
 Preachers who all the sinful race
 Point to the all-atoning blood.
- 5 Open their mouths, and utterance give,
 Give them a trumpet voice to call
 A world who all may turn and live,
 Thro faith in him who died for all.
- 6 In every messenger reveal,
 The grace they speak divinely free ;
 That each may by the spirit tell,
 " He died for all who died for me."

- 7 A double portion from above,
Of thy all-quickenng spirit impart,
Shed forth thine universal love,
In every faithful pastor's heart.
- 8 Thy only glory let them seek,
O let their hearts with love o'erflow ;
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy's praise below.

HYMN 44. C. M.

The leper healed. Mat. viii, 2, 3.

- 1 **W**HEN the poor leper's case I read,
My own described I feel ;
Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Which none but Christ can heal.
- 2 What anguish did my soul endure,
Till hope and patience ceased !
The more I strove myself to cure,
The more the plague increased.
- 3 While thus I lay distressed, I saw
The Saviour passing by ;
To him, tho filled with shame and awe,
I raised my mournful cry.
- 4 Lord, thou canst heal me if thou wilt,
Oh ! pity to me shew,
Oh, cleanse my leprous soul from guilt,
My filthy heart renew.
- 5 He heard, and with a gracious look,
Pronounced the healing word ;
"I will—be clean" and while he spoke
I felt my heart restored.
- 6 Come, sinners, seize the present hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove ;
He can relieve, for he has power,
He will, for he is love.

HYMN 45. S. M.

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

Tho' unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, tho' he seems awhile to bear,
He'll help them from on high.

His nature, truth and love,
Engage him on their side;
When they are grieved his bowels move,
They will not be denied.

Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer,
He sees, he hears, and from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

HYMN 46. 7's.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.

With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

- 3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 4 As the image in the glass,
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Shew me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN 47. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat
Where'er they seek thee thou art found
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind:
Such ever bring thee where they come
And going take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim,
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of pray
To strengthen faith and sweeten care
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

- 5 Behold at thy commanding word,
 We stretch the curtain and the cord :
 Come thou, and fill this wider space,
 And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
 Oh ! rend the heavens : come quickly
 down, [own.
 Make thousand thousand hearts thine

HYMN 48. C. M.

- 1 **O** JOYFUL sound of gospel grace !
 Christ shall in me appear !
 I, even I, shall see his face ;
 I shall be holy here.
 The glorious crown of righteousness
 To me reached out I view ;
 Conqueror thro Him, I soon shall seize,
 And wear it as my due.
- 2 The promised land from Pisgah's top,
 I now exult to see ;
 My hope is full [O glorious hope]
 Of immortality.
 He visits now this house of clay,
 He shakes his future home,
 O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
 Into thy temple come.
- 3 With me I know, I feel thou art,
 But this cannot suffice,
 Unless thou plantest in my heart,
 A constant paradise.
 My heart thou waterest from on high,
 But make it all a pool ;
 Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
 Spring up within my soul.

- 4 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
 Fill all this mighty void ;
 Thou only canst my spirit fill ;
 Come, O my God, my God !
 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
 Large as infinity ;
 Give, give me all my soul requires,
 All, all that is in thee.

HYMN 49.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
 Mount of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I've come,
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home :
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let thy goodness like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee :
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 50. C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, my best desires fulfil,
 And help me to resign,
 Life, health and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist them both?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crushed before the moth.
- 5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway,
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN 51. C. M.

- 1 **D**IDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
 And bear the cross for me?
 And shall I fear to own thy name,
 Or thy disciple be?
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
 To suffer shame or loss;
 But in thy footsteps let me tread,
 And glory in thy cross.
- 3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
 And holy courage bold;
 Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,
 Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
 And all my powers resign;
 Let wisdom point out what is fit,
 And I'll no more repine.
- 5 Thy grace sufficient is for me,
 In every time of need;
 Then, Lord, I'll boldly fight for thee
 And in thy strength succeed.

HYMN 52. C. M.

- 1 **A**S Jacob did in days of old,
 So will my soul do now;
 Wrestle, and to my Jesus hold,
 Nor will I let him go.
- 2 Like Jacob, I am weak and faint,
 And overwhelmed with woe:
 Lord, hear and pity my complaint,
 For I'll not let thee go.
- 3 I come, encouraged by thy word,
 That mercy thou wilt show;
 Except thou bless me, dearest Lord,
 I will not let thee go.
- 4 I come to ask forgiveness free,
 Tho I have been thy foe;
 Except thou grant it, Lord, to me,
 I will not let thee go.
- 5 I come to open all my wounds,
 My sorrows and my woe;
 Except thy healing grace abounds,
 I will not let thee go.
- 6 I come to tell thee all my fears,
 And conflicts here below;
 Except thy mercy, Lord, appears,
 I will not let thee go.

- 7 I come thy promises to plead,
 Where love and mercy flow ;
 Except thou bless my soul indeed,
 I will not let thee go.
- 8 I come to give thee this vile heart,
 Which sin has mangled so ;
 Except salvation thou impart,
 I will not let thee go.
- 9 Thus will I wrestle while I live
 A pilgrim here below ;
 And when in glory I arrive,
 I will not let thee go.

HYMN 53. 7's.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
 My requests vouchsafe to hear ;
 Hear my never-ceasing cry,
 Give me Jesus or I die.
- 2 Wealth and honor I disdain,
 Earthly comforts, Lord are vain ;
 These can never satisfy,
 Give me Jesus or I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
 Only save my soul from guilt ;
 Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
 Give me Jesus or I die.
- 4 Weak, unholy and unclean,
 I am much defiled with sin.
 On thy mercy I rely,
 Give me Jesus or I die.
- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost,
 In thy grace alone I trust ;
 With my earnest suit comply,
 Give me Jesus or I die.

- 6 Thou hast promised to forgive,
 All who in thy Son believe ;
 Lord, I know thou canst not lie,
 Give me Jesus or I die.

HYMN 54.

- 1 **J**ESUS, since still the same thou art,
 Since all thy promises are sure,
 Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
 And make me rich for I am poor ;
 To me be grace and mercy given,
 And fit me for the joys of heaven.
- 2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest
 And lo ! for thee I weep and mourn ;
 I cannot, no, I will not rest,
 Till thou, my only rest, return ;
 Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
 And I receive the Comforter.
- 3 Where is the blessedness bestowed,
 On all that hunger after thee ?
 I hunger now, I thirst for God,
 See the poor fainting sinner, see ;
 Lord, fill me with thy righteousness,
 And bless my soul with endless peace.
- 4 Ah ! Lord, since thou art in my sighs,
 Then hear thyself within me pray ;
 Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cries,
 Mark what my longing soul would say ;
 Answer the deep unuttered groan,
 And show that thou and I are one.
- 5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom,
 Open mine eyes that I may see ;
 Say to my soul " thy light is come,
 " Glory divine is risen on thee,
 " Thy portion is the God of heaven,
 " His grace to thee is freely given."

6 Lord, I believe thy promise sure,
 And trust thou wilt not long delay ;
 Hungry, and sorrowful and poor,
 Upon thy word myself I stay ;
 Into thy hands my all resign,
 Hoping to be forever thine.

HYMN 55.

ENCOURAGED by thy word,
 Of promise to the poor, :
 Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Now waits at mercy's door ;
 No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
 Can help or pity wants like mine.

Tho crumbs are much too good
 For such a dog as I,
 No less than children's food
 My soul can satisfy :
 O do not frown and bid me go,
 But give me now thy love to know.

Nor can I willing be
 Thy bounty to conceal,
 From others, who like me,
 Their wants and hunger feel ;
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
 And try to send a thousand more.

Thy thoughts, thou only wise,
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,
 Far as the arched skies
 Above the earth extend :
 Such pleas as mine, men would not hear,
 But God receives a beggar's prayer.

HYMN 56. L. M.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
 Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
 And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
 Safe thro' the desert and the deep,

- 2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high, and guide us thro ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved and sigh no more.
- 3 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saĩnts with their own tears are fed ;
Return, Almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn.

HYMN 57. C. M.

A prayer for old age. Psalm lxxi, 17—21.

- 1 **G**OD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart ?
- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim,
Before the rising age,
And leave a savor of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death,
Attends my next remove ;
Oh may these poor remains of breath,
Teach the wide world thy love.
- 5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds ;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.
- 6 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endured the grief ;
But when thy hand has prest me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

By long experience I have known
 Thy Sovereign power to save ;
 At thy command I venture down,
 Securely to the grave.

When I lie buried deep in dust,
 My flesh shall be thy care ;
 These withered limbs with thee I trust
 To raise them strong and fair.

HYMN 58. C. M.

WHY should the children of a king
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend and bring
 The 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 ;
 May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
 Safely convey me home.

HYMN 59. L. M.

BESET with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand ;
 Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
 And guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving treacherous heart
 To fix on Mary's better part :
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys that none can take away.

- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies :
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.
- 5 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die,
 Secure when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN 60. C. M.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below ;
 May I its great importance learn,
 Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth
 Or ought the world bestows,
 Not reputation, food or health,
 Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
 Amidst our youthful bloom,
 'Twill fit us for declining age,
 And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
 Be my Redeemer's throne,
 And be my stubborn will subdued,
 His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
 Be joined with Godly fear ;
 And all my conversation prove
 My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
 Thro my remaining days ;
 And in me let each virtue shine,
 To my Redeemer's praise.

Let lively hope my soul inspire,
 Let warm affections rise ;
 And may I wait with strong desire,
 To mount above the skies.

HYMN 61. C. M.

HOW vain are all things here below,
 How false and yet how fair;
 Each pleasure has 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 our 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.

HYMN 62, Psalm 119, C. M.

THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
 How good thy works appear !
 Open my eyes to read thy word,
 And see thy wonders there.

My heart was fashioned by thy hand,
 My service is thy due ;
 O make thy servant understand
 The duties he must do.

- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
 Let not thy path be hid ;
 But mark the road my feet should go,
 And be my constant guide.

HYMN 63. C. M.

- 1 **O**H 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.
- 2 O send thy Spirit down, to write
 Thy law upon my heart ;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes,
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise,
 Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip ;
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wandering sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
 Offend against my God.

HYMN 64. C. M.

- 1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart ;
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless ;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear ;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
 Our little stock improve ;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.

Up into thee, our living Head,
 Let us in all things grow ;
 Till thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.

Then when the mighty work is wrought,
 Receive thy ready bride ;
 Give us in heaven a happy lot,
 With all the sanctified.

HYMN 65. L. M.

1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend & dwell
 By faith and love in every breast ;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
 The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess
 And learn the height, & breadth, & length
 Of thine amazing love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
 More than our thoughts and wishes know,
 Be everlasting honors done
 By all the church, thro Christ his Son.

HYMN 66. C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait ;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.
- 2 O shed abroad thy royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 With speedy flight may he descend,
And solid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
His all-reviving wing.

HYMN 67. C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust thou art ;
Send down a coal of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, here,
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray,
- 3 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise ;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 4 Within these walls let holy praise
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

- 6 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith present our prayers ;
 And in the presence of our Lord,
 Unbosom all our cares.
- 7 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 Enforced by mighty grace,
 Awaken many sinners round,
 To come and fill the place.

HYMN 68. S. M.

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep, I have ;
 A God to glorify :
 A never dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil ;
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And thy poor servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely :
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

HYMN 69. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
 To thee, lo ! now, my soul I bow :
 I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
 I find thee, Lord, within my heart.
- 2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
 Protect me thro my life's short day ;
 In all my acts, may wisdom guide,
 And keep me ever near thy side.

- 3 Correct, improve, and comfort me :
As I have need, my helper be ;
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power ;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.
- 5 My suffering time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more ;
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

HYMN 70. L. M.

- 1 **WHAT** various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
draw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour
bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread
wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when, thro weariness, they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words ? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,

And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent ;
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
“ Hear what the Lord has done for me.”



*TRUSTING IN THE PROMISES OF
GOD.*

HYMN 71. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine,
The heavenly worlds appear,
A glory thro the gospel shines,
And brings the promise near.
- 2 This pleasing light fills up the sight,
Nor aught besides is seen,
No cloudy days nor thorny maze
Appear to intervene.
- 3 In such a light we often see
The spreading gospel run,
And thousands flocking home to Christ,
Before the work's begun.
- 4 And thus believing, we rejoice,
The vision's truly sweet ;
But e'er the promise is fulfilled,
What trials do we meet.
- 5 Thus Joseph, in a nightly dream,
With dignity was crowned ;
But e'er the vision was fulfilled,
Behold him stripped and bound.
- 6 Thus Abraham saw the promised seed,
Like sand upon the shore ;
Believing souls filled up his view,
Till he could count no more.

- 7 In steadfast faith he quit the stage,
 And Isaac filled his place ;
 A faithful God from age to age,
 Calls in the heirs of grace.
- 8 What God reveals is always sure,
 His promise cannot fail ;
 Our anchor, hope, may rest secure,
 On that within the veil.
- 9 Let tempests rise, we'll bear the shock,
 Let storms enrage the deep,
 They cannot move our precious rock,
 Whose promise is to keep.
- 10 Thick darkness may o'erspread the
 As changing time rolls round : [sphere
 The heavenly vision disappear,
 The joyful sun go down ;
- 11 By faith we grasp the living word,
 And bid the tempter flee ;
 And learn to trust a faithful God,
 Even when we cannot see.
- 12 Thro tribulation and distress,
 With joy we'll persevere :
 By faith and patience we'll possess
 What does not yet appear.
- 13 We stand in our forefathers' stead,
 With them we'll seize the prize,
 And thousands in our steps shall tread,
 And meet us in the skies.

HYMN 72. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress in-
 E'er we can offer our complaints, [vade ;
 Behold him present with his aid.

- 2 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.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow,
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding thro,
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth and armed with power.

HYMN 73. L M.

- 1 **P**EACE, troubled soul, thou needest
not fear,
Thy great Provider still is near ;
Who fed thee last will feed thee still,
Be calm and sink into his will.
- 2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry ;
His promise all may freely claim,
" Ask and receive in Jesus' name."
- 3 His stores are open all and free,
To such as truly upright be ;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.

- 4 Your very hairs, which are so small,
By God himself are numbered all ;
This truth he published all abroad,
That men might learn to trust the Lord.
- 5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need ;
Altho they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack, he gives them more.
- 6 Then do not seek with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear ;
Your heavenly Father will you feed,
He knows that all these things you need.
- 7 Without reserve give Christ your heart,
Let him his righteousness impart :
Then all things else he'll freely give,
With him you all things shall receive.
- 8 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
Who seeks in God his only rest ;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

HYMN 74. L. M.

- 1 **L**ET anxious doubts be heard no more,
But Christ and joy be all our theme ;
The Spirit seals his gospel sure,
To every soul that trusts his name.
- 2 Jesus, thy witness speaks within,
The mercy which thy words reveal ;
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps it's own celestial seal.
- 3 'Tis God's renewing gracious hand,
That moulds and forms the heart anew ;
Transgressors can no more withstand,
But bow and own his doctrine true.

- 4 The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the cross ;
The soul that was averse from God,
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.
- 5 Let proud opposers cease their strife,
And own, O Lord, the work is thine ;
The voice that calls the dead to life,
Must be almighty and divine.

HYMN 75. C. M.

- 1 **I**'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause ;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 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.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 76. C. M.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence,
Of things beyond our sight ;
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home ;
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come,

- 3 By faith, we know the world was made
 By God's almighty word;
 Abram to unknown countries led,
 By faith obeyed the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
 Built by the eternal hands;
 And faith assures, us tho we die,
 This heavenly building stands.

HYMN 77. L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE, everlasting praise, be paid,
 To him who earth's foundation laid;
 Praise to the God whose strong decrees,
 Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
 Who rules the people by his word;
 And there as strong as his decrees,
 He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 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.
- 4 Each of them powerful as that sound,
 Which bade the new-made world go
 And stronger than the solid poles, [round
 On which the wheel of nature rolls.
- 5 Whence then should doubts & fears arise
 Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
 Slowly alas! our mind receives
 The comforts which our Maker gives.
- 6 Oh! for a strong, a lasting faith,
 To credit, what the 'Almighty saith!
 T'embrace the message of his Son,
 And call the joys of heaven our own.

- 7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more,
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 8 Our everlasting hopes arise,
Above the ruinable skies ;
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own court his power sustains.

HYMN 78. C. M.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly
theme,
And speak some boundless thing ;
The mighty works or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men ;
His hand did write the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze,
These everlasting lines.
- 5 He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please ;
But speaks, and that almighty breath,
Fulfils his great decrees.
- 6 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

- 7 He said "Let the wide heaven be spread,
 And heaven was stretched abroad ;
 " Abra'm, I'll be thy God," he said,
 And he was Abra'm's God.
- 8 O might I hear thy heavenly tongue,
 But whisper, " Thou art mine !
 Those gentle words should raise my song
 To notes almost divine.
- 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
 And think my heaven secure ;
 I trust the all-creating voice,
 And faith desires no more.

HYMN 79.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode.
 On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love ;
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove ;
 Who can faint, while such a river,
 Ever flows their thirst t'assuage ?
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering ;
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near :
 Thus deriving from their banner,
 Light by night and shade by day,

Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray.

- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God ;
'Tis his love his people raises,
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

- 5 Saviour, since of Zion's city,
I thro' grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name :
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 80. L. M.

Looking unto Jesus.

- 1 **B**Y various maxims, forms and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passions to restrain ;
But all my efforts proved in vain.
- 2 But since the Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduced to one,
To keep my Lord by faith in view ;
This strength supplies and motives too.
- 3 I see him lead a suffering life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife ;
And from this pattern, courage take,
To bear and suffer for his sake.
- 4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am freed ;

- This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heavenly life within.
- 5 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes ;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.
- 6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own ;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives and will provide.
- 7 I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conqueror's crown
If prest with grief and cares before,
My soul revives nor asks for more.
- 8 By faith I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand ;
Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where and as he is.

HYMN 81. C. M.

Fear not.

- 1 **Y**E trembling souls, dismiss your fear
Be mercy all your theme ;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.
- 2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell,
God will these powers restrain ;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone ;
He's faithful to his promises
In Jesus Christ his son.
- 4 Fear not the want of outward good,
He will for his provide ;

Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting ;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.
- 6 You, in his wisdom, power and grace,
May confidently trust ;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

HYMN 82. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW often sin and Satan strove,
To rend my soul from thee, my God,
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wondrous grace ;
Eternal power performs the work,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 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.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope,
In oaths, and promises and blood.

HYMN 83. C. M.

- 1 **Y**E saints, attend the Saviour's voice,
Receive his word of grace ;
He says, and in it, O rejoice,
"In me ye shall have peace."
- 2 Tho' storms and tempests round you roar,
And foes and fears increase ;

He says, and what could he say more?
 "In me ye shall have peace."

3 What tho afflictions still abound,
 Your troubles still increase;
 He says, and O, how sweet the sound!
 "In me ye shall have peace."

4 Tho you shall pass thro death's cold flood
 To gain your wished release,
 He says, and sure he'll make it good,
 "In me ye shall have peace."

5 When you his face in glory view,
 Where joy can ne'er decrease,
 Eternity shall prove it true,
 "In him ye shall have peace."

HYMN 84. C. M.

1 **T**HE Saviour calls, let every ear
 Attend the heavenly voice;
 Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
 In Jesus now rejoice.

2 For every thirsty longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow;
 The Lord will life and bliss impart,
 To banish sin and woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
 To ease your every pain;
 Here wine and milk in full supplies,
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
 The gracious call obey,
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
 And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
 To thee let sinners fly;
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die.

HYMN 85. C. M. Psalm 23.

THE Lord's my shepherd, how can want
Distress my peaceful breast?
His wisdom, goodness, love and power
Command my soul to rest.

2 His word of grace, like pastures green,
Affords me sweet repose;
And thro his works of providence
The living water flows.

3 My soul, restored to paradise,
Beholds thy glory shine;
And treads the path of righteousness,
With ardor all divine.

4 The forms of death, tho dreadful once,
No more my soul affright,
But like a fleeting shadow fly,
Before the morning light.

5 Thy presence, Lord, is with me still,
Thro every changing scene;
Thy friendly rod my flesh subdues,
While on thy staff I lean.

6 My table thou dost furnish well,
With life's substantial bread;
And in the presence of my foes,
My soul is richly fed.

7 My head with oil thou dost anoint,
To make my graces shine;
And my full soul cannot contain,
The overflowing wine.

8 Goodness and mercy, I am sure,
Shall fill my happy days:
And in God's house forevermore
I'll sing and shout his praise.

*THE LOVE AND BEAUTIES OF
CHRIST.*

HYMN 86.

- 1 **L**ET earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be joined,
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind :
 T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus! transporting sound!
 The joy of earth and heaven;
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given
 By which we can salvation have,
 But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus! harmonious name!
 It charms the hosts above;
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his love:
 It is their happiness to gaze,
 'Tis heaven to see our Saviour's face.
- 4 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free;
 'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and liberty;
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 His heart is filled with love and joy.
- 5 Stung by the scorpion, sin,
 My poor expiring soul
 The balmy sound drinks in,
 And is at once made whole;
 See there my Lord upon the tree!
 I hear, I feel, he died for me.

O unexampled love !
 O all redeeming grace !
 How swiftly didst thou move
 To save a fallen race !

What shall I do to make it known ?
 What thou for all mankind hast done ?

O for a trumpet voice,
 On all the world to call ;
 To bid their hearts rejoice,
 In him who died for all ;
 For all my Lord was crucified,
 For all, for all, my Saviour died.

To serve thy blessed will,
 Thy dying love to praise,
 Thy counsel to fulfil,
 And minister thy grace ;
 Freely what I receive to give,
 The life of heaven on earth to live.

HYMN 87. L. M.

NOW to the Lord a noble song,
 Awake my soul, awake my tongue ;
 Hosanna 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 and powerful God :
 And thy rich glories from afar,
 Sparkle in every rolling star.

But in his looks a glory stands,
 The noblest labor of thine hands ;
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes,
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.

- 5 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.
- 6 Oh! 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.

HYMN 88. C. M.

Christ the chief among ten thousand.
Cant. v, 10—16.

- 1 **T**O Christ the Lord, let every tongue
 Its noblest tribute bring;
 When he's the subject of the song,
 Who can refuse to sing?
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,
 And on his glory dwell;
 Think of the wonders of his grace,
 And all his triumphs tell.
- 3 No mortal can with him compare,
 Among the sons of men;
 Fairer he is than all the fair,
 That fill the heavenly train.
- 4 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 He fled to my relief;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.
- 5 His hand a thousand blessings pours
 Upon my guilty head;
 His presence gilds my darkest hours,
 And guards my sleeping bed.
- 6 To him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have;

He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

7 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet ;

Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

8 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine ;

Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

HYMN 89. C. M.

1 **I**NFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace ;
Thy uncreated beauties shine,
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end,
Come bending to thy feet ;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around ;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread,
Thro all Immanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live,
On thy exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy :
They find their all in thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ,
Thro all eternity.

6 O may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,

Find the desires of every heart
And reach th' eternal home.

HYMN 90. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield, and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 91. 7's.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
 "And when wounded, healed thy wound;
 "Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 "Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care,
 "Cease toward the child she bare?
 "Yes! she may forgetful be,
 "Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is a redeeming love,
 "Higher than the heights above:
 "Deeper than the depths beneath,
 "Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 "When the work of grace is done;
 "Partner of my throne shalt be,
 "Say poor sinner, lovest thou me."
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love thee and adore,
 O! for grace to love thee more.

HYMN 92.

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds & sweet flow-
 Have all lost their sweetness to me: [ers,
 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice;
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;

- No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned ;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind ;
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine ?
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
Or take me up to thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 93. L. M.

- 1 **WE'VE** found the rock, the travellers
cried,
The stone that all the prophets tried ;
Come, children, drink the balmy dew,
'Twas Christ that shed his blood for you.
- 2 This costly mixture cures the soul,
That sin and guilt have made so foul ;
Oh that you would believe in God,
And wash in Christ's most precious blood
- 3 Here's glory, glory in my soul,
Come, mourners, feel the current roll ;
It makes me happy while I sing,
And shout salvation to my King.
- 4 Welcome, dear friends, 'tis heaven to
night,
It shines around with dazzling light ;

And in this light, we'll soar away,
Where there's no night, but endless day.

- 5 O children, children, bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross;
We'll bear the cross and wear the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down.
- 6 O hearken, children! Christ is come,
The bride is ready, let us run;
His grace will feed our hungry souls,
While love divine eternal rolls.
- 7 His fiery chariots make their way,
To welcome us to endless day;
There glittering millions we shall join,
To praise the Prince of David's line.

HYMN 94. C. M.

Christ precious to the Believer.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

80 THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last laboring breath ;
Then speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.
-

THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

HYMN 95. C. M.

- 1 " **S**HEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your
And send your fears away ; [eyes,
News from the regions of the skies,
Salvation's born to day.
- 2 " Jesus the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you ;
To day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.
- 3 " No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things ;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.
- 4 " Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne ;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son "
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng ;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :
- 6 " Glory to God who reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth ;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise ?

THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST. 81

May we still use our lips and tongues
In sounding forth thy praise.

Glory to God who reigns above,
Who pitied us forlorn ;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN 96. C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And sound the solemn lay ;
Joy, love and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.

In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Thro all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

Swift thro the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

Down thro the portals of the sky,
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious heavenly light,
The wondrous scene unfurled.

HYMN 97.

YE nations all, to you I call,
Come hear this declaration,
And don't refuse the glorious news,
Of Jesus and salvation :
To royal Jews, came first the news
Of Christ the great Messiah,

82 THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

As was foretold by prophets old,
Isai' and Jeremiah.

- 2 To Abraham the promise came,
And to his seed forever,
A light to shine in Isaac's line,
By scripture we discover ;
Hail promised morn, the Saviour's born,
The glorious Mediator,
God's blessed word made flesh and blood
Assume the human nature ;
- 3 His parents poor in earthly store,
To entertain the stranger,
They found no bed to lay his head,
But in an oxen's manger ;
No royal things, as used by kings,
Were seen by those who found him,
But in the hay the infant lay,
With swaddling bands around him.
- 4 On the same night, a glorious sight
To shepherds there appeared,
Bright angels came in shining flame,
They saw and greatly feared ;
The angel said, be not afraid,
Altho we much alarm you,
We do appear good news to bear,
As now we will inform you.
- 5 The city's name is Bethlehem,
In which God hath appointed,
This glorious morn, a Saviour's born,
For him God hath anointed ;
By this you'll know if you will go,
To see this little stranger,
His lovely charms in Mary's arms,
Both lying in a manger.

When this was said, straightway was made
 A glorious sound from heaven,
 Each flaming tongue an anthem sung,
 To man a Saviour's given;
 In Jesus' name the glorious theme,
 We elevate our voices,
 At Jesus' birth, be peace on earth,
 Meanwhile all heaven rejoices.

Then with delight, they took their flight,
 And winged their way to glory,
 The shepherds gazed and were amazed,
 To hear the pleasant story;
 To Bethlehem they quickly came,
 The glorious news to carry,
 And in the stall they found them all,
 Joseph, the babe, and Mary.

3 The shepherds then returned again,
 To their own habitation,
 With joy of heart they did depart,
 Now they had found salvation.
 Glory they cry, to God on high,
 Who sent his Son to save us,
 This glorious morn a Saviour's born,
 His name it is Christ Jesus.

REJOICING IN GOD.

HYMN 98. C. M.

1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,
 That clothed himself in clay;
 Entered the iron gate of death,
 And tore the bars away.

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

- 3 See how the conqueror mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies,
 With scars of honor in his flesh,
 And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And scatters blessings down ;
 Our Jesus with his Father sits
 On the celestial throne.
- 5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach his blest abode ;
 Sweet be the accents of your songs,
 To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels strike your loudest strings,
 Your sweetest voices raise ;
 Let heaven and all created things,
 Sound our Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 99. 7's.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, cast your eyes around,
 Light divine comes flowing down,
 God unveils his shining face,
 Fills us with his heavenly grace:
- 2 Let us all embrace the light,
 Walk as in God's holy sight ;
 In his blessed image shine,
 Fellowship, the love divine.
- 3 Tho by nature heirs of wrath,
 We have tried a bloody bath ;
 It has cleansed the poison out,
 Scattered every painful doubt.
- 4 We by grace are justified,
 In this grace we still abide,
 And this grace, we all agree,
 Is to every sinner free.
- 5 We will sing and shout and pray,
 Till we reach eternal day ;

And when all these scenes are past,
Still our fellowship shall last.

Still the little shouting band,
Shall in perfect union stand,
And the exercise be one,
Round the everlasting throne.

HYMN 100.

O JESUS, my Saviour, I know thou art
mine, [sign.
For thee all the pleasures of earth I re-
Of objects most pleasing I love thee the
best, [am blest.
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee
Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my
love,
No richer possessed by the angels above;
For thee all the pleasures of sense I'll
forego,
And wander a pilgrim despised below.
Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was
blind, [find;
Then taught me the way of salvation to
For when I was sinking into black des-
pair, [fear.
My Jesus relieved me and bade me not
In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals forever must
fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's all on
flame, [name.
I'm raised into rapture by praising his
Tho' weak and despised, by faith now I
stand, [hand;
Preserved & supported by heaven's kind

- In Jesus supported, I'll bless his dear
 name, [blame.
 Regardless of censre, of praise or of
- 6 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
 In sweet meditation he always is near ;
 My constant companion, O may we not
 part ;
 All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.
- 7 If ever I loved, sure I love thee, my Lord;
 I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy
 word :
 I love all creation, I love sinners too, [woe.
 Since Jesus has died to redeem them from
- 8 When happy in Christ, I regard not the
 proud, [loud ;
 Tho sinners despise me for singing so
 For death wjll soon call me, and then I
 shall fly, [high.
 To praise my dear Jesus, in mansions on
- 9 There millions of ages my soul shall em-
 ploy, [joy ;
 In praising my Jesus, my hope and my
 The glorified spirits and angels around,
 Shall all be delighted to join the glad
 sound.

HYMN 101. C. M.

- 1 THIS pure delight, without alloy,
 Jesus, to hear thy name ;
 My spirit leaps with inward joy,
 I feel the sacred flame.
- 2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
 While love inspires my breast ;
 Love, the divinest of the train,
 And sovereign of the rest.

This is the grace must live and sing,
 When faith and hope shall cease,
 Must sound from every joyful string,
 Thro the sweet groves of bliss.

Let life immortal seize my clay,
 Let love refine my blood ;
 Her flames can bear my soul away,
 Can bring me near my God.

Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
 And hasten to my home ;
 I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
 I come, my Lord, I come.

Sink down, ye separating hills,
 Let guilt and death remove ;
 'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
 And death must yield to love.

HYMN 102. C. M.

O LORD, how great is the delight,
 To see thy lovely face !
 To dwell whole ages in thy sight
 And feel thy vital rays !

This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name,
 With rapture on his tongue ;
 Moses the saint enjoys the same,
 While heaven repeats the song.

While the bright nation sounds thy praise
 From each eternal hill,
 Sweet odours of exhaling grace
 The happy regions fill.

Thy love, a sea without a shore,
 Spreads life and joy abroad ;
 O'tis a heaven worth dying for,
 To see a smiling God.

- 5 Show me thy face and I'll away,
 From all inferior things :
 Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
 And stretch my airy wings.

HYMN 103.

- 1 **O** THOU God of my salvation,
 My Redeemer from all sin ;
 Moved to this by great compassion,
 Yearning bowels from within ;
 I will praise thee,
 Where shall I thy praise begin ?
- 2 While the angel choirs are crying
 Glory to the great I AM !
 I with them would still be vying,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !
 O how precious
 Is the sound of Jesus' name !
- 3 Now I see with joy and wonder,
 Whence the healing streams arose ;
 Angels' minds are lost to ponder
 Dying love's mysterious cause ;
 Yet the blessing
 Down to all, to me it flows.
- 4 Tho' unseen, I love the Saviour,
 He Almighty grace has shown ;
 Pardon, glory, life, and favor !
 He has made to mortals known ;
 Give him glory,
 Glory, glory, is his own.
- 5 Angels now are hovering round us,
 Unperceived they mix the throng,
 Wondering at the love which crowned us,
 Glad to join the holy song !
 Hallelujah,
 Love and praise to Christ belong.

HYMN 104. C. M.

- 1 **A**MAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound)
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed !
- 3 Thro many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God who called me here below,
Shall be forever mine.

HYMN 105. C. M.

- 1 **J**OY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known ;

The fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine ;
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable ! divine !
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But since you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

HYMN 106. L. M.

The enjoyment of Christ.

- 1 **F**AR from my tho'ts, vain world begone,
Let my religious hours alone ;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire ;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 The trees of life immortal stand,
In fragrant rows at thy right hand ;
And in sweet murmurs by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace ;

Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

- 5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !
How sweet thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
Whom eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN 107. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a heaven of saving grace,
Shines thro the beauties of thy face ;
And lights our passion to a flame !
Lord, how we love thy charming name !
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass thro this barren land ;

And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

HYMN 108. S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place ;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
But favorites of the heavenly king
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas :
- 5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love ;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
- 6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state ;
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;

Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

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

HYMN 109. S. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call ;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer,
This dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are !
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss ;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place ;
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;

No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8 To thee my spirits fly,
With restless warm desire ;
And yet how far from thee I lie,
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

HYMN 110. C. M.

1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all ;
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys ;
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light ;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Among the shades I roll ;
If my Redeemer show his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.

5 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode ;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 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 ?

- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
 And called the stars my own ;
 Without thy graces and thyself,
 I were a wretch undone.
- 3 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.

HYMN 111. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee !
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine thro endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
 Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No, when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain ;
 And O, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

- 7 His institutions I will prize,
 Take up my cross—the shame despise,
 Dare to defend his noble cause,
 And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 112.

- 1 **O** HOW I have longed for the coming
 of God ! [his word
 And sought him by praying and searching
 By watching and fasting my soul was op-
 pressed, [blessed
 Nor would I give over till Jesus had
- 2 The news of his mercy at length I did
 hear, [prayer
 According to promise, he answered my
 And glory is opened in floods on my soul
 Salvation from Christ is beginning to roll
- 3 The news of his mercy is spreading a
 broad, [God
 And sinners come crying and shouting to
 Their mourning and praying are heard
 very loud,
 And many find favor thro Jesus's blood.
- 4 Here's more, my dear Saviour, that fall a
 thy feet, [great
 Oppressed with a burden enormous,
 O raise them, my Jesus, to tell of thy love
 And shout hallelujahs with angels above
- 5 I'll sing & I'll shout, & I'll shout & I'll sing
 O God, make the nations with praises to
 ring
 With loud acclamations of Jesus's love,
 And carry us all to the city above.

- 6 We wait for thy chariot, it seems to draw
near,
O come, my dear Saviour, let glory appear;
We long to be singing & shouting above,
With angels o'erwhelmed in Jesus's love.

HYMN 113. C. M.

Fellowship with God.

- 1 **F**ROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.
- 2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
In all the paths thou'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?
- 3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.
- 4 Not health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delight or comfort show,
As fellowship with God.
- 5 When I am made in love to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
Thro fellowship with God.
- 6 In fierce temptation's fiery blasts,
Or dark desertion's road,
I'm happy, if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.
- And when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,

With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

- 8 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain my blest abode,
There an eternity I'll spend,
In fellowship with God.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

HYMN 114.

- 1 **H**ARK! brethren, don't you hear the
sound?
The martial trumpets are now blowing;
Men in orders listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing;
Bounty offered, joy and peace;
'To every soldier this is given,
When from toils of war they cease,
A mansion bright prepared in heaven.
- 2 Those who long in sin have lain,
And felt the hand of dire oppression,
Are now relieved from Satan's chain,
And they endowed with large possession;
The poor, the sick, the blind, the lame,
Their maladies are also healed;
Outlawed rebels, when they come,
Receive a pardon freely sealed.
- 3 The battle is not to the strong;
The burden's on our Captain's shoulder
None so aged or so young,
But may enlist and be a soldier.
Those who cannot fight or fly,
Beneath his banner find protection;
None who on his name rely,
Shall be reduced to base subjection.

- 4 You need not fear, the cause is good,
Come, who will to the crown aspire ?
In this cause the martyrs bled,
Or shouted victory, in the fire.
In this cause let's follow on,
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
How, by faith, we gained the crown
And fought our way to life and glory.
- 5 The battle, brethren, is begun,
Behold the army now in motion ;
Some by faith behold the crown,
And almost grasp their future portion :
Hark ! the victors singing loud,
Immanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling,
Mourners weeping thro' the croud,
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.
- 6 Hark, ye rebels, come and list,
The officers are now recruiting ;
Why will you in sin persist,
Or spend your time in vain disputing ?
All your cavils sure are vain,
For if you do not sue for favor
Down you'll sink to endless pain,
To bear the wrath of God forever.

HYMN 115. L. M.

STAND up my soul, shake off your
fears,
And gird the gospel armor 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.

- 3 What tho the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite ;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.
- 4 What tho thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

HYMN 116.

- 1 **T**HO troubles assail, and dangers af-
fright, [unite ;
Tho friends should all fail, and foes all
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us, the Lord will
provide.
- 2 The birds without barn, or store house,
are fed, [bread ;
From them let us learn, to trust for our
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be
denied, [vide
So long as is written, the Lord will pro-
- 3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be
tost,
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost
Tho Satan enrages the wind and the tide
The promise engages, the Lord will pro-
vide.

- 4 His call we obey, like Abr'm of old,
 Not knowing the way, but faith makes us
 bold ; [guide,
 For tho we are strangers, we have a sure
 And trust in all dangers, the Lord will
 provide.
- 5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith:
 He cannot take from us, tho oft he has
 tried, [provide.
 This heartcheering promise, the Lord will
- 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in
 vain, [tain ;
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall ob-
 But when such suggestions our graces
 have tried, [provide.
 This answers all questions, the Lord will
- 7 No strength of our own, nor goodness we
 claim, [great name,
 Yet since we have known the Saviour's
 In this, our strong tower, for safety we
 hide, [provide.
 The Lord is our power, the Lord will
- 8 When life sinks apace, & death is in view,
 The word of his grace shall comfort us
 thro ; [our side,
 Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on
 We hope to die shouting, the Lord will
 provide.

HYMN 117.

Trusting in God.

- 1 **B**EGONE unbelief, my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear;
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will per-
 form ; [storm.
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the

102 THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

- 2 Tho dark be my way, since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ;
 Tho cisterns be broken, and creatures all
 fail, [prevail.
 The word he hath spoken shall surely
- 3 His love in time past, forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me
 quite thro.
- 4 Delighting to save, he watched o'er my
 path, [death ;
 When Satan's blind slave, I sported with
 And can he have taught me to trust in
 his name,
 And thus far have brought me to put me
 to shame ?
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain ? he told me no less :
 The heirs of salvation, I know from his
 word,
 Thro much tribulation must follow their
 Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
 Which he drank quite up, that sinners
 might live ;
 His way was much rougher & darker than
 mine ;
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine ?
- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my
 good,
 The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food ;
 Tho painful at present, 'twill cease before
 long, [song!
 And then, O! how pleasant the conqueror's

HYMN 118. L. M.

- 1 **B**E still my heart, these anxious cares
 To thee are burdens, thorns and
 They cast dishonor on thy Lord, [snares;
 And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
 Why wilt thou now give place to fear;
 How canst thou want, if he provide,
 Or lose thy way, with such a guide?
- 3 Did trouble ever yet befall,
 And he refuse to hear thy call?
 And has he not his promise past,
 That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 4 Like David, thou mayest comfort draw;
 Saved from the bear's and lion's paw;
 Goliath's rage I may defy,
 For God my Saviour still is nigh.
- 5 He that has helped me hitherto,
 Will help me all my journey thro,
 And give me daily cause to raise
 New Ebenezer's to his praise.
- 6 Tho rough and thorny be the road,
 It leads me home apace to God;
 I count my present trials small,
 For heaven will make amends for all.

HYMN 119. C. M.

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to gain the prize,
 And sailed thro bloody seas?

104 THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace?
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, tho they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory, thro the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 120. L. M.

- 1 **I**'VE listed in the holy war,
Content to suffer soldier's fare;
The banner over me is love,
I draw my rations from above.
- 2 I've fought thro many a battle sore,
And I must fight thro many more;
I'll take my breastplate, sword and shield,
And boldly march into the field.
- 3 The world, the flesh, and Satan too,
Unite and try what they can do;
On thee, O Lord, I humbly call,
Uphold me, Lord, or I shall fall.
- 4 I've listed, and I mean to fight
Till all my foes are put to flight,
And when the victory I have won,
I'll give the praise to God alone.

- 5 Come, fellow christians, join with me,
 Come, face the foe, and never flee;
 The heavenly battle is begun,
 Come, take the field, and win the crown.
- 5 With listing orders I am come,
 Come rich, come poor, come old & young;
 The bounty-money now is given,
 And glorious crowns laid up in heaven.
- 7 Our Captain General's gone before,
 And you may draw from grace's store;
 But if you will not list and fight,
 You'll sink into eternal night.

HYMN 121. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y Captain sounds the alarm of war;
 "Awake! the powers of hell are
 near;
 "To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry,
 "'Tis yours to conquer or to die."
- 2 Roused by the animating sound,
 I cast my eager eyes around,
 Make haste to gird my armor on,
 And bid each trembling fear begone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
 Thy word, my God, the sword I wield,
 With sacred truth my loins are girt,
 And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus armed, I venture on the fight,
 Resolved to put my foes to flight;
 While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
 His conquering banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope, in him I trust,
 His bleeding cross is all my boast;
 Thro troops of foes he'll lead me on
 To victory, and the victor's crown.

HYMN 122.

- 1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above ?
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love ?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before ;
He gave to me my orders,
And bid me not to fear :
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldièrs
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Thro grace, I am determined
To conquer, tho I die ;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu ;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with trials
And troubles on the way,
Cast all your cares on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray ;
Gird on the gospel armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the warfare's ended,
You'll reign with him above.
- 5 **O** do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,

And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend ;
 Nor will he yet upbraid you,
 Tho often you request,
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

HYMN 123.

1 **C**HRI**S**T is set on Zion's hill,
 He receiveth sinners still :
 Who will serve this blessed King ?
 Come, enlist, and with me sing.
 I, his soldier, sure shall be
 Happy in eternity.

2 I, by faith enlisted am
 In the service of the Lamb ;
 Present pay I now receive,
 Future happiness he'll give ;
 I, his soldier, &c.

3 Zion's King my captain is,
 Conquest I shall never miss ;
 Let the fiends of hell engage,
 Fret and foam, and roar and rage,
 I, his soldier, &c.

4 Let the world their forces join,
 With the fiends of hell combine ;
 Greater is my King than they,
 Thro him I shall win the day ;
 I, his soldier, &c.

5 Wicked men I scorn to fear,
 Tho they persecute me here ;
 True, they may the body kill,
 But my King's on Zion's hill :
 I, his soldier, &c.

- 6 What a Captain I have got,
Is not mine a happy lot?
Hear, ye worldlings, hear my song,
This the language of my tongue,
I, his soldier, &c.
- 7 When this life's short space is o'er,
I shall live to die no more;
Therefore will I take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord.
I, his soldier, &c.
- 8 Come, dear sinners, come enlist,
'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ;
Whosoever will, may come,
Jesus Christ refuses none.
I, his soldier, &c.
- 9 Jesus is my captain's name,
Now, as yesterday, the same;
This you surely may believe,
All who come he will receive.
I, his soldier, &c.
- 10 Be persuaded, do obey;
All your sins he'll wash away:
Now in Jesus' name believe,
Future happiness he'll give.
I, his soldier, sure shall be
Happy in eternity.

HYMN 124.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pleasure,
Where peace and joy forever roll;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I long to rest my soul:
Thick darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since my Saviour's found me,
A lamp has shone along my way.

- 2 My way's beset with danger,
 But 'tis the path that leads to God,
 And like a valiant soldier
 I'll march along the heavenly road :
 Now I will gird my sword on,
 My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,
 And fight the host of Satan,
 Until I gain the heavenly field.
- 3 I'm on my way to Canaan,
 Still guided by my Saviour's hand ;
 O come along, dear sinner,
 And view Immanuel's happy land :
 To all that stay behind me,
 I bid a long, a long farewell ;
 O come, or you'll repent it,
 When you shall reach the gates of hell.
- 4 The vale of tears surrounds me,
 And Jordan's current rolls before ;
 Why should I fear or tremble
 To hear the dismal waters roar ?
 His hand will then support me
 And keep my soul from sinking there,
 From sinking down to darkness,
 Into the regions of despair.
- 5 This stream shall not affright me,
 Altho 'tis deeper than the grave ;
 If Jesus stands besides me,
 I'll smoothly ride o'er Jordan's wave.
 His word has calmed the ocean,
 His lamp has cheered the gloomy vale,
 O may this friend be with me
 When thro the gates of death I sail.
- 6 Then come, thou king of terrors,
 And with thy dagger lay me low ;
 I'll sooner reach those mansions
 Where everlasting pleasures flow.

- O christians, I must leave you,
 No more to join your social band;
 No more to stand beside you,
 Till at the judgment bar we stand.
- 7 Soon the archangel's trumpet
 Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
 And all the wheels of nature
 Shall in a moment cease to roll;
 Then we shall see our Jesus,
 With shining ranks of angels, come
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his ransomed children home.

HYMN 125.

- 1 **T**HE wondrous love of Jesus,
 From doubts and fears he frees us
 With pitying eyes he sees us
 A toiling here below;
 Thro tribulation driven,
 We make our way to heaven;
 By consolation given,
 Rejoicing on we go.
- 2 Companions now distressed,
 By Satan sore oppressed,
 Cheer up, you'll be delivered,
 Your Captain is at hand;
 In every trying hour
 He'll save you by his power,
 And bring you safe to heaven
 To Canaan's happy land.
- 3 O! yonder is the glory!
 It is but just before you,
 And there we'll tell the story
 Of Christ's redeeming love;

And there we shall forever
 Drink of the flowing river,
 Forever and forever
 Surround the throne above.

All in the blooming garden
 Of Eden, gained by pardon;
 Beyond the floods of Jordan
 We'll praise the great I AM;
 And sing the song of Moses,
 While Jesus Christ composes
 The song that never closes,
 Sing praises to the Lamb.

HYMN 126.

MY loving fellow travellers,
 Who are for Canaan bound,
 Let's raise a song for Jesus,
 Make hills and vallies sound;
 Tho troubles do beset us
 While in this barren place,
 Yet Jesus will be with us,
 And keep us by his grace.

2 Infernal spirits tempt us,
 Our souls they would beguile;
 And worldlings persecute us,
 At us they mock and smile;
 The world would fain allure us
 And bring us into thrall,
 Yet glory be to Jesus,
 Thro him we'll conquer all.

3 Since we are so surrounded,
 Our numbers seem but few,
 Let us unite the closer,
 To Jesus still prove true;
 The wolf can never harm us,
 While in our Shepherd's care,

But if we once be parted,
The wolf will rend and tear.

4 By love unto our Jesus
And to our brethren dear,
We'll strengthen one another
And feel each other's care,
Press forward on our journey,
Keep Zion still in view,
In spite of all opposers
The Lord will bring us thro.

5 The faithful do experience,
And that from day to day,
That Jesus is sufficient
For all that watch and pray ;
Ye faithful pilgrims, trust him,
He'll keep you to the end ;
Tho men and devils tempt you,
Still Jesus is your friend.

6 Jesus beholds from heaven,
Your labor and your pain ;
Press on, ye valiant soldiers,
The crown you soon shall gain.
Jesus is now in glory,
His soldiers there shall meet,
We shall know one another,
Our joys shall be complete.

7 Our warfare's nearer over
Than when we last did meet ;
Who next shall leave the army,
To walk the golden street ?
No matter which, my brethren,
If Jesus give the call,
If I'm the next poor pilgrim,
With Christ I'll leave you all.

8 Let's join to sing his praises,
Lest we should meet no more,

Till Jesus lands his army,
 On Canaan's happy shore :
 Sing glory hallelujah,
 Sweet Jesus, quickly come,
 Prepare us for thy glory,
 And take thy servants home.

ON WASHING FEET.

HYMN 127. C. M.

John xviii, 2, 4, 5, 6—17.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus Christ was here below,
 He taught his people what to do ;
 And if we would his precepts keep,
 We must descend to washing feet.
- 2 For on that night he was betrayed,
 He for us all a pattern laid ;
 Soon as his supper he did eat,
 He rose and washed his brethren's feet.
- 3 The Lord who made the earth and sky,
 Arose and laid his garment by ;
 And washed their feet, to show that we
 Should always kind and humble be.
- 4 He washed them all, to make them clean,
 But Judas still was full of sin ;
 May none of us, like Judas, sell
 The Lord for gold, and go to hell.
- 5 Peter said " Lord, it shall not be,
 " Thou shalt not stoop to washing me ;"
 O that no christian here may say
 I'm too unworthy to obey.
- 6 " You call me Lord, and Master too,
 " Then do as I have done to you ;
 " All my commands and counsels keep,
 " And show your love, by washing feet.

- 7 "Ye shall be happy, if ye know
 "And do these things, by faith, below;
 "And I'll protect you till you die,
 "And then remove you up on high."

LOVE AND UNION.

HYMN 128.

- 1 **F**ROM whence doth this union arise,
 That hatred is conquered by love?
 It fastens our souls in such ties
 That nature and time can't remove;
 It cannot in Eden be found,
 Nor yet in a paradise lost,
 It grows on Immanuel's ground,
 And Jesus' dear blood it has cost.
- 2 My friends are indeed to me dear,
 Our hearts are united in love,
 Where Christ is, we soon shall appear,
 In yonder blest mansion above:
 O why so unwilling to part,
 Since there we shall all meet again?
 Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
 At a distance we cannot remain.
- 3 And when we shall see that bright day,
 United with angels above,
 No longer confined to our clay,
 Overwhelmed in the ocean of love,
 O then with our Jesus we'll reign,
 And all his bright glories shall see,
 And sing Alleluia, amen,
 Amen, even so let it be.

HYMN 129. *Ezekiel xlvii.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord is the fountain of goodness
 and love, [above
 Thro Eden once flowing in streams from

- Refreshed every moment the first happy
 pair, [despair.
 'Till sin stopt the torrent and brought in
 2 O wretched condition! what anguish and
 pain! [obtain;
 They thirst for the fountain, but cannot
 To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief,
 They drink, but the draught still increa-
 ses their grief.
- 3 Glad tidings, glad tidings! no more we
 complain,
 Our Jesus has opened this fountain again;
 Now mingled with mercy, enriched with
 free grace, [race.
 From Zion 'tis flowing on all the lost
- 4 How happy the prophet, how pleasant his
 road, [of God!
 When led down the stream by the angel
 Tho shallow at first, yet he found it at
 last [passed.
 A river so boundless it could not be
- 5 Come sinner, poor sinner, tis boundless
 and free, [for thee;
 Your welcome, take freely, 'twas opened
 The Spirit invites you, the bride calls
 you too, [welcome with you.
 Come, call all your neighbors, they 're
 Come all ye dead sinners, here life you
 will find, [blind;
 Come all ye poor beggars, ye halt and ye
 This water has virtue to heal all com-
 plaints, [the saints.
 Come drink, ye diseased, & rejoice with
 Say not "I'm a sinner, and must not par-
 take," [take;
 For this very reason, the Lord bids you

Say not "too unworthy, the vilest of all,"
For such, not the righteous, the Lord
came to call.

- 8 Make not your complaints an excuse to
delay, [away ;
Let not your transgressions affright you
The worse your condition, the welcomer
here ; [fear.
Come, come on dear sinner, and cast away
- 9 Come christians, let's venture along down
the stream, [swim ;
The shallows are pleasant, but O let us
Let's bathe in the ocean of infinite love,
And wash & be pure as the angels above.
- 10 Too long have we dreaded to launch the
great deep, [to keep ;
And loved near the threshold of Zion
But Jesus now calls us ; arise, let us go,
O glory transporting—'tis heaven below.

HYMN 130.

- 1 **T**HE gloomy night of sadness,
Begins to flee away,
The redning streaks of morning,
Proclaim the rising day ;
That welcome day of promise
When Christ shall claim his right,
And on the world in darkness
Pour forth a flood of light.
- 2 Now truth unveiled, is shining
With beams of sacred light,
The mourning pilgrims wonder,
And leave the paths of night,
Their glowing hearts in rapture
All filled with joy divine,
Burst forth in shouting glory,
And like their Master shine.

- 3 Now love unites the children,
And tears away the bars ;
They lay aside their weapons,
And cease from strife and wars ;
All with united voices,
All join with one accord,
Ascribing free salvation
And glory to the Lord.
- 4 The beams of truth revealed,
Pervade the sinners' heart,
Aghast they fall and tremble,
As pierced thro with a dart ;
Their earnest cries for mercy
Sound thro the parting skies,
The gracious Saviour hears them,
And smiling bids them rise.
- 5 Now Satan roars with anguish,
His servants quake with fear,
His boasted kingdom totters,
It's fall we soon shall hear ;
Go on, victorious Saviour,
Go on, Almighty King,
O chain the woful Dragon,
And cause the world to sing.
- 6 Come, lets's begin the anthems,
And join the choir above
To praise our blessed Jesus,
And bless the God we love.
All glory, glory, glory,
Salvation to our God,
Hosanna to our Jesus,
Who washed us in his blood.
- 7 The courts of heaven are ringing
With songs of highest strains,
And ceaseless praise is rolling
Along the flowery plains ;

- O could we rise triumphant,
 And join with those above
 To shout and sing forever,
 Free grace and dying love.
- 8 There sits our smiling Jesus,
 In light and glory crowned ;
 There gazing hosts adore him,
 In blazing circles round.
 Come quickly, come Lord Jesus,
 Come quickly, come Lord, come,
 O fetch our longing spirits
 To our eternal home.

HYMN 131. L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the grace of God,
 Displayed in Jesus' precious blood ;
 My soul's on fire, it pants to prove
 The fulness of redeeming love.
- 2 Our God is love—O, leap my soul,
 Let warm hosannas gently roll ;
 Love gave his Son to save our race,
 And Jesus died thro' sovereign grace.
- 3 What love has done, sing earth around,
 Angels, prolong th' eternal sound ;
 Lo, Jesus bleeding on the tree !
 There, there the love of God I see.
- 4 I look, I gaze, my rebel heart
 Feels its own hardness soon depart ;
 Repenting tears begin to roll,
 And love in streams flows thro' my soul.
- 5 The cross I view—O wondrous love !
 My sins expire—my fears remove ;
 My native enmity is slain,
 I'm reconciled—I'm born again.

- 6 By faith in Jesus's bloody cross
The Devil's kingdom suffers loss ;
Crowds, on the way from sin, to God,
Have overcome thro Jesus' blood.
- 7 O! that the world would turn their eyes
And view this bleeding sacrifice ;
Almighty love, therein displayed,
Would bruise & crush the serpent's head.
- 8 O! how I long to see the hour
When sin & death shall lose their power ;
When all the world, both great and small,
Shall own the sovereign Lord of all !
- 9 Thou bleeding Lamb, thou mighty God,
O spread thy conquest far abroad ;
Thy kingdom come, exalt thy fame,
Let every knee bow to thy name.
- 10 Shout, Christians, shout, the Lord is
come,
Prepare, prepare to make him room ;
On earth he reigns, we feel him near,
The signs of glory now appear.

HYMN 132. C. M.

- 1 **I**NFINITE, unexhausted love !
Jesus and love are one ;
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrained to none.
- 2 What shall I do, my God to love ?
My loving God to praise ;
The length, & breadth, & height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace ?
- 3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined ;
From age to age it never ends,
It reaches all mankind.

- 4 Throughout the world its breadth is
 Wide as infinity ; [known,
 So wide it never passed by one,
 Or it had passed by me.
- 5 My trespass was grown up to heaven,
 But far above the skies ;
 In Christ abundantly forgiven,
 I see thy mercies rise.
- 6 The depth of all-redeeming love
 What angel tongue can tell ?
 O may I to the utmost prove
 The gift unspeakable.
- 7 Come, quickly, gracious Lord, and take
 Possession of thine own ;
 My longing heart vouchsafe to make
 Thine everlasting throne.
- 8 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
 Come quickly from above,
 And sink me to perfection's height,
 The depth of humble love.

HYMN 133.

- 1 **A**LL glory to God in the sky,
 And peace upon earth be restored,
 O Jesus, exalted on high,
 Appear our omnipotent Lord ;
 Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
 Didst stoop to redeem a lost race ;
 Once more to thy creatures return,
 And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
 All nature acknowledged thy birth ;
 Arose the acceptable year,
 And heaven was opened on earth :

The shepherds were warned from above,
 A Saviour was born to our race,
 The giver of concord and love,
 The prince and the author of peace.

3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
 Again in thy Spirit descend,
 And set up in each of thine own,
 A kingdom that never shall end ;
 Thou only art able to bless,
 And make the glad nations obey,
 And bid the dire enmity cease,
 And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
 Who long thy appearing to know ;
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign,
 In mercy establish below ;
 All sorrow before thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er,
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more.

5 No painful commotions or war,
 Shall break our eternal repose ;
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows ;
 Appeased by the charms of thy grace,
 We all shall in amity join ;
 And kindly each other embrace,
 And love with a passion like thine.

HYMN 134.

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
 Fix us in thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art,

Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast,
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest ;
Take away our love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us now thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave ;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy host above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish now thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see the great salvation
Perfectly restored in thee ;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

HYMN 135. S. M.

- 1 **L**ET party names no more
The Christian world o'er spread
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found :
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

- 3 Let discord, child of hell,
 Be banished far away ;
 Those should in strictest friendship
 Who the same Lord obey. [dwell,
- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above ;
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

HYMN 136. C. M.

- 1 **O**UR souls by love together knit,
 Cemented, mixed in one ;
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun :
 Our hearts have burned while Jesus
 And glowed with sacred fire, [spoke,
 He stopped, & talked, and fed, & blessed,
 And filled th' enlarged desire.
- 2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly ;
 We'll stand unshaken, firm and fixed,
 With Christ to live and die ;
 Let devils rage and hell assail,
 We'll cut our passage thro,
 Let foes unite, and friends desert,
 We'll seize the crown our due.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain ;
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,
 And wash away our stain :
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 But pour a mighty flood ;
 ● sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.
- 4 And when thou makest thy jewels up,
 And settest thy starry crown,

When all thy sparkling gems shall shine
 Proclaimed by thee thy own ;
 May we, we little band of love,
 We sinners saved by grace,
 From glory into glory chang'd,
 Behold thee face to face.

HYMN 137.

- 1 **T**ELL me no more
 Of this world's vain store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is
 A country I've found [o'er
 Where true joys abound, [ground
 To dwell I'm determin'd, on that happy
- 2 The souls that believe,
 In paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus receive
 My soul don't delay,
 He calls thee away, [day
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad
- 3 No mortal doth know
 What he can bestow, [him, go
 What light, strength & comfort—go after
 Lo, onward I move
 To a country above, [will prove
 None guesses how wondrous my journey
- 4 Great spoils I shall win,
 From death, hell and sin, [within
 Midst outward afflictions, I feel Christ
 And when I'm to die,
 Receive me, I'll cry, [why
 For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell
- 5 But this I do find,
 We two are so joined,
 He'll not live in glory and leave me be
 hind,

So this is the race
 I'm running, thro' grace, [face.
 Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's
 And now I'm in care,
 My neighbors may share
 These blessings, to seek them will none
 of you dare ?
 In bondage, O why,
 And death, will you lie ?
 When one here assures you free grace is
 so nigh ?

HYMN 138.

COME, my Christian friends & breth-
 Bound for Canaan's happy land, [ren,
 Come, unite and walk together,
 Christ our leader gives command.
 Lay aside your party spirit,
 Wound your Christian friends no more,
 All the name of Christ inherit,
 Zion's peace again restore.
 We'll not bind our brother's conscience,
 This to God alone is free,
 Nor contend with one another,
 But in Christ united be :
 Here's the Word, the grand criterion,
 This shall all our doctrines prove,
 Christ the centre of our union,
 And the bond is Christian love.
 Here my hand, my heart, my spirit,
 Now in fellowship I give,
 Now we'll love and peace inherit,
 Show the world how Christians live ;
 We are one in Christ our Saviour,
 Here is neither bond nor free,

- Christ is all in all forever,
 In his name we all agree.
- 4 Now we'll preach and pray together,
 Praise, give thanks, and shout and sing;
 Now we'll strengthen one another,
 And adore our heavenly king;
 Now we'll join in sweet communion,
 Round the table of our Lord;
 Lord, confirm our Christian union,
 By thy Spirit and thy word.
- 5 Now the world will be constrained
 To believe in Christ our King;
 Thousands, millions be converted,
 Round the earth his praises ring;
 Blessed day! O joyful hour!
 Praise the Lord—his name we bless;
 Send thy kingdom, Lord, with power,
 Fill the world with righteousness.

HYMN 139.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art
 When shall I find my longing hear
 All taken up with thee?
 I thirst, I faint, I pant to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger is love than death or hell,
 Its riches are unsearchable;
 The first born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see,
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart;

For love I sigh, for love I pine,
 'This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.

- 4 O that I could forever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet !
 Be this my happy choice ;
 My only care, delight and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that I could, with favored John,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast;
 From care and sin and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest.

HYMN 140.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, O earth, the Lord is king,
 To him your humble tribute bring,
 Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
 And all the world with praises ring,
 And give to Jesus glory.
- 2 O may the saints, of every name,
 Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb ;
 May jars and discords cease to flame,
 And all the Saviour's love proclaim,
 And give to Jesus glory.
- 3 I long to see the Christians join,
 In union sweet, and love divine,
 And glory thro' the churches shine,
 And Gentiles crouding to the sign,
 To give to Jesus glory.
- 4 O may the distant lands rejoice,
 And mourners hear the Bridegroom's
 voice, [ploys,
 While praise their happy tongues em-

And all obtain immortal joys,
And give to Jesus glory.

5 Come parents, children, bond and free,
Come, will you go to heaven with me,
That glorious land of liberty,
And shout in bliss eternally,
And give to Jesus glory.

6 My soul grows happy while I sing,
I feel that I am on the wing,
I'll shout salvation to my King,
Till I to heaven my trophies bring
And give to Jesus glory.

7 Those beauteous fields of living green,
Thro' faith my joyful eyes have seen,
Tho' Jordan's billows roll between,
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,
And give to Jesus glory.

8 A few more days of pain and woe,
A few more suffering scenes below,
And then to glory we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And give to Jesus glory.

9 Then we shall weep and part no more,
When we have met on Canaan's shore,
For Zion's warfare now is o'er,
Such shouts were never heard before,
And there we'll give him glory.

10 Then tears shall all be wiped away,
And Christians never go astray ;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay,
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory.

THE PRAISES OF GOD.

HYMN 141. S. M.

BEHOLD, the lofty sky
 Declares its maker God ;
 And all the starry works on high
 Proclaim his power abroad.

The darkness and the light
 Still keep their course the same ;
 While night to day, and day to night,
 Divinely teach his name.

In every different land,
 Their general voice is known,
 They show the wonders of his hand,
 And orders of his throne.

Ye Christian lands rejoice,
 Here he reveals his word,
 We are not left to nature's voice,
 To bid us know the Lord.

His statutes and commands
 Are set before our eyes,
 He puts his gospel in our hands,
 Where our salvation lies.

His laws are just and pure,
 His truth without deceit,
 His promises forever sure,
 And his rewards are great.

Not honey to the taste
 Affords so much delight ;
 Nor gold that has the furnace passed
 So much allures the sight.

While of thy works I sing,
 Thy glory to proclaim,
 Accept the praise, my God, my king,
 In my Redeemer's name.

HYMN 142. L. M.

- 1 **O**F him who did salvation bring,
 I could forever think and sing;
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive,
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.
 Ask but his grace, and lo 'tis given,
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven!
 Tho sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, thy balm can make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins, he blushed in blood,
 He closed his eyes, to show us God;
 Let all the world fall down and know,
 That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
 I shed my tears, and make my moan;
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love,
- 5 Insatiate, to this spring I fly,
 I drink, and yet am ever dry,
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof,
 Ah! who that loves can love enough?

HYMN 143.

- 1 **C**OME away to the skies,
 My beloved arise,
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
 On this festival day
 Come exulting away,
 And with singing to Zion return.
- 2 We have laid up our love
 And our treasure, above,
 Tho our bodies continue below;
 The redeemed of the Lord,
 We remember his word,
 And with singing to paradise go.

- 3 With singing we praise
The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestowed ;
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.
- 4 For thy glory we are
Created to share,
Both the nature and kingdom divine ;
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.
- 5 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which has joined us in Jesus's name ;
So united in heart
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
- 6 There, there at his feet
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more ;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.
- 7 Hallelujah, we sing
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat ;
To the Lamb that was slain
Hallelujah again
Sing all heaven and fall at his feet.
- 8 In assurance of hope,
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurled in the air
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out " it is he,"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN 144.

- 1 **H**OW happy are they
 Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above ;
 Tongue cannot express
 The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That comfort was mine,
 When the favor divine,
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
 When my heart it believed,
 What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name.
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,
 My Saviour to know,
The angels could do nothing more,
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus, all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song,
O that all his salvation might see ;
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of his love,
 I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain ;
 I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 I rode on the sky,
 Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat :

• My soul mounted higher,
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the moon it was under my feet.

- 7 O! the rapturous height,
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
 Of my Saviour possessed,
 I was perfectly blessed,
 As if filled with the fullness of God.

HYMN 145. C. M.

- 1 **P**LUNGED in a gulph of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the prince of grace,
 Beheld our helpless grief,
 He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
 He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Entered the grave, in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
 And broke our iron chains:
 Jesus has freed our captive souls
 From everlasting pains.
- 5 In vain the baffled prince of hell
 His cursed projects tries;
 We that were doomed his endless slaves,
 Are raised above the skies.
- 6 O for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break;
 And all harmonious human tongues,
 Their Saviour's praises speak.

- 7 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame ;
Hosanna, round the spacious earth,
To thine adored name.
- 8 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.

HYMN 146. C. M.

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 147. L. M.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye mourning souls, be glad,
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
 Soon you'll enter into rest ;
 There your seat is now prepared,
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land,
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 148. L. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's
 He justly claims a song from me, [praise ;
 His loving kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
 He saved me from my lost estate,
 His loving kindness, O how great !
- 3 Tho numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Tho earth and hell my way oppose ;
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His loving kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick and thundered loud ;
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
 Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
 But tho I have him oft forgot,
 His loving kindness changes not.

- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 Oh! may my last expiring breath,
 His loving kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
 To the bright world of endless day;
 And sing with rapture and surprise,
 His loving kindness in the skies.

HYMN 149.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY love inspire
 My heart with pure desire,
 Until the sacred fire
 My soul does renew;
 I love the blessed Jesus,
 On whom all heaven gazes,
 And symphony increases,
 Above the etherial blue,
 O give him glory!
 O give him glory!
 O give him glory!
 For glory is his own.
 I will give him glory,
 I will give him glory,
 I will give him glory
 For glory is his own.
- 2 My tender hearted Jesus,
 My love, my soul amazes,
 Who came from heaven to save us,
 When lost and undone;
 No angel could redeem us,
 No seraph could retrieve us,
 No arm could relieve us,
 But Jesus alone.
 O give him glory, &c.

3 In him I have believed,
 He has my soul retrieved,
 From sin he has redeemed
 My spirit lost and dead.
 And now I love my Saviour,
 For I am in his favor,
 And hope with him forever
 The golden streets to tread.
 O give him glory, &c.

4 Yet here a while I stay,
 In hope of that glad day,
 When I am called away,
 To the mansions above ;
 There to enjoy the treasure
 Of unconsuming pleasure,
 And shout in highest measure,
 Hallelujahs of love.
 O give him glory, &c.

 ADOPTION.

HYMN 150.

1 **T**HE gospel's joyful sound
 Is music in my ears,
 In Jesus I have found
 Relief from all my fears ;
 Darkness to light does now give place,
 And all things wear another face.

2 To God I'm reconciled,
 I fear no dire alarms ;
 He owns me for a child,
 And clasps me in his arms ;
 Relieved from doubts and every sigh,
 I boldly Abba, Father, cry.

3 Death too has lost its sting,
 And wears a comely face,

I hope to shout and sing,
 Even in his cold embrace ;
 He'll close my eyes and stop my ears,
 But cannot rouse my guilty fears.

4 Let Satan vent his spite,
 While in the Lord I stand,
 He can't my soul affright,
 Or wrest me from his hand ;
 The woman's seed shall never die,
 But still shall Abba, Father, cry.

5 When thro the flaming sky,
 I see the Judge descend,
 I'll Abba, Father, cry,
 And hail him as my friend ;
 While standing in the gospel light,
 There's nothing can my soul affright.

6 Now let my joyful eyes
 Flow dow in grateful tears,
 Since free adopting grace
 Has banished all my fears,
 The cross I'll bear, myself deny,
 And Father, Abba, Father cry.

7 No more let me return,
 Beneath the galling yoke,
 Or ever wear those chains,
 Which grace divine has broke ;
 Let Abba, Father' be my cry,
 In time and in eternity.

HYMN 151. L. M.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the son of man be lifted up." John iii, 14.

1 **W**HEN by the fiery serpent stung,
 What anguish siezed both old
 young ;

No sinner then so vain and proud
But would for mercy cry aloud.

2 When racked with pain & filled with fear,
A joyful sound salutes their ear,
"Lift up your heads and here behold,
"The brasen serpent on the pole."

3 The prophet gave a common call,
The object too was free for all ;
'Twas raised aloft in open light,
That nothing might obstruct the sight.

4 Some are with sudden virtue blessed,
How swift they fly to the distressed,
Raise up their heads, direct their face,
And point their finger to the place.

5 On wings of love the christians fly,
And look to Jesus, is their cry ;
The virtue flows, he shouts aloud,
And leaps into the joyful croud.

5 Here true believers feel and see,
The love of Christ so rich and free ;
They wonder at the unbelief
Of all who do not find relief.

HYMN 152.

1 **M**Y God, I am thine, what a comfort
divine, [is mine.
What a blessing to know that my Jesus
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy; I am
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound
of his name.

2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous
sound, [found;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise
My Jesus to know and feel his love flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

- 3 Yet onward I haste, to the heavenly feast,
 That, that is the fullness, but this is the
 taste; [move,
 And this I shall prove, till with joy I re-
 To the heaven of heavens, in Jesus's love

*SUFFICIENCY OF THE HOLY
 SCRIPTURES.*

HYMN 153. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the look divine,
 By inspiration given ;
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears ;
 Light, life, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp thro all the tedious night,
 Of life shall guide our way ;
 Till we behold the clearer light,
 Of an eternal day.

HYMN 154. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel thro the desert passed
 A fiery pillar went before ;
 To guide them thro the dreary waste,
 And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God,
 'Tis for our light and guidance given ;
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,
 And points the path to bliss and heaven
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
 And quickens our inactive powers,
 It sets our wandering footsteps right,
 Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
 Its doctrines are divinely true,
 Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
 It comforts, and instructs us too.
- 5 Ye favored lands, who have his word,
 Ye saints who feel its saving power,
 Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
 And his distinguished grace adore.

HYMN 155. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET avarice, from shore to shore,
 Her favorite God pursue ;
 Thy word, O Lord, we value more,
 Than India or Peru.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love and joy,
 Are open to our sight ;
 The purest gold without alloy,
 And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace,
 These sacred leaves unfold,
 And here the Saviour's lovely face,
 Our raptured eyes unfold.
- 4 Here light descending from above,
 Directs our doubtful feet ;
 Here promises of heavenly love
 Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
 And all our wants supplied,
 Nought we can ask to make us blest,
 Is in this book depied.
- 5 For these inestimable gains
 That so enrich the mind,
 O may we search with eager pains,
 Assured that we shall find.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 157. C. M.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt and full of fears,
I've fled to thee, my Lord ;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief 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 which ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life,
Thro all this gloomy vale.

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

HYMN 158. L. M.

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.

This 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.

- 5 Lions and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the Lamb :
While the wide world esteemed it
Gaze & admire & hate the change. [strange]
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too ;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN 159.

- 1 **P**RECIOUS Bible ! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford !
All I want for life and pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword,
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I need no more.
- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
Of excess there is no danger,
Tho it fills, it never cloy ;
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.
- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines here I find ;
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield ;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield ;
While the scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.
- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword,

Then with ease I drive him from me,
 Satan trembles at the word ;
 'Tis a sword for conquest made,
 Keen the edge and strong the blade.

- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,
 Doating on his golden store ?
 Sure I am, or should be wiser,
 I am rich, 'tis he that's poor ;
 Jesus gives me in his word
 Food and medicine, shield and sword.

HYMN 160. C. M.

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

3 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.

*EXCELLENCY OF THE
SCRIPTURES.*

HYMN 161. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book ;
Great God, if once compared with thine
How mean their writings look !
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven ;
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;
But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I've seen an end to what we call
Perfection here below ;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.
- 4 Yet man would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought ;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame ;
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith and love and every grace,
Fall far below thy word ;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

HYMN 162. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word m
My lasting heritage ; [choic
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While thro the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies—
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

HYMN 163. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their
hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And thro the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.
- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise,
I hate the sinner's road,
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

- 6 The starry heavens thy rule obey,
 The earth maintains her place,
 And these, thy servants, night and day,
 Thy skill and power express.
- 7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
 Have lessons more divine :
 Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
 Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 8 Thy word is everlasting truth—
 How pure is every page !
 That Holy Book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

HYMN 164. C. M.

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,
 “Ye children, seek my grace,”
 My heart replied, “without delay,
 “I’ll seek my Father’s face.”
- 2 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.
- 3 Should friends & kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want or die,
 My God will make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
 Had not my soul believed,
 To see thy grace provide relief,
 Nor was my hope deceived.
- 5 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.

THE MAJESTY OF GOD.

HYMN 165. L. M.

Praise ye him all his angels. Psalm cxlviii, 2.

- 1 **G**OD, the eternal awful name,
That the whole heavenly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears—
- 2 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.
- 3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we,
To speak so infinite thing;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sovereign king.
- 4 Tell how he shows his smiling face,
And clothes all heaven in bright array;
Triumph and joy run thro the place,
And songs eternal as the day.
- 5 Sing of his power and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his,
Which vanquished Satan and his crew,
When thunder drove them down from
bliss.
- 6 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let every distant nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN 166 L. M.

- 1 **U**P to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

- 2 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!
- 3 He that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to the earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.
- 4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls, the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 5 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.
- 6 In vain might lofty princes try,
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never raised so high
Above their meanest fellow worm.
- 7 O! could our thankful hearts devise,
A tribute equal to thy grace! [rise,
To the third heaven our songs should
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN 167. L. M.

- 1 **R**ISE, rise my soul, & leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound,
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah filled his throne;
Or Adam formed, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.

- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime ;
Eternity's his dwelling place,
And ever is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past ;
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come !
The creatures—look! how old they grow,
And wait the fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

HYMN 168. L. M.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord ;
And let his power and goodness sound
Thro all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that shine from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing earth, in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade,
Peopled with life of various forms,
Fishes and fowls, and beasts and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns ;

152 THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5 But O, that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love ;
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
There in the world of praise adore ;
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an undeclining day.

HYMN 169. L. M.

1 **B**Y faith in Christ, I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in
Supported by his staff and rod, [view ;
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 I travel thro a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray ;
But he vouchsafes to be my guide,
And keeps me in the narrow way.

3 Tho snares and dangers thron my path,
And earth and h-ll my course withstand,
I triumph over all, by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand.

4 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares ;
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants & cares.

5 With him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as he is, I dare be free ;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

6 Some cordial from his word he brings,
When e'er my feeble spirit faints ;

At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

I pity all the worldling's talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end :
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With thee, my guide, my guard, my
friend.

HYMN 170.

O JESUS, the giver of all we enjoy,
Our lives to thy honor we wish to
employ ; [name,
With praises unceasing we'll sing of thy
Thy goodness increasing, thy love we'll
proclaim.

With joy we remember the dawn of that
day, [lay ;
When, cold as December, in darkness we
The sweet invitation we heard with sur-
prise, [skies,
And witnessed salvation to flow from the
The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll
sing, [king ;
And publish the fame of our captain and
With sweet exultation his goodness we
prove,
His name is salvation, his nature is love.

We now are enlisted in Jesus's cause,
Divinely assisted to conquer our foes ;
His grace will support us till conflicts
are o'er, [shore.
He then will escort us to Zion's bright
And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions that shout
thro the skies,

154 THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

We'll tell the glad story of Jesus's grace
And give him the glory, the honor and
praise.

- 6 In this blest employment, our spirits shall
rest,
In sweetest enjoyment, on Jesus's breast
We'll drink of the streams of Immanuel's
love,
And bask in the beams of his glory above

HYMN 171. S. M.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs,
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal Love
His chief beloved chose :
And bade him raise our wretched race,
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 He shows his Father's love,
To raise our souls on high,
He came with pardons from above,
For rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 172. S. M.

IS this the kind return,
 And these the thanks we owe?
 Thus to abuse eternal love,
 Whence all our blessings flow?
 To what a stubborn frame
 Has sin reduced our mind!
 What strange rebellious wretches we,
 And God as strangely kind!
 On us he bids the sun
 Shed his reviving rays;
 For us the skies their circles run,
 To lengthen out our days.
 The brutes obey their God,
 And bow their necks to men;
 But we more base, more brutish things,
 Reject his easy reign.
 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
 And mould our souls afresh;
 Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
 And give us hearts of flesh. [stone,
 Let past ingratitude
 Provoke our weeping eyes;
 And hourly, as new mercies fall,
 Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 173. C. M.

OLORD, I do delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend;
 To thee in every trouble, flee,
 My best, my only friend.
 When all created streams are dried,
 Thy fulness is the same;

- And I with this am satisfied,
 And glory in thy name.
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
 Who has a fountain near ?
 A fountain which will ever run
 With water sweet and clear.
- 4 O that I had a stronger faith,
 To look within the veil,
 To credit what my Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail.
- 5 He that has made my heaven secure,
 Will here all good provide ;
 While Christ is rich can I be poor,
 His own beloved bride ?
- 6 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
 I triumph and adore ;
 Henceforth my great concern shall be,
 To love and please thee more.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

HYMN 174. L. M.

- 1 **B**LEST Redeemer, how divine,
 How righteous is this rule of thine
 Never to deal with others worse
 Than we would have them deal with us
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
 Gives not the mind nor memory pain ;
 And every conscience must approve
 This universal law of love.
- 3 'Tis written in each mortal breast,
 Where all our tenderest wishes rest ;
 We draw it from our inmost veins,
 Where love to self resides and reigns.

Is reason ever at a loss,
 Call in self love to judge the cause ;
 Let our own fondest passions show
 How we should treat our neighbor too.

How blest would every nation prove,
 Thus ruled by equity and love ;
 All would be friends, without a foe,
 And form a paradise below.

Lord Jesus, may we never keep
 Thy sacred law of love asleep ;
 Nor take our envy, wrath and pride,
 Those savage passions, for our guide.

HYMN 175. C. M.

HAPPY the man whose cautious steps
 Still keep the golden mean ;
 Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form-
 Declares a conscience clean. [ed,

Not of himself he highly thinks,
 Nor acts the boaster's part,
 His modest tongue the language speaks
 Of his still humbler heart.

Not in base scandal's arts he deals
 For truth dwells in his breast ;
 With grief, he sees his neighbor's faults,
 And thinks and hopes the best.

What blessings bounteous heaven be-
 He takes with thankful heart ; [stows,
 With temperance he both eats & drinks,
 And gives the poor a part.

To sect or party, his large soul
 Disdains to be confined ;
 The good he loves, of every name,
 And prays for all mankind.

- 6 Pure as his zeal, the offspring fair,
Of truth and heavenly love ;
The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where rests the heavenly dove.
- 7 His business is to keep his heart,
Each passion to control ;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.
- 8 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above ;
Nothing beneath the sovereign good
Can claim his highest love.

HYMN 176. L. M.

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, & dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below—
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is
clean, [mean ;
Whose lips still speak the thing they
No slanders dwell upon his tongue,
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.
- 3 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good ;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.
- 4 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold ;
While others scorn and wrong the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.
- 5 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face ;
And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.

- 5 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone ;
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell, forever, Lord, with thee.

FOR A BED OF SICKNESS.

HYMN 177. L. M.

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw
near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day ?"
He has engaged by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And tho the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When called to bear the weighty cross
Of sore affliction, pain or loss ;
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

HYMN 178 C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye ;
While, with protracted pain oppressed,
I breathe the plaintive sigh.
- 2 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains ;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.
- 3 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light ;
This is the sunshine of my soul,
Without it, all is night.
- 4 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray ;
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day.
- 5 O happy scenes of pure delight !
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart:
- 6 Her part in those fair realms of bliss
My spirit longs to know ;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.
- 7 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee ?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art
I shall forever be.
- 8 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away ;
And rise, on faith's expanded wing,
To everlasting day.

HYMN 179. C. M.

CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
 And thy deliverance send ;
 My soul for thy salvation faints,
 When will my troubles end ?

Yet I have found 'tis good for me,
 To bear my Father's rod ;
 Afflictions made me learn thy law,
 And live upon my God.

This is the comfort I enjoy,
 When new distress begins :
 I read thy word, I run thy way,
 And hate my former sins.

Had not thy word been my delight,
 When earthly joys were fled,
 My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
 Had sunk among the dead.

I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
 Tho they may seem severe :
 The sharpest sufferings I endure,
 Flow from thy faithful care.

Before I knew thy chastening rod,
 My feet were apt to stray ;
 But now I learn to keep thy word,
 Nor wander from thy way.

HYMN 180. C. M.

GOD of my life, look gently down,
 Behold the pains I feel ;
 But I am dumb before thy throne,
 Nor dare dispute thy will.

Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
 They come at thy command ;

- I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against thy chastening hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries :
Remove thy sharp rebukes ;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
thro thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crushed as a moth, beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust ;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were ;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.
- 6 But if my life be spared a while,
Before my last remove ;
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

HYMN 181. C. M.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals, move
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, do sire and love,
But all their noise is vain
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore ;

They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recal;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

HYMN 182. L M.

The darkness of Providence.

1 **L** ORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns without a smile;
We, thro' the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Thro' all the briars, and the night.

4 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 thro'.

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 183. L. M.

- 1 **T**WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth & hell arose,
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread and blest and brake,
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin,
" Receive and eat the living food ;"
Then took the cup and blest the wine,
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood,"
- 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn,
When, for black crimes of largest size,
He gave himself a sacrifice.
- 5 " Do this," he cried, " till time shall end,
" In memory of your dying friend ;
" Meet at my table and record
" The love of your departed Lord."
- 6 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name ;
Till thou return and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 184. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind
Was God's beloved Son !
Our miseries reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

- 2 He sunk beneath our heavenly woes,
To raise us to his throne ;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.
- 3 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of rebels was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now, tho he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great ;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.
- 5 Here we behold his bowels roll,
As kind as when he died :
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed thro his wounded side.
- 6 Here we received repeated seals,
Of Jesus' dying love ;
Hard is the wretch that never feels,
One soft affection move.
- 7 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record ;
And with our joys for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

HYMN 185. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS is gone above the skies, [not,
Where our weak senses reach him
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we
Apt to forget his lovely face ; [have,
And to refresh our minds he gave,
These kind memorials of his grace.

166 FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 The Lord of life this table spread,
With his own flesh and dying blood ;
We on the rich provision feed,
And drink the wine, and bless our God.
- 4 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.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place ;
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face
- 6 Our eyes look upward to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come ;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.

HYMN 186. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors ;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of his stores.
- 2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls ;
Here the new covenant in his blood
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 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 ?
- 4 " 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 ?"

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

HYMN 187. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given;
And the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven
- 3 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from the hedges and highways,
And grace will find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls in glory now
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more still on the way,
Around the board appear,
- 5 Yet are his house, and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the wide assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

168 FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Croud to your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name.

HYMN 188. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how glorious is his face,
How kind his smiles appear;
And Oh! what melting words he says
To every humble ear.
- 2 "For you, the children of my love,
"It was for you I died,
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,
"And look into my side.
- 3 "When hell and all its spiteful powers,
"Stood dreadful in my way,
"To rescue those dear lives of yours,
"I gave my own away.
- 4 "But while I bled and groaned and died,
"I ruined Satan's throne;
"High on my cross I hung, and spied,
"The monster tumbling down.
- 5 "Now you may triumph at my feast,
"And taste my flesh and blood;
"And live eternal ages blest,
"For 'tis immortal food."
- 6 Victorious Lord! what can we pay,
For favors so divine?
We here devote our hearts away,
To be forever thine.
- 7 We give thee, Lord; our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these,
Exceed our noblest songs.

HYMN 189. L. M.

- 1 **O**UR spirits join to adore the Lamb,
 Oh! that our feeble lips could
 In strains immortal as his name, [move,
 And melting as his dying love.
- 2 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.
- 3 O! the sweet wonders of the cross,
 Where Christ the Saviour loved and died;
 Her noblest life, my spirit draws,
 From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 4 Here we have washed our deepest stains,
 And healed our wounds with heavenly
 blood;
 Blest fountain! springing from the veins
 Of Jesus, our incarnate God.
- 5 We would forever speak his name,
 In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
 With angels join to praise the Lamb,
 And worship at his Father's throne.
- 6 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.

HYMN 190. L. M.

COME, let me love; or is my mind
 Hardened to stone, or froze to ice?
 I see the blessed fair One bend
 And stoop to embrace me from the skies.
 O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
 And make a heart of iron move;

170 CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal's love.

- 3 I was a traitor, doomed to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains ;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
And bore my sins and broke my chains.
- 4 Infinite grace ! almighty charms !
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies,
Jesus the Lord extends his arms,
Hangs on a cross of love and dies.
- 5 Sure I must love ; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move ;
Lord, melt this flinty heart to tears,
This heart shall yield to death or love.

CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

HYMN 191. C. M.

- 1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my sovereign die !
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in ;
When Christ the mighty Saviour died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

- 5 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!

HYMN 192. L. M.

- 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But O! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again!
- 4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the host of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains.
- 6 Say "Live forever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster "Where's thy sting?
'And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

HYMN 193. C. M.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song;
O may his love (immortal flame)
Tune every heart and tongue.

172 CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
 What mortal tongue display ?
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss ;
 And came to earth to bleed and die,
 Was ever love like this ?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee ;
 May every heart with rapture say
 " The Saviour died for me."
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill every heart and tongue ;
 Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.

HYMN 194. C. M.

- 1 **I** SING my Saviour's wondrous death,
 He conquered when he fell ;
 "'Tis finished," said his dying breath,
 And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 "'Tis finished," our Immanuel cries,
 The dreadful work is done ;
 Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
 His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid,
 For glory and renown,
 When thro' the regions of the dead
 He passed, to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted, at his Father's side,
 Sits our victorious Lord ;
 To heaven or hell his hands divide
 The vengeance or reward.

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

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

HYMN 195. L. M.

- 1 **N**OW, by the bowels of my God,
 His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
 By his heart-groans, his dying blood,
 I charge my soul to love the saints.
- 2 Clamor, and wrath, and war, begone ;
 Envy and spite, forever cease ;
 Let bitter words no more be known :
 Among the saints, be joy and peace.
- 3 Thy Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
 Flies from the realms of noise and strife ;
 Why should we vex and grieve his love,
 Who seals our souls to heavenly life ?
- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
 Thro all our lives let mercy run ;
 So God forgives our numerous faults,
 For the name's sake of Christ his son.

HYMN 196. L. M.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express,
 The holy gospel we profess ;
 To let our works and virtue shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Saviour, God,
 When the salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;
 While justice, temperance, truth & love,
 Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord,
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 197. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees of high esteem,
 Their faith and zeal declare;
 All their religion is a dream,
 If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long and patiently,
 Nor is provoked in haste;
 She lets the present injury die,
 And long forgets the past.
- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
 She quenches with her tongue;
 Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
 Tho she endures the wrong.
- 4 She ne'er desires, nor seeks to know,
 The scandals of the time;
 Nor looks with pride on those below,
 Nor envies those that climb.
- 5 She lays her own advantage by,
 To seek her neighbor's good;
 So God's own Son came down to die,
 And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her power,
 In all the realms above;
 There faith and hope are known no more,
 But saints forever love.

HYMN 198. 7's

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Show thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid our jars forever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling block remove ;
Each, to each, unite, endear,
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear ;
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide ;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.
- 6 Let us then with joy remove,
To thy family above ;
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

HYMN 199. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared ;
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke ;
A band of love, a three fold cord,
Which never can be broke.

- 3 Make us into one spirit drink,
 Baptize into thy name,
 And let us always kindly think,
 And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
 Let all our hearts agree ;
 And ever towards each other move,
 And ever move towards thee.
- 5 To thee inseparably joined,
 Let all our spirits cleave :
 O may we all the loving mind
 That was in thee, receive.

HYMN 200. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us use the grace divine,
 And all with one accord,
 In a perpetual covenant join
 Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
- 2 Give up ourselves thro Jesus' power,
 His name to glorify ;
 And promise in this sacred hour,
 For God to live and die.
- 3 The covenant we this moment make,
 Be ever kept in mind ;
 We will no more our God forsake,
 Nor cast his word behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
 Who hears our solemn vow ;
 And if thou art well pleased to hear,
 Come down and meet us now.
- 5 To each the covenant blood apply,
 Which takes our sins away ;
 And register our names on high,
 And keep us to that day.

TRUSTING IN CHRIST.

HYMN 201.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord, [word ;
 Is laid for your faith, in his excellent
 What more could he say than to you he
 hath said ?
 You who unto' Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land on the
 sea, [strength ever be.
 As thy days may demand, shall thy
- 3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-
 mayed, [aid ;
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
 thee to stand, [hand.
 Upheld by my righteous omnipotent
- 4 When thro the deep waters I call thee to
 go, [flow ;
 The rivers of woe shall not thee over-
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
 bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When thro fiery trials thy pathway shall
 lie, [ply ;
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy sup-
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only de-
 sign [fine.
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
- 6 Even down to old age, all my people
 shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love,

178 TRUSTING IN CHRIST.

And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn, [be borne.

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom

7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for re-
pose,

I will not, I will not, desert to his foes ;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor
to shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

HYMN 202 C. M.

1 **D**EAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal,
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sovereign grace,
Be deaf when I complain ?

4 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer ;
O ! may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat ;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN 203. L. M.

1 **C**HILDREN of God, renounce your
fears
Lo! Jesus for your help appears ;

And loudly speaks as he draws nigh,
 "Be not afraid, for it is I."

- 2 When in the awful tempest tost,
 You feel your strength and courage lost ;
 And mighty waves roll o'er your head,
 Your Lord is near, be not afraid.
- 3 When mournful tidings from afar,
 Or nations raise tumultuous war,
 And wide their devastation spread,
 Yet he is near, be not afraid.
- 4 The famine, pestilence, and sword,
 Are all obedient to his word ;
 He, riding on the stormy sky,
 Says "Fear ye not, for it is I."
- 5 When earthly joys are from you torn,
 Or when with heartfelt grief you mourn,
 To see your dear relations dead,
 Yet Jesus lives, be not afraid.
- 6 When fierce disease attacks your frame,
 Your Saviour's love is still the same ;
 In death's dark shade you need not fear,
 For Jesus will be with you there.
- 7 When stars are from their orbits hurled,
 And flame consumes the guilty world,
 Even then your judge will smiling cry,
 "Be not afraid, for it is I."

HYMN 204.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain,
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again :
 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,

- Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die:
- 2 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green,
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen ;
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
- 3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Filled with zeal and love and truth—
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples of our youth ?
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 4 Younger plants, the sight how pleasant,
Covered thick with blossoms stood,
But they cause us grief at present,
Frost has nipt them in the bud :
Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
Oh ! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
- 5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer ;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snare :
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

HYMN 205.

- 1 **L**ET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
 Come, and bid our jarring cease ;
 Come, O come, and reign forever,
 God of love and Prince of Peace :
 Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
 Hear thy people mourn and weep,
 Day and night the lambs are crying,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
 Some for Cephias, few agree ;
 Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
 Help us, Lord, to follow thee :
 Then we'll rush thro' what incumbers,
 Over every hindrance leap,
 Unappalled by force or numbers,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
 We've been sinners from our youth ;
 Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
 Which shall teach us all the truth ;
 On thy gospel word we'll venture,
 Till in death's cold arms we sleep ;
 Love our Lord and Christ our Saviour,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
 Persecution rages here !
 Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
 While our Shepherd is so near :
 Glory, glory be to Jesus,
 At his name our hearts do leap,
 He both comforts us and frees us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

- 5 Hear the Prince of our salvation
 Saying, "Fear not, little flock,
 I myself am your foundation,
 You are built upon this rock ;
 Shun the paths of vice and folly,
 Scale the mount, altho 'tis steep,
 Look to me, and be ye holy,
 I delight to feed my sheep."
- 6 Christ alone our souls rely on,
 Taught by him, we own his name,
 Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
 How it doth our souls inflame,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Give him glory—he will keep,
 He will clear our way before us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

PARTING OF CHRISTIANS.

HYMN 206.

- 1 **J**ESUS, grant us all a blessing,
 Send it down now from above,
 Let us all go home with praising,
 And rejoicing in thy love ;
 Farewell brethren,
 Soon we all shall meet above.
- 2 Saviour, pardon all our folly,
 Since we've in thy presence been,
 Make us humble, make us holy,
 Make us free from every sin :
 Farewell brethren,
 Soon we all shall meet again.
- 3 Let thy presence, Lord, go with us,
 To each one's respective home,
 Let the blessing of our Jesus
 Rest upon us every one :

Farewell brethren,

Soon we all shall meet at home.

4 Then we'll sing and shout forever,

Then will parting be no more ;

Then, O then we'll rest together,

On that fair and happy shore :

Farewell brethren,

Soon we'll meet and part no more.

HYMN 207. L. M.

1 **P**ILGRIMS, with pleasure let us part,
 Since we are of one mind and heart,
 No length of days, no distant place
 Can ever break these bands of grace.

2 Parting with joy, we'll join and sing,
 The wonders of our bleeding King ;
 Our distant bodies may remove,
 But nothing can divide our love.

3 In vain may earth and hell combine,
 To quench that love which is divine ;
 It will not cease with dying breath,
 Nor cool when we are cold in death.

4 Now joined in love, in Jesus' name,
 Let's part and fly to spread his fame,
 That other souls may leave their woe,
 And join with us in glory too

5 A few more rolling days and years
 Shall bring a period to our tears ;
 Soon shall we reach the blissful shore,
 Where parting shall be known no more.

6 There shall our souls adore the hand
 That led us thro this desert land ;
 Lose all our griefs, forget our pains,
 And join in everlasting strains.

HYMN 208. S. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathetic tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day—
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Thro all eternity.

HYMN 209.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, loving Christians, the
time is at hand, [band ;
When we must be parted, from this social
Our secular concerns do call us a-
way ;
Separation is needful, and we must obey.

- 2 Farewell, loving brethren, farewell for a while, [smile ;
 We'll soon meet again if kind providence
 And when we are parted and scattered abroad, [with God.
 We'll pray for each other, when wrestling
- 3 Farewell, ye old soldiers, ye'll soon be discharged, [larged ;
 The war's almost over, the crown is en-
 With singing and shouting, tho Jordan may roar, [o'er.
 We'll enter fair Canaan, where trials are
- 4 Farewell, ye young soldiers, who have listed for war, [fear ;
 Sore conflicts await you, but yield not to
 Altho you must travel this dark wilder-ness, [to rest.
 Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you
 The world & the devil against you unite,
 And bold persecutors may try to affright;
 But Jesus fights for you, he's stronger than they, [way.
 Let this animate you to march on your
- 5 Farewell, weeping mourners, ye broken in heart, [part;
 Go, go to the Saviour, and choose the good
 He's full of compassion, and mighty to save, [receive.
 His arms are extended your souls to re-
- 6 Farewell, careless sinners, for you I do mourn, [cern;
 To think of your danger, and great uncon-
 I have heard of the judgment, where all must appear, [tormenting fear.
 There, there you'll stand trembling with

- 8 Your frolics and pastimes, in which you
 delight, [affright ;
 Will serve to torment you in that dread
 You'll think of the sermons that you've
 heard in vain, [again.
 When hope's gone forever of hearing
- 9 Farewell, fellow travellers, farewell all
 around, [sound,
 Should we never meet till the archangel
 'To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
 'The Saviour to praise in a pure social
 band.
- 10 O glory, O glory, O glory to the Lamb,
 Salvation thro Jesus, O wonderful theme!
 I long to be going to praise him above,
 To gaze on his glory and sing of his love.

HYMN 210. C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
 That will not let us part ;
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go ;
 And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
 And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside :
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
 To his beloved embrace ;
 Expect his fulness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
 The same in mind and heart ;

Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

- 6 But let us hasten to that day,
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

HYMN 211. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.
- 2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy precious presence still
With every one remain.
- 3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above.
- 4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then forever fly,
And not one thought, that we shall part,
Once intercept our joy.

HYMN 212. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS the Lord, the glory take,
The glory of thy grace ;
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In songs of thankful praise.
- 2 Thro thee, we have together met,
In singleness of heart ;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.
- 3 We part in body, not in mind,
Our aim continues one,

- And heart to heart in Jesus joined,
We'll hand in hand go on.
- 4 Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Still in thy pleasant ways,
Till all attain the heavenly goal,
And sing thy endless praise.
- 5 Around thy throne we'll meet again,
When all our race is o'er ;
When death and grief, and sin and pain
And parting are no more.
- 6 Him eye, to eye, we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine ;
O, what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join !
- 7 O, what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands in triumph bear,
And crowns upon our head !
- 8 In such society as this,
My weary soul shall rest ;
The man who dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

HYMN 213.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my friends, I must be
I have no residence with you, [gone,
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view.
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.
- 2 Farewell my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal's care, nor bliss,
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
Farewell, &c.

- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound with cords of love ;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above :
Farewell, &c.
- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for
heaven ;
You've counted all things else but loss ;
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given:
Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be given.
- 5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you ;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
Farewell, &c.
- 6 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here ;
Eternal vengeance waits for you,
O turn and find salvation near.
O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.

 JUDGMENT.

HYMN 214. L. M.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood ;
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God,

- 3 To Jesus, our atoning priest,
 To Jesus, our superior king,
 Be everlasting power confessed,
 And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
 And every eye shall see him move ;
 Tho' with our sins we pierced him once,
 Now he displays his pardoning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
 While we rejoice to see that day ;
 Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
 Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN 215. C. M.

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
 Thou Sovereign of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice,
 Pronounce the sound "depart."
- 3 The thunder of that dismal word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What, to be banished from my life,
 And yet forbid to die ?
 To linger in eternal pain,
 Yet death forever fly ?
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove ;
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love.

- 6 Jesus, I throw my arms around
 And hang upon thy breast ;
 Without a gracious smile from thee,
 My spirit cannot rest.
- 7 Oh ! tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on thy hands,
 Show me some promise in thy book,
 Where my salvation stands.
- 8 Give me one kind assuring word,
 To sink my fears again ;
 And cheerfully my soul shall wait,
 Her three score years and ten.

HYMN 216. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne,
 Bids the whole earth draw nigh ;
 The nations near the rising sun,
 And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say
 " Judgment will ne'er begin ;"
 No more abuse his long delay,
 To impudence and sin.
- 3 Throned on a cloud, our God shall come,
 Bright flames prepare his way ;
 Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
 Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
 Attending angels come,
 And earth and hell shall know and fear,
 His justice, and their doom.
- 5 " But gather all my saints" he cries,
 " That made their peace with God
 " By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
 " And sealed it with his blood.

- 6 "Their faith and works brought forth to
 "Shall make the world confess, [light,
 "My sentence of reward is right,
 "And heaven adore my grace."

HYMN 217.

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
 Before you farther go;
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe?
 Once again I charge you stop,
 For unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware, you'll drop
 Into the burning lake!
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?
 Fear you not that iron rod,
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 When he judgment shall proclaim?
 And the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Pale-faced death will quickly come,
 And drag you to his bar;
 Then to hear your awful doom,
 Will fill you with despair;
 All your sins will round you croud,
 Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
 Each for vengeance crying loud;
 And what can you reply?
- 4 Tho' your heart be made of steel,
 Your forehead lined with brass;
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass;
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Tho' they now despise his grace)

Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

5 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know ;
Tho his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow ;
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come ;
None that come shall be denied,
He says "There still is room."

FUNERAL HYMNS.

HYMN 218. C. M.

1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead ;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed.

2 Lingerling about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay ;
'Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends,
Down to the fiery coast ;
Among abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost.

There hopeless crouds of sinners lie,
And darknes makes their chains ;
Tortured with keen despair, they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Not all their anguish, nor their pain,
For their old guilt atones ;
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
 Nor bid my soul remove,
 'Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
 And well insured his love.

HYMN 219. C. M.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upwards too,
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
 To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
 And softened every bed,
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with the dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
 And showed our feet the way;
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising day
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise;
 "Awake, ye nations under ground,
 Ye saints, ascend the skies."

HYMN 220. C. M.

- 1 **D**EATH, 'tis a melancholy day,
 To those that have no God;
 When the poor soul is forced away,
 To seek her last abode.

- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
 For guilt, a heavy chain,
 Still drags her downward from the skies,
 To darkness, fire and pain.
- 3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
 Let stubborn sinners fear ;
 You must be driven from earth, and dwell
 A long forever there.
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
 And flashes in your face ;
 And thou, my soul, look downward too,
 And sing recovering grace.
- 5 He is a God of sovereign love,
 That promised heaven to me ;
 And taught my soul to soar above,
 Where happy spirits be.
- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
 Then come the joyful day,
 Come death, and some celestial band,
 And bear my soul away.

HYMN 221. C. M.

- 1 **T**HREE we adore, Eternal name,
 . And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase ;
 And every beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 Dangers stand thick thro all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb ;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.

- 4 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
What e'er we do, where e'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 5 Good God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joys, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath ;
And yet, how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 222.

- 1 **W**HILE sorrows encompass me round,
And endless distresses I see,
In anguish I cry, can a mortal be found
Who's surrounded with troubles like me.
- 2 The hours of peace I enjoy,
Are blended with sorrow and pain, [ploy
The moments of praise to my God I em-
Leave me hours and days to complain.
- 3 O when shall my sorrows subside ?
O when shall my sufferings cease ? [ed?
O when to the bosom of Christ be convey-
To the mansions of glory and peace?
- 4 My spirit to glory conveyed,
My body laid low in the ground,
I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed,
But let all join in praising around.

- 5 No sorrows be vented that day,
 When Jesus hath called me home ;
 But singing & shouting, let each brother
 He is gone from the evil to come. [say,
- 6 If souls disembodied, can know
 The spirits of brethren beneath,
 I hope I shall join you as shouting you
 After laying my corpse in the earth. [go,
- 7 Immersed in the ocean of love,
 I then like an angel shall sing,
 Till Christ shall descend with a shout
 from above,
 And make all creation to ring—
- 8 Our slumbering bodies obey,
 And quick as a thought shall arise ;
 Renewed in a moment, fly shouting away,
 To the mansions of love in the skies.

HYMN 223. L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, my heart with love inflame,
 That I may in thy holy name
 Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
 While I have breath to raise my voice;
 Then will I shout, then will I sing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring ;
 I'll sing and shout forevermore,
 On that eternal happy shore.
- 2 O Jesus, hope of glory, come,
 And make my heart thy constant home,
 For the short remnant of my days,
 I want to sing and shout thy praise ;
 Incessantly I want to pray,
 And live rejoicing every day,
 And to give thanks in every thing,
 And sing and shout and shout and sing.

- 3 Lord, on my last, my dying day,
 Then give me strength to sing and pray :
 To praise thee with my latest breath,
 Until my voice is lost in death ;
 Then sisters, brothers, shouting come,
 My body follow to the tomb,
 And as you march that solemn road,
 Loud sing and shout the praise of God.
- 4 Then you below, and I above,
 Will sing and shout the God we love ;
 And on that great tremendous day,
 When Christ shall call our slumbering
 clay,
 We from our dusty bed will spring,
 And shout, " O death, where is thy sting ?
 O grave, where is thy victory ?"
 We'll shout thro' all eternity.
- 5 Our race is run, we've gained the prize,
 Well done ! the Sovereign of the skies
 Will, smiling, to his children say,
 " Come, reign with me in endless day,"
 Then on that happy, happy shore,
 We'll sing and shout forevermore ;
 We'll sing and shout and shout and sing,
 And make all heaven with praises ring.

HYMN 224. C. M.

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint and die,
 My soul shall quit this mournful vale
 And soar to worlds on high,
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long sought rest,
 That only bliss for which it pants,
 In the Redeemer's breast.

- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain,
 And gladly wand'r up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain;
 I suffer on my three score years,
 'Till my Deliverer come,
 And wipe away his servant's tears
 And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus done for me!
 Before my ravished eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise!
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there;
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear.
- 4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet,
 With that enraptured host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet?
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away;
 But let me find them all again,
 In that eternal day.

HYMN 225. C. M.

- 1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that used
 to rise,
 Converse awhile with death:
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,
 And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quivering lips hang feebly down,
 His pulses faint and few;
 Then speechless, with a doleful groan,
 He bids the world adieu.

- 3 But O, the soul that never dies !
 At once it leaves the clay ;
 Ye thoughts pursue it where it flies,
 And track its wondrous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
 It mounts triumphant there :
 Or devils plunge it down to hell,
 In infinite despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die ?
 And must this soul remove ?
 O for some guardian angel nigh,
 To bear it safe above.
- 6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
 My naked soul I trust ;
 And my flesh waits for thy command,
 To drop into the dust.

HYMN 226. L M.

- 1 **W**HY should we start and fear to die ?
 What timorous worms we mor-
 Death is the gate of endless joy, [tals are ;
 And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 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.
- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 227. L. M.

- O**FT as the bell with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepared, should I be called, to die?"
- 2 Only this frail, this fleeting breath,
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plunged into a world unknown.
- 3 Then leaving all I loved below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 But could I bear to hear him say,
"Depart, accursed, far away;
"With Satan, in the lowest hell,
"Thou art forever doomed to dwell."
- 5 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 6 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from sin, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be—
"Perhaps it next may toll for me."

HYMN 228. C. M.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven pro-
For all the pious dead: [claims,
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord,
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 229. C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound
My ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie
- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers:
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure?
Still walking downwards to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!
- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

TO BE SUNG BEFORE SERMON.

HYMN 230. C. M.

- 1 **W**E'LL met, dear friends, in Jesus'
Come let us all rejoice; [name,
While we our Saviour's praise proclaim,
With cheerful heart and voice.
- 2 But, O dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heavenly Dove,
His graces to diffuse abroad.
And warm our hearts with love.

- 3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,
 Unless thy face we see ;
 Thy presence makes life's journey sweet,
 Dear Lord, we cleave to thee.
- 4 A dungeon shows a heavenly dawn,
 When there with thee we dwell ;
 But if thy presence be withdrawn,
 A palace is a hell.
- 5 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend
 To meet us with a smile ;
 Thy Spirit's quickening influence send,
 And cleanse our hearts from guile :
- 6 That at the close, each one may say—
 " We've not met here in vain,
 " For we have tasted heaven to-day,
 " Nor could we more contain."

HYMN 231. L. M.

- 1 **A**WAY from every mortal care,
 Away from earth, our souls retreat;
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait and worship near thy feet.
- 2 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.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
 United groans ascend on high ;
 And prayer bears a quick return
 Of blessings in variety.
- 4 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.

HYMN 232. L. M.

- 1 **C**ONFIRM the hope thy word allows
Behold us waiting to be fed ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And satisfy thy poor with bread.
- 2 Drawn by thy invitation, Lord,
Thirsty and hungry, we are come ;
Now from the fulness of thy word,
Feast us and send us thankful home.

HYMN 233. C. M.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, inspire the preacher's
heart,
And teach his tongue to speak ;
Food to the hungry soul impart ;
And cordials to the weak.
- 2 Furnish us all with light and power
To walk in wisdom's ways ;
So shall the benefit be ours,
And thou shalt have the praise.

HYMN 234. C. M.

- 1 **T**HY promise, Lord, and thy command,
Have brought us here to day ;
And now we humbly waiting stand,
To hear what thou wilt say.
- 2 Meet us, we pray, with words of peace,
And fill our hearts with love ;
That from our follies we may cease,
And henceforth faithful prove.

HYMN 235. S. M.

- 1 **H**UNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

Thy word invites us nigh,
 Or we must starve indeed ;
 For we no money have to buy,
 No righteousness to plead.

The food our spirits want,
 Thy hand alone can give ;
 O hear the prayer of faith, and grant
 That we may eat and live.

HYMN 236. L. M.

REMEMBER us, we pray thee, Lord,
 With those who love thy gracious
 And to our souls that good afford, [name,
 Thy promise has prepared for them.

To us thy great salvation show,
 Give us a taste of love divine ;
 That we thy people's joy may know,
 And in their holy triumph join.



BETWEEN PRAYER & SERMON.

HYMN 237. L. M.

WHERE two or three, with sweet ac-
 cord,

Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise :

“ There,” says the Saviour, “ will I be,
 “ Amid this little company ;
 “ To them unveil my smiling face,
 “ And shed my glories round the place.”

We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word ;
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

AFTER SERMON.

HYMN 238. 7's.

- 1 **N**OW may he, who from the dead,
 Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Jesus Christ, our king and head,
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
 What is pleasing in his sight ;
 Perfect us in all his will,
 And preserve us day and night.
- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
 Who the covenant sealed with blood,
 Let our hearts and voices raise
 Loud thanksgivings to our God.

HYMN 239. C. M.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,
 Be it thy constant care,
 The holy Spirit to send down,
 And fill our hearts with prayer.
- 2 In vain we plant without thy aid,
 And water too, in vain ;
 Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
 Send down thy heavenly rain.
- 3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and
 Begin this song divine : [tongues
 "Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,
 "And be the glory thine."

DISMISSION.

HYMN 240. L. M.

DISSMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word ;
 All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.
 Tho we are guilty, thou art good,
 Wash all our souls in Jesus' blood ;
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN 241.

LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us !
 Travelling thro this wilderness.
 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound,
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found !
 So, when e'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 Make us ready,
 To reign with thee in endless day.

DEATH.

HYMN 242. S. M.

- 1 **A**ND must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh;
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love;
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above.
- 6 Saviour, accept the praise,
Of these, our humble songs;
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

*FAST DAY, ON ACCOUNT OF
NATIONAL JUDGMENTS.*

HYMN 243. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, while thy judgments shake the
land,
Thy people's eyes are fixed on thee;
We own thy just uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.
- 2 How long hast thou bestowed thy care
On this indulged, ungrateful spot?
While other nations, far and near,
Have envied and admired our lot.
- 3 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone;
And oft our enemies have felt,
That God has made our cause his own.
- 4 But ah! both heaven & earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love;
We, whom like children he has reared,
Rebels against his goodness prove.
- 5 His grace despised, his power defied,
And legions of the blackest crimes,
Profaneness, riot, lust and pride,
Are signs that mark the present times.
- 6 The Lord, displeased, has raised his rod,
Ah! where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?
- 7 Lord, hear thy people every where,
Who meet to mourn, confess and pray:
Our nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turned away.

HYMN 244. C. M.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious Lord, before thy throne
Columbia's children bend ;
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 We thank thee, Lord, Columbia's spared,
Ungrateful as we are ;
May we thy friendly warning take,
While mercy cries forbear.
- 4 What land so favored of the skies,
As these United States ?
Our numerous crimes, increasing, rise,
Yet still thy vengeance waits.
- 5 How changed, alas ! are truths divine,
For error, guilt and shame ;
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name.
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasure they require ;
And sink, with gay indifference, down
To everlasting fire.
- 7 O may the nation fear the Lord,
And trust him for his grace ;
In union sweet obey his word,
And humbly seek his face.
- 8 Columbia, guilty as she is,
Her numerous saints can boast ;
And now their fervent prayers arise,
Nor can these prayers be lost.

- 9 O that the Lord would bless our land,
 With liberty and peace ;
 And crown Columbia's marshalled band,
 With victory and success.

HYMN 245. S. M.

- 1 **F**ROM foes that round us rise,
 O God of heaven, defend,
 Who brave the vengeance of the skies,
 And with thy saints contend.
- 2 Behold, from distant shores,
 And deserts wild, they come ;
 Combine for blood, their barbarous force,
 And thro' our countries roam.
- 3 Beneath the silent shade
 Their secret plots they lay ;
 Our peaceful walls by night invade,
 And waste our fields by day :
- 4 And will the God of grace,
 Regardless of our pain,
 Permit, secure, that impious race,
 To riot in their reign ?
- 5 Awake, O arm of God,
 Restrain our numerous foes ;
 Now wash our souls in Jesus' blood,
 And free us from our woes.
- 6 Then shall our grateful voice,
 Proclaim our guardian God ;
 The nations round the earth rejoice,
 And sound thy praise abroad.

HYMN 245. C. M.

Looking to God in the distress of war.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast scourged our guilty
 land,
 Behold thy people mourn ;

212 ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return ?

2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye,
Earth's haughty towers decay ;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

3 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand ;
O, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

4 Exalt thy banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name ;
From barbarous hosts our nation shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God ;
In vain shall numerous powers unite,
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops, beneath thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown :
'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down.

ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

HYMN 247. C. M.

1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen cry aloud,
And take the alarm they give ;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's thought,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

- 3 They watch for souls, for whom the Lord
 Did heavenly bliss forego ;
 For souls who must forever live
 In happiness or woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
 Account to render there ;
 And shouldst thou strictly mark our
 Lord, how should we appear. [faults,
- 5 May all the watchmen, when they preach,
 Their own Redeemer see ;
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for thee.

ORDINATION OF DEACONS.

HYMN 248. L. M.

- 1 **F**AIR Zion's King, we humbly own,
 And hail the grace thy church enjoys ;
 Her holy deacons are thine own,
 With all the gifts thy love employs.
- 2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
 For blessings to attend our choice ;
 O make them faithful, good and wise,
 Obedient to thy heavenly voice.
- 3 Happy in Jesus, their own Lord,
 May they his sacred table spread ;
 The table of their pastor fill,
 And fill the holy poor with bread.
- 4 When pastor, saints, and poor, they serve,
 May their own hearts with grace be
 crowned,
 While patience, sympathy and love
 Adorn, and thro their lives abound.
- 5 By purest love to Christ and truth,
 O may they win a good degree

214 ILLNESS OF A MINISTER.

Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and thee.

- 6 And when they finish serving here,
May they with us in heaven appear;
And sit around their Father's board,
And feast forever with the Lord.



*ON THE DANGEROUS ILLNESS
OF A MINISTER.*

HYMN 249. L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirits down;
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.
- 2 Tho we have sinned, and justly dread
The vengeance hovering o'er our head,
Yet, power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn away thy people's prayer.
- 3 Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and brother live.
- 4 Bound to each soul by strongest ties,
In every breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 5 But if he must no longer stay,
Support him thro the gloomy way;
Comfort his soul, surround his bed,
And guide him thro the dreary shade.
- 6 Around him may thy angels wait,
Decked with their robes of heavenly state;
To teach his happy soul to rise,
And waft him to his native skies.

BAPTISM.

HYMN 250.

- 1 **H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation,
 Thro the Lamb's redeeming blood,
 Hear the voice of revelation,
 Tread the path that Jesus trod ;
 Flee to him, your only Saviour,
 In his mighty name confide,
 In the whole of your behavior,
 Own him as your sovereign guide.
- 2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
 Listen to his gracious voice,
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice,
 Jesus says, " Let each believer
 Be baptised in my name."
 He himself, in Jordan's river,
 Was immersed beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay ;
 Gladly his command embracing,
 Lo, your Captain leads the way ;
 View the rite with understanding,
 Jesus' grave before you lies,
 Be interred at his commanding,
 After his example, rise.

MORNING HYMNS.

HYMN 251. S. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way ;
 His beams thro all the nations run,
 And light and life convey.

- 2 But when the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light ;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just ;
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given ;
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

HYMN 252. S. M.

- 1 **S**EE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way ;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise
With every brightening ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing ;
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke and found
My kind Preserver near.
- 4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak defenceless frame ;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am ?
- 5 O how shall I repay
The bounties of my God ?
My feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, happy load.

- 5 My life I would anew
 Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
 And in thy service I would spend
 A long eternity.

HYMN 253. C. M.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes ;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay,
 To him that rolls the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
 The day renews the sound ;
 Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
 To turn the seasons round.
- 3 '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.
- 4 How many wretched souls have fled,
 Since the last setting sun ;
 And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.
- 5 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
 While I enjoy the light ;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN 254. C. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNA with a cheerful sound,
 To God's upholding hand ;
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,
 And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing power,
 That raised us with a word ;
 And every day, and every hour,
 We lean upon the Lord.

- 3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room,
We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door,
To seize our lives away.
- 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.
- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light,
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe, at night,
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 255. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice,
To run his journey thro' the skies.
- 2 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.
- 3 O like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow every wandering star.

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

5 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.

HYMN 256 L. M.

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

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours,
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

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

HYMN 257. C. M.

1 **M**Y God was with me all the night,
 And gave me sweet repose;
 His angels watched me while I slept,
 Or I had never rose.

2 Now, for the mercies of the night,
 My humble thanks I'll pay;
 And unto God I'll dedicate
 The first fruits of the day.

3 In midst of danger, fears and deaths,
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

- 4 My life, if thou preserve my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 My death, when death shall be my lot,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

HYMN 258. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE morning's come, the sun in east,
 Now gilds the rising day ;
 The lark forsakes her dewy nest ;
 Arise, my soul, and pray,
- 2 When faith presents the Saviour's death,
 And whispers, he is mine,
 Sweetly my rising hours advance,
 And peaceful they decline.
- 3 When such my views, the radiant sun
 Sheds a more sprightly ray ;
 All nature smiles, each object charms,
 I'll sing my cares away.
- 4 Make haste, my days, and reach the goal,
 And bring me home to rest,
 To the dear centre of my soul,
 My God, my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 259. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning I will send
 My cries to reach thy ear ;
 Thou art my father and my friend,
 My help, forever near.
- 2 O lead me, keep me, all this day,
 Near thee in perfect peace ;
 Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
 To pray and never cease.
- 3 I know my roving feet will err,
 Unless thou be my guide ;
 Warn me of every foe and snare,
 And keep me near thy side,

- 4 Then shall I pass all dangers safe,
And tread the tempter down;
My trust, my hope, joy and relief,
Shall be in thee alone.
- 5 Then let my moments smoothly run,
And sing my hours away;
Till evening shades and setting suns
Conclude in endless day.

HYMN 260. C. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, to meet the day,
Unfold thy drowsy eyes;
And burst the ponderous chain that loads
Thine active faculties.
- 2 God's guardian shield was round me
In my defenceless sleep; [spread,
Let him have all my waking hours,
Who doth my slumbers keep.
- 3 I for this hour must give account,
Before God's awful throne;
Let not this hour neglected pass,
As thousands more have done.
- 4 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace;
As rising now, I seal my vows,
To prosecute thy ways.

EVENING HYMNS.

HYMN 261. C. M.

- 1 **D**READ Sovereign, let my evening
Like holy incense rise; [song
Assist the offering of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.

- 2 Thro all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still, to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompassed me around;
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul;
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my moments roll!
- 5 Lord, with this guilty soul of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 262. L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my
days,
And every evening shall make known,
Some fresh memorials of his grace.
- 2 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 time to come.
- 3 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 ;
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN 263. S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear ;
 O may we all remember well,
 The night of death is near.

We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest,
 So death will soon unrobe us all,
 Of what we now possess

Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears ;
 Beneath the pinions of thy love,
 Till morning light appears.

And when we early rise,
 And view the shining sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.

And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 264. L. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave, as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O let my soul in thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close,
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no vain dreams disturb my rest,
Nor powers of darkness me molest.

HYMN 265. C. M.

- 1 **T**HY daily mercies, O my God,
My waking thoughts employ,
And while I meditate on thee,
My heart is filled with joy.
- 2 Thou givest me rest upon my bed,
Soft slumbers to my eyes ;
Thy goodness is again renewed,
When in the morn I rise.
- 3 Throughout the business of the day,
Thine arm doth me uphold ;
Amidst the terrors of the night,
Thy presence makes me bold.

- 4 Whether in sickness or in health,
Thy grace doth me sustain ;
Let me, O Lord, thy favor have,
And I shall ne'er complain.
- 5 Aided by thee, I need not fear
The powers of rich or great ;
Their pomp and wealth I covet not,
Nor envy all their state.
- 6 Altho the fig-tree blossom not,
Nor vineyard yield increase ;
In thee, my Saviour and my God,
To joy I will not cease.
- 7 Altho the world by storms be tost,
And crumbled into dust ;
Yet still in thee my only hope,
I will securely trust.

SATURDAY EVENING.

HYMN 266. C. M.

- 1 **B**EGONE, my wordly cares, away,
Nor dare to tempt my sight,
Let me begin the Sabbath day,
Before I end this night.
- 2 Yes, let the work of prayer and praise
Employ my heart and tongue ;
Begin, my soul—thy Sabbath days
Can never be too long.
- 3 Let the past mercies of the week,
Excite a grateful flame ;
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak
Some good of Jesus' name.
- 4 Jesus ! how pleasing is the sound,
How worthy of thy love ;
Why is my heart so lifeless found,
Why placed no more above ?

226 FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

- 5 Forgive my dulness, dearest Lord,
And quicken all my powers ;
Prepare me to attend thy word,
T' improve the sacred hours.
- 6 On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heaven ascend ;
I long to welcome in the morn,
With thee the day to spend.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

HYMN 267. L. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my heart, my soul arise,
This is the day believers prize ;
Improve this Sabbath, then, with care,
Another may not be thy share.
- 2 O solemn thought ! Lord, give me power,
Wisely to fill up every hour ;
O for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my heart and soul above.
- 3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail
To worship thee within the veil ;
To glorify thy matchless grace,
To see the beauties of thy face.
- 4 Go with me to thy house to-day,
And tune my heart to praise and pray ;
Like dew, command thy word to fall,
Refreshing, quickening, saving all.
- 5 Call forth my thoughts, and let them rove
O'er the dear pastures of thy love ;
O let not sin prevent my rest,
Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast.
- 6 Give to thy church a large increase,
Send her prosperity and peace ;
May all the saints in Zion say,
O happy, happy, happy day !

HYMN 268. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW welcome to the saints, when
 prest
 With six days noise, and care, and toil,
 Is the returning day of rest
 Which frees them from the world awhile.
- 2 If pinched with poverty, at home,
 Or, if with sharp affliction fed,
 It makes amends, if they can come
 To God's own house for heavenly bread.
- 3 With joy they hasten to the place,
 Where they their Saviour oft have met;
 And while they feast upon his grace,
 Their burdens and their griefs forget.
- 4 This favored lot, my friends, is ours,
 May we the privilege improve;
 And find these consecrated hours,
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.
- 5 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord,
 Here we thy promised presence seek:
 Open thy hands, with blessings stored,
 And give us manna for the week.

HYMN 269. S. M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise:
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to day;
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love and praise and pray.

- 3 One day, amidst the place
Where my dear God has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 270. S. M.

- 1 **S**EE what a living stone
The builders did refuse ;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe, and angry priest,
Reject God's only Son,
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made ;
Let us rejoice and sing and pray,
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood ;
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays,
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

HYMN 271. C. M.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns,
 To shed its quickening beams ;
 And yet how slow devotion burns,
 How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
 Our frailties, Lord, forgive,
 We would be like thy saints above,
 And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
 And fit us to ascend,
 Where th' assembly ne'er breaks up,
 The Sabbath ne'er shall end.
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
 With heavenly lustre shine ;
 Before the throne of God appear,
 And feast on love divine.
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
 Shall all our powers employ ;
 Delighted range the blissful plains,
 And take our fill of joy.

HYMN 272.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen indeed,
 And bids his members rise,
 Ye saints, by Jesus freed,
 Pursue him to the skies :
 This is the day the Lord hath made,
 Rejoice and be forever glad:
- 2 On this triumphant day,
 Peculiarly his own,
 He calls his church to pray,
 And sing around his throne :
 This is the day the Lord hath made,
 Rejoice and be forever glad.

- 3 Jesus, to us impart
Thy resurrection's power,
And teach our quickened heart
Our living Lord t' adore :
To vie with the redeemed above,
Rejoicing in thy pardoning love.
- 4 Us, by thy grace, assure
Thou dost our sins forgive ;
And then our spirits pure,
Unto thyself receive ;
To keep the day of rest above,
Rejoicing in thy heavenly love.

HYMN 273. L. M.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With holy zeal and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigues, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place ;
No groans, to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break our long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

SABBATH EVENING.

HYMN 274 L. M.

- 1 **T**HINE Saviour's gone, the day is past,
Which thy soul, may prove thy last ;
How were the sacred hours improved ?
Was God obeyed ? Was Jesus loved ?
- 2 What benefits dost thou find in Him,
Who died, his people to redeem ?

What vows in Zion's courts were made?
 What vows by thee have since been paid?

3 How did I hear, and sing and pray?
 Have I improved the Lord's own day?
 O that like John, in Patmos' isle,
 I might enjoy the Spirit's smile.

4 Forever let me cease from sin,
 And now a holier life begin;
 Deny myself each sinful sweet,
 And always lie at Jesus' feet.

5 O that my memory may be stored
 With the rich treasures of God's word;
 And may my heart still strive to please,
 And serve the Lord throughout my days.

6 O that I may the grace partake,
 Of Christ, who did the Sabbath make;
 And may I meet with all my friends
 In heaven, where Sabbath never ends.

A VIEW OF HEAVEN:

HYMN 275. C. M.

1 **S**WEET glories rush upon my sight,
 And charm my wondering eyes;
 The regions of immortal light,
 The beauties of the skies.

2 All hail, ye fair celestial shores!
 Ye lands of endless day!
 Swift on my view your prospect pours,
 And drives my griefs away.

3 There's a delightful clearness now,
 My clouds of doubt are gone,
 Fled is my former darkness too,
 My fears are all withdrawn.

- 4 Short is the passage, short the space,
Between my home and me;
There, there behold the radiant place,
How near the mansions be.
- 5 Immortal wonders! boundless things!
In those bright worlds appear;
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.
- 6 By faith I feel my spirit rise,
My heart begins t' ascend;
I'll stretch and soar above the skies,
Where raptures never end.

HYMN 276. C. M.

- 1 **F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds;
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul,
Shall death itself outbrave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity,
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.
- 5 Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring:

- 5 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode ;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

HYMN 277. L. M.

- 1 **R**ISE, Christians, rise, who love the
Lord,
Whose souls are quickened by his word,
Arise and shine, your light is come,
God is our father, heaven our home.
- 2 Christ is our head, he'll ne'er forsake
His members, who his life partake ;
The life he gives must clearly shine,
That all may own it is divine.
- 3 Let it appear, by all we do,
That God has formed our souls anew ;
That others may from ruin fly,
And join, our God to glorify.
- 4 He calls us one, his spouse, his bride,
O let no enemy divide ;
Let love unite, let heavenly flames
Consume, destroy, all party names.
- 5 O ! Christians, join your hearts to pray,
Tho' hell oppose let faith obey,
That love, sweet fruit of gospel light,
May chase the gloomy shades of night.
- 6 O love, we want no other tie,
With kings and courts we do not vie ;
By framing compacts, forms and rules ;
The kingdom is within our souls.
- 7 Lord Jesus, thee our king we own,
Gather thy children into one ;
The works of darkness all destroy,
And fill the world with light and joy.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

HYMN 278.

- 1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name ;
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeemed with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell ;
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 My glorious Redeemer, I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst a bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing croud ;
O when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above ?
To gaze on the world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love ?
- 4 No sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again,
Perfection of glory reigns there.
This soul and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasure divine,
Where God his full beauty displays.

- 5 Soon, soon shall my spirit exchange
 This cell of corruptible clay
 For mansions celestial, and range
 Thro realms of ineffable day.
 The crown that my Saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine,
 My joy everlastingly flows,
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

HYMN 279. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,
 That brightest monument of praise,
 That e'er the God of love designed,
 Employs and fills my laboring mind.
- 2 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.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love,
 Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
 Puts off the beams of bright array,
 And veils the God in mortal clay.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
 And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood ;
 Then he arose and reigns above,
 And conquers sinners by his love.

LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

HYMN 280. C. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL vain world, I'm going
home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come ;
Bright angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.
- 2 I'm glad that I was born to die.
From grief and woe my soul shall fly ;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New-Jerusalem.
- 3 And when to that bright world I fly,
And join the anthems in the sky ;
O then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who once did join with me in prayer ;
Our mourning time will then be o'er,
And we shall live to die no more.
- 5 I'll praise my God while I have breath,
I hope to praise him after death,
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
- 6 We soon shall hear the solemn sound—
“Awake ye nations under ground ;
“Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
“And meet king Jesus in the clouds.”
- 7 There I shall see my glorious God,
And triumph in his blest abode ;
My theme, thro all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory, be.

HYMN 281. C. M.

- 1 **T**H**ERE** is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 3 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes.
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Could fright us from the shore.

HYMN 282. C. M.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee !
When shall my sorrows have an end,
My joys when shall I see ?
- 2 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens,
My study long have been ;

Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

3 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold ;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
What is it keeps me thence ?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence.

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of
And cause me to ascend, [grace,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my love's to glory gone,
Him will I go and see ;
And all my friends, on earth below,
I hope will follow me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care,
And if on earth we meet no more,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 There we shall meet, and no more part,
All heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love, in every heart,
Shall tune the song, "Free grace."

9 Millions of years around may roll,
Our songs shall still abound ;
While raptures burst from every soul,
In sweet melodious sound.

10 When we've been there ten thousand
Bright shining as the sun, [years,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

HYMN 285. C. M.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.
- 3 There generous fruit, that never fails,
 On trees immortal grow;
 There rocks and hills and brooks and
 With milk and honey flow. [vales,
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains,
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God, the sun, forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest?
 When shall I see my Saviour's face,
 And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul,
 Would here no longer stay;
 Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.
- 8 Yes, I'd surmount the swelling flood,
 If Jesus bid me come;
 While leaning on my Saviour, God,
 I'd safely reach my home.

HYMN 284. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon:
 His track I see, and I'll pursue,
 The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment;
 The King's high way of holiness,
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not;
 My grief my burden long has been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee as I am;
 My sinful self to thee I give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Now will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say "behold the way to God."

HYMN 285. C. M.

- 1 **E**ARTH has engrossed my love too
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes [long,
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest Man, my Saviour, sits,
 The Lord, how bright he shines;
 And scatters peace and great delights
 On all the happy minds.

- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around ;
And move and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs,
Jesus, my love, they sing ;
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 Hark ! how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And echo, in majestic sounds,
The Godhead of the Son.
- 6 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too ;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.
- 7 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise ;
O for some heavenly notes, to bear
My passions to the skies.
- 8 There ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I would fain have place ;
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

HYMN 236.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good ;
Only Jesus I'll pursue,
Who bought me with his blood !
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth with pride :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity ;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me !
 Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atonng Saviour died,
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Here will I set up my rest,
 My fluctuating heart,
 From the heaven of his breast,
 Shall never more depart :
 Whither should a sinner go ?
 His wounds for me stand open wide,
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 All my happiness be this,
 On Jesus to depend :
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 5 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove,
 Show the length and breadth and height
 And depth of Jesus' love !
 Fain I would to sinners show,
 The blood by faith alone applied,
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified !

THE LORD'S PRAYER IMITATED.

HYMN 287.

1 **F**ATHER supreme! all nature's God,
 Display thy majesty abroad,
 And in full glory shine;
 To thy great name be honors paid,
 Throughout all worlds which thou hast
 Let earth the chorus join. [made;

2 Here place the throne, and at thy feet
 Make all thy stubborn foes submit,
 And own thy sovereign sway;
 Thine influence far and wide extend,
 Till haughty rebels lowly bend,
 And cheerfully obey.

3 Oh, let thy perfect will be done,
 Not by those heavenly hosts alone,
 Who're winged with love and zeal;
 We too, with love and zeal would rise,
 And catch the ardor of the skies,
 And fly to do thy will.

4 O thou who art both wise and good,
 We trust thee for our daily food,
 And what thou seest is best;
 Our foolish wishes, Lord, deny,
 But kindly nature's wants supply,
 To thee we leave the rest.

5 Teach us the needy to relieve;
 Our foes to pity and forgive,
 And conquer them with love;
 As we to others mercy show,
 Thy mercy, Lord, on us bestow,
 And all our guilt remove.

Let thy good Spirit guard our hearts,
 Against the tempter's guileful arts,

244 GOD, THE THUNDERER.

And every dangerous snare ;
Or if we once should go astray,
Teach us again to find the way,
And walk with better care.

- 7 Thy name with reverence we adore,
For thine's the glory, thine the power,
And thine the right to reign ;
In thy dominion we rejoice,
To thy commands our hearts and voice
Unite and say amen.
-

GOD, THE THUNDERER.*

HYMN 288. C. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore ;
Let death and hell, thro all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his power.
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky ;
He makes the clouds his throne ;
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad.
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do ?
He once defied the Lord ;

* *Written in a sudden storm of thunder,
August 20, 1697.*

But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.

- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul,
In one eternal storm.

THE RUIN OF ANTICHRIST.

HYMN 289. C. M.

Isaiah lxiii, 4—7.

- 1 **I** LIFT my banner," saith the Lord,
"Where Antichrist hath stood;
"The city of my gospel foes,
"Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 "My heart hath studied just revenge,
"And now the day appears,
"The day of my redeemed is come,
"To wipe away their tears.
- 3 "Quite weary has my patience grown,
"And bids my fury go;
"Swift as the lightning it shall move,
"And be as fatal, too.
- 4 "I called for helpers, but in vain,
"Then has my gospel none?
"Well, mine own arm has might enough,
"To crush my foes, alone.
- 5 "Slaughter and my devouring sword,
"Shall walk the streets around;
"Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
"And stagger to the ground."
- 6 Thine honors, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise;
While we thine awful vengeance sing,
And our deliverer praise.

LATTER DAY GLORY.

HYMN 290. L M.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.
Psalm lxxii.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where e'er the sun
Does his successive journies run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore ;
Till moons shall wax and wane no more .
- 2 Behold the nations with their kings :
There Europe her best tribute brings,
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 There, Persia, glorious to behold,
And India shines in eastern gold ;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 4 For him shall endless prayer be made ;
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 7 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.

- 8 Let every creature rise and bring,
 Peculiar honors to our king ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud—Amen.

HYMN 291. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW many years has man been driven,
 Far off from happiness and heaven?
 When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
 Thy wandering church, to roam no more?
- 2 Six thousand years are nearly past,
 Since Adam was from Eden cast ;
 And ever since his fallen race
 From age to age abuse thy grace.
- 3 When will the happy trump proclaim,
 The judgment of the martyred Lamb?
 When shall the captive troops be free,
 And keep th' eternal jubilee?
- 4 Hasten it, Lord, in every land,
 Send thou thine angels, and command :
 "Go sound deliverance ; loudly blow
 "Salvation to the saints below."
- 5 We want to see the day appear,
 The promised, great Sabbatic year,
 When far from grief and sin and hell,
 Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.
- 6 Till then we will not let thee rest,
 Thou still shalt hear our strong request,
 And this our daily prayer shall be,
 Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

HYMN 292. L. M.

- 1 **L**LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
 And spread the joyful tidings round ;
 Let every soul with transport hear,
 And hail the Lord's accepted year.

- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin, and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And bless the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your boast, is freely given:
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.
- 5 Her blest inhabitants, no more,
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt but love, immensely great,
Their joy still rises with their debt.
- 6 O happy souls, that know the sound,
Celestial light their steps surround,
And show the jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal years shall run.

HYMN 293. C. M.

A prayer for Missionaries.

- 1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth,
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

- 1 O when shall Afric's sable sons
 Enjoy the heavenly word ;
 And vassals long enslaved, become
 The freed men of the Lord.
- 2 When shall the untutored heathen tribes,
 A dark bewildered race,
 Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
 And learn and feel his grace ?
- 3 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
 Their cruelty to love ;
 Soften the Tyger to the Lamb,
 The Vulture to the Dove.
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
 To spread thy gospel rays ;
 And build, on sin's demolished throne,
 The temples of thy praise.

HYMN 294. C. M.

Psalm ii, 8.

- 1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledged
 To thine exalted Son,
 That thro the nations of the earth,
 Thy word of life shall run ?
- 2 " Ask, and I give the heathen lands
 " For thine inheritance ;
 " And to the world's remotest shores
 " Thine empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
 Shall their Redeemer own ;
 While Gentiles to his standard croud,
 And bow before his throne,
- 4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues,
 Under th' expanse of heaven,
 To the dominion of thy Son,
 Without exemption, given ?

- 5 From east to west, from north to south,
 Then be his name adored !
 Europe, with all thy millions, shout
 Hosannas to the Lord.
- 6 Asia and Africa, resound
 From shore to shore his fame ;
 And thou, America, in songs,
 Redeeming love proclaim.

HYMN 295.

- 1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
 All the promises do travail,
 With a glorious day of grace ;
 Blest jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see,
 That divine, and glorious conquest,
 Once obtained on Calvary ;
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
 And from eastern coasts to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption
 Fill the world with joy and praise.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
 From Egyptian darkness down,
 And the everlasting gospel,
 Spread abroad thy holy name ;
 All the borders,
 Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Saviour,
 Win and conquer, never cease,
 May thy lasting wide dominions,
 Multiply and still increase :
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

HYMN 296. C. M.

Rev. xxi, 1—4.

1 **L**O what a glorious sight appears,
 To our believing eyes,
 The earth and seas are passed away,
 And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God re-
 That holy, happy place; [sides,
 The New-Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing,
 "Mortals, behold the sacred seat,
 "Of our descending King.

4 "The God of glory, down to men,
 "Removes his biest abode ;
 "Men, the dear objects of his grace,
 "And he the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears,
 "From every weeping eye;
 "And pains and groans and griefs and
 "And death itself, shall die." [fears

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
 Shall this bright hour delay ;
 Fly swiftly round ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

HYMN 297. C. M.

Luke ii, 27—33.

- 1 **L** ORD, at thy temple we appear,
 As happy Simeon came,
 And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
 O make our joys the same.
- 2 With what divine and vast delight,
 The good old man was filled,
 When fondly in his withered arms
 He clasped the holy child.
- 3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,
 "Behold thy servant dies ;
 "I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
 "And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 "This is the light prepared to shine,
 "Upon the Gentile lands ;
 "Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
 "To break their slavish bands."
- 5 Jesus, the vision of thy face
 Hath overpowering charms ;
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
 If Christ be in my arms.
- 6 Then, while ye hear my heart strings
 How sweet my moments roll, [break,
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,
 And glory in my soul.

NEW-YEAR.

HYMN 298. C. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the great Jehovah's praise,
 All praise to him belongs ;
 He who lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs :
 His providence hath brought us thro'
 Another various year ;
 We all, with vows and anthems new,
 Before his throne appear.
- 2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 And thy continued care ;
 To thee presenting, thro' thy Son,
 All that we have and are :
 Our residue of days and hours,
 Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;
 And all our consecrated powers
 We sacrifice to thee.

HYMN 299. C. M.

- 1 **A**ND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past ;
 I cannot long continue here,
 This year may be my last.
- 2 Now a new scene of time begins,
 I'll start afresh for heaven ;
 Seek daily pardon for my sins,
 In Christ so freely given.

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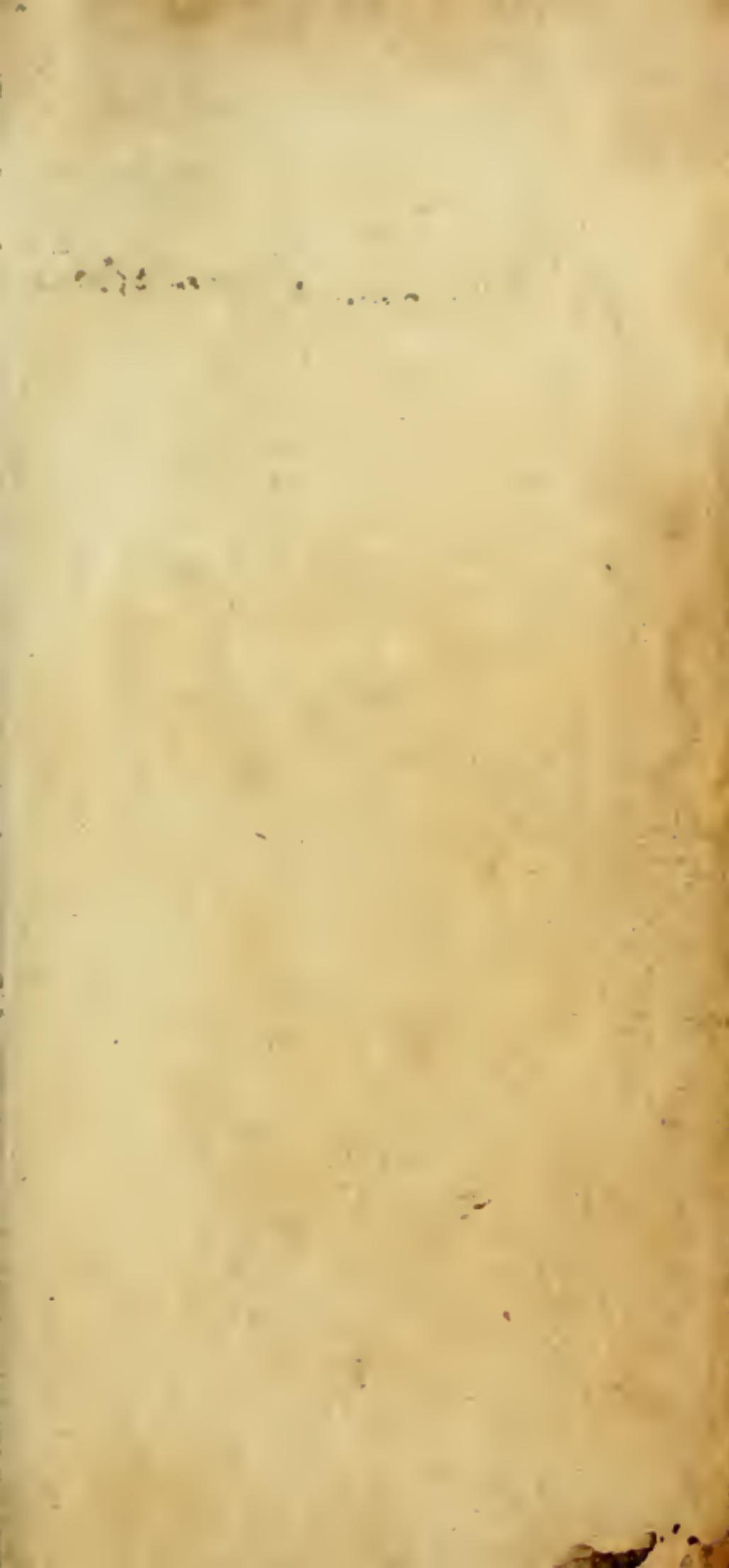
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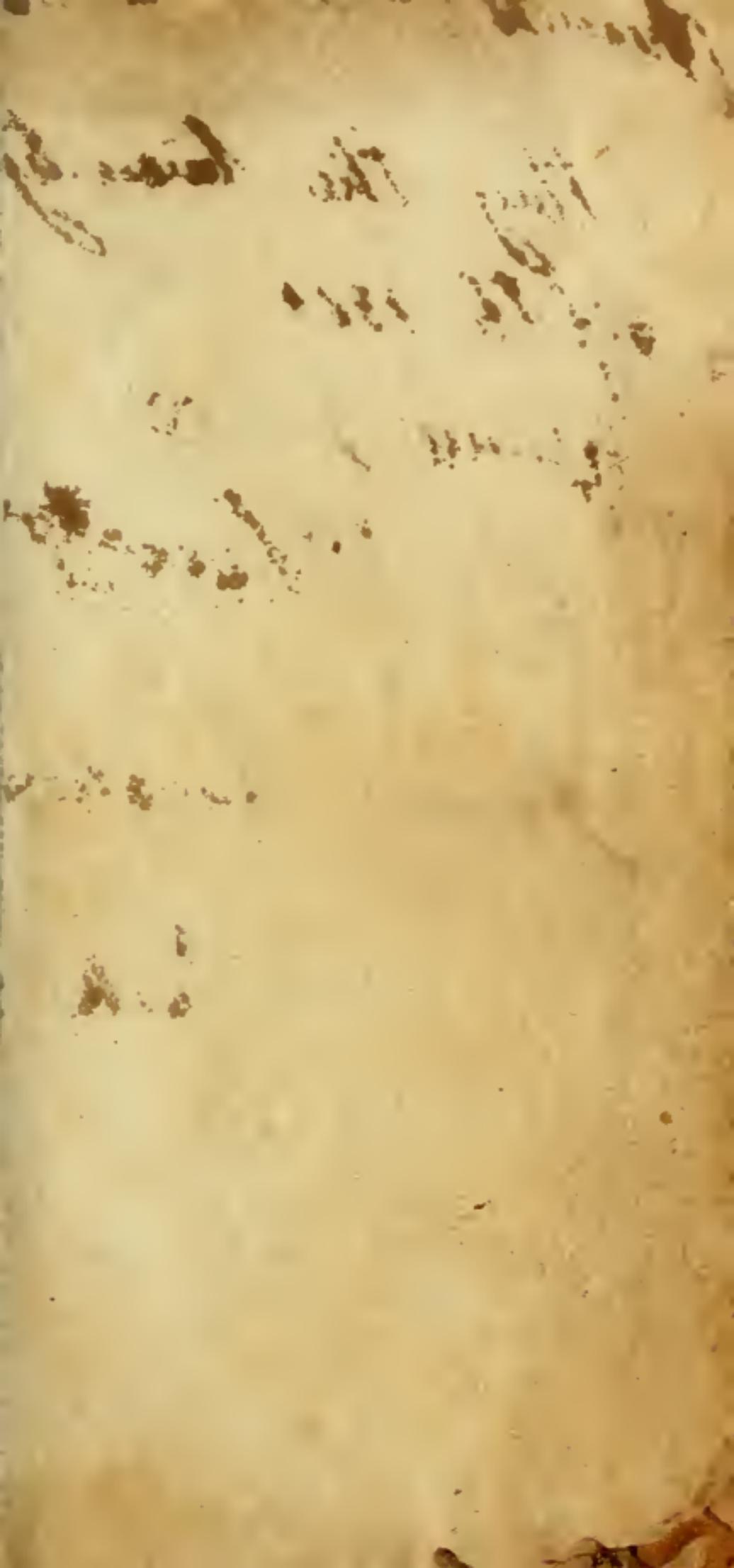
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