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COLLECTION

OF

H Y M N S,

FOR THE USE OF THE

WESLEYAN METHODIST CONNECTION

OF AMERICA.

COMPILED BY

REV. CYRUS PRINDLE.

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."—1 Cor. xiv. 15.

NEW EDITION.

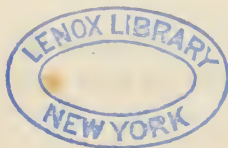
NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY O. SCOTT,
FOR THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CONNECTION.

1846.

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PREFACE.

IN presenting this collection of hymns to the Wesleyan Methodist Connection, and the public, the Publisher deems it proper to advert to the process by which it has been brought into existence. At the organization of the Connection, which was by a Convention held at Utica, New York, May, 1843, there was an understanding that a Hymn Book would soon be issued suited to the wants of the Connection; and the expectation thus created led to such pressing calls for the book from different sections of the country, that the Publisher was led to put it to press without bestowing upon it that amount of labor necessary to make the work what it was desired it should be.

The first General Conference which assembled in Cleveland, Ohio, October, 1844, wishing fully to meet the wants of the Connection, ordered a new book to be compiled and published. To ensure a faithful execution of their design, the Conference appointed the REV. CYRUS PRINDLE to compile the work, and prepare it for the press. It has been a work of much labor and difficulty, and of the ability and fidelity with which he has discharged the responsibilities committed to him, the work itself furnishes the best possible proof. It is a collection of hymns thus officially originated that the Publisher now presents to the Connection and the public.

The following are the principal points in which the present book is an improvement upon the former. First, it contains a greater number and better variety of hymns; secondly, the hymns are more perfectly classified and arranged; thirdly, the typographical errors which occurred in the former book, have been avoided in this; fourthly, the Index has been improved by rendering it more perfectly alphabetical, and by giving the metre of each hymn in the Index.

The Publisher feels confident that in presenting the present volume to the Connection, from which to sing the high praises of God, he offers them a work not surpassed by any of the kind yet published. He will only add, that it is his most fervent prayer that those who shall sing the praises of God from this book, may do it with clean hands, pure minds, and fervent spirits, making melody in their hearts to the Lord.

PUBLISHER.

New York, July 1, 1845.

WESLEYAN HYMNS.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

HYMN 1. L. M. [1]

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds :

2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings :
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too !
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;
But oh ! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind !

5 God is in heaven, and men below :
Be short our tunes ; our words be few !
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN 2. C. M. [10]

FATHER, how wide thy glories shine!

How high thy wonders rise!

Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,

By thousands through the skies:

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;

Their motions speak thy skill;

And on the wings of every hour

We read thy patience still.

2 Part of thy name divinely stands

On all thy creatures writ;

They show the labor of thy hands,

Or impress of thy feet:

But when we view thy strange design

To save rebellious worms,

Where vengeance and compassion join

In their divinest forms;—

3 Here the whole Deity is known—

Nor dares a creature guess,

Which of the glories brightest shone,

The justice or the grace:

Now the full glories of the Lamb

Adorn the heavenly plains;

Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,

And try their choicest strains.

4 O may I bear some humble part

In that immortal song!

Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,

And love command my tongue,

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Who sweetly all agree

To save a world of sinners lost

Eternal glory be.

HYMN 3. L. M. [368.]

WHERE can we hide, or whither fly,
 Lord, to escape thy piercing eye?
 With thee it is not day and night,
 But darkness shineth as the light.

2 Where'er we go, whate'er pursue,
 Our ways are open to thy view;
 Our motives read, our thoughts explored,
 Our hearts revealed to thee, O Lord.

3 Is there, throughout all worlds, one spot,
 One lonely wild, where thou art not?
 The hosts of heaven enjoy thy care,
 And those of hell know thou art there

4 Awake, asleep, where none intrude,
 Or 'midst the thronging multitude,
 In every land, on every sea,
 We are surrounded still with thee.

HYMN 4. C. M. [10]

ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings;
 With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills and seas
 And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
 How glorious to behold!
 Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
 Their endless circuits run;
 There the pale planets rule the night,
 The day obeys the sun.

4 If down I turn my wond'ring eyes
 On clouds and storms below;

Those under regions of the skies,
 Thy numerous glories show.

5 Infinite strength and equal skill
 Shine through thy works abroad ;

Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder God !

6 But the mild glories of thy grace,
 Our softer passions move :

Pity divine in Jesus' face,
 We see, adore, and love.

HYMN 5. C. M.

SHOUT to the Lord, ye surging seas,
 In your eternal roar ;

Let wave to wave resound his praise,
 And shore reply to shore.

2 While monsters sporting on the flood,
 In scaly silver shine,

Speak terribly their maker God,
 And lash the foaming brine.

3 But gentler things shall tune his name,
 To softer notes than these :

Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
 Or whispering through the trees.

4 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
 To Him that bids you grow ;

Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,
 On every thankful bough.

5 Let the shrill birds his honors raise,
 And climb the morning sky ;

While growling beasts attempt his praise,
 In hoarser harmony.

6 Thus, while the meaner creatures sing,
 Ye mortals, take the sound ;

Echo the glories of your King,
Through all the nations round.

HYMN 6. L. M. [12]

HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none !
Thy holiness is all thy own :
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop deriv'd from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare ;
And humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts ador'd ;
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty :

4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Establish'd on the Rock of peace ;
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure, almighty love.

HYMN 7. C. M. [12]

WE need not soar above the skies,
Leave suns and stars below,
And seek Thee, with unclouded eyes,
In all that angels know ;
The very breath we now inhale,
The pulse in every heart,
Attest with force that cannot fail,
Thou ART—oh, God ! thou ART !

2 If 'midst the ever-during songs
Of universal joy,
The chime of worlds and chant of tongues,
The praise that we employ,

May breathe its music in thine ear,
 Its meaning in thy heart,
 Our glad confession deign to hear,—
 Thou ART—oh, God! thou ART.

HYMN 8. L. M. [13]

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
 Thro' earth and air, and sea and skies,
 See from the clouds his glory breaks,
 When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
 Throughout the world's extended frame,
 Inscribes in characters of light,
 His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
 And trace creation's wonders o'er,
 Confess the footsteps of your God—
 Bow down before him—and adore.

HYMN 9. L. M. [13]

ETERNAL God, almighty cause
 Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown;
 All things are subject to thy laws—
 All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
 Of all within itself possess:
 By none controll'd in thy commands,
 And in thyself completely blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe—
 Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
 All other gods we disavow,
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Worship to THEE alone belongs ;
 Worship to THEE alone we give ;
 Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,
 And to thy glory let us live.

HYMN 10. C. M. [14]

LORD, how thy wonders are displayed,
 Where'er I turn mine eye !
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky !

2 There's not a plant or flower below
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.

3 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
 Are subject to thy care ;
 There's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.

HYMN 11. C. M. [367]

THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
 Illumes the distant earth,
 And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
 But goodness gave it birth.

2 There's not a cloud whose dews distill
 Upon the parching clod,
 And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
 That is not sent by God.

3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
 In ocean deep, or air,
 Where skill and wisdom are not found ;
 For God is everywhere.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
 Wherever space extends,
 There heaven displays its boundless love,
 And power with goodness blends.

HYMN 12. C. M. [15]

THE eye of God is every where
 To watch the sinner's ways ;
 He sees who join in humble prayer,
 And who in solemn praise.

2 One glance of thine, eternal Lord,
 Can pierce and search us through ;
 Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford
 A shelter from thy view !

3 The universe, in every part,
 At once before thee lies ;
 And every thought of every heart
 Is open to thine eyes.

4 Prepare us, Lord, to pray and praise,
 With fervent, holy love ;
 And fit us by thy word of grace,
 To worship thee above.

HYMN 13. L. M. [15]

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me thro' ;
 Thine eye commands with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 Within thy circling power I stand ;
 On every side I find thy hand ;
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

3 Amazing knowledge! vast and great!
 What large extent! what lofty height!
 My soul, with all the powers I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove—where'er I rest;
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin for, God is there.

HYMN 14. C. M. [16]

LORD, all I am is known to thee;
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, or to flee
 The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys,
 My rising and my rest!
 My public walks, my private ways,
 The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to THEE, Lord,
 Before they're formed within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge! deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secur'd by sovereign love.

HYMN 15. L. M. [17]

AWAKE, my tongue; thy tribute bring
 To HIM who gave thee power to sing;

Praise HIM, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
The stars he numbers—and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Thro' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption—O, what grace!
Its wonders, O, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines for ever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

HYMN 16. L. M. [17]

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise—
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confest,
That what he does is ever blest.

4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait;
Prostrate before his awful seat:
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Still—trust a wise and gracious God.

HYMN 17. C. M.

- YE** humble souls, approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise ;
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care ;
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare,
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his well-beloved Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

HYMN 18. L. M.

- INDULGENT** Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide, celestial plains ;
And thence in streams redundant flow,
And cheer th' abodes of men below.
- 2 Thro' nature's works its glories shine ;
The cares of providence are thine ;
And grace erects our ruined frame,
A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 O give to every human heart,
To taste and feel how good thou art ;
With grateful love and holy fear,
To know how blest thy children are.
- 4 Let nature burst into a song ;
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong ;

Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise !

HYMN 19. L. M. [19]

YE humble saints proclaim abroad
The honors of a faithful God ;
How just and true are all his ways !
How much above your highest praise !

2 Let frightened rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source ;
Swift through the air let rocks be hurled,
And mountains like the chaff be whirled.

3 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies ;
Let heaven and earth both pass away,
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

4 True to his word, God gave his Son,
To die for crimes which men had done ;
Blest pledge ! he never will revoke,
A single promise he has spoke.

HYMN 20. L. M. [399]

GOD spake, and from chaotic night
At once sprung forth the cheering light ;
The earth in beauty was arrayed,
All things his wondrous pow'r display'd.

2 Teeming with life, air, earth and sea,
Obey the Almighty's high decree ;
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.

3 But to complete the wondrous plan,
From earth and dust he fashions man.
In man the last, in man the best,
The Maker's image stands confess'd.

4 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
 Form thou my heart and soul anew ;
 Here bid thy purest light to shine,
 And beauty glów with charms divine.

HYMN 21. S. M. [20]

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 22. S. M. [20]

O ALL-CREATING God !
 At whose supreme decree
 Our body rose, a breathing clod,
 Our souls sprang forth from thee.

2 For this thou hast design'd
 And form'd us man for this ;

To know and love thyself, and find
In THEE our endless bliss.

HYMN 23. L. M. [21]

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, (a shining frame,)
Their great Original proclaim :
Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
Forever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 24. C. M.

BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King !
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By thee the victory is given,
The majesty divine,

And strength and might, and earth and heaven,
And all therein is thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain ;
And high on thy eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honor, give ;
And kings their power and dignity
But of thy hand receive.

5 Thou hast on us the grace bestow'd,
Thy greatness to proclaim ;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.

6 Thy glorious name, and nature's powers,
Thou dost to us make known ;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

HYMN 25. C. M.

THERE'S not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is every where.

2 Around, within, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

3 Then rise, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's wondrous frame,
And built the universe.

4 Where'er thine earthly lot is cast,
 His power and love declare ;
 Nor think the mighty theme too vast,—
 For God is every where.

HYMN 26 H. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty :
 His glories shine with beams so bright,
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe ;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard his holy law ;
 And where his love resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
 Amazing wisdom shines ;
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their dark designs ;
 Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
 His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
 Of glory condescend ?
 And will he write his name,
 My Father and my Friend ?
 I love his name, I love his word ;
 Join all my powers to praise the Lord !

TRINITY.

HYMN 27. C. M. [22]

- ONE** undivided Trinity,
 With triumph we proclaim ;
 The universe is full of thee,
 And speaks thy glorious name.
- 2** Thee, holy Father, we confess ;
 Thee, holy Son, adore ;
 Thee, Spir't of Truth and Holiness,
 We worship evermore.
- 3** The incommunicable right,
 Almighty God, receive !
 Which angel choirs, and saints in light,
 And saints embodied give.
- 4** Three persons, equally divine,
 We magnify and love ;
 And both the choirs, ere long, shall join
 To sing thy praise above.

HYMN 28. C. M. [22]

- A THOUSAND** oracles divine,
 Their common beams unite ;
 That sinners may with angels join
 To worship God aright.
- 2** To praise a Trinity ador'd
 By all the hosts above ;
 And one thrice holy God and Lord
 Through endless ages love.

- 3 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of Holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky.
- 4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.
- 5 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah, on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.
- 6 But God-made flesh, is wholly ours,
And asks our noblest strain ;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man !

HYMN 29. L. M. [23]

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

HYMN 30. 7s. [24]

FATHER, live, by all things fear'd ;
 Live the Son, alike revered ;
 Equally be thou ador'd,
 Holy Ghost, eternal Lord.

2 Three in person, one in power,
 Thee we worship evermore ;
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Endless theme of earth and heaven.

HYMN 31. H. M. [343]

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

2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood
 From everlasting wo :
 And now he lives, and now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.

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

4 Almighty God, to thee
 Be endless honors done ;
 The undivided Three,
 And the Mysterious One :
 Where reason fails with all her powers
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

HYMN 32. C. M.

HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

One God in persons three ;
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
And homage pay to thee.

2 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore :
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwell'st for ever more.

3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see ;
And every thought of every heart,
Is fully known to thee.

4 Whate'er thou wilt in earth below
Thou dost in heaven above :
But chiefly we rejoice to know
Th' almighty God of Love.

5 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made ;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
Throughout our universe.

6 Mercy with love, and endless grace,
O'er all thy works doth reign ;
But mostly thou delight'st to bless
Thy favorite creature Man.

 FALL OF MAN.

HYMN 33. C. M. [24]

ON man, in his own image made,
How much did God bestow !
The whole creation homage paid,
And own'd him Lord below.

- 2 He dwelt in Eden's garden, stor'd
 With sweets for ev'ry sense :
 And there with his descending Lord,
 He walked in confidence.
- 3 But oh ! by sin how quickly chang'd !
 His honor forfeited ;
 His heart from God and truth estrang'd,
 His conscience filled with dread.
- 4 Now from his Maker's voice he flies,
 Which was before his joy :
 And thinks to hide amidst the trees,
 From an all-seeing eye,
- 5 Compell'd to answer to his name ;
 With stubbornness and pride,
 He cast on God himself the blame,
 Nor once for mercy cried.
- 6 But grace, unmask'd, his heart subdu'd,
 And all his guilt forgave :
 By faith the promis'd SEED he view'd
 And felt the power to save.

HYMN 34. C. M.

- VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
 On their own works have built ;
 Their hearts by nature all unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile silent bow,
 Without a murmuring word ;
 Let all the race of man confess
 Their guilt before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
 To justify us now ;
 Since to convince and to condemn
 Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
 When in thy name we trust,
 Our faith receives a righteousness
 That makes the sinner just.

HYMN 35. C. M.

GREAT King of glory and of grace!

We own with humble shame,
 How vile is our degen'rate race,
 And our first father's name.

2 We live estranged, afar from God,
 And love the distance well;
 With haste we run the dangerous road,
 That leads to death and hell.

3 And can such rebels be restored!
 Such natures made divine!
 Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
 And feel this power of thine.

4 We raise our father's name on high,
 Who his own Spirit sends,
 To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
 And turn his foes to friends.

DEPRAVITY.

HYMN 36. L. M. [25]

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

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

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true ;
O, make me wise betimes to see,
My danger and my remedy.

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

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

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

HYMN 37. C. M. [26]

HOW sad our state by nature is !

Our sin how deep it stains !

And Satan binds our captive souls,

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 a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,

And runs to this relief ;

I would believe thy promise, Lord !

O help my unbelief.

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly ;
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.

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

HYMN 38. L. M. [27]

LORD, I despair myself to heal ;
 I see my sin, but cannot feel ;
 I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
 And bid the obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give ;
 Thy gifts I only can receive ;
 Here, then, to thee I all resign,
 To draw, redeem, and seal—are thine.

3 With simple faith on thee I call ;
 My light, my life, my Lord, my all :
 I wait the moving of the pool ;
 I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure ;
 Make my infected nature pure :
 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
 And pour thyself into my heart !

HYMN 39. C. M. [348]

HELP, Lord ! for men of virtue fail ;
 Religion loses ground ;
 The sons of violence prevail,
 And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
 Yet act the flatt'rer's part ;

With fair, deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Are rais'd to seats of pow'r and pride,
And bear the sword in vain.

4 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold ;
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold ;

5 Is not thy chariot hast'ning on ?
Hast thou not giv'n the sign ?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine ?

CHRIST—THE ATONEMENT.

HYMN 40. C. M. [27]

ALAS! 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 have done,
He groan'd 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 Maker died,
For man the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
When 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 41. L. M.

EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
Besmear'd with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the King of glory see!
Sinks, and expires, the Son of God!

2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known
No guile hath in thy lips been found.

3 I,—I alone have done the deed!
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn ;
My sins have caus'd thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.

4 The burden for me to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid ;
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain ;
To bless me thou a curse wast made.

5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay ;
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 42. L. M.

MY Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
 How pay the mighty debt I owe?
 Let all I have, and all I am,
 Ceaseless to all thy glory show.

2 Too much to thee I cannot give;
 Too much I cannot do for thee:
 Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
 Grav'n on my heart for ever be!

3 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
 O, may I learn from thee, my God;
 And love, with softest pity join'd,
 For those that trample on thy blood.

4 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
 O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast:
 Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
 And ever in thy bosom rest.

HYMN 43. L. M. [29]

YE that pass by, behold the Man!
 The Man of griefs, condemn'd for you!
 The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Weeping to Calvary pursue!

2 See! how his back the scourges tear,
 While to the bloody pillar bound!
 The ploughers make long furrows there,
 Till all his body is one wound.

3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage;
 His innocence to death pursu'd,
 Must fully glut their utmost rage;
 Hark! how they clamor for his blood!

4 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With nails they fasten to the wood !
 His sacred limbs, expos'd and bare,
 Or only cover'd with his blood.

5 See, there ! his temples crown'd with thorns,
 His bleeding hands extended wide ;
 His streaming feet transfixt and torn !
 'The fountain gushing from his side !

HYMN 44. C. M. [30]

FROM whence these direful omens round
 Which heav'n and earth amaze ?
 And why do earthquakes cleave the ground ?
 Why hides the sun his rays ?

2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
 And nature sympathise ;
 The sun, as darkest night be black ;
 'Their Maker, JESUS, dies !

3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
 His all-atoning blood !
 Is this the INFINITE ?—'Tis he,
 My Saviour and my God.

4 For me, these pangs his soul assail,
 For me, this death is borne ;
 My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
 And pointed ev'ry thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave ;
 Break, Lord, its tyrant chain ;
 O, save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
 Nor bleed nor die in vain.

HYMN 45. C. M. [30]

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree !

How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vale in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain!
And in full glory shine:
Oh, Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN 46. L. M.[31]

OF him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
He clos'd 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 47. C. M. [32]

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheering 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 :
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break !
 And all harmonious human tongues,
 The Saviour's praises speak.

5 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 48. C. M. [414]

MY Saviour, hanging on the tree,
 In agony and blood,
 Methought once turned his eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.

2 Sure never till my latest breath,
 Can I forget that look ;

It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there !

4 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive :
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I die that thou mayst live !"

HYMN 49. L. M.

" TIS finished !"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died :
'Tis finished, yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished !—this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

3 'Tis finished—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore ;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finished !—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled ;
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

5 'Tis finished !—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round :
'Tis finished !—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

HYMN 50. L. M. [37]

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!

Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,

A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and 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.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!

But lo! what sudden joys we see:

Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)

Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him "Welcome to the skies!"

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns:

Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!

Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"

Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

HYMN 51. L. M. [354]

NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laughed in scorn;
"He rescued others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save."

3 But God, his Father, heard his cry ;
 Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high ;
 The nations learn his righteousness,
 And humble sinners taste his grace.

HYMN 52. L. M. [38]

YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
 If ris'n indeed with him ye are,
 Superior to the joys below,
 His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
 By actions show your sins forgiven ;
 And seek the glorious things above,
 And follow Christ your head to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
 Seated at God's right hand again,
 In all his Father's majesty,
 In everlasting pomp to reign.

4 To him continu'lly aspire,
 Contending for your native place ;
 And emulate the angel choir,
 And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
 Ye nothing seek or want beside ;
 Dead to the world and sin ye live,
 Your creature love is crucified.

6 Your real life with Christ conceal'd,
 Deep in the father's bosom lies ;
 And glorious as your Head reveal'd,
 Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

HYMN 53. C. M. [320]

YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
 Chase all your fears away ;

And bow with rapture down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought;
Such wonders love can do:

Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3 But raise your eyes and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;

Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonor'd head;

And thro' unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his shall every saint
His vacant tomb survey;

Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

HYMN 54. C. M. [413]

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;

And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,

Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 Ere since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 55. L. M. [412]

BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies ;
"Revenge," the blood of Abel cries ;
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks "Peace" as loud from ev'ry vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high ;
Behold, he lays his vengeance by ;
And rebels, who deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice ;
Now he appears before our God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

HYMN 56. S. M. [316]

THIS, this is He that came
By water and by blood !
Jesus is our atoning Lamb,
Our sanctifying God.

2 See from his wounded side
The mingled current flow !
The water and the blood applied
Shall wash us white as snow.

3 The water cannot cleanse,
Before the blood we feel,
To purge the guilt of all our sins,
And our forgiveness seal.

4 But both in Jesus join,
 Who speaks our sins forgiven,
 And gives the purity divine
 That makes us meet for heaven.

HYMN 57. L. M. [317]

O THOU, whose offering on the tree
 The legal offerings all foreshow'd,
 Borrow'd their whole effect from thee,
 And drew their virtue from thy blood;
 2 The blood of goats, and bullocks slain,
 Could never for one sin atone;
 To purge the guilty offerer's stain,
 Thine was the work, and thine alone.
 3 Vain in themselves their duties were;
 Their services could never please,
 Till joined with thine, and made to share
 The merits of thy righteousness.
 4 Forward they cast a faithful look
 On thy approaching sacrifice;
 And thence their pleasing savor took,
 And rose accepted in the skies.
 5 Those feeble types, and shadows old,
 Are all in thee, the Truth, fulfill'd:
 We in thy sacrifice behold
 The substance of those rites reveal'd.

HYMN 58. L. M. [318]

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 59. S. M. [409]

- LIKE sheep, we went astray,
And broke the fold of God ;
Each wand'ring in a different way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head !
- 3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke !
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honor and his breath
Were taken both away,
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.
- 5 " I'll give him," saith the Lord,
" A portion with the strong ;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

HYMN 60. L. M. [315]

- BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive :
Behold, the dead awake and live :
The dumb speak wonders ; and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
 And seal the mission of the Son ;
 The Father vindicates his cause
 While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies ; the heavens in mourning stood ;
 He rises, and appears our God !
 Behold the Lord ascending high,
 No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence, then, forever from my heart
 I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
 And to those hands my soul resign,
 Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN 61. C. M. [382]

THUS saith the Lord, " Your work is vain,
 Give your burnt-off'rings o'er ;
 In dying goats and bullocks slain,
 My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Son, " My God, behold !
 I'm here to do thy will ;
 Whate'er thy sacred books unfold,
 Thy servant shall fulfil."

3 And see, the Saviour blest hath come !
 Th' eternal Son appears ;
 This lowly earth he makes his home,
 A human form he wears.

4 No blood of beasts on altars shed,
 Could wash the conscience clean ;
 But the rich sacrifice he paid,
 Atones for all our sin.

HYMN 62. C. M. [415]

THE Hebrew prophet rais'd of old,
 The brazen serpent high ;
 And all the wounded who behold,
 Cease to despond and die !

- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
And live," the prophet cries;
But Christ exerts a nobler pow'r,
When Faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung!
High in the heav'ns he reigns!
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted high,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds redemption nigh,
Th' expiring Gentile lives!

HYMN 63. 8s & 7s.

- ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God;
This is boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above:

But when home our souls are bro't,
We will love thee as we ought.

AWAKENING AND INVITING.

HYMN 64. 8s, 7s & 4s. [39]

- COME, 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,
Every grace that brings 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 requireth
Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
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 ! the incarnate God ascending,
 Pleads the merit 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 65. L. M. [415]

- " COME, all ye weary and unblest ;
 Ye heavy laden sinners, come !
 From all your toils I'll give you rest,
 And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 " They shall find rest who learn of me ;
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
 But passion rages like the sea,
 And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 " Bless'd is the man, whose shoulders take
 My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
 My yoke is easy to his neck,
 My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
 With faith, and hope, and grateful love :
 We yield our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould us for thy house above !

HYMN 66. S. M. [448]

THE Spirit's voice doth break
 In softness, "Sinner come;"
 The bride, the church of Christ, doth speak
 To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
 To all about him, "Come!"
 Ye souls athirst, come while you may—
 To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
 O let him freely come;
 Come now to Zion's holy hill,
 For Jesus bids thee come;

4 Lo! Jesus, thron'd in power,
 Declares, "I quickly come!"
 Lord, even so! I wait thine hour:
 Jesus, my Saviour, come!

HYMN 67. L. M.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time to insure the great reward;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given
 To escape from hell and fly to heaven;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die;
 But all the dead forgotten lie:
 Their memory and their sense are gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love are lost,
 Their envy's buried in the dust;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands with all your might pursue;
 Since no device nor work is found,
 Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

HYMN 68. C. M.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
 Our inmost thoughts perceive,
 Accept the evening sacrifice,
 Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
 And think ourselves sincere;
 But show us, Lord, is every one
 Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
 Nor feels his want of thee?
 A stranger to the blood which bought
 His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief;
 His desperate state explain:
 And fill his heart with sacred grief,
 And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
 And bid the sleeper rise!
 And bid the guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.

HYMN 69. 8 & 7s.

DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears;
 Fearful soul be strong, be bold;
 Tarry till the Lord appears,
 Never, never quit thy hold!
 Murmur not at his delay,
 Dare not set thy God a time;
 Calmly for his coming stay,
 Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Every one that seeks shall find ;
 Every one that asks shall have :
 Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
 Willing, able, all to save ;
 I shall his salvation see ;
 I in faith on Jesus call ;
 I from sin, shall be set free,
 Perfectly set free from all.

3 Lord, my time is in thy hand ;
 Weak and helpless as I am,
 Surely thou canst make me stand ;
 I believe in Jesus' name :
 Saviour in temptation thou,
 Thou hast saved me heretofore ;
 Thou from sin dost save me now ;
 Thou shalt save me evermore.

HYMN 70. L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
 Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God hath 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 oppress'd,
 Ye restless wand'ers after rest ;
 Ye poor and maim'd, 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 resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

7 This is the time ; no more delay ;
This is the true accepted day ;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

HYMN 71. H. M. [41]

BLOW 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 ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus love ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace;
 And, sav'd from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face;
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 72. 7s. [42]

SINNERS turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you why?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why?
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live.
 Will you let him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why?
 He who all your lives hath strove;
 Woo'd you to embrace his love;
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God, and die?

HYMN 73. L. M. [43]

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
 No longer in thy sins lie down,
 Thy garment of salvation take,
 Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that binds thy sight,
 And hides the promise from thine eyes;
 Arise and struggle into light,
 The great Deliverer calls, Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
 Zion, assert thy liberty;
 Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
 And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
 Be purg'd from every sinful stain;
 Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
 Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

HYMN 74. L. M.

SINNERS, obey the Gospel word!
 Haste to the supper of my Lord;
 Be wise to know your gracious day;
 All things are ready, come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own,
 And kiss his late returning son;
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his Love,
 Just now the stony to remove;
 To apply and witness with the blood,
 And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate;
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Are ready with their shining host:
 All heaven is ready to resound,
 "The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

SECOND PART.

HYMN 75. L. M.

COME, then, ye sinners, to the Lord,
 In Christ to paradise restored;
 His proffer'd benefits embrace,
 The plentitude of gospel grace:

2 A pardon written with his blood,
 'The favor and the peace of God;
 The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
 The mystic joys of penitence:

3 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
 'The meltings of a broken heart;
 The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
 The sighs that waft your souls to heaven:

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
 Th' unutterable tenderness;
 'The genuine, meek humility;
 'The wonder, "Why such love to me!"

5 'Th' overwhelming power of saving grace,
 'The sight that veils the seraphs face;
 'The speechless awe that dares not move,
 And all the silent heaven of love.

HYMN 76. L. M. [44]

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh;

'Tis God invites the fallen race;

Mercy and free salvation buy,

Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!

Sinners, obey your Maker's call;

"Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
 And find my grace is free for all."

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;

For you in healing streams it rolls;

Money ye need not bring, nor price,
 Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.
 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
 Leave all you have, and are, behind;
 Frankly the gift of God receive,
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 77. L. M.

“WHY seek ye that which is not bread,
 Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
 On ashes, husks, and air ye feed;
 Ye spend your little all in vain.
 2 “In search of empty joys below,
 Ye toil with unavailing strife:
 Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
 I have the words of endless life.
 3 “Hearken to me with earnest care,
 And freely eat substantial food;
 The sweetness of my mercy share,
 And taste that I alone am good.
 4 “I bid you all my goodness prove;
 My promises for all are free;
 Come taste the manna of my love,
 And let your souls delight in ME.
 5 “Your willing ear and heart incline,
 My words believingly receive;
 Quicken'd, your souls by faith divine,
 An everlasting life shall live.”

HYMN 78. 7s. [45]

WHAT could your Redeemer do,
 More than he hath done for you?
 To procure your peace with God,
 Could he more than shed his blood?

After all his flow of love,
 All his drawings from above,
 Why will ye our Lord deny?
 Why will ye resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn:
 By his life your God hath sworn;
 He would have you turn and live,
 He would all the world receive;
 If your death were his delight,
 Would he you to life invite?
 Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
 Why will ye resolve to die?

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near:
 Dare not think him insincere:
 Now, ev'n now, your Saviour stands,
 All day long he spreads his hands;
 Cries, "Ye will not happy be;
 No, ye will not come to me,—
 Me, who life to none deny;
 Why will ye resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt if God is love?
 If to all his bowels move?
 Will you not his word receive?
 Will you not his oath believe?
 See! your suffering Lord appears!
 Jesus weeps; believe his tears!
 Mingled with his blood, they cry,
 "Why will ye resolve to die?"

HYMN 79. C. M. [46]

LET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all the hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,

- And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind ;
- 3 Eternal wisdom hath prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that 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.
- 6 The happy gates of Gospel grace,
Stand open night and day :
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 80. C. M. [47]

- SINNERS**, the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to death :
Why will you persevere ?
Can you in endless torments breathe,
Shut up in black despair ?
- 4 Why will you in the naked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal wo.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
 'Through his abounding grace :
 His mercy will the guilt forgive,
 Of those that seek his face.

HYMN 81. C. M. [47]

TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
 Who may be saved, shall I,
 Of all, alas! whom I have known,
 Through sin forever die?
 2 While all my old companions dear,
 With whom I once did live,
 Joyful at God's right hand appear,
 A blessing to receive—
 3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
 Dragg'd to the judgment seat,
 Far on the left with horror stand,
 My fearful doom to meet?
 4 Ah! no;—I still may turn and live,
 For still his wrath delays;
 He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
 And offers me his grace;
 5 I will accept his offers now;
 From every sin depart;
 Perform my oft-repeated vow,
 And render him my heart.

HYMN 82. C. M. [48]

MY drowsy powers why sleep ye so?
 Awake, my sluggish soul!
 Nothing hath half thy work to do,
 Yet nothing's half so dull.
 2 Go to the ants; for one poor grain
 See how they toil and strive!
 Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
 How negligent we live!

- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above.
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labor'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood.
- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.
- 7 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise ;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

HYMN 83. L. M. [49]

- THOU boastest, " I am wise and rich,
Increas'd in goods, and nothing need ;"
And dost thou know thou art a wretch,
Naked and poor, and blind and dead.
- 2 Yet while I thus rebuke I love ;
My message, is in mercy sent ;
That thou may'st my compassion prove,
I can forgive if thou repent.
- 3 Wouldst thou be truly rich and wise ;
Come buy my gold in fire well tried ;
My ointment, to anoint thine eyes ;
My robe, thy nakedness to hide.
- 4 See, at thy door I stand and knock ;
Poor Sinner, shall I wait in vain ?
Quickly thy stubborn heart unlock,
That I may enter with my train.

5 Thou canst not entertain a King,
 Unworthy thou of such a guest!
 But I my own provision bring,
 To make thy soul a heav'nly feast.

HYMN 84. L. M. [50]

THE God of Glory walks his round,
 From day to day, from year to year;
 And warns us each with awful sound,
 No longer stand ye idle here.

2 Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
 Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are
 clear,
 Waste not of hope the morning light;
 Ah, fools, why stand ye idle here?

3 And ye whose locks of scanty gray
 Foretell your latest travail near;
 How swiftly fades your worthless day,
 And stand ye yet so idle here?

4 One hour remains, there is but one;
 But many a shriek, and many a tear,
 Thro' endless years the guilt must moan,
 Of moments lost and wasted here.

HYMN 85. S. M. [398]

LET sinners choose the road,
 That leads them down to death;
 But in the worship of my God
 I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
 When morning brings the light;
 I seek his blessing every noon,
 And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
 O my eternal God,

While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They will not seek thee, Lord, to please,
Nor learn to do thy will.

HYMN 86. L. M. [412]

THE Saviour lives, no more to die ;
The Saviour lives, enthron'd on high :
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave ;
He lives eternally to save.

2 The Saviour lives, to wipe the tear ;
The Saviour lives to quell all fear ;
He lives, bright mansions to prepare ;
He lives, to bring his servants there.

3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears ;
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears ;
Let cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive.

4 His saints he loves and never leaves ;
The contrite sinner he receives ;
Abundant grace will he afford,
Till all are present with the Lord.

HYMN 87. L. M. [305]

SINNERS, obey the heavenly call,
Your prison doors stand open wide ;
Go forth, for he hath ransom'd all,
For every soul of man hath died.

2 'Tis his the drooping soul to raise,
To rescue all by sin opprest,
To clothe them with the robes of praise
And give their weary spirits rest :

- 3 To help their grovelling unbelief,
 Beauty for ashes to confer,
 The oil of joy for abject grief,
 'Triumphant joy for sad despair ;
- 4 To make them trees of righteousness,
 The planting of the Lord below,
 To spread the honor of his grace,
 And on to full perfection grow.

HYMN 88. S. M. [360]

- COME to the house of prayer,
 O thou afflicted, come ;
 The God of peace shall meet thee there ;
 He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
 Ye who are happy now ;
 In sweet accord your voices raise
 In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
 For ye have felt his love ;
 Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
 Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,
 Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
 Let not your hearts his praise disown
 Who gives the power to praise.

PENITENTIAL.

HYMN 89. L. M. [51]

JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
 Lost and undone, for aid I flee :
 Weary of earth, myself, and sin ;
 Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul ;
 'Tis thou alone canst make me whole ;
 Fall'n, till in me thine image shine,
 And lost I am till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be,
 That I should fit myself for thee :
 Here, then, to thee I all resign ;
 'Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say, thy grace to move ?
 Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love :
 I give up every plea beside,
 “Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died.”

HYMN 90. S. M. [51]

AND can I yet delay,
 My little all to give ?
 To tear my soul from earth away,
 For Jesus to receive ?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield !
 I can hold out no more :
 I sink, by dying love compell'd,
 And own 'Thee conqueror !

3 Though late, I all forsake,
 My friends, my all resign ;
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine !

4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove :
 Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
 With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know ;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou,
 Thou all sufficient art ;
 My hope, my heavenly treasure, now,
 Enter and keep my heart.

HYMN 91. C. M. [52]

WHEN thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear!

2 Oh, may my broken, contrite heart,
 Timely my sins lament ;
 And early, with repentant tears,
 Eternal wo prevent.

3 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late ;
 And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
 To give those sorrows weight!

4 For never shall my soul despair,
 Her pardon to secure ;
 Who knows thine only son hath died,
 To make that pardon sure.

HYMN 92. L. M. [53]

OH, for a glance of heavenly day,
 To take this stubborn heart away ;
 And thaw, with beams of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;
 The seas can roar ; the mountains shake :
 Of feeling, all things show some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
 O Lord, an adamant would melt :
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too, unmov'd I hear,
 (Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine
 To stir this stupid heart of mine!

5 But something yet can do the deed;
 And that blest something much I need:
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And melt and change this heart of mine.

HYMN 93. C. M. [53]

STILL, for thy loving kindness, Lord,
 I in thy temple wait:
 I look to find thee in thy word
 Or at thy table meet.

2 I wait my vigor to renew,
 Thine image to retrieve;
 The veil of outward things pass through,
 And gasp in thee to live.

3 I work; and own the labor vain;
 And thus from works I cease;
 I strive; and see my fruitless pain,
 Till God create my peace.

4 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart
 Must all my efforts prove;
 They cannot change a sinful heart;
 They cannot purchase love.

5 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
 And then the strife give o'er;
 To thee I then the whole resign,
 I trust in means no more.

HYMN 94. L. M. [54]

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
 Let a repenting rebel live;

Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace ;
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pard'ning love be found.

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

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess ;
 Against thy law, against thy grace ;
 Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

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

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

HYMN 95. L. M. [55]

LIGHT of the Gentile world appear,
 Command the blind thy rays to see :
 Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
 And set the plaintive prisoner free.

2 Me, me, who still in darkness sit,
 Shut up in sin and unbelief ;
 Deliver from this gloomy pit,
 This dungeon of despairing grief.

3 Open mine eyes, the Lamb to know,
 Who bears the gen'ral sin away ;

And to my ransomed spirit show,
The glories of eternal day.

HYMN 96. L. M. [55]

O THOU, whom once they flocked to hear,
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel ;
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
And graciously receive us still.

2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have ;
But I am sick, and want thine aid,
And wait thine utmost pow'r to save.

3 Thy pow'r and truth, and love divine,
The same from age to age endure :
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The most invet'rate plague can cure.

4 Helpless, howe'er my spirit lies,
And long hath languish'd at the pool ;
A word of thine shall make it rise,
And speak me in a moment whole.

5 Eighteen, or eight and thirty years,
Or thousands are alike to thee :
Soon as thy pard'ning grace appears,
My plague is gone ; my heart is free.

6 Make this the blest accepted hour !
Come, O my soul's Physician, thou !
Display thy sanctifying power,
And show me thy salvation now.

HYMN 97. S. M. [56]

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint !
To whom should I my troubles show
And pour out my complaint ?

My Saviour bids me come,

Ah ! why do I delay ?

He calls the weary sinner home,

And yet from him I stay !

2 What is it keeps me back,

From which I cannot part ?

Which will not let the Saviour take

Possession of my heart !

Some cursed thing unknown,

Must surely lurk within ;

Some idol which I will not own,

Some secret bosom sin.

3 Jesus, the hindrance show,

Which I have fear'd to see ;

And let me now consent to know

What keeps me back from thee :

Searcher of hearts in mine

'Thy trying pow'r display ;

Into its darkest corners shine,

And take the veil away.

4 I now believe in thee

Compassion reigns alone ;

According to my faith, to me

O let it, Lord, be done !

In me is all the bar,

Which thou wouldst fain remove ;

Remove it, and I shall declare

That God is only love.

HYMN 98. L. M. [57]

MY sufferings all to thee are known,

Tempted in every point like me ;

Regard my grief, regard thy own ;

Jesus, remember Calvary.

2 Oh, call to mind thy earnest prayers !

Thy agony and sweat of blood !

Thy strong and bitter cries and tears :
 Thy mortal groan, " My God ! my God ! "

3 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
 Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
 Till thro' the soul thy pow'r is spread,
 Thy all victorious righteousness.

4 The day of small and feeble things,
 I know thou never wilt despise ;
 I know, with healing in his wings,
 The Sun of righteousness shall rise.

HYMN 99. L. M. [58]

WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
 And bow myself before thy face ?
 How in thy purer eyes appear ?
 What shall I bring to gain thy grace ?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High ?
 Will multipl'd oblations please ?
 Thousands of rams his favor buy ;
 Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease ?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God ?
 Can these wash out my guilty stain ?
 Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
 Alas ! they all must flow in vain.

4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve
 Must take the path thyself hast show'd :
 Justice pursue, and mercy love,
 And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
 Present for past can ne'er atone ;
 Though I to thee the whole resign,
 I only give thee back thine own.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 100. L. M.

WHAT have I then wherein to trust ?

I nothing have, I nothing am ;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

2 Guilty I stand before thy face,
On me I feel thy wrath abide ;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just,—but, O, thy Son hath died !

3 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,
He bore our sins upon the tree ;
Beneath our curse he bow'd his head,
'Tis finish'd ! he hath died for me !

4 See, where before thy throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer !
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there !

5 He ever lives for me to pray ;
He prays that I with him may reign :
Amen, to what my Lord doth say !
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

HYMN 101. L. M. [58]

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite ;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears ;
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years :

- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd !
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd ;
- 4 Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 This only wo I deprecate ;
This only plague I pray remove ;
Nor leave me in my lost estate ;
Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN 102. C. M.

- O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem ;
Who gave his life that I might live,
A life conceal'd in him !
- 2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire !
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire !
- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.
- 4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

- 5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
 Thou pard'ning God, descend :
 Number me with salvation's heirs,
 My sins and troubles end.
- 6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
 Of all in earth or heaven :
 But let me feel thy blood applied,
 And live and die forgiven.

HYMN 103. C. P. M.

- O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee ?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his 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, the 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 for ever 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 favor'd 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 104. C. M. [61]

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

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
 And seal the heirs of heaven ?

When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven ?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood :

And bear thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 'The pledge of joys to come ;

May thy bless'd wings, celestial Dove,
 Safely convey me home !

HYMN 105. C. M.

GOD is in this and every place !

But O, how dark and void ;
 To me 'tis one great wilderness,
 This earth without my God.

2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
 Till he his light impart ;

Till he his glorious self reveals,
 'The veil is on my heart !

3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
 Thyself unseen, unknown ;

Pity my helpless unbelief,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
 The long-sought blessing give ;
 And bid me, at the point to die,
 Behold thy face and live.
- 5 A darker soul did never yet
 Thy promis'd help implore :
 O, that I now my Lord might meet,
 And never lose him more !
- 6 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 106. 8s.

- ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign ;
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine ;
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load ;
 All-plaintive I pour out my song
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease ;
 The blood of atonement apply ;
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,
 The rock that is higher than I ;
 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice,
 Thy presence is fair to behold ;
 Attend to my sorrows and cries,
 My groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
 My hold on thy promise to keep ;
 The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep.
 While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
 The tempter suggests with a roar,

“The Lord has forsaken thee quite,
Thy God will be gracious no more.”

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love has design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r:
Come succor and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy power.

HYMN 107. L. M. [62]

LORD Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passion cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace?

2 Here I repent and sin again;
Now I revive, and now am slain:
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which, oh, too often wounds my heart.

3 O, Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden seal'd to all but thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone;
But live and grow to thee alone?

4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force;
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee, my way, to thee, my end!

HYMN 108. L. M. [63]

THOU man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget;
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat!

2 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire;

Remove this load of guilty wo,
Nor let me in my sins expire!

3 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

4 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee :
O, save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept and bled for me.

HYMN 109. L. M.

JESUS, 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 cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseas'd, and cure the blind.

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 Faith in thy changeless name I have,
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 110. L. M.

THOUGH eighteen hundred years are past
Since thou didst in the flesh appear ;

- Thy tender mercies ever last,
 And still thy healing power is here.
- 2 Wouldst thou the body's health restore,
 And not regard the sin-sick soul ?
 The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,
 And surely thou wilt make it whole.
- 3 All my disease, my every sin,
 To thee, O Jesus, I confess :
 In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
 And perfect it in holiness.
- 4 That token of thine utmost good,
 Now, Saviour, now, on me bestow ;
 And purge my conscience with thy blood,
 And wash my nature white as snow.

HYMN 111. S. M. [448]

- DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
 The wondering angels see !
 Be thou astonished, O my soul !
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep—
 Each sin demands a tear ;
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

HYMN 112. S. M.

- AND wilt thou yet be found,
 And may I still draw near ?
 Then listen to the plaintive sound
 Of a poor sinner's prayer.
- 2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
 If still the same thou art,

To thee I look, to thee, my Lord !
Lift up a helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to thee, is known :
'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.

5 O, my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace,
I know thou canst ; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease !

6 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

HYMN 113. C. M. [65]

O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord ;
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word !
O, for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow :
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow !
2 Saviour, to me, in pity give
The sensible distress ;
The pledge, thou wilt, at last receive,
And bid me die in peace :
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come ;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

HYMN 114. S. M. [65]

- O THAT I** could repent,
 With all my idols part ;
And to thy gracious eye present
 An humble, contrite heart :
- 2 A** heart with grief opprest,
 For having griev'd my God :
- A** troubled heart that cannot rest,
 Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 3 Jesus,** on me bestow
 The penitent desire !
 With true sincerity of woe,
 My aching breast inspire ;
- 4 With** soft'ning pity look,
 And melt my hardness down :
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone !

HYMN 115. C. M. [66]

- LET** the redeem'd give thanks and praise
 To a forgiving God !
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
 Till wash'd in Jesus' blood.
- 2 Till** at thy coming from above,
 My mountain sin depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
 And peace o'erflows my heart.
- 3 Pris'ner** of hope, I still attend
 Th' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
 And speak my soul restor'd :
- 4 Restor'd** by reconciling grace,
 With present pardon blest ;
And fitted by true holiness
 For my eternal rest.

5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
 The love and joy unknown,
 Now, Father, to thy servant give,
 And claim me for thine own.

HYMN 116. S. M.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
 And force me to thy breast?
 When shall my soul return again
 To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
 My wandering to and fro?
 Thou hast the words of endless life:
 Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
 To me did freely move;
 It calls me still to seek thy face,
 And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall,
 I groan to be set free:
 I fain would now obey the call,
 And give up all for thee.

5 To rescue me from woe,
 Thou didst with all things part;
 Didst lead a suffering life below,
 To gain my worthless heart.

6 My worthless heart to gain,
 The God of all that breathe,
 Was found in fashion as a man,
 And died a cursed death.

HYMN 117. C. M.

LORD, I approach the mercy seat,
 Where thou dost answer prayer;
 There humbly fall before thy 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 war without, and fear within,
 I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That, shelter'd near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him thou hast died.
- 5 O, wondrous love !—to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name.

HYMN 118. L. P. M.

- WOULD Jesus have the sinner die ?
 Why hangs he then on yonder tree ?
 What means that strange expiring cry ?
 (Sinners he prays for you and me :)
 " Forgive them, Father, O forgive :
 They know not that by me they live !"
- 2 Adam descended from above,
 Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
 Great God of universal love,
 If all the world through thee may live,
 In us a quick'ning Spirit be,
 And witness thou hast died for me !
- 3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
 Thee—by thy painful agony,
 Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
 Thy cross and passion on the tree,
 Thy precious death and life—I pray,
 Take all, take all my sins away !

4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
 And bathe and wash them with my tears,
 The story of thy love repeat
 In every drooping sinner's ears ;
 That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
 Since I, e'en I, have mercy found !

5 O let thy love my heart constrain,
 Thy love for every sinner free,
 That, every fallen soul of man
 May taste the grace that found out me :
 That all mankind with me may prove
 Thy sovereign, everlasting love !

HYMN 119. L. M. [321]

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry
 Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold me 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 saving strength, O Lord, restore,
 And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
 His help and comfort still afford ;
 And let a wretch come near thy throne,
 To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And save the soul condemn'd to die.

HYMN 120. L. M. [308]

MY God, if I may call thee mine,
 From heaven and thee removed so far,
 Draw nigh ; thy pitying ear incline,
 And cast not out my languid prayer.

2 Gently the weak thou lov'st to lead,
 Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee ;
 O break not then a bruised reed,
 Nor quench the smoking flax in me.

3 Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,
 And burst the barriers of my tomb ;
 In all the marks of death appear ;
 Forth at thy call, tho' bound, I come.

4 Give me, O give me fully, Lord,
 Thy resurrection's power to know ;
 Free me, indeed, repeat the word,
 And loose my bands and let me go.

5 Fain would I go to thee, my God,
 Thy mercies and thy wants to tell ;
 To feel my pardon seal'd in blood ;
 Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.

HYMN 121. S. M. [309]

AH, when shall I awake
 From sin's soft soothing power :
 The slumber from my spirit shake,
 And rise to fall no more !

Awake, no more to sleep,
 But stand with constant care,
 Looking for God my soul to keep,
 And watching unto prayer !

2 O could I always pray,
 And never, never faint,
 But simply to my God display
 My every care and want !

I know that thou wouldst give,
 More than I can request :
 Thou still art ready to receive
 My soul to perfect rest.

3 I feel thee willing, Lord,
 A sinful world to save :
 All may obey thy gracious word,
 May peace and pardon have.
 Not one of all the race
 But may return to thee ;
 But at the throne of sovereign grace
 May fall and weep, like me.

HYMN 122. S. M. [456]

THOU Lord of all above,
 And all below the sky,
 Prostrate before thy feet I fall,
 And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
 The crimes which I have done :
 O bid a contrite sinner live,
 Through thine incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
 Upon my conscience lies ;
 To thee I make my sorrows known,
 And lift my weeping eyes

4 The burden which I feel,
 Thou only canst remove ;
 Do thou display thy pardoning grace,
 And thine unbounded love.

HYMN 123. C. M.

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
 Thy power to us make known ;
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break these hearts of stone !

- 2 O that we all might now begin
 Our foolishness to mourn ;
 And turn at once from every sin,
 And to our Saviour turn !
- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
 In this our gracious day ;
 Repentance unto life bestow,
 And take our sins away.
- 4 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
 And then enrich the poor ;
 The knowledge of our sickness give,
 The knowledge of our cure.
- 5 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
 And then remove the load ;
 Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
 In the atoning blood.

HYMN 124. L. M. [306]

- TOO strong I was to conquer sin,
 When 'gainst it first I turned my face ;
 Nor knew my want of power within,
 Nor knew the omnipotence of grace.
- 2 In nature's strength I sought in vain
 For what my God refused to give ;
 I could not then the mastery gain,
 Or lord of all my passions live.
- 3 But, for the glory of thy name,
 Vouchsafe me now the victory ;
 Weakness itself thou know'st I am,
 And cannot share the praise with thee.
- 4 Because I now can nothing do,
 Jesus, do all the work alone ;
 And bring my soul triumphant through,
 To wave its palm before thy throne.

HYMN 125. L. M. [338]

O THOU that hangest on the tree,
 Our curse and sufferings to remove,
 Pity the souls that look to thee,
 And save us by thy dying love.

2 We have no outward righteousness,
 No merits or good works to plead ;
 We only can be sav'd by grace ;
 Thy grace will here be free indeed.

3 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
 A faith thou must thyself impart ;
 A faith that would by works be shown,
 A faith that purifies the heart.

4 A faith that doth the mountains move,
 A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
 A faith that sweetly works by love,
 And ascertains our claims to heaven.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 126. L. M. [338]

CANST thou reject our dying prayer,
 Or cast us out who come to thee ?
 Our sins, ah ! wherefore didst thou bear ?
 Jesus, remember Calvary !

2 Number'd with the transgressors thou,
 Between the felons crucified,
 Speak to our hearts and tell us now,
 Wherefore hast thou for sinners died ?

3 For us wast thou not lifted up ?
 For us a bleeding victim made ?
 That we, the abjects, we might hope,
 Thou hast for all a ransom paid.

4 Oh, might we with believing eyes,
 Thee in thy bloody vesture see ;

And cast us on thy sacrifice!
 Jesus, my Lord, remember me!

HYMN 127. L. M.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
 That I shall find my all in thee?

The fulness of thy promise prove;
 The seal of thy eternal love?

2 *Thee*, only *thee*, I fain would find,
 And cast the world and flesh behind;
 Thou, only thou to me be given,
 Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

3 Whom man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,
 Ready the outcasts to receive;
 Though all my simpleness I own,
 And all my faults to thee are known.

4 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
 Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
 A helpless soul that comes to thee,
 With only sin and misery.

5 Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure!
 I want,—do thou enrich the poor!
 Under thy mighty hand I stoop;
 O lift the abject sinner up!

HYMN 128. C. M.

THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
 Till thou thyself declare,

God inaccessible, unknown;
 Regard a sinner's prayer!

A sinner, welt'ring in his blood,
 Unpurged, and unforgiven:
 Far distant from the living God,
 As far as hell from heaven.

2 An unregenerate child of man,
 To thee for faith I call;

Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
 And raise me from my fall.
 The darkness which through thee I feel,
 Thou only canst remove ;
 Thy own eternal power reveal,
 Thy deity of love.

3 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
 That grace may let me go ;
 In hope believing against hope,
 I wait the truth to know.

Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
 Thou wilt thy light afford :
 Bound and oppressed, yet thine I am,
 The prisoner of the Lord.

4 I would not to thy foe submit ;
 I hate the tyrant's chain ;
 Send forth the prisoner from the pit,
 Nor let me cry in vain !
 Show me the blood that bought my peace,
 The covenant blood apply,
 And all my griefs at once shall cease,
 And all my sins shall die.

HYMN 129. 7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high,
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me !

- All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 False, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art :
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

 JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

HYMN 130. L. M.

- AUTHOR** of faith, eternal Word,
 Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
 Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
 To-day as yesterday the same.
- 2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
 And ask the gift unspeakable ;
 Increase in us the kindled fire,
 In us the work of faith fulfil.

- 3 By faith we know thee strong to save,
 (Save us, a present Saviour thou !)
 Whate'er we hope by faith we have ;
 Future and past subsisting now.
- 4 To him that in thy name believes,
 Eternal life with thee is given,
 Into himself he all receives,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
 Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
 With strong commanding evidence,
 Their heavenly origin display.
- 6 Faith lends its realizing light,
 The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
 The Invisible appears in sight,
 And God is seen by mortal eye.

HYMN 131. S. M. [82]

- HOW can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven ?
 How can my gracious Saviour show
 My name inscribed in heaven ?
- 2 What we have felt and seen,
 With confidence we tell ;
 And publish to the sons of men,
 The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe
 That he for us hath died,
 We all his unknown peace receive,
 And feel his blood applied.
- 4 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburthen'd of her load,
 And swells unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love surpassing far
 The love of all beneath,

We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell,
The sacred power we prove;
And conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 132. S. M. [84]

WE by his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestow'd.

2 His Spir't to us he gave,
And dwells in us we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

3 The meek and lowly heart
That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit does impart,
And signs us with his cross.

4 Our nature's turn'd, our mind
Transform'd in all its powers;
And both the witnesses are join'd,
The Spirit of God with ours.

5 Whate'er our pard'ning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.

HYMN 133. C. P. M.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I had only known thy fear,
 And followed with a heart sincere,
 Thy drawings from above ;
 Now, now the further grace bestow,
 And let my sprinkled conscience know
 Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop
 A stranger to the Gospel hope,
 The sense of sin forgiven :
 I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
 Without the inward witness live,
 That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
 Would he not testify of thee,
 In Jesus reconcil'd ?
 And should I not with faith draw nigh,
 And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
 And know myself thy child ?

5 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
 And to my inmost soul make known
 How merciful thou art:
 The secret of thy love reveal,
 And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
 For ever in my heart !

HYMN 134. H. M. [84]

ARISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede ;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;

His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary ;

They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me ;
Forgive him, O, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die !

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One :

He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son :
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear :

He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

HYMN 135. C. M.

GREAT God ! to me the sight afford,
To him of old allow'd ;
And let my faith behold its Lord,
Descending in a cloud !

2 In that revealing Spir't come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.

3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be !
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majesty.

4 The Lord, the mighty God thou art,
 But let me rather prove,
 'That name inspoken in my heart,
 'That fav'rite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
 In this polluted breast ;
 Mercy is thy distinguish'd name,
 And suits the sinner best.

6 Our mis'ry doth for pity call,
 Our sin implores thy grace ;
 And thou art merciful to all
 Our lost, apostate race.

HYMN 136. C. M.

I ASK the gift of righteousness,
 'The sin-subduing power ;
 Power to believe, and go in peace,
 And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
 'The liberty from sin ;
 'The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,
 'The kingdom fixt within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray,
 'Thou seest my heart's desire ;
 Made ready in thy powerful day,
 'Thy fulness I require.

4 My longing soul cries out, opprest,
 Impatient to be freed !
 Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
 'Till I am sav'd indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert ?
 Art thou not willing too,
 'To change this old rebellious heart,
 'To conquer and renew ?

6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
 So arm me with thy power,
 That I to sin may never cleave,
 May never feel it more.

HYMN 137. C. P. M.

O THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
 Help us to look on thee and mourn,
 On thee whom we have slain ;
 Have pierc'd a thousand, thousand times,
 And by reiterated crimes
 Renew'd thy sacred pain.

2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
 The man transfix'd on Calvary !
 To know thee who thou art,
 The One Eternal God and True ;
 And let the sight affect, subdue,
 And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls to rescue mine,
 Reveal the charity divine,
 That suffer'd in my stead !
 That made thy soul a sacrifice,
 And quench'd in death those flaming eyes,
 And bow'd that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove,
 And by thy manifested love,
 And by thy sprinkled blood,
 Destroy the love of sin in me,
 And get thyself the victory,
 And bring me back to God.

5 Now let thy dying love constrain
 My soul to love its God again,
 Its God to glorify !
 And, lo ! I come thy cross to share,
 Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
 And with my Saviour die.

HYMN 138. L. M. [451]

HERE at thy cross, my Saviour-God,
 I lay my soul beneath thy love !
 O wash me, Jesus, in thy blood,
 And fit me for a throne above !

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

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

4 I'm safe, and nought my soul shall harm ;
 Thy blood shall cleanse my guilt away ;
 Thy voice each rising fear shall calm,
 And guide me up to realms of day !

HYMN 139. C. M. [381]

I WAITED patient for the Lord,
 He bowed to hear my cry ;
 He saw me resting on his word,
 And brought salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
 Where, mourning long I lay ;
 And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
 Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
 And taught my cheerful tongue,
 To praise the wonders of his hand,
 In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad,
 The saints with joy shall hear ;
 And sinners learn to make my God,
 Their only hope and fear.

HYMN 140. L. M. [457]

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

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

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

HYMN 141. C. M. [457]

FAITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight ;
 It pierces through the veil of 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 ;
 We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
 And be again restored.

4 Abrah'm obeyed the Lord's command
 From his own country driven ;
 By faith he sought a promised land,
 But found his rest in heaven.

HYMN 142. S. M. [458]

FAITH—'tis a precious grace,
 Where'er it is bestowed ;
 It boasts a high celestial birth,
 And is the gift of God.

- 2 Jesus it owns as King,
 And all-atoning Priest ;
 It claims no merit of its own,
 But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,
 When filled with deep distress ;
 Flies to the fountain of his blood,
 And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
 And that divinely free,
 Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
 To work this faith in me.

HYMN 143. C. M. [459]

- MISTAKEN** souls that dream of heaven
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust !
- 2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead ;
 None but a living power unites
 To Christ, the living head ;
- 3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart ;
 'Tis faith that works by love ;
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 This faith shall every fear control,
 By its celestial power ;
 With holy triumph fill the soul
 In death's approaching hour.

PRAYER AND INTERCESSION.

HYMN 144. L. P. M. [67]

Wrestling Jacob.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!

My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
'Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there:
But, who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long:
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak then I am strong
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

5 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

6 'Tis love! 'tis love! thou didst for me;
 I hear thy whisper in my heart;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
 Pure, universal love thou art:
 To me, to all, thy bowels move,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

7 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend:
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end:
 Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy nature and thy name is love.

HYMN 145. L. M. [68]

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
 Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
 The glories that compose thy name,
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God!
 And I am thine by sacred ties,
 Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

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

4 E'en life itself, without thy love,
 No lasting pleasure can afford;
 Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
 If I were banished from thee, Lord!

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

HYMN 146. S. M. [69]

- MY 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 one 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 infinite desire:
And yet how far from thee I lie!
O Jesus raise me higher.

HYMN 147. L. M.

I THIRST, thou wounded lamb of God,
 To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
 To dwell within thy wounds ; then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart and let it be
 For ever closed to all but thee !
 Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
 That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide,
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side !
 Who life and strength from thence derive,
 And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
 Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe ?
 Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move ;
 O wond'rous grace ! O boundless love !

SECOND PART.

HYMN 148. L. M.

HOW can it be, thou heavenly King,
 That thou should'st us to glory bring ;
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
 Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?

2 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
 Our words are lost, nor will we know—
 Nor will we think of aught beside,
 " My Lord, my love, is crucify'd."

3 Ah ! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
 To know the wonders thou hast wrought :
 Unloose our stamm'ring tongue to tell
 Thy love immense, unsearchable !

4 First-born of many brethren thou,
 To thee, lo, all our souls we bow :

To thee our hearts and hands we give ;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

HYMN 149. C. M.

JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore ;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power ;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls ! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear :
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear !

4 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died ;
Show them the token of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

5 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
And prove the record true :
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
" I suffer'd this for you !"

HYMN 150. C. M.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three ;
Bring back, the heavenly blessing lost,
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favor and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore ;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep me evermore.

- 3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
 Display thy beams divine;
 And cause the glories of thy face,
 Upon my heart to shine.
- 4 Light, in thy light, O may I see,
 Thy grace and mercy prove!
 Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and bless'd by thee,
 The God of pard'ning love.
- 5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let thy happy child
 Behold, without a cloud between,
 The Godhead reconcil'd.
- 6 That all-comprising peace bestow
 On me, through grace forgiv'n;
 The joys of holiness below,
 And then the joys of heaven!

HYMN 151. L. M.

- O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
 The darkness shineth as the light,
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee,
 O burst these bonds and set it free!
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
 Nail my affections to the cross;
 Hallow each thought, let all within
 Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be thou my light, be thou my way;
 No foes, no violence I fear,
 No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see
 Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee;
 O let thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to thy holy hill!

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN 152. C. M. [73]

O SUN of Righteousness, arise
 With healing in thy wing;
 To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
 Life and salvation bring.

2 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning power
 From low desires set free;
 Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
 My love entire on thee.

3 Father thy long-lost son receive;
 Saviour, thy purchase own;
 Blest Comforter, with peace and joy,
 Thy new-made creature crown.

4 Eternal, undivided Lord,
 Co-equal One in Three,
 On thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,
 All love be paid to thee.

HYMN 153. 7s. [73]

LORD, 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 soul depends;
 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 that 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 154. L. M. [74]

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great builder of thy church below ;
If now thy Spirit moves my breast,
Hear and fulfil thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word ;
And thee their utmost Saviour own,
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses ;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold,
How Christians liv'd in days of old ;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

HYMN 155. C. M.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah, when shall I wake up ?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above to give,
Give me thine only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love ;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee ;
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

HYMN 156. L. M. [75]

MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow ;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day ;
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove and comfort me :
As I have need, my Saviour 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 suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
 Then shall I sigh and weep no more ;
 My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
 To sing thy praise in endless day.

HYMN 157. L. M.

WHOM man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
 Ready the outcasts to receive :
 Though all my simpleness I own,
 And all my faults to thee are known.

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt ?
 Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
 A helpless soul that comes to thee,
 With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure ;
 I want, do thou enrich the poor :
 Under thy mighty hand I stoop ;
 O lift the abject sinner up !

4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight ;
 Lord, I weak, be thou my might ;
 A helper of the helpless be,
 And let me find my all in thee !

HYMN 158. C. M.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
 Display thy saving power :
 Thy mercy let these outcasts find,
 And know their gracious hour.

2 O wouldst thou cast a pitying look,
 All goodness as thou art,
 Like that which faithless Peter's broke,
 On each obdurate heart !

3 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
 And crucified afresh,
 Touch with thine all-victorious blood,
 And turn the stone to flesh.

- 4 Open their eyes thy cross to see,
 Their ears to hear thy cries :
 Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
 For thee he weeps and dies.
- 5 All the day long he meekly stands,
 His rebels to receive ;
 And shows his wounds, and spreads his hands,
 And bids you turn and live.

HYMN 159. C. M. [78]

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers ;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys ;
 Our souls, how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys !

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live,
 At this poor dying rate ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great ?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers ;
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 160. C. M.

ALL glory to the dying Lamb,
 And never-ceasing praise ;
 While angels live to know thy name,
 Or men to feel thy grace !

- 2 With this cold, stony heart of mine,
 Jesus, to thee, I flee;
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renew'd by thee.
- 3 Give me to hide my blushing face,
 While thy dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 4 O may the uncorrupted Seed,
 Abide and reign within;
 And thy life-giving word forbid
 My new-born soul to sin.
- 5 Father, I wait before thy throne;
 Call me a child of thine:
 Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
 To form my heart divine.
- 6 There shed thy promis'd love abroad,
 And make my comfort strong;
 Then shall I say, "My Father God!"
 With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN 161. C. M.

- FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
 No other help I know;
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah, whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
 Before I drew my breath!
 What pain, what labor, to secure
 My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
 I now should feel thy power;
 Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
 Nor let me wait one hour.

- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die,
O speak and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

HYMN 162. L. M. [80]

- O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.
- 2 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving kindness wait;
And oh, how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate!
- 3 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh,
To thee our trembling hearts aspire:
And lo! we see descend from high,
The pillar and the flame of fire.
- 4 Still let it on the assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill:
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.

HYMN 163. L. M. [81]

- O LET the pris'ners mournful cries,
As incense in thy sight appear!
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply, they may find thee near.

- 2 The captive exiles make their moans,
 From sin impatient to be free ;
 Call home, call home thy banish'd ones !
 Lead captive their captivity !
- 3 Show them the blood that bought their peace,
 The anchor of their steadfast hope ;
 And bid their guilty terrors cease,
 And bring the ransom'd pris'ners up.
- 4 Out of the deep regard their cries,
 The fallen raise, the mourners cheer ;
 O, Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 And scatter all their doubt and fear !
- 5 Pity the day of feeble things ;
 O gather every halting soul !
 And drop salvation from thy wings,
 And make the contrite sinner whole.

HYMN 164. S. M.

- BLEST** Comforter divine !
 Let rays of heavenly love,
 Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
 And guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
 Us from each sinful way ;
 And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
 Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath
 Make every cloud of care,
 And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
 A smile of glory wear.
- 4 O, fill thou every heart
 With love to all our race !
 Great Comforter ! to us impart,
 These blessings of thy grace.

HYMN 165. L. M. [480]

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"

Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin's polluting power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear;

Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
O be thy boundless love revealed
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

HYMN 166. C. M. [362]

GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
We kneel within thy house of prayer;
O give us hearts to pray.

2 The clouds, which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
O make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

HYMN 167. L. M. [349]

HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one who seeks his God in vain?

Canst thou thy face for ever hide,
And still I pray and be denied?

2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return?

3 How long shall my poor troubled breast,
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sink so low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If thou withhold thy heav'nly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

5 How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

HYMN 168. C. M.

O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art!
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience peace,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith present our prayers ;
 And, in the presence of our Lord,
 Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 Enforc'd by mighty grace,
 Awaken many sinners round,
 To come and fill the place.

HYMN 169. C. M. [343]

OUT of the depth of self-despair
 To thee, O Lord, I cry ;
 My misery mark, attend my prayer,
 And bring salvation nigh.

2 If thou art rig'rously severe,
 Who may the test abide ?
 Where shall the man of sin appear,
 Or how be justified ?

3 But O forgiveness is with thee,
 That sinners may adore ;
 With filial fear thy goodness see,
 And never grieve thee more.

4 My soul, while still to Him it flies,
 Prevents the morning ray :
 O that his mercy's beams would rise,
 And bring the gospel day !

HYMN 170. C. M. [359]

WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
 To those bright realms above,
 That glorious temple in the skies,
 Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before the gracious throne we bow,
 Of heaven's almighty King ;
 Here we present the solemn vow,
 And hymns of praise we sing.

3 O Lord, while in thy house we kneel,
 With trust and holy fear,
 Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
 And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
 And tune our lips to sing;
 Nor from thy presence cast away
 The sacrifice we bring.

HYMN 171. C. M. [350]

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
 My God, how long delay?
 When shall I feel those heavenly rays,
 That chase my fears away?

2 See how the prince of darkness tries,
 All his malicious arts!
 He spreads a mist before my eyes,
 And throws his fiery darts.

3 Be Thou my sun and Thou my shield!
 My soul in safety keep;
 Make haste, before mine eyes are seal'd,
 In death's eternal sleep.

4 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace,
 Where all my hopes have hung:
 I shall employ my lips in praise,
 And vict'ry shall be sung!

HYMN 172. C. M. [461]

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; rather let me freely yield,
 What most I prize to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.

HYMN 173. L. M. [463]

SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest,
 Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;
 Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
 And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
 Come, make your constant dwelling here:
 Still let your presence cheer my heart,
 Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 O God of hope and peace divine,
 Make thou these sacred pleasures mine!
 Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
 And fill my heart with joy and love.

HYMN 174. C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Utter'd or unexpressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try!
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air;
 His watch-word at the gates of death;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 175. C. M.

- PRAYER is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways ;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
- 2 The saints in prayer appear as one,
 In word and deed and mind ;
 While with the Father, and the Son,
 Sweet fellowship they find.
- 3 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
 The Holy Spirit pleads,
 And Jesus on the eternal throne,
 For mourners intercedes.
- 4 O thou, by whom we come to God,
 The life, the truth, the way !
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

HYMN 176. S. M.

- JESUS, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hearest my prayer.
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do,
 On thee, Almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down, and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill.
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss ;
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly ;
 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care,
 Forever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

HYMN 177. L. M.

COMMAND thy blessing from above,
 O God, on all assembled here ;
 Behold us with a Father's love,
 While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessings, Jesus, Lord ;
 May we thy true disciples be ;
 Speak to each heart the mighty word,
 Say to the weakest—" follow me."

3 Command thy blessing in this hour
 Spirit of truth, and fill the place
 With humbling and with healing power,
 With killing and with quickening grace.

4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
 One true eternal God confessed !
 Whom thou hast joined may none divide,
 None dare to curse whom thou hast blessed.

5 With thee and these for ever found,
 May all the souls who here unite,
 With harps and songs thy throne surround,
 Rest in thy throne, and reign in light.

HYMN 178. C. M.

BEING of beings, God of love,
 To thee our hearts we raise ;
 Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
 And gladly sing thy praise.

- 2 Thine, wholly thine we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heavenward our every wish aspires;
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask, we open then
Our hearts to embrace thy will:
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again;
With all thy fullness fill.
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

HYMN 179. L. M.

- FATHER, whose everlasting love,
Thy only Son for sinners gave;
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent him down, the world to save
- 2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.
- 3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race;
For all thou hast in Christ prepared,
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.
- 4 The world he suffered to redeem;
For all he hath the atonement made:
For those that will not come to him,
The ransom of his life was paid.
- 5 Why then, thou universal love,
Should any of thy grace despair?

To all, to all, thy bowels move ;
 But straightened in our own we are.

HYMN 180. 7s. 6 lines.

ROCK of Ages ! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know
 This for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save and thou alone :
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN 181. 7s.

OTHER ground can no man lay ;
 Jesus, take our sins away :
 Jesus the foundation is ;
 This shall stand, and only this.
 Fitly framed in him we are,
 All the building rises fair :
 Let it to a temple rise,
 Worthy him who fills the skies :

2 Husband of thy church below,
 Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
 Unto thee betrothed in love,
 Always let us faithful prove ;

Never rob thee of our heart,
 Never give the creature part;
 Only thou possess the whole;
 Take our body, spirit, soul!

3 Steadfast let us cleave to thee,
 Love, the mystic union be;
 Union to the world unknown,
 Joined to God in Spirit one:
 Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
 Till the Lamb shall take us home,
 For his heaven the Bride prepare,
 Solemnize our nuptials there.

HYMN 182. C. M.

GOD of eternal truth and grace,
 Thy faithful promise seal!
 Thy word, thy oath, to Abraham's race,
 In us, ev'n us, fulfil!

2 Let us to perfect love restored,
 Thy image here retrieve;
 And in the presence of our Lord
 The life of angels live!

3 That mighty faith on me bestow,
 Which cannot ask in vain;
 Which holds, and will not let thee go,
 Till I my suit obtain.

4 Till thou into my soul inspire
 The perfect love unknown,
 And tell my infinite desire,
 "Whate'er thou wilt, be done!"

5 But is it possible that I
 Should live and sin no more?
 Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
 The faith shall bring the power.

6 On me that faith divine bestow,
 Which doth the mountain move;

And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love.

HYMN 183. 8s, 7s & 4.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Song of praises
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 184. L. P. M.

LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely:
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place;
But hasten through this vale of wo—
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight ;
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light :
 Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind ;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The new Jerusalem to find :
 Our labor this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.

HYMN 185. C. M.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
 With reverence and with fear :
 Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
 We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish, if we cease from prayer ;
 O grant us power to pray !
 And when to meet thee we prepare,
 Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
 In weakness, want and wo,
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Lord, whither shall we go ?

4 God of all grace, we come to thee,
 With broken, contrite hearts ;
 Give what thine eye delights to see,—
 Truth in the inward parts :

5 Give deep humility ;—the sense
 Of godly sorrow give ;
 A strong, desiring confidence,
 To hear thy voice and live !

HYMN 186. C. M.

- O LET triumphant faith dispel
 The fears of guilt and wo!
 If God be for us, God the Lord,
 Who, who shall be our foe?
- 2 He who his only Son gave up
 To death, that we might live,
 Shall he not all things freely grant,
 That boundless love can give?
- 3 Who now his people shall accuse?
 'Tis God hath justified:
 Who now his people shall condemn?
 The Lamb of God hath died
- 4 And he who died hath ris'n again,
 Triumphant from the grave:
 At God's right hand for us he pleads
 Omnipotent to save.

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

HYMN 187. L. M. [146]

- I WANT a principle within,
 Of jealous godly fear;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near:
 I want the first approach to feel,
 Of pride, or fond desire;
 To catch the wand'ring of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 2 From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,

The filial awe, the fleshy heart,
 The tender conscience give.
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make !
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove ;
 And let me weep my life away,
 For having griev'd thy love.
 O, may the least omission pain,
 My well-instructed soul !
 And drive me to the blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole.

HYMN 188. S. M. [147]

THE praying spirit breathe,
 The watching power impart ;
 From all entanglements beneath,
 Call off my peaceful heart :
 My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts opprest ;
 Appear, and bid me turn again,
 To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
 Thine own this moment seize ;
 Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace :
 Suffer'd no more to rove
 O'er all the earth abroad,
 Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
 And shut me up in God.

HYMN 189. C. M. [147]

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
 In this our evil day ;
 To all thy tempted followers give,
 The power to watch and pray.

- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear,
 O let our souls on thee be cast,
 In never-ceasing prayer!
- 3 The spir't of interceding grace
 Give us in faith to claim ;
 To wrestle till we see thy face,
 And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
 Till thou thyself bestow,
 Be this the cry of every heart,
 I will not let thee go.
- 5 I will not let thee go unless
 Thou tell thy name to me ;
 With all thy great salvation bless,
 And make me all like thee.
- 6 Then let me on the mountain top,
 Behold thy open face ;
 Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
 And prayer in endless praise.

HYMN 190. C. P. M.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
 And still my tempted soul stand by,
 Throughout the evil day ;
 The sacred watchfulness impart,
 And keep the issues of my heart,
 And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm,
 In each approach of sin, alarm,
 And show the danger near :
 Surround, sustain and strengthen me,
 And fill with godly jealousy,
 And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
 O let me see thy gathering frown,
 And feel thy warning eye ;
 And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,
 Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink !
 O save me, or I die !

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
 Before I wholly fall away,
 The keen conviction dart !
 Recall me by that pitying look,
 That kind upbraiding glance, which broke
 Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
 And make me like thyself below,
 Unblamable in grace ;
 Ready prepar'd and fitted here,
 By perfect holiness t' appear
 Before thy glorious face.

HYMN 191. S. M. [149]

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky ;
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil—
 O, may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give !
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely ;
 Assur'd if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

HYMN 192. C. M.

HOW vain are all things here below!

How false, and yet how fair!

Each pleasure hath its poison too,

And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky,
Give but a flatt'ring light;

We should suspect some danger nigh,

Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,

How they divide our wav'ring minds,

And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!

Thither the warm affections move,

Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;

And grace command my heart away

From all created good.

HYMN 193. S. M. [150]

GOD of almighty love,

By whose sufficient grace

I lift my heart to things above,

And humbly seek thy face:

Through Jesus Christ the just,

My faint desires receive,

And let me in thy goodness trust,

And to thy glory live.

2 Spirit of faith, inspire

My consecrated heart;

Fill me with pure celestial fire,

With all thou hast and art:

My feeble mind transform,
 And, perfectly renew'd,
 Into a saint exalt a worm—
 A worm exalt to God!

HYMN 194. L. M. [151]

PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear,
 My utter helplessness reveal;
 Satan and sin are always near;
 Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to thee my constant mind,
 Might with an even flame aspire;
 Pride in its earliest motions find,
 And mark the risings of desire.

3 O that my tender soul might fly,
 The first abhorr'd approach of ill;
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 The slightest touch of sin to feel.

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
 Still may I strive, and watch, and pray;
 Humbly and confidently wait,
 And long to see the perfect day.

HYMN 195. S. M. [151]

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
 This slumber from my soul!
 Say to me now, "Awake, awake,
 And Christ shall make thee whole."

2 Give me on thee to call,
 Always to watch and pray,
 Lest I into temptation fall,
 And cast my shield away.

3 For each assault prepared,
 And ready may I be,
 For ever standing on my guard,
 And looking up to thee.

- 4 O, do thou always warn,
 My soul of evil near!
 When to the right or left I turn,
 Thy voice still let me hear:
- 5 "Come back! this is the way!
 Come back! and walk therein!"
 O, may I hearken and obey,
 And shun the paths of sin!

HYMN 196. S. M. [152]

- THOU** seest my feebleness,
 Jesus, be thou my power,
 My help and refuge in distress,
 My fortress and my tower.
- 2 Give me to trust in thee;
 Be thou my sure abode:
 My horn, and rock and buckler be,
 My Saviour and my God.
- 3 Myself I cannot save,
 Myself I cannot keep;
 But strength in thee I surely have
 Whose eyelids never sleep.
- 4 My soul to thee alone,
 Now therefore I commend:
 Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
 And love me to the end!

HYMN 197. S. M. [153]

- BID** me of men beware,
 And to my ways take heed;
 Discern their every secret snare,
 And circumspectly tread.
- 2 O, may I calmly wait
 Thy succors from above!
 And stand against their open hate,
 And well-dissembled love.

3 But above all, afraid
 Of my own bosom foe,
 Still let me seek to thee for aid,
 To thee my weakness show.

4 Hang on thy arm alone,
 With self-distrusting care,
 And deeply in the Spirit groan,
 The never-ceasing prayer.

HYMN 198. S. M. [153]

GIVE me a sober mind,
 A quick discerning eye,
 The first approach of sin to find,
 And all occasions fly.

2 Still may I cleave to thee,
 And never more depart,
 But watch with godly jealousy,
 Over my evil heart.

3 Thus may I pass my days
 Of sojourning beneath,
 And languish to conclude my race,
 And render up my breath.

4 In humble love and fear,
 Thine image to regain,
 And see thee in the clouds appear,
 And rise with thee to reign!

HYMN 199. L. M. [155]

PRAYER is appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give ;
 Long as they live should Christians pray ;
 They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
 If guilt deject ; if sin distress ;
 In every case, still watch and pray.

- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
 Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
 Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak:
 But pray with faith in Jesus's name.
- 4 Depend on Him; thou canst not fail;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known;
 Fear not, his merits must prevail:
 Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

HYMN 200. C. M. [155]

- THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out,
 O bless my coming in!
 Compass my weakness round about,
 And keep me safe from sin.
- 2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
 Thy tabernacle spread;
 Shelter me with preserving grace,
 And screen my naked head.
- 3 O, that I never, never more,
 Might from thy ways depart;
 Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
 By giving thee my heart.
- 4 Fix my new heart on things above,
 And then from earth release;
 I ask not life, but let me love,
 And lay me down in peace.

HYMN 201. L. P. M. [156]

- OFT have we pass'd the guilty night,
 In revelling and frantic mirth:
 The creature was our sole delight,
 Our happiness the things of earth;
 But oh, suffice the season past!
 We choose the better part at last.
- 2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
 We will not let our eyelids sleep;
 But humbly lift them to the skies,
 And all a solemn vigil keep;

So many nights on sin bestow'd,
Can we not watch one hour for God ?

3 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake
Devote our every hour to thee
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody ;
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 O, may we all triumphant rise,
With joy upon our heads return,
And far above these nether skies,
By thee on eagle's wing upborne,
Through all yon radiant circles move,
And gain the highest heaven of love.

HYMN 202. S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray ;
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down ;
The arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

HYMN 203. L. M. [462]

SO let our lips and lives express,
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,
The honors of our Saviour-God ;
When his 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 and 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 204. C. M. [342]

JOIN, all ye ransom'd sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

2 Blessing, and thanks, and love and might,
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls he leads,
Thither he bids us rise
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet him in the skies.

HYMN 205. C. M. [465]

AM I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise ?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies ?

2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain ?
Or is it formed anew ?
What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue ?

3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
 My real state to know !
 If I am wrong, O set me right !
 If right, preserve me so !

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

HYMN 206. S. M. [171]

SOLDIERS of Christ arise,
 And put your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through his Eternal Son :
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endu'd ;
 But take to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God :
 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul :
 Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole :
 Indissolubly join'd,
 To battle all proceed ;
 But arm yourselves with all the mind
 That was in Christ, your Head.

HYMN 207. S. M. [172]

POUR out your souls to God,
 And bow them with your knees
 And spread your hearts and hands abroad,
 And pray for Zion's peace ;
 Your guides and brethren bear,
 For ever on your mind ;
 Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
 In grasping all mankind.

2 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray :
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day ;
 Still let the Spirit cry
 In all his soldiers, " Come,"
 Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
 And take the conquerors home.

HYMN 208. C. M. [172]

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

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

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall ;
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 209. S. M. [173]

HARK, how the watchmen cry !
 Attend the trumpet's sound ;
 Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh ;
 The powers of hell surround :
 Who bow to Christ's command,
 Your arms and hearts prepare ;
 The day of battle is at hand !
 Go forth to glorious war.

2 See, on the mountain top,
 The standard of your God !
 In Jesus' name I lift it up,
 All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
 His standard bearer, I
 To all the nations call :
 Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh ;
 He bore the cross for all.

3 Only have faith in God :
 In faith your foes assail :
 Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
 But all the powers of hell :
 From thrones of glory driven,
 By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
 They throng the air, and darken heaven,
 And rule this lower world.

HYMN 210. C. M. [174]

AM 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 :
 Whilst others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas ?

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, though they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

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

HYMN 211. S. M.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight ;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright ;
Control my every thought ;
My whole of sin remove ;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb ! which was in thee ;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity !
With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call ;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all !

3 O may I love like thee !
In all thy footsteps tread !

Thou hatest all iniquity,
 But nothing thou hast made.
 O may I learn the art,
 With meekness to reprove ;
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 But still the sinner love !

 CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

HYMN 212. S. M. [175]

JESUS, I fain would find
 Thy zeal for God in me :
 Thy yearning pity for mankind,
 Thy burning charity.
 2 In me thy spirit dwell !
 In me thy bowels move !
 So shall the fervor of my zeal
 Be the pure flame of Love.

HYMN 213. L. M.

O THOU who all things canst control,
 Chase this dread slumber from my soul,
 With joy and fear, with love and awe,
 Give me to keep thy perfect law.
 2 O may one beam of thy blest light,
 Pierce through, dispel the shade of night ;
 Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
 With holy, conquering zeal inspire.
 3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant,
 Yet heavy is my soul and faint ;
 With steps unwav'ring, undismay'd,
 Give me in all thy paths to tread.

4 With outstretch'd hands, and streaming eyes,
 Oft I begin to grasp the prize ;
 I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray :
 But ah ! how soon it dies away !

5 The deadly slumber soon I feel,
 Afresh upon my spirit steal ;
 Rise, Lord ; stir up thy quickening power,
 And wake me that I sleep no more.

6 Single of heart O may I be !
 Nothing may I desire but thee :
 Far, far from me the world remove,
 And all that holds me from thy love !

HYMN 214. C. M. [176]

ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame,
 The fire of love supplies ;
 While that which often bears the name,
 Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
 Can pity and forbear ;
 The false is headstrong, fierce and wild ;
 And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
 He knows the worth of peace ;
 But self contends for names and forms,
 Its party to increase.

4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
 Its end is satisfied,
 If sinners love the Saviour's name,
 Nor seeks it aught beside.

5 But self, however well employed,
 Has its own ends in view ;
 And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
 " Come, see what I can do."

6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
 And be applauded here ;

But zeal the best applause will gain,
When Jesus shall appear.

HYMN 215. C. M. [485]

AWAKE my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on,
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize,
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun :
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

HYMN 216. C. M.

DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be ?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold ;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain ;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign ;

Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

HYMN 217. C. M. [447]

THE saints above once here below
Bedew'd their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

2 I ask them whence their vict'ry rose :
They, with united breath,
Say, " Jesus conquer'd all our foes :
We triumph by his death !"

3 They mark'd the footsteps which he trod ;
His zeal inspir'd their breast ;
And, following their incarnate God,
They gain'd the promis'd rest.

4 The Lamb we praise with pure delight,
For his own pattern given :
While clouds of witnesses in sight,
Show the same path to heaven.

HYMN 218. C. M.

THE message first to Smyrna sent,
A message full of grace ;
To all the Saviour's flock is meant,
In every age and place.

2 Thus to his church, his chosen bride,
Saith the great **FIRST** and **LAST**,
Who ever lives—though once he died !
" Hold thy profession fast.

3 " Thy works and sorrow well I know,
Perform'd and borne for me ;
Poor though thou art, despis'd and low,
Yet who is rich like thee ?

4 " Be faithful unto death, nor fear
A few short days of strife ;

Behold the prize you soon shall wear,
A crown of endless life."

5 Hear what the Holy Spirit saith
Of all who overcome ;
"They shall escape the second death,
The sinner's awful doom !"

HYMN 219. C. M. [380]

THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue,
Lest I let slip one sinful word,
Or do my neighbor wrong."

2 If I am e'er constrain'd to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 Yet, if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be overawed,
But let the scoffing sinners hear,
That I can speak for God !

TRUSTING IN GRACE AND PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 220. 7s, 6s, & 8. [157]

VAIN, delusive world, adieu !
With all of creature good ;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood !
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and 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 wo,
The sin-atonng Victim died :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified !
- 3 Here will I set up my rest,
My fluctuating heart,
From the haven 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 ;
This is all my happiness,
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, the breadth, the height
And depth of Jesus' love !
Fain would I to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified !

HYMN 221. C. M. [158]

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;

- His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh,
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address,
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 222. L. M. [159]

- JESUS, 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 highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief a 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, whose I am;
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then 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 223. C. M. [160]

MY 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 Were I possessor of the earth,
 And call'd the stars my own,
 Without thy graces and thyself,
 I were a wretch undone.

5 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 224. 7s. [161]

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing ;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod :
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banished seed, be glad,
Christ, our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes ;
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land ;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee !

HYMN 225. L. M. [161]

HOW do thy mercies close me round !

For ever be thy name ador'd !

I blush in all things to abound ;

The servant is above his Lord !

2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,

A suff'ring life my Master led ;

The Son of God, the Son of Man,

He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo ! a place he hath prepar'd

For me, whom watchful angels keep ;

Yea, he himself becomes my guard ;

He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

- 4 Jesus protects ; my fears begone :
 What can the Rock of Ages move !
 Safe in thine arms I lay me down,
 Thy everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
 Who, who shall violate my rest ?
 Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy ;
 I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 226. L. M.

- GOD of my life, whose gracious power,
 Thro' various deaths my soul hath led ;
 Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head !
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling providence I see :
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, O whither should I fly !
 But to my loving Saviour's breast ;
 Secure within thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest.
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But thou, O Christ ! my wisdom art :
 I ever into ruin run,
 But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known ;
 Bring me where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving thee alone.
- 6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room ;
 Enter, and in me ever stay :
 The crooked then shall straight become,
 The darkness shall be lost in day.

HYMN 227. 10s. & 11s. [163]

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers af-
fright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all
unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, the Lord will pro-
vide.

2 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise, the Lord will pro-
vide.

3 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain :
But when such suggestions our graces have
tried,
This answers all questions, The Lord will pro-
vide.

4 No strength of our own, nor goodness we
claim ;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' name ;
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide ;
The Lord is our power, the Lord will pro-
vide.

5 When life sinks apace and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through ;
Not fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will pro-
vide.

HYMN 228. L. P. M. [164]

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;

His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye:
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN 229. C. M. [165]

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour :
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

HYMN 230. L. M. [166]

AWAY, my unbelieving fear !
 Fear shall in me no more have place ;
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face :
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield ?
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no :
 I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
 The fields elude the tiller's toil,
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race,
 Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
 And not one bud of grace appear,
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin and only sin is here :
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see ;

Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name.

To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind ;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 231. L. M.

PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st 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 sacred hairs which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all ;
This truth he's publish'd all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 232. L. M.

THE ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need ;
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
 That seeks in God his only rest;
 May I that happy person be,
 In time and in eternity.

HYMN 233. C. M. [167]

- JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
 To thee for help we fly;
 Thy little flock in safety keep,
 For, oh! the wolf is nigh!
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
 To scatter, tear, and slay;
 He seizes every stragling soul,
 As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
 And gather with thy arm;
 Unless the fold we first forsake,
 The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power
 While by our Shepherd's side;
 The sheep he never can devour,
 Unless he first divide.
- 5 O, do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree:
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in thee!
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,
 Together let us die;

And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

HYMN 234. C. P. M. [168]

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel :
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss inspiring hope !
It lifts the fainting spirits up ;
It brings to life the dead :
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity ;
We soon with open face shall see :
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

HYMN 235. L. M. [169]

THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine :

My longing heart implores thy grace :

O make me in thy likeness shine !

2 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast ;

When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

3 Close by thy side still may I keep,
How'er life's various current flow ;

With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

4 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod ;

In me thy strengthening grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood !

HYMN 236. L. M.

ETERNAL Beam of Light divine,

Fountain of unexhausted love ;

In whom the Father's glories shine,

Through earth beneath and heaven above.

2 Jesus, the weary wanderers' rest,

Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;

With steadfast patience arm my breast,

With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill ;

Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh !

So shall each murmuring thought be gone ;

And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly,

As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, " Peace ;"

Say to my trembling heart, " Be still ;"

Thy power my strength and fortress is,

For all things serve thy sovereign will.

HYMN 237. L. M. [480]

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
 "Strength shall be equal to thy day,"
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,
 Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things—or can bear
 All suffering, if my Lord be there ;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
 That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
 When I am weak, then I am strong :
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

HYMN 238. C. M. [326]

MY Shepherd will supply my need,
 Jehovah is his name ;
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
 When I forsake his ways :
 And leads me for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk thro' the shades of death,
 Thy presence is my stay ;
 A word of thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
 Doth now my table spread :
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days :
 O may thine house be mine abode,
 And all my work be praise !

HYMN 239. L. M. [384]

- AS pants the hart for water brooks,
 So pants, O God, my soul for thee!
 To thee my thirsty spirit looks;
 O, when shall I thy presence see?
- 2 Why, O my soul, art thou cast down?
 Why this disquiet in my breast?
 Hope thou in God; for, tho' he frown,
 His grace and love shall make thee blest!
- 3 Where mountains rise, and torrents flow,
 My burden'd soul remembers thee;
 By Jordan's stream, 'mid Hermon's snow,
 When waves of trouble rush o'er me.
- 4 Still, Lord, thy goodness cheers my day,
 And in the night thy song I sing;
 In thee I trust, to thee I pray;
 To thee, my Rock, my God, my King!
- 5 Why, O my soul, art thou cast down?
 Why this disquiet in my breast?
 Hope thou in God, for tho' he frown,
 His grace and love shall make thee blest!

HYMN 240. C. M. [460]

- WHAT tho' no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
 Though vines their fruit deny,
 The labor of the olive fail,
 And fields no meat supply;—
- 2 Tho' from the fold, with sad surprise,
 My flock cut off I see;
 Though famine reign in empty stalls,
 Where herds were wont to be;
- 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
 And glory in his love;
 In him I'll joy, who will the God
 Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
 The source of lasting joy ;
 A joy which want shall not impair,
 Nor death itself destroy.

HYMN 241. S. M. [466]

HOW gentle God's commands !
 How kind his precepts are !
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
 His saints securely dwell :
 That hand which bears creation up,
 Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind ?
 O seek your heavenly Father's throne,
 And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
 Unchanged from day to day ;
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,
 And bear a song away.

HYMN 242. L. M. [310]

HIGH in thy heavens, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep :
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large ;
 Both man and beast thy bounty share :
 The whole creation is thy charge,
 But saints are thy peculiar care.

5 My God, how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;
 The sons of Adam, in distress,
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

HYMN 243. L. M. [312]

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
 My daily labor to pursue ;
 Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
 In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 Thee may I set at my right hand,
 Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;
 And labor on at thy command,
 And offer all my works to thee.

3 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
 And every moment watch and pray ;
 And still to things eternal look,
 And hasten to thy glorious day.

4 For thee delightfully employ,
 Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given :
 And run my course with even joy,
 And closely walk with thee to heaven.

HYMN 244. C. M. [311]

SUMMON'D my labor to renew,
 And glad to act my part,
 Lord, in thy name my work I do,
 And with a single heart.

2 And of my every action thou,
 In all things thee I see ;
 Accept my hallow'd labor now,
 I do it unto thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
 He views with gracious eyes ;
 Jesus, this mean oblation join,
 To thy great Sacrifice.

4 Stamp'd with an infinite desert,
 My work he then shall own ;
 Well pleased with me when mine thou art,
 And I his favor'd son.

HYMN 245. S. M. [370]

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied ;
 Since he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place,
 Where heavenly pasture grows ;
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim ;
 And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear ; [shade,
 Though I should walk through death's dark
 My Shepherd's with me there.

HYMN 246. C. M. [371]

SOON 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 and kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want, or die,
 My God, my Saviour will appear,
 And all my need supply.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And trust, still fearing nought;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your thought.

HYMN 247. 11s.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
 What more can he say than to you he hath
 said,
 Who unto the Saviour for refuge hath fled:

2 In every condition, in sickness and health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 As thy day's may demand, shall thy strength
 ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
 to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee
 to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
 shall lie,
 My grace all sufficient shall by thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;

That soul, though all hell should endeavour to
shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake.”

HYMN 248. L. M.

TO God most awful, and most high,
Who formed the earth, the sea, the sky,
To him, on whom all worlds depend,
Our humbled hearts in sighs we send.

2 Will he who hears the raven's cry,
Reject our prayers and bid us die ?
Will he refuse his help to yield,
Who clothes the lilies of the field ?

3 Pale famine lifts at his command,
Her withering arm, and blasts the land ;
The harvests perish at her breath ;
Her train are want, disease and death.

4 But when he smiles, the desert blooms,
New life is born among the tombs ;
O'er the glad plains abundance teems,
And plenty rolls in bounteous streams.

5 Father of grace whom we adore,
Bless thy large family, the poor ;
The poor on thee alone depend,
Continue thou the poor man's friend.

6 Content to live by toil and pain,
May we eternal riches gain ;
Meanwhile by thy free goodness fed,
Give us this day our daily bread.

HYMN 249. S. M.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
- 6 Thou every where hast sway,
And all things serve thy might ;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path, unsullied light.
- 7 When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand ?
Whate'er thy children want, thou giv'st ;
And who shall stay thy hand ?

HYMN 250. L. M.

THE tempter to my soul hath said,
"There is no help in God for thee :"
Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head,
My glory, shield and solace be.

- 2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry ;
He heard me from his holy hill ;
At his command the waves rolled by—
He beckoned, and the winds were still.

4 I laid me down and slept:—I woke—
 Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;
 Bright from the east the morning broke,
 Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though armed throngs
 Compass my steps in all their wrath;
 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
 His presence guards his people's path.

HYMN 251. S. M.

AWAY, my needless fears,
 And doubts no longer mine;
 A ray of heavenly light appears,
 A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
 That calms my troubled breast,
 My Father's hand prepares the cup,
 And what he wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
 And suits the will divine;
 By earth and hell in vain withstood,
 I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take,
 To frustrate his decree;
 They cannot keep a blessing back,
 By Heaven designed for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
 But in his pleasure rest,
 Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
 Engage to make me blest.

HYMN 252. S. M.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismayed:

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way :

Wait thou his time, so shall this night,
 Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart ?
 Still sink thy spirits down ?

Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 Bid every care begone.

4 What though thou rulest not ?
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his sovereign sway,
 To choose and to command ;
 So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
 How wise, how strong his hand !

REJOICING AND PRAISE.

HYMN 253. C. M. [88]

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace !

2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim ;
 To spread through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

5 He speaks—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 254. C. M.

HEAR him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

2 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

3 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain:
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

4 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light,
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.

5 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel, your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

HOW happy are they,
Who their 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 receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' name !

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer 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 lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd 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 did envy Elijah his seat :
My soul mounted higher,

In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O, rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
Of my Saviour possest,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

HYMN 256. C. M. [90]

THY presence, Lord, the place shall fill,
My heart shall be thy throne ;
Thy holy, just and perfect will,
Shall in my flesh be done.

2 I thank thee for the present grace,
And now in hope rejoice,
In confidence to see thy face,
And always hear thy voice.

3 I have the things I ask of thee,
What shall I more require ?
That still my soul may restless be,
And only thee desire.

4 Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord, thy home ;
Come when thou wilt, I that resign,
But oh, my Jesus, come !

HYMN 257. C. M. [91]

COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise :
To him, with joyful voices, give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart ;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be sav'd from sin ;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove :
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

HYMN 258. C. M. [91]

- TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care :
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here then, my God vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face ;
'Tis all I wish to seek ;
T' to attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see !
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

HYMN 259. C. P. M. [92]

- HOW happy, gracious Lord, are we !
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude :

Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimprov'd below :

Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night and summer's day
Glide imperceptibly away.

Too short to sing thy praise ;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers,
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And holy, holy, holy, cry,—

A bright harmonious throng !—
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing around thy seat,
The new, eternal song.

HYMN 260. C. M. [93]

JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid ;
Opprest by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid :
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stay'd !

3 Whate'er in me seems wise or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim ;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,

Till summon'd to the marriage feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

HYMN 261. L. M. [94]

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring!
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the blest hour, when from above,
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O, may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold:

4 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 262. *Double 8s.* [94]

THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:

The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode;
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:
Thy love for a sinner declare;
Thy passion and death on the tree;

My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.
 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only I covet to rest ;
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast :
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart :
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN 263. *Double 8s.* [95]

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see ;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers,
 Have all lost their sweetness to me :
 The midsummer 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 resign'd ;
 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 to thee upon high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 264. L. M.

HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
 The blessing of God's chosen race ;
 The wisdom coming from above,
 The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description, he
 Who knows " the Saviour died for me !"
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine ! who tells the price
 Of wisdom's costly merchandize ?
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
 True riches, and immortal praise ;
 Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
 And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
 Chaste, holy, spiritual delights ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains ;
 Thrice happy who his guest retains !
 He owns, and shall for ever own,
 Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

HYMN 265. 8s. & 7s. [97]

COME, 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—I'm fix'd upon it :
 Mount of thy redeeming love !

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd 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 wand'ring 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 266. H. M.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
 Your Lord and King adore ;
 Mortals give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love,

When he had purged our stains,
 He took his seat above ;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail ;
 He rules o'er earth and Heaven :

The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,

And fall beneath his feet :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy ;

And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the judge shall come ;

And take his servants up
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

HYMN 267. 7s.

HARK ! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore :
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent, shall reign ;

Hallelujah! let the word

Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depth unto the skies,

Wakes above, beneath, around,

All creation's harmonies:

See Jehovah's banner furled,

Sheathed his sword: he speaks: 'tis done;

And the kingdoms of this world

Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole

With illimitable sway:

He shall reign, when like a scroll,

Yonder heavens have passed away:—

'Then the end;—beneath his rod,

Man's last enemy shall fall;

Hallelujah! Christ in God,

God in Christ, is all in all.

HYMN 268. 7s.

HERALDS of creation cry,—

Praise the Lord, the Lord most high:

Heaven and earth obey the call,

Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

2 For he spake, and forth from night

Sprang the universe to light;

He commanded—nature heard,

And stood fast upon his word.

3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,

Spirits perfected in love;

Sun and moon, your voices raise,

Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.

4 Earth, from all thy depths below,

Ocean's hallelujah's flow;

Lightning, vapour, wind and storm,

Hail and snow, his will perform.

5 Vales and mountains, burst in song ;
 Rivers, roll with praise along :
 Clap your hands, ye trees, and hail,
 God, who comes in every gale.

HYMN 269. C. M.

SING we the song of those who stand
 Around the eternal throne,
 Of every kindred, clime, and land,
 A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
 To-day the young, the old,
 Our Saviour, and his flock appear,
 One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
 On earth the pilgrim throng ;—
 Yet learn we in our low estate,
 The church triumphant's song.

4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Cry the redeemed above,
 Blessing and honor to obtain,
 And everlasting love.

5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
 Who died our souls to save,
 Henceforth, O death ! where is thy sting ?
 Thy victory, O grave ?

6 Then hallelujah ! power and praise
 To God in Christ be given ;
 May all who now this anthem raise,
 Renew the strain in heaven.

HYMN 270. S. M.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of his choice :
 Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart, and soul, and voice.

- 2 Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessing high,
 Who would not fear his holy name
 And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips—our minds inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 There, with benign regard,
 Our hymns he deigns to hear:
 Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
 The Spirit feels him near.
- 5 God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours;
 Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
 With all our ransom'd powers.
- 6 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
 The Lord your God adore;
 Stand up and bless his glorious name,
 Henceforth for evermore.

HYMN 271. S. M. [98]

- COME ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known:
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround his throne.
 Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew our God;
 But servants of the heavenly King,
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 2 The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas;
 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love;

He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;

There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in :

Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state ;

The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;

Celestial fruit on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow :

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;

We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 272. C. M. [99]

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone ;

Walking in all his ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know :

They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And *we* in hymns below.

3 *Thee*, in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne !

We in the kingdom of thy grace :
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise ;

And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

HYMN 273. H. M.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
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 !
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free ;
'Tis music in his ears ;
'Tis life and victory :
New songs doth now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for 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.

6 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 ?

7 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 crucify'd ;
 For all, for all my Saviour died.

HYMN 274. L. M. [101]

LORD, how secure and blest are they
 Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin !
 Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
 Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads
 Made up of innocence and love ;
 And soft, and silent as the shades,
 Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on ;
 But fly not half so swift away :
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,
 And calm as summer evening's be.

4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,
 Where groves of living pleasure grow !
 And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
 Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
 But spend the day and share the night,
 In numbering o'er the richer joys
 That heaven prepares for their delight.

HYMN 275. C. M.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
 Unmerited and free,
 Delights our evil to remove,
 And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
 Thou dost with sinners bear ;
 That, sav'd we may thy goodness feel,
 And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
 To every soul, abound ;
 A vast, unfathomable sea,
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store ;
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are !
 A rock that cannot move :
 A thousand promises declare
 Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
 Unalterably sure ;
 And while the truth of God remains,
 His goodness must endure.

HYMN 276. 10s. & 11s. [102]

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er ;
 A country I've found where true joys abound,
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

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,
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad
 day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort—go after
 him, go ;

Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will
prove.

[sin,

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ
within :

And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind :
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.

HYMN 277. C. M. [103]

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights !

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break thro' every foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 278. L. P. M. [104]

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
 His truth for ever stands secure :
 He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

HYMN 279. C. M. [105]

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou sovereign Lord of all,
 Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
 When virtue lies distress'd ;
 Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
 Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
 Thou hear'st the children's cry ;
 And their best wishes to fulfil,
 Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove,
 From men of heart sincere :
 Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
 Is join'd with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
 And spread thy fame abroad ;
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honors of their God.

HYMN 280. L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
 Your hearts and voices in his praise ;
 His nature and his works invite,
 To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames ;
 He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
 Who spreads his clouds along the sky ;
 There he prepares the fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn—
 He clothes the smiling fields with corn :
 The beasts with food his hands supply,
 And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force ?
 The sprightly man, or warlike horse ?
 The piercing wit, the active limb,
 Are all too mean delights for him.

6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
 He views his children with delight ;
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
 He looks, and loves his image there.

HYMN 281. C. M. [107]

SALVATION! O the joyful sound !

What pleasure to our ears !

A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honor, praise, and power,

Be unto the Lamb for ever !

Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !

Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !

2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky,
 Conspire to raise the sound.

Glory, &c.

3 Salvation ! O, thou bleeding Lamb !

To thee the praise belongs :

Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

Glory, &c.

HYMN 282. C. M. [107]

COME, let us join our cheerful songs

With angels round the throne :

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
 To be exalted thus :

Worthy the Lamb our hearts reply
 For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine ;

And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

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

HYMN 283. C. M. [108]

MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end?
The numbers of thy grace.

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, oh, blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road:
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

HYMN 284. 8s, 7s & 4s. [109]

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Mov'd by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee, I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor;

And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vieing,
Glory! glory to the Lamb!

O, how precious,
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song :

Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

5 Now I see with joy and wonder,
Whence the gracious spring arose;
Angel minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause :

Yet the blessing,
Down to all, to me it flows.

HYMN 285. 8s. [109]

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend ;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end :
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home :
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 286. C. M. [110]

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven !
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven :

A country far from mortal sight,
 Yet oh, by faith I see ;
 'The land of rest, the saints' delight,
 'The heaven prepar'd for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours !
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,
 And antedate that day :
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ conceal'd ;
 And with his glorious presence here,
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O, would he more of heaven bestow !
 And when the vessels break,
 Then let our ransom'd spirits go,
 To grasp the God we seek ;
 In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
 Who bought the sight for me ;
 And shout and wonder at his grace,
 To all eternity.

HYMN 287. L. M. [111]

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress :
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully absolv'd through these I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
 Who from the Father's bosom came ;
 Who died for me, e'en me t' atone,
 Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
 Which at the mercy seat of God,

For ever doth for sinners plead,
For *me*, e'en for *my* soul was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
For ALL a full atonement made.

HYMN 288. S. M.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How glorious is thy name!
Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad,
Throughout creation's frame!

2 In native white and red,
The rose and lily stand;
And free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

3 The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song;
And bears her Maker's praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.

4 Fain would I rise and sing
To my Creator too;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him praises due.

5 Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above!
Wrap me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice of love.

6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days:
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

HYMN 289. L. M. [32]

WHEN at this distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,

What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2 With THEE in the obscurest cell,
On some bleak mountain would I dwell;
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.

3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ!
I see the King of glory shine;—
I feel his love and call him mine.

4 On Tabor thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

HYMN 290. L. P. M. [112]

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursu'd?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me!

2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design!
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above
(So free, so infinite his grace!—)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;

Thine eye diffus'd a quick'ning ray ;

I woke, the dungeon flam'd with light !
My chains fell off, my heart was free :
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him is mine !

Alive in him, my living Head,
And cloth'd in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

HYMN 291. C. M.

O 'TIS 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,
When love inspires my breast ;

Love the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease ;

Must sound from every joyful string,
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

4 Let life immortal seize my clay,
Let love refine my blood ;

Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

5 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home,

I leap to meet thy kind embrace
I come, O Lord, I come.

6 Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let sin and death remove ;

'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

HYMN 292. C. M.

INFINITE, unexhausted Love!

(Jesus and Love are one :)

If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrain'd to none.

2 What shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?

The length, and breadth, and heights 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 known,
Wide as infinity!

So wide it never pass'd by one,
Or had it pass'd by me.

5 My trespass was grown up to heaven
But far above the skies,

In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise!

HYMN 293. L. M. [314]

WHO can describe the joys that rise

Through all the courts of Paradise,

To see a prodigal return,

To see an heir of glory born!

2 With joy the Father doth approve

The fruit of his eternal love:

The Son, with joy, looks down and sees

The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
 The contrite soul he forms anew;
 And saints and angels join to sing
 The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 294. L. M. [453]

“I KNOW that my Redeemer lives :”
 What joys and hopes this sentence gives!
 The Saviour lives, who once was dead,
 Exalted now my glorious Head!

2 He lives,—to silence all my fears,
 To wipe away my bitter tears,
 To plead for me with God above,
 To bless me with his saving love.

3 He lives,—my kind and heav’nly Friend,
 And he will love me to the end;
 His praises I will joyful sing,—
 My Teacher and my Priest and King!

4 He lives, all glory to his name!
 Jesus, Redeemer, still the same:
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,—
 “I know that my Redeemer lives!”

HYMN 295. C. M. [361]

WHAT shall I render to my God,
 For all his kindness shown?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house
 My offering shall be paid;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever blessed God!
 How dear thy servants in thy sight!
 How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are !
 How great thy grace to me !
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.

HYMN 296. L. M. [322]

AWAKE, our souls ! away, our fears !
 Let every trembling thought be gone !
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From Thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply :
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire along the heavenly road.

HYMN 297. L. M. [323]

BLEST are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty ;
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 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.

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

4 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
 From the defiling power of sin ;
 With endless pleasure they shall see
 'The God of spotless purity.

5 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.

HYMN 298. C. M. [347]

WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
 Thy wonders I'll proclaim ;
 'Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
 Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 Thee, glorious God, I'll praise and bless !
 Thou dost prepare thy throne
 To judge the world in righteousness,
 And make thy vengeance known.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt safest refuge prove
 For all who are oppress'd,
 To guard the people of thy love,
 And give the weary rest.

4 The men who knew thy name will trust
 In thy abundant grace :
 For thou didst ne'er forsake the just,
 Who humbly sought thy face.

HYMN 299. L. M. [363]

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ;
 Thy saints adore thy holy name ;
 Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,
 And humbly thy protection claim.

2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust ;
 The breath of life thy Spirit gave ;
 Where, but in thee, can mortals trust ?
 Who, but our God, has power to save ?

- 3 Eternal source of truth and light,
 To thee we look, on thee we call;
 Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
 But thou to us art all in all.
- 4 Still may thy children in thy word,
 Their common trust and refuge see;
 O bind us to each other, Lord,
 By one great tie,—the love of thee.

HYMN 300. C. M. [406]

- ALL** hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall!
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all!
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all!
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all!
- 4 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
 Of this wide earthly ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all!
- 5 O that with yonder holy throng
 We at his feet may fall;
 There join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all!

HYMN 301. C. M. [344]

- BLEST** is the man that shuns the place,
 Where sinners love to meet;
 Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
 And hates the scoffer's seat:

- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
- 3 He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters' side,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Shall spread his branches wide.
- 4 Green as the leaf, and fair and clear,
Shall his profession shine ;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

HYMN 302. C. M. [443]

- GOD** of our lives, thy various praise
Our voices shall resound :
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend,
Whose constant mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life, thy care
In every age, we see ;
And constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear ;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

HYMN 303. L. M. [375]

- BLEST** is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God ;
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities ;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free ;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins,
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines !

HYMN 304. S. M. [375]

O BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er ;
To whom the Lord of righteous sway
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives, in virtue cast,
Their genuine faith declare.

3 While I my guilt conceal'd,
I felt the fest'ring wound ;
Till I my sins to thee reveal'd,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne ;
Our help in trouble's dark array,
Is found in God alone !

HYMN 305. C. M. [373]

MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust ;
Thou hast preserved my face from shame,
Mine honor from the dust.

- 2 Slander and fear, on ev'ry side,
Seiz'd and beset me round ;
I to the throne of grace applied,
And speedy rescue found.
- 3 Thy children from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavilion hide ;
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.
- 4 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell ;
No city wall'd, with watch and ward,
Secures a saint so well !

HYMN 306. S. M. [328]

- TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and power belongs ;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 307. S. M. [313]

- COME sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

3 Come worship at his throne ;
 Come, bow before the Lord :
 We are his works and not our own,
 He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come as the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

HYMN 308. C. M. [388]

O FOR a shout of sacred joy
 To God, the sov'reign King ;
 Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing !

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;
 His heav'nly guards around
 Attend him rising through the sky,
 With trumpet's joyful sound !

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains ;
 Let all the earth his honors sing ;
 O'er all the earth he reigns !

4 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
 He lov'd that chosen race ;
 But now he calls the world his own,
 And heathens taste his grace.

HYMN 309. S. M.

BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
 The Father has bestowed
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God !

- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown ;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 310. L. M. [308]

- JESUS, my King, to thee I bow,
Enlisted under thy command ;
Captain of my salvation, thou
Shalt lead me to the promised land.
- 2 Thou hast a great deliverance wrought,
The staff from off my shoulder broke ;
Out of the house of bondage brought,
And freed me from th' Egyptian yoke.
- 3 O'er the vast howling wilderness,
To Canaan's bounds thou hast me led ;
Thou bidd'st me now the land possess,
And on thy milk and honey feed
- 4 I see an open door of hope ;
Legions of sin in vain oppose ;

Bold, I with thee, my Head, march up,
And triumph o'er a world of foes.

5 Who can before my Captain stand?
Who is so great a King as mine?

High over all is thy right hand,
And might and majesty are thine!

HYMN 311. 8s.

O COME let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice,
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise, with one spirit, one voice:
For Jehovah is King, and he reigns,
The God of all gods, on his throne;
The strength of the hills he maintains,
The ends of the earth are his own.

2 The sea is Jehovah's—he made
The tide its dominion to know;
The land is Jehovah's—he laid
Its solid foundations below.

O come let us worship, and kneel
Before our Creator, our God—
The people who serve him with zeal,—
The flock whom he guides with his rod.

3 As Moses, the fathers of old,
Through the sea and the wilderness led,
His wonderful works to behold,
With manna from heaven are fed:
To-day, let us hearken to-day,
To the voice that yet speaks from above,
And all his commandments obey,
For all his commandments are love.

4 His wrath let us fear to provoke,
To dwell in his favor unite;
His service is freedom, his yoke
Is easy, his burden is light:

But O! of rebellion beware,
 Rebellion, that hardens the breast,
 Lest God in his anger should swear
 That we shall not enter his rest.

HYMN 312. L. M.

SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
 Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
 His glorious name let all adore,
 From age to age, for evermore.

2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
 From the sun's rising to its rest;
 Above the heavens his power is known;
 Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God?—so great, so high,
 He bows himself to view the sky;
 And yet with condescending grace,
 Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
 Of those who sit and weep alone;
 He lifts the mourner from the dust,
 And saves the poor in him that trust.

HYMN 313. 7s.

GLORY be to God above,
 God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Make we mention of his love
 Publish we his praise below:
 Call'd together by his grace,
 We are met in Jesus' name;
 See with joy each other's face,
 Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
 How to make our calling sure;
 Our election how to make,
 Past the reach of hell secure:

Build we each the other up,
 Pray we for our faith's increase ;
 Solid comforts, settled hope,
 Constant joy, and lasting peace.

3 More and more let love abound ;
 Let us never, never rest,
 'Till we are in Jesus found,
 Of our Paradise possess :
 He removes the flaming sword,
 Calls us back, from Eden driven ;
 To his image here restored,
 Soon he takes us up to heaven.

HYMN 314. L. M. [228]

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring ;
 In songs of praise divinely sing ;
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
 In every land begin the song ;
 To every land the strains belong :
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN 315. L. M. [229]

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

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;

And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

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

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

HYMN 316. L. P. M. [229]

LO! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place :
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face ;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
'Th' united choirs of angels sing :
To him enthron'd above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring :
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,—
Wealth, pleasure, fame,—for thee alone ;
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give—
O take! O seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord ;
Be thou by all thy works ador'd!

4 Being of beings! may our praise,
'Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill :
Still may we stand before thy face ;
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

HYMN 317. S. M. [114]

AND let our bodies part,
 To different climes repair;
 Inseparably join'd in heart,
 The friends of Jesus are.

2 Jesus, the corner stone,
 Did first our hearts unite;
 And still he keeps our spirits one,
 Who walk with him in white.

3 O let us still proceed
 In Jesus' work below;
 And following our triumphant Head,
 To farther conquests go.

4 The vineyard of the Lord
 Before his laborers lies:
 And lo! we see the vast reward
 Which waits us in the skies.

5 O, let our heart and mind
 Continually ascend,
 That haven of repose to find,
 Where all our labors end!

6 Where all our toils are o'er,
 Our suff'ring and our pain;
 Who meet on that eternal shore,
 Shall never part again.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 318. S. M.

O HAPPY, happy place,
 Where saints and angels meet!

- There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
- 2 The church of the first-born
We shall with them be blest,
And crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.
- 3 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.
- 4 Abraham and Isaac, there,
And Jacob shall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.
- 5 We shall our time beneath,
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain top.
- 6 To gather home his own
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss on earth begun,
In deathless triumphs end.

HYMN 319. C. M. [115]

- LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.
- 2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end :
Rejoice ! rejoice ! the Lord is King !
The King is now our Friend !
- 3 We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly good look down :
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O, let us stir each other up,
 Our faith by works t' approve,
 By holy, purifying hope,
 And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
 The Holy Ghost receive ;
 And rais'd to our unsinning state,
 With God in Eden live !

6 Live, till the Lord in glory come,
 And wait his heaven to share !
 He now is fitting up our home :
 Go on, we'll meet you there !

HYMN 320. C. M. [116]

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
 Who joins us by his grace,
 And bids us each to each restor'd,
 Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up ;
 And gather'd into one,
 To our high calling's glorious hope,
 We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
 We all delight to prove,
 The grace through every vessel flows,
 In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
 And cordially agree,
 United all through Jesus name
 In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
 The common peace we feel ;
 A peace to sensual minds unknown,
 A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
 In Jesus be so sweet,
 What height of rapture shall we know,
 When round his throne we meet !

HYMN 321. S. M.

JESUS, we look to thee,
 Thy promis'd presence claim ;
 'Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
 Assembled in thy name :
 Thy name salvation is,
 Which here we come to prove ;
 Thy name, is life, and health, and peace,
 And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride,
 Or selfishness we meet ;
 From nature's paths we turn aside,
 And worldly thoughts forget :
 We meet the grace to take,
 Which thou hast freely given ;
 We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
 That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art,
 But O, thyself reveal !
 Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
 'The mighty comfort feel !
 O may thy quick'ning voice,
 'The death of sin remove ;
 And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
 In hope of perfect love !

HYMN 322. C. M. [117]

LO! what an entertaining sight
 Those friendly brethren prove,
 Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
 Of harmony and love !

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the
spring,

Descend on every soul ;

And heavenly peace with balmy wing
Shades and revives the whole.

3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews

That fall on Zion's hill,

Where God his mildest glory shows,
And make his grace distil.

HYMN 323. S. M. [118]

BLEST are the sons of peace,

Whose hearts and hopes are one,

Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house

Where zeal and friendship meet,

Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills

The saints are blest above,

Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

HYMN 324. C. M.

GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,

Meek, lamb-like Son of God,

Bid our unruly passions cease,
By thy atoning blood.

2 Subdue in us the carnal mind,

Its enmity destroy ;

With cords of love our spirits bind,
And melt us into joy.

3 Us into closest union draw,

And in our inward parts,

Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.

4 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control ;
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.

5 O let us find the ancient way
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
" See how these Christians love !"

HYMN 325. S. M. [119]

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred 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 sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be join'd 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
Through all eternity.

HYMN 326. S. M. [120]

AND are we yet alive,
 And see each other's face?
 Glory and praise to Jesus give,
 For his redeeming grace!
 Preserv'd by power divine
 'To full salvation here,
 Again in Jesus' praise we join,
 And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen!
 What conflicts have we past!
 Fightings without and fears within,
 Since we assembled last;
 But out of all the Lord
 Hath brought us by his love;
 And still he doth his help afford,
 And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
 Of his redeeming power,
 Which saves us to the uttermost,
 'Till we can sin no more:
 Let us take up the cross,
 'Till we the crown obtain;
 And gladly reckon all things loss,
 So we may Jesus gain.

HYMN 327. C. M.

GOD of all consolation, take
 The glory of thy grace!
 Thy gifts to thee we render back,
 In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through thee we now together came,
 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 minds continue one :
 And each to each in Jesus join'd,
 We hand in hand go on.
- 4 Subsists as in us all one soul ;
 No power can make us twain ;
 And mountains rise and oceans roll,
 To sever us in vain.
- 5 Present we still in spirit are,
 And intimately nigh ;
 While on the wings of faith and prayer
 We each to other fly.
- 6 In Jesus Christ together we
 In heavenly places sit ;
 Cloth'd with the sun, we smile to see
 The moon beneath our feet.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 328. C. M.

- OUR souls are in his mighty hand,
 And he shall keep them still ;
 And you and I shall surely stand
 With him on Zion's hill !
- 2 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
 Our face like his shall shine ;
 O what a glorious company,
 When saints and angels join !
- 3 O what a joyful meeting there !
 In robes of white array'd :
 Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
 And crowns upon our head.
- 4 Then let us lawfully contend,
 And fight our passage through ;
 Bear in our faithful minds the end,
 And keep the prize in view.

5 Then let us hasten to the day,
 When all shall be brought home;
 Come, O Redeemer, come away,
 O Jesus, quickly come!

HYMN 329. C. M. [121]

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart:
 What'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

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

3 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.

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

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

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

HYMN 330. C. M. [122]

JESUS, united by thy grace,
 And each to each endear'd,
 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 threefold 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 Touch'd with the loadstone of thy love,
 Let all our hearts agree;
 And ever toward each other move,
 And ever move toward thee.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 331. C. M.

- TO thee inseparably join'd,
 Let all our spirits cleave;
 O may we all the loving mind
 That was in thee receive!
- 2 This is the bond of perfectness,
 The spotless charity;
 O let us (still we pray) possess
 The mind that was in thee!
- 3 Grant this, and then from all below
 Insensibly remove;
 Our souls the change shall scarcely know,
 Made perfect first in love!
- 4 With ease our souls through death shall glide
 Into their paradise;
 And thence on wings of angels ride,
 Triumphant through the skies.
- 5 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
 The same delight we prove,
 In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
 Our all in all is Love.

HYMN 332. H.

JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy name belongs ;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs ;
Through thee we now together came,
And part, exulting in thy Name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd,
T' embrace the happy toil,
Thou hast to each assigned ;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways :
And, arm'd with patience, run
With joy th' appointed race ;
Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more :
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home !
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom ;
Earth we shall view, and heaven destroy'd,
And shout above the fiery void.

HYMN 333. C. M. [473]

COME, let us strike our harps afresh,
To great Jehovah's name ;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues,
When we his love proclaim.

2 'Twas by his bidding we were called
In pain awhile to part;

'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare,
And bless the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O, may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love
Our talents to employ.

5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away;
Soon shall our wanderings cease:
Then with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace.

HYMN 334. H. M.

THOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice t' approve,
Thy providence t' obey;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each others' face;
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each others' pain;
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renew'd in perfect love?

4 Surely thou didst unite
 Our kindred spirits here,
 That all hereafter might
 Before thy throne appear :
 Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
 And all thy gracious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
 The blessed end in view,
 And join with mutual care,
 To fight our passage through ;
 And kindly help each other on,
 Till all receive the starry crown.

HYMN 335. L. M.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace is giv'n,
 To know the Saviour's precious name ;
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same,

3 May he by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good spirit from above ;
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love,

4 Forgotten be each earthly theme,
 When christians see each other thus ;
 We only wish to speak of Him,
 Who lived—and died—and reigns—for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
 And suffer'd for us here below ;
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;

And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet—to part no more.

HYMN 336. L. M. [482]

THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad ;
The watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
When absent, thou dost make us share
Thy smiles, thy counsels and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet ;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us, O Lord, within thy house,
Again to pay our thankful vows :
Or, if that joy no more be known,
O may we meet around thy throne.

HYMN 337. C. M. [482]

YE men and angels, witness now,
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,—
A vow we dare not break,—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely ;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;

And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

HYMN 338. L. M. [483]

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God ;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine :
He drew me and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart ;
Fixed on this blissful centre rest :
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High Heaven that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HYMN 339. L. M. [484]

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
O come in Jesus' precious name ;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known ;

We'll share each others' hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

5 Once more our welcome we repeat ;
Receive assurance of our love ;

O may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above !

HYMN 340. C. M. [481]

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word !

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart !

3 When free from envy, scorn and pride ;
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love !

4 When love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows ;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows !

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

HYMN 341. S. M.

SAVIOUR of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name :
Thy mighty name hath been
Our safeguard and our tower :

Hath sav'd us from the world and sin,
And all th' accuser's power.

2 Jesus take all the praise,
That still on earth we live ;

Unspotted in so foul a place,
And innocently grieve :

We shall from Sodom flee,
When perfected in love ;

And haste to better company
Who wait for us above.

3 O what a mighty change
Shall Jesus' suff'ers know !

While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of wo !

No ill-requited love

Shall there our spirits wound ;

No base ingratitude above,

Nor sin in heaven is found.

HYMN 342. 7s.

GOD of love that hear'st the prayer,

Kindly for thy people care ;

Who on thee alone depend,

Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering Tempter's power,

From his unsuspected wiles,

From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependence vain

On the help of feeble man ;

Every arm of flesh remove ;

Stay us on thy only love !

4 Men of worldly, low design,

Let not these thy people join ;

Poison our simplicity ;

Drag us from our trust in thee.

5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honors at thy feet.

6 Never let the world break in ;
Fix a mighty gulf between ;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prised and loved by God alone.

HYMN 343. L. M. [479]

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !

2 To each the soul of each how dear !
What tender love ! what holy fear !
How does the generous flame within
Refine, from earth, and cleanse from sin !

3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and human wo ;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place,
Where God reveals his smiling face :
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

HYMN 344. P. M.

COME let us ascend, my companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above ;
If thy heart be as mine, if for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide, we are bold to out-ride
The storms of affliction beneath ;

With the prophet we soar to the heavenly shore,
And outfly the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come to our permanent
home:

By hope we the rapture improve:

By love we still rise and look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive how happy we
live,

In the palace of God, the great King?

What a concert of praise, when our Jesus'
grace

The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song, when the glorified
throng

In the spirit of harmony join:

Join all the glad choirs, hearts, voices, and
lyres,

And the burden is, "mercy divine!"

HYMN 345. 7s. [471]

FOR a season called to part,

Let us now ourselves commend

To the gracious eye and heart

Of our ever present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:

Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,

Let thy mercy and thy care

All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong:

Sweeten every cross and pain;

And our wasting lives prolong,

Till we meet on earth again.

HYMN 346. L. M.

WHEN those who feared the Lord of old,
Met oft and spake with one accord,
A book was written, and enrolled
Their faithful names before the Lord.

2 They shall be mine, Jehovah said,
And as a signet on my hand,
A crown of glory for my head,
Among my chosen jewels stand.

3 And I will spare them in that day,
E'en as a father spares his son,
When all the proud are swept away,
The wicked, root and branch, undone.

4 Then shall my righteousness be shown,
Then, by their good or evil lot,
The sinner and the saint be known,
Who served the Lord,—who served him not.

5 Lord, we are taught thy name to fear ;
O may we tremble to offend :
Lord, we are taught to serve thee here,
May we be faithful to the end.

HYMN 347. S. M.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found ;

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam :
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door ;

Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire—
Then rest on Zion's hill.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

HYMN 348. 8s. & 7s. [188]

LOVE divine, all love 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 that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning.
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive,
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave :
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee :
 Chang'd 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 349. L. M. [189]

○ JESUS, full of truth and grace,
 O all-atoning Lamb of God,
 I wait to see thy lovely face,
 I seek redemption in thy blood !

2 Now in thy strength I strive with thee,
 My friend and advocate with God ;
 Give me the glorious liberty,
 Grant me the purchase of thy blood.

3 Thou art the anchor of my hope,
 The faithful promise I receive ;
 Surely thy death shall raise me up,
 For thou hast died that I might live.

4 Satan with all his arts, no more
 Me from the Gospel hope can move ;
 I shall receive the gracious power,
 And find the pearl of perfect love.

5 My flesh which cries " it cannot be,"
 Shall silence keep before the Lord ;

And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesus' everlasting word.

HYMN 350. L. M.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above
Assist me with thy heavenly grace ;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O, let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free :
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue ;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine ;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight,
Divide this consecrated soul ;
Possess it, thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

HYMN 351. C. M. [190]

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;

Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O, for a lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean !
Which neither life nor death can part,
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 352. C. M.

THY tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe ;
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am ;
I want thy love to know.

2 My heart thou know'st can never rest,
Till thou create my peace ;
Till of my Eden re-possess,
From every sin I cease.

3 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN 353. C. M. [191]

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
 Wash me, and mine thou art :
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve ;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

HYMN 354. C. M.

LORD, I believe thy every word,
 Thy every promise true ;
 And lo ! I wait on thee, my Lord,
 Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
 Awhile show forth thy praise,
 Jesus, support the tott'ring clay,
 And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
 The common Saviour's name,
 Let him who rais'd thee from the dead,
 Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
 Which purges every stain ;
 And gladly linger out below
 A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me till I my strength of soul,
 Till I thy love retrieve ;
 Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
 And perfect soundness give.

6 For this in steadfast hope I wait,
 Now, Lord, my soul restore ;

Now the new heavens and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

HYMN 355. L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone !

O that I could at last submit

At Jesus' feet to lay it down !

To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !

2 Rest for my soul I long to find :

Saviour of all, if mine thou art,

Give me thy meek and lowly mind,

And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,

And fully set my spirit free ;

I cannot rest till pure within,

Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,

Thy light and easy burden prove ;

The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,

The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power ;

My heart from every sin release ;

Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,

And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,

Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;

Appear, in my poor heart appear !

My God, my Saviour, come away !

HYMN 356. C. M. [193]

LET Him to whom we now belong,

His sovereign right assert ;

And take up every thankful song,

And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,

Who bought us with a price :

The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire ;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire !

4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

HYMN 357. S. M. [164]

JESUS, my Truth, my Way,
My sure unerring Light,
On thee my feeble step I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my guide,
My Counsellor thou art :
Oh, never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause ;
But rest in thy redeeming love
And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art,
In all things to depend
On thee : Oh, never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 358. S. M.

STILL stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine ;

And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

2 Persist to save my soul,
Throughout the fiery hour ;
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all thy power.

3 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place ;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace !

4 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove !
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

5 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd ;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

HYMN 359. C. M.

MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And 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 fixt 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.

HYMN 360. C. M. [195]

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
 To all thy people known ;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art lov'd alone ;

2 A rest where all our souls' desire
 Is fixt on things above ;
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
 Believe, and enter in !
 Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin !

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove :
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The Sabbath of thy love.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 361. C. M.

I WOULD be thine, thou know'st I would,
 And have thee all my own ;
 Thee,—O my all-sufficient Good,
 I want,—and thee alone.

2 Thy name to me thy nature grant,
 This, only this be given :

- Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 3 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend ;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End.
- 4 The bliss thou hast for me prepar'd
No longer be delay'd ;
Come, my exceeding great Reward,
For whom I first was made.
- 5 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 362. C. M.

- O JOYFUL sound of Gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear !
I, even I, shall see his face ;
I shall be holy here.
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness,
To me reach'd out I view ;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promis'd land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see ;
My hope is full—O glorious hope !—
Of immortality.
- 4 He visits now the house of clay,
He shakes his future home ;
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come.
- 5 With me, I know, I feel, thou art :
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

HYMN 363. C. M.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
 Might live to God alone ;
 In him eternal life receive
 And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
 The gift unspeakable ;
 And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
 And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire,
 The perfect bliss to prove ;
 My longing heart is all on fire
 To be dissolv'd in love.

4 Give me thyself from every boast,
 From every wish set free ;
 Let all I am in thee be lost,
 But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas ! cannot suffice,
 Unless thyself be given ;
 Thy presence makes my paradise,
 And where thou art is heaven.

HYMN 364. C. M. [197]

COME, thou omniscient Son of Man,
 Display thy sifting power ;
 Come with thy Spirit's winnowing fan,
 And thoroughly purge thy floor.

2 Look through us with thine eyes of flame,
 The clouds and darkness chase :
 And tell me what by sin I am,
 And what I am by grace.

3 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
 Far from our hearts remove ;
 As dust before the whirlwind flies,
 Disperse it by thy love.

4 Then let us all thy fullness know,
 From every sin set free ;
 Sav'd to the utmost, sav'd below,
 And perfected by thee.

HYMN 365. L. M. [198]

AN inward baptism of pure fire,
 Wherewith to be baptis'd I have ;
 'Tis all my longing soul's desire:
 This, only this, my soul can save.

2 Straiten'd I am till this be done ;
 Kindle in me the living flame ;
 Father, in me reveal thy Son ;
 Baptise me into Jesus' name.

3 Transform my nature into thine ;
 Let all my powers thine impress feel ;
 Let all my soul become divine,
 And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

4 Love, mighty love, my heart o'erpower ;
 Ah ! why dost thou so long delay ?
 Cut short the work, bring near the hour,
 And let me see the perfect day.

HYMN 366. S. M. [198]

FATHER, I dare believe
 Thee merciful and true,
 Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
 My fallen soul renew.

2 Come then, for Jesus' sake,
 And bid my heart be clean :
 An end of all my troubles make,
 An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
 But by believing thee ;
 And waiting for thy blood t' impart,
 The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
 Jesus, the grace bestow ;
 Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
 And I am white as snow.

HYMN 367. C. P. M. [199]

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !
 It lifts me up to things above ;
 It bears on eagles' wings ;
 It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
 And makes me for some moments feast
 With Jesus, priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 I stand, and from the mountain top,
 See all the land below :
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of Paradise,
 In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blest ;
 There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,
 And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up !
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess !
 This moment end my legal years ;
 Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
 A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in !
 Cast out thy foes ; the inbred sin,
 The carnal mind remove ;
 The purchase of thy death divide ;
 And, oh ! with all the sanctified,
 Give me a lot of love !

HYMN 368. C. M.

- I KNOW** that my Redeemer lives,
 And ever prays for me :
 A token of his love he gives,
 A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head,
 He brings salvation near ;
 His presence makes me free indeed,
 And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be,
 What can withstand his will ?
 The counsel of his grace in me,
 He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;
 I steadfastly believe,
 Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
 And to thyself receive.
- 5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
 To meet thee from above ;
 Thy goodness thankfully adores,
 And sure I *taste* thy love.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 369. C. M.

- THY** love I soon expect to find,
 In all its *depths* and *height* ;
 To comprehend th' Eternal Mind,
 And grasp the Infinite.
- 2 When God is mine, and I am his,
 Of paradise possess,
 I taste unutterable bliss,
 And everlasting rest.
- 3 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
 Fully in thee believe,

'Tis more than angel tongues can tell,
Or angel minds conceive.

4 Thou only know'st who didst obtain,
And die to make it known ;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

HYMN 370. 7s. [201]

LOVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am ;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

2 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days,
Then the world shall always see,
Christ the holy child in me.

HYMN 371. C. M. [201]

JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels, who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify,
In answer to my prayer.

HYMN 372. C. M. [202]

- COME, Lord, and claim me for thine own,
 And reign thyself in me ;
 In my poor heart erect thy throne,
 And make me truly free.
- 2 I hate my sins, no longer mine,
 For I renounce them too :
 My weakness in thy strength I join,
 Thy strength shall all subdue.
- 3 Thy love the conquest more than gains,
 To all I shall proclaim,
 Jesus, the King, the conqu'ror reigns ;
 Bow down to Jesus' name.
- 4 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
 And every foe shall fall,
 Till death expires beneath thy feet,
 And God is all in all.

HYMN 373. L. M. [202]

- WHAT! never speak one evil word ?
 Or rash, or idle, or unkind ?
 O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
 This mark of true perfection find ?
- 2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal ;
 Thy Spirit's plenitude impart ;
 And all my spotless life shall tell,
 Th' abundance of a loving heart.
- 3 Saviour, I long to testify
 The fulness of thy saving grace :
 Oh, might thy Spir't the blood apply,
 Which bought for me the sacred peace !
- 4 Forgive, and make my nature whole ;
 My inbred malady remove ;
 To perfect health restore my soul,
 To perfect holiness and love.

HYMN 374. L. M. [203]

GOD of all power, and truth and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure ;
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands forever sure.

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see :
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free ;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

4 O, that I now, from sin releas'd,
Thy word may to the utmost prove !
Enter into the promis'd rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

HYMN 375. L. M. [204]

O JESUS, let thy dying cry
Pierce to the bottom of my heart ;
Its evils cure, its wants supply,
And bid my unbelief depart.

2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin,
Prepare for thee the holiest place !
Then, O essential Love, come in !
And fill thy house with endless praise.

3 Let me, according to thy word,
A tender, contrite heart receive,
Which grieves at having griev'd its Lord,
And never can itself forgive.

4 A heart, thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart that cannot faithless prove,
A heart where Christ alone may dwell,
All praise, all meekness, and all love.

HYMN 376. C. M. [204]

O JESUS ! at thy feet we wait,
 Till thou shalt bid us rise ;
 Restor'd to our unsinning state,
 To love's sweet paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive,
 From all indwelling sin ;

Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
 Shall make us thoroughly clean.

3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
 And pure as those above ;

Make haste to bring thy nature in,
 And perfect us in love.

4 O, that the perfect grace were given,
 Thy love diffused abroad !

O, that our hearts were all a heaven,
 For ever fill'd with God !

HYMN 377. L. M. [205]

JESUS, thy loving Spir't alone,
 Can lead me forth, and make me free ;
 Burst every bond through which I groan,
 And set my heart at liberty.

2 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,
 And give thy servant to possess,

The land of rest from inbred sin,
 The land of perfect holiness.

3 Lord, I believe thy power the same,
 The same thy grace and truth endure ;

And in thy blessed hands I am,
 And trust thee for a perfect cure.

4 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole ;
 Entirely all my sins remove !

To perfect health restore my soul,
 To perfect holiness and love.

HYMN 378. C. M.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?

For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait, till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free ;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners, me.

4 When Jesus makes my heart his home
My sin shall all depart ;
And lo ! he saith, " I quickly come,
To fill and rule the heart !"

5 Be it according to thy word,
Redeem me from all sin :
My heart would now receive thee, Lord ;
Come in, my Lord, come in !

HYMN 379. C. M.

JESUS, my Lord, I cry to thee,
Against the spir't unclean :

I want a constant liberty,
A perfect rest from sin.

2 Expel the fiend out of my heart,
By love's almighty power ;
Now, now command him to depart,
And never enter more.

3 Thy killing and thy quick'ning power,
Jesus, in me display ;
The life of nature, from this hour,
My pride and passion slay.

4 Then, then, my utmost Saviour, raise
My soul with saints above,
To serve thy will, and spread thy praise,
And sing thy perfect love.

5 This moment I thy truth confess ;
This moment I receive
The heavenly gift, the dew of grace,
And by thy mercy live.

6 The next, and every moment, Lord,
On me thy spirit pour :
And bless me, who believe thy word,
With that last glorious shower !

HYMN 380. S. M. [207]

O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within ;
And bring the glorious liberty ;
From sorrow, fear and sin !

2 This inward, dire disease,
Spirit of health remove ;
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume ;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right ;
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state ;
Indulge me but in this ;
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

HYMN 381. L. M. [203]

- COME, O thou greater than our heart,
 And make thy faithful mercies known ;
 The mind which was in thee impart ;
 Thy constant mind in us be shown.
- 2 O let us by thy cross abide ;
 Thee, only thee, resolv'd to know ;
 The Lamb for sinners crucifi'd,
 A world to save from endless wo.
- 3 Take us into thy people's rest,
 And we from our own works shall cease ;
 With thy meek spirit arm our breast,
 And keep our minds in perfect peace.
- 4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait ;
 O let our eyes behold thee near !
 Hasten to make our heaven complete ;
 Appear, our glorious God, appear !

HYMN 382. L. M.

- THOU God that answereth by fire,
 On thee in Jesus' name we call,
 Fulfil our faithful hearts' desire,
 And let us on thy Spirit fall.
- 2 Bound on the altar of thy cross,
 Our old offending nature lies ;
 Now, for the honor of thy cause,
 Come, and consume the sacrifice !
- 3 Consume our lusts as rotten wood,
 Consume our stony hearts within ;
 Consume the dust, the serpent's food,
 And dry up all the streams of sin.
- 4 Its body totally destroy !
 Thyself the Lord, the God approve !
 And fill our hearts with holy joy,
 And fervent zeal, and perfect love.

5 O that the fire from heaven might fall!
 Our sins its ready victims find:
 Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
 Nor leave the least remains behind.

HYMN 383. C. M. [209]

DEEPEN the wound thy hands have made
 In this weak, helpless soul;
 Till mercy with its balmy aid,
 Descend to make me whole,

2 The sharpness of thy two-edg'd sword,
 Enable me t' endure;
 Till bold to say, My hallowing Lord
 Hath wrought a perfect cure.

3 I see th' exceeding broad command,
 Which all contains in one;
 Enlarge my heart to understand
 The mystery unknown.

4 O that with all thy saints I might,
 By sweet experience, prove
 What is the length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth of perfect love!

HYMN 384. C. M. [310]

COME, O my God, the promise seal,
 This mountain sin remove!
 Now in my waiting soul reveal
 The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
 Thy righteousness brought in:
 I ask, desire, and trust in thee
 To be redeem'd from sin.

3 For this as taught by thee, I pray,
 And can no longer doubt!
 Remove from hence, to sin I say,
 Be cast this moment out.

4 'Tis done ; thou dost this moment save,
 With full salvation bless ;
 Redemption through thy blood I have,
 And spotless love and peace.

HYMN 385. L. M.

IF now I have acceptance found
 With thee, or favor in thy sight,
 Still with thy grace and truth surround,
 And arm me with thy Spirit's might.

2 O may I hear thy warning voice,
 And timely fly from danger near,
 With rev'rence unto thee rejoice,
 And love thee with a filial fear :

3 Still hold my soul in second life,
 And suffer not my feet to slide :
 Support me in the glorious strife,
 And comfort me on every side.

4 O give me faith, and faith's increase,
 Finish the work begun in me,
 Preserve my soul in perfect peace,
 And let me always rest on thee.

5 O let thy gracious Spirit guide
 And bring me to the promis'd land,
 Where righteousness and peace reside,
 And all submit to love's command !

6 A land where milk and honey flow,
 And springs of pure delights arise ;
 Delights, which I shall shortly know,
 When I regain my paradise.

HYMN 386. C. M. [211]

WHEN shall I see the welcome hour,
 That plants my God in me ?
 Spirit of health, and life and power,
 And perfect liberty.

2 Love only can the conquest win,
 The strength of sin subdue;
 Come, O my Saviour, cast out sin,
 And form my heart anew!

3 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
 While sanctified by grace;
 I only for this glory burn,
 And always see his face.

HYMN 387. L. M. [211]

LET not the wise their wisdom boast;
 The mighty glory in his might;
 The rich in flatt'ring riches trust,
 Which take their everlasting flight.
 The rush of numerous years bear down,
 The most gigantic strength of man;
 And where is all his wisdom gone,
 When dust he turns to dust again?

2 One only gift can justify
 The boasting soul that knows his God;
 When Jesus doth his blood apply,
 I glory in his sprinkled blood.
 The Lord my Righteousness I praise,
 I triumph in the love divine;
 The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
 In Christ to endless ages mine.

HYMN 388. S. M. [212]

LORD, in the strength of grace,
 With a glad heart and free,
 Myself, my residue of days,
 I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransom'd servant I,
 Restore to thee thine own;
 And from this moment live or die,
 To serve my God alone.

HYMN 389. C. M. [212]

FATHER, into thy hands alone
 I have my all restor'd ;
 My all, thy property I own :
 The Steward of the Lord.

2 Hereafter none can take away
 My life, or goods, or fame ;
 Ready at thy demand to lay
 Them down, I always am.

3 Confiding in thy love
 Through Jesus strength'ning me,
 I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
 And give back all to thee.

4 Determin'd all thy will t' obey,
 Thy blessings I restore ;
 Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
 I praise thee evermore.

HYMN 390. C. M.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift ;
 My soul on thee depends :
 Convinc'd that every perfect gift
 From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
 And power and wisdom too ;
 Without the Spirit of thy Son,
 We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
 One holy thought conceive,
 Unless in answer to our Lord,
 Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchas'd grace,
 His blood's availing plea,
 Obtain'd the help for all our race,
 And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine:

'The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call;

In whom we are, and move, and live,
Our God is ALL in ALL.

HYMN 391. L. M. [852]

WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God and dwell before thy face?

The man who minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the things they mean;

No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;

He never deals in bribing gold,
The poor oppress'd his hands uphold.

4 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face;

And does to all men still the same,
That he from them would hope or claim.

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!

HYMN 392. C. M. [327]

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:

Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

2 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move :

The devils know, and tremble too ;
But Satan cannot love.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;

'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,

The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

HYMN 393. L. M. [312]

THE earth and all her fulness owns
Jehovah for her sovereign Lord ;

The countless myriads of her sons
Rose into being at his word.

2 But who shall quit this low abode,
Who shall ascend the heavenly place,

And stand upon the mount of God,
And see his Maker face to face ?

3 The man whose hands and heart are clean,
That blessed portion shall receive ;

Whoe'er by grace is saved from sin,
Hereafter shall in glory live.

4 He shall obtain the starry crown ;
And, number'd with the saints above,

The God of his salvation own,
The God of his salvation love.

HYMN 394. L. P. M.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,—

The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain ;

Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far :
Thy heart still melts with tenderness ;
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss !
My sins are swallowed up in thee ;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies
" Mercy, free, boundless mercy !" cries.

4 With faith, I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee ;
I look into my Saviour's breast :
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear !
Mercy is all that's written there.

HYMN 395. C. M.

WHOM Jesus' blood doth sanctify,
Need neither sin nor fear :
Hid in our Saviour's hand we lie,
And laugh at danger near ;
His guardian hand doth hold, protect,
And save by ways unknown,
The little flock, the saints elect,
Who trust in him alone.

2 Nor Prophet, Priest, and King, to thee—
We joyfully submit ;
And learn in meek humility,
Our lesson at thy feet :
Spirit and life thy words impart,
And blessings from above ;
And drop, in every listening heart,
The manna of thy love.

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

HYMN 396. 8s. [273]

I LONG to behold him array'd
 With glory and light from above,
The King in his beauty display'd,
 His beauty of holiest love :
I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode ;
O when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God !
2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
 For Jesus hath spoken the word ;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord :
But when on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Thy face I am strengthened to see ;
My fulness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens, in thee.
3 How happy the people that dwell
 Secure in the city above !
No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove :
Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give ;
And then from the body set free,
 And then to the city receive.

HYMN 397. C. M. [274]

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 398. 8s. [275]

- AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear;
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.
- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, rais'd by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there!
- 3 By faith we already behold,
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
 Which never is follow'd by night,
 Where Jesus' beauties display,
 A pure and a permanent light :
 The Lamb is their light and their sun,
 And, lo ! by reflection they shine ;
 With Jesus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divine !

5 The saints in his presence receive
 Their great and eternal reward ;
 In Jesus, in heaven, they live ;
 They reign in the smile of their Lord !
 The flame of angelical love,
 Is kindled at Jesus' face ;
 And all the enjoyment above,
 Consists in the rapturous gaze !

HYMN 399. S. M. [276]

WE know, by faith we know,
 If this vile house of clay,
 This tabernacle sink below,
 In ruinous decay,
 We have a house above,
 Not made with mortal hands ;
 And firm as our Redeemer's love,
 That heavenly fabric stands.

2 It stands securely high,
 Indissolubly sure ;
 Our glorious mansion in the sky
 Shall evermore endure ;
 O were we enter'd there !
 To perfect heaven restor'd !
 O were we all caught up to share
 The triumph of our Lord !

3 For this in faith we call ;
 For this we weep and pray :
 O might the tabernacle fall !
 O might we 'scape away !

4 Full of immortal hope,
 We urge the restless strife ;
 And hasten to be swallow'd up
 Of everlasting life.

HYMN 400. 8s. [277]

THE Church, in her militant state,
 Is weary, and cannot forbear ;
 The saints in an agony wait,
 To see Him again in the air !
 The Spirit invites in the Bride,
 Her heavenly Lord, to descend ;
 And place her, enthron'd at his side,
 In glory that never shall end.

2 The news of his coming I hear,
 And join in the catholic cry :
 O Jesus, in triumph appear :
 Appear in the clouds of the sky !
 Whom only I languish to love,
 In fulness of majesty come ;
 And give me a mansion above,
 And take to my heavenly home !

HYMN 401. 7s. [278]

WHO are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun ?
 Foremost of the sons of light ;
 Nearest the eternal throne ?
 'These are they that bore the cross,
 Nobly for their Master stood ;
 Sufferers in his righteous cause ;
 Followers of Einmanuel God.

2 Out of great distress they came ;
 Wash'd their robes, by faith, below,
 In the blood of yonder Lamb—
 Blood that washes white as snow ;
 'Therefore are they next the throne,
 Serve their Maker day and night :

God resides among his own,
 God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er ;
 They have all their sufferings past,
 Hunger now and thirst no more ;
 No excessive heat they feel
 From the sun's directer ray ;
 In a milder clime they dwell,
 Region of eternal day.

HYMN 402. C. M. [279]

ON 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, rapt'rous scene,
 That rises to my sight !
 Sweet fields array'd in living green,
 And rivers of delight !

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow :
 There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vale,
 With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all those wide extended plains,
 Shines one eternal day ;
 There God the Son for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore ;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be for ever blest !
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest !

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul,
 Would here no longer stay !
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

8 There on those high and flowery plains,
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
 But in perpetual joyful strains,
 Redeeming love admire.

HYMN 403. L. M. [487]

WE'VE no abiding city here,
 We seek a land beyond our sight ;
 Zion its name—the Lord is there ;
 It shines with everlasting light.

2 O, sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd fly to thee—and be at rest.

3 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine !
 The time thy God appoints is best :
 While here, to do his will be mine,
 And his to fix my time of rest.

HYMN 404. C. M.

WHEN floating on life's troubled sea,
 By storms and tempests driven,
 Hope, with her radiant finger, points
 To brighter scenes in heaven.

2 She bids the storms of life to cease,
 The troubled breast be calm ;
 And in the wounded heart she pours
 Religion's healing balm.

3 Her hallowed influence cheers life's hours,
 Of sadness and of gloom ;
 She guides us through this vale of tears,
 To joys beyond the tomb.

4 And when our fleeting days are o'er,
 And life's last hour draws near,
 With still unwearied wing she hastes
 To wipe the falling tear.

5 She bids the anguished heart rejoice :
 Though earthly ties are riven,
 We still may hope to meet again,
 In yonder peaceful heaven.

HYMN 405. L. M.

WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
 And view the scenes on either hand,
 My spirit struggles with my clay,
 And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,
 And lead the willing pilgrim home ;
 Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
 Source of my joys and of your own.

3 The blissful interview, how sweet,
 To fall transported at his feet ;
 Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
 Through the full beamings of his grace.

4 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
 I'll wait thy signal for my flight ;
 For while thy service I pursue,
 I find my heaven begun below.

HYMN 406. C. M. [833]

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

2 Once they were mourners here below,
 And pour'd out cries and tears ;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

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

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
 His zeal inspired their breast ;
 And following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.

HYMN 407. C. M. [352]

WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
 O God of holiness ?

Whom will the Lord admit to dwell,
 Where saints his name confess ?

2 The man who walks in pious ways,
 And works with pious hands ;
 Who on his Maker's promise stays,
 And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the thing his heart conceives,
 Nor slanders with his tongue ;
 An ill report he scarce believes,
 Nor does his neighbor wrong.

4 No wealthy sinner he reveres ;
 Loves all who fear the Lord ;
 And though to his own hurt he swears,
 Still he performs his word.

5 His hands a golden bribe repel,
 And never gripe the poor :
 This man with God on earth shall dwell,
 And find his heav'n secure.

HYMN 408. L. M. [487]

ARISE my soul ! on wings sublime,
 Above the vanities of time ;
 Remove the parting veil, and see
 The glories of eternity !

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
 Why should I grovel here on earth ?
 Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
 So near to heaven's eternal joys ?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,
 While I am walking back to God ?
 Or can I love this earth so well
 As not to long with God to dwell ?

4 To dwell with God ! to taste his love,
 Is the full heaven enjoyed above ;
 The glorious expectation now,
 Is heavenly bliss begun below.

HYMN 409. C. M. [280]

COURAGE, my soul, thy bitter cross,
 In every trial here,
 Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
 But shall not enter there.
 The sighing ones that humbly seek
 In sorrowing paths below,
 Shall in eternity rejoice,
 Where endless comforts flow,

2 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
 Of sublunary care,
 And life's dull vanities no more
 This anxious breast ensnare.
 Courage, my soul, on God rely,
 Deliv'rance soon will come ;
 A thousand ways has Providence
 To bring believers home.

3 Ere first I drew this vital breath,
 From nature's prison free,
 Crosses in number, measure, weight,
 Were written, Lord, for me :
 But thou, my shepherd, friend and guide,
 Hast led me kindly on,
 Taught me to rest my fainting head
 On Christ, the corner stone.

HYMN 410. C. P. M. [281]

HOW happy is the pilgrims lot ;
 How free from every anxious thought,
 From worldly hope and fear!
 Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
 Already sav'd from low design,
 From every creature love !
 Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,
 And seeks the things above.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own ;
 A stranger to the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise ;
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a city out of sight,
 A city in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair ;
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home :
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come !

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies ;
 I come to meet thee in the skies ;
 And claim my heavenly rest !
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end ;
 Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to thy breast !

HYMN 411. 7s.

WHO are these in bright array ?
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar night and day
 Tuning their triumphant song ?—

“Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches to obtain,
 New dominion every hour.”

2 These through fiery trials trod,
 These from great affliction came:
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his eternal name;
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand;
 Through their great Redeemer's might
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels their fears;
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

FORMAL RELIGION.

HYMN 412. S. M. [177]

MY gracious, loving Lord
 To thee what shall I say?
 Well may I tremble at thy word,
 And scarce presume to pray!
 Ten thousand wants have I;
 Alas! I all things want!
 But thou hast bid me always cry,
 And never, never faint.

- 2 Yet, Lord, well might I fear
 Fear e'en to ask thy grace ;
 So oft have I, alas ! drawn near,
 And mock'd thee to thy face :
 With all pollutions stain'd,
 Thy hallow'd courts I trod ;
 Thy name and temple I profan'd,
 And dared to call thee God.
- 3 Nigh with my lips I drew ;
 My lips were all unclean :
 Thee with my heart I never knew ;
 My heart was full of sin :
 Far from the living Lord,
 As far as hell from heaven ;
 Thy purity I still abhorr'd,
 Nor look'd to be forgiven.
- 4 My nature I obey'd ;
 My own desires pursu'd ;
 And still a den of thieves I made
 The hallow'd house of God :
 The worship he approves,
 To him I would not pay ;
 My selfish ends, and creature loves,
 Had stole my heart away.

HYMN 413. C. M. [178]

LONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
 With unavailing pain ;
 Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
 And heard it preached in vain.

2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,
 And near the altar drew ;
 A form of godliness was mine,
 The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law,
 Nor knew its deep design :

The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.

4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove ;

For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love ?

5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts ;

Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

HYMN 414. C. M. [179]

SWEET was the time when first I felt
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 reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue ;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 But now—when ev'ning shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face ;
I read—the promise meets my eyes—
But will not reach my case.

6 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail ;
O make my soul thy care ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail—
Let me that mercy share.

HYMN 415. L. M. [180]

RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye;
Behold God's balance lifted high!
There shall his justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See in one scale his perfect law;
Mark with what force its precepts draw!
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain?
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!

3 Behold, the hand of God appears,
To trace those dreadful characters;
" *Tekel*—thy soul is wanting found,
And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

4 One only hope may yet prevail—
Christ has a weight to turn the scale:
Still does the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

 BACKSLIDING.

HYMN 416. P. M. [181]

AH! where am I now!
When was it, or how,
That I fell from my heaven of grace?
I am brought into thrall;
I am stript of my all;
I am banish'd from Jesus' face!

2 Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,

So insensibly starting aside—
 When the tempter came in,
 With his own subtle sin,
 And infected my spirit with pride.

3 Only pride could destroy
 'That innocent joy,
 And make my Redeemer depart:
 But whate'er was the cause,
 I lament the sad loss,
 For the veil is come over my heart.

4 Nothing now can relieve;
 Without comfort I grieve;
 I have lost all my peace and my power;
 No access do I find
 To the Friend of mankind:
 I can ask for his mercy no more.

5 Tongue cannot declare
 The torment I bear,
 While no end of my troubles I see;
 Only Adam could tell
 On the day that he fell,
 And was turn'd out of Eden like me.

6 I never shall rise
 To my first paradise,
 Or come my Redeemer to see;
 But I feel a faint hope,
 That at last he will stoop,
 And his pity shall bring him to me.

HYMN 417. 8s. [182]

HOW shall a lost sinner in pain,
 Recover his forfeited peace?
 When brought into bondage again,
 What hope of a second release?
 Will mercy itself be so kind,
 To spare such a rebel as me?
 And O, can I possibly find,
 Such plenteous redemption in thee?

2 O Jesus, of thee I inquire,
 If still thou art able to save,
 'The brand to pluck out of the fire,
 And ransom my soul from the grave ;
 'The help of thy Spirit restore,
 And show me the life-giving blood :
 And pardon a sinner once more,
 And bring me again unto God.

3 O Jesus, in pity draw near ;
 Come quickly to help a lost soul ;
 'To comfort a mourner appear,
 And make a poor Lazarus whole :
 'The balm of thy mercy apply,
 Thou seest the sore anguish I feel ;
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die—
 O save, or I sink into hell !

4 I sink, if thou longer delay
 Thy pardoning mercy to show ;
 Come quickly, and kindly display
 'The power of thy passion below ;
 By all thou hast done for my sake,
 One drop of thy blood I implore ;
 Now, now let it touch me, and make
 'The sinner a sinner no more.

HYMN 418. L. M. [183]

AH! Lord, with trembling I confess,
 A gracious soul may fall from grace :
 'The salt may lose its seasoning power,
 And never, never find it more !

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
 Each moment knit my soul to thee :
 And lead me to the mount above,
 'Through the low vale of humble love.

HYMN 419. C. M.

O THAT I were as heretofore !
 When, warm in my first love,

- I only liv'd my God t' adore,
And seek the things above !
- 2 Upon my head his candle shone,
And lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveil'd his face.
- 3 Far, far above all earthly things,
Triumphantly I rode ;
I soar'd to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found and talk'd with God.
- 4 Where am I now ? from what a height
Of happiness cast down !
The glory swallow'd up in night,
And faded is the crown.
- 5 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain !
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
My Eden now regain ?

HYMN 420. C. M. [184]

- 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.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd ;
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 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,
 Whate'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 leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 421. 7s.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
 Long provok'd him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls,
 Griev'd him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are,
 Me he now delights to spare;
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
 God is love! I know, I feel;
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.

5 Jesus answer from above,
 Is not all thy nature love?
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
 Suffer me to kiss thy feet?

6 Now incline me to repent!
 Let me now my fall lament!
 Now my foul revolt deplore!
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

HYMN 422. L. M. [186]

SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess
 My thirst for creature happiness
 By base desires I wrong'd thy love,
 And forc'd thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet would I not regard thy stroke,
 But when thou didst thy grace revoke,
 And when thou didst thy face conceal,
 Thy absence I refus'd to feel.

3 I knew not that the Lord was gone,
 In my own froward will went on:
 I liv'd to the desires of men,
 And thou hast all my wand'rings seen.

4 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
 Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
 Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
 And pardon on my conscience seal.

HYMN 423. C. M. [186]

O WHY did I my Saviour leave!
 So soon unfaithful prove!
 How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
 And sin against thy love?

2 I forc'd thee first to disappear,
 I turn'd thy face aside:
 Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
 Thy servant had not died.

3 But oh, now soon thy wrath is o'er,
 And pard'ning love takes place!
 Assist me, Saviour, to adore
 The riches of thy grace.

4 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
 In dust and ashes lies:
 How shall a sinful worm appear,
 Or meet thy purer eyes?

5 I loathe myself when God I see,
 And into nothing fall
 Content if thou exalted be,
 And Christ be *All in All*.

HYMN 424. S. M.

O JESUS! full of grace,
 To thee I make my moan ;
 Let me again behold thy face—
 Call home thy banish'd one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
 Again my soul restore ;
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And bid me sin no more.

3 Wilt thou not bid me rise ?
 Speak, and my soul shall live ;
 Forgive, my gasping spirit cries,
 Abundantly forgive.

4 For thine own mercy's sake
 Relieve my wretchedness ;
 And O my pardon give me back,
 And give me back my peace !

5 Again thy love reveal ;
 Restore that inward heaven :
 O grant me once again to feel,
 Through faith, my sins forgiven.

6 Thy utmost mercy show ;
 Say to my drooping soul,
 In peace and full assurance go,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole.

HYMN 425. L. M.

I LEFT the God of truth and light,
 I left the God who gave me breath,
 To wander in the wilds of night,
 And perish in the snares of death.

- 2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
Was light and easy to be borne ;
Through all his bonds of love I broke,
I cast away his gifts with scorn.
- 3 I dreamed of bliss in pleasure's bowers ;
While pillowing roses stayed my head ;
But serpents hissed among the flowers ;
I woke, and thorns were all my bed.
- 4 In riches when I sought for joy,
And placed in sordid gains my trust,
I found that gold was all alloy,
And worldly treasure fleeting dust.
- 5 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly ?
Almighty vengeance, from thy frown ?
Eternal justice from thine eye ?
- 6 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
I dare not if I would despair ;
None ever perished at thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

 THE CHURCH.

HYMN 426. C. M. [389]

- WITH stately tow'rs and bulwarks strong,
Unrivall'd and alone,
Lov'd theme of many a sacred song,
God's holy city shone.
- 2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands ;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The christian temple stands !

3 The faithful of each clime and age,
 This glorious church compose ;
 Built on a rock, with idle rage
 The threat'ning tempest blows.

4 In vain may hostile bands alarm,
 For God is her defence ;
 How weak, how pow'less each arm,
 Against Omnipotence !

HYMN 427. L. M. [306]

THUS saith the Lord ! Who seek the Lamb,
 Who follow after righteousness,
 Look to the Rock from whence ye came,
 The Father of the faithful race.

2 Children of faithful Abraham, these,
 Who dare expect salvation here :
 The Lord shall give them gospel peace,
 And all his hopeless mourners cheer :

3 Shall soon his fallen Zion raise,
 Her waste and des'late places build ;
 Pour out the Spirit of his grace,
 And make her wilds a fruitful field.

4 The barren souls shall be restored ;
 The desert all renew'd shall rise ;
 Bloom as the garden of the Lord,
 A fair terrestrial paradise.

HYMN 428. S. M. [489]

HOW honored is the place,
 Where we adoring stand ;
 Zion, the glory of the earth,
 And beauty of the land !

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
 The city where we dwell ;

While walls, of strong salvation made,
 Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates,
 The doors wide open fling;
 Enter, ye nations that obey
 The statutes of Your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
 And live in perfect peace —
 You that have known Jehovah's name,
 And ventured on his grace.

HYMN 429. 8s, 7s & 4s. [420]

ON the mountain top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—
 Zion long in hostile lands:
 Mourning captive,
 God himself will lose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved!
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning
 Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:
 He himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here thy boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
 All thy warfare now be past;
 God thy Saviour will defend thee;
 Victory is thine at last:
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

HYMN 430. S. P. M. [449]

HOW pleased and blest was I
 To hear the people cry,
 "Come, let us seek our God to day!"
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
 We haste to Zion's hill;
 And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorned with wond'rous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round:
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's greater Son
 Has fixed his royal throne;
 He sits for grace and judgment here!
 He bids the saints be glad,
 He makes the sinner sad,
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of every guest:
 The man who seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeat her vows,
 "Peace to this sacred house!"
 For here my friends and kindred dwell:
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

HYMN 431. C. M. [361]

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

2 There the great Monarch of the skies,
His saving power displays :

And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place ;

While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will ;

And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

HYMN 432. C. M. [453]

O 'T WAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,

“ Up, Israel ; to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day !”

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,

In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

3 O pray we then for Salem's peace—
For they shall prosperous be,

Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found ;

With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

HYMN 433. C. M. [357]

I LOVE to see the lord below ;

His church displays his grace ;

But upper worlds his glory know,

And view him face to face.

2 I love to meet him in his court,
 And taste his heavenly love ;
 But still his visits seem too short,
 Or I too soon remove.

3 He shines, and I am all delight ;
 He hides, and all is pain :
 When will he fix me in his sight,
 And ne'er depart again ?

4 O Lord, I love thy service now ;
 Thy church displays thy power ;
 But soon in heaven I hope to bow,
 And praise thee evermore.

HYMN 434. L. M. [357]

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are !
 With long desire my spirit faints,
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

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

3 Blest are the saints, who dwell on high,
 Around thy throne above the sky :
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace ;
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

HYMN 435. C. M.

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

- 2 I love her gates, I love the road,
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest ;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

HYMN 436. L. M. [330]

- HEAD of thy Church, whose Spirit fills,
And flows thro' every faithful soul,
Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and sanctifies the whole.
- 2 "Come, Lord," thy glorious Spirit cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan :
"Come, Lord," the Bride on earth replies,
"And perfect all our souls in one."
- 3 Pour out the promised gift on all,
Answer the universal, "Come !"
The fullness of the Gentiles call,
And take thine ancient people home.

4 To thee let all the nations flow ;
 Let all obey the gospel word,
 Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
 Fill'd with the glory of the Lord.

HYMN 437. L. M.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade ;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid !

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
 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 through,
 And watering our divine abode.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against the threat'ning hour ;
 Nor can her firm foundation move,
 Built on his faithfulness and power.

HYMN 438. S. M. [324]

WHO in the Lord confide,
 And feels his sprinkled blood,
 In storms and hurricanes abide,
 Firm as the mount of God :
 Steadfast, and fix'd and sure,
 His Zion cannot move ;
 His faithful people stand secure
 In Jesus' guardian love.

2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.

On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares ;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.

3 But let them still abide
In thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified,
And perfectly restored.
The men of heart sincere,
Continue to defend ;
And do them good and save them here,
And love them to the end.

HYMN 439. L. M. [303]

HAPPY the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved ;
Join'd by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.

2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the same ;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

3 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days !
O what a choice, peculiar race !
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed Kings and Priests to God !

HYMN 440. L. M. [304]

YE different sects who all declare,
 "Lo here is Christ!" or, "Christ is there!"
 Your stronger proofs, divinely give,
 And show me where the Christians live.

2 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
 Ye want the genuine mark of love:
 Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show,
 For sure thou hast a church below.

3 The gates of hell cannot prevail;
 The church on earth can never fail;
 Ah! join me to thy secret ones!
 Ah! gather all thy living stones!

4 Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
 Till thou collect them with thine eye;
 Draw by the music of thy name,
 And charm into a beauteous frame.

5 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
 And cries in all thy banish'd ones:
 Greatest of gifts, thy love, impart,
 And make us of one mind and heart.

HYMN 441. L. M. [335]

BRETHREN in Christ, and well-beloved,
 To Jesus and his servants dear,
 Enter, and show yourselves approved;
 Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth; lo, the right hand
 Of fellowship to you we give!
 With open hearts and hands we stand,
 And you in Jesus' name receive.

3 Say, are your hearts resolved as ours?
 Then let them burn with sacred love,
 Then let them taste the heavenly powers,
 Partakers of the joys above.

BAPTISM.

HYMN 442. L. M. [123]

- COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Honor the means ordain'd by thee ;
 Make good our apostolic boast,
 And own thy glorious ministry.
- 2 We now thy promis'd presence claim,
 Sent to disciple all mankind ;
 Sent to baptise into thy name ;
 We now thy promis'd presence find.
- 3 Father, in these reveal thy Son ;
 In these for whom we seek thy face :
 The hidden mystery make known,
 The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
- 4 Eternal Spir't descend from high,
 Baptizer of our spirits thou !
 The sacramental seal apply,
 And witness with the water now !
- 5 O that the souls baptiz'd herein,
 May now thy truth and mercy feel ;
 May rise and wash away their sin :
 Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal !

HYMN 443. C. M. [124]

- CELESTIAL Dove, descend from high,
 And on the water brood :
 Come with thy quick'ning power apply
 The water and the blood.
- 2 I love the Lord, that stoops so low
 To give his word a seal ;
 But the rich grace his hands bestow
 Exceeds the figure still.

3 Almighty God, for thee we call,
 And our request renew ;
 Accept in Christ, and bless withal,
 The work we have to do.

HYMN 444. S. M. [124]

MY Saviour's pierced side
 Pour'd out a double flood :
 By water we are purifi'd,
 And pardon'd by his blood.

2 Call'd from above, I rise,
 And wash away my sin ;
 The stream to which my spirit flies,
 Can make the foulest clean.

3 It runs divinely clear,
 A fountain deep and wide ;
 'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear,
 In my Redeemer's side !

HYMN 445. C. M. [125]

HOW large the promise, how divine,
 To Abra'm and his seed !

“ I am a God to thee and thine,
 Supplying all they need.”

2 The words of his extensive love,
 From age to age endure ;
 The Angel of the Cov'nant proves
 And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
 To our great father given ;
 He takes our children to his arms,
 And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O, God, how faithful are thy ways :
 Thy love endures the same ;
 Nor from the promise of thy grace
 Blots out our children's name.

HYMN 446. C. M.

- SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
 With all-engaging charms :
 Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms !
- 2 Permit them to approach he cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name :
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee ;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 447. L. M. [125]

- AUTHOR of our salvation, thee
 With lowly thankful hearts we praise ;
 Author of this great mystery,
 Figure and means of saving grace.
- 2 The sacred, true, effectual sign,
 Thy body and thy blood it shows ;
 The glorious instrument divine,
 Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.
- 3 We see the blood that seals our peace ;
 Thy pard'ning mercy we receive ;
 The bread doth visibly express,
 The strength through which our spirits live.
- 4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,
 And eat the bread so freely given,

Till borne on eagle's wings we fly,
And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

HYMN 448. C. M. [126]

COME, Saviour, let thy tokens prove,
Fitted by heavenly art,
As channels to convey thy love,
To every faithful heart.

2 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be ;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

3 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood ;
Till all our souls are fill'd below,
With all the life of God.

4 Determin'd nothing else to know
But Jesus crucifi'd,
I will not from my Jesus go,
Or leave his wounded side.

HYMN 449. S. M. [127]

LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb :

Our passover was slain,
At Salem's hallow'd place,
Yet we who in our tents remain,
Shall gain his largest grace.

2 Who thus our faith employ,
His suff'rings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord :
As though we every one
Beneath his cross had stood,

And seen him heave, and heard him groan,
And felt his gushing blood.

2 Oh, God! 'tis finish'd now!

The mortal pang is past!

By faith his head we see him bow,

And hear him breathe his last:

We too with him are dead,

And shall with him arise:

The cross on which he bows his head,

Shall lift us to the skies.

HYMN 450. C. M. [128]

JESUS, at whose supreme command,

We now approach to God,

Before us in thy vesture stand,

Thy vesture dipt in blood.

Obedient to thy gracious word,

We break the hallow'd bread;

Commem'rate thee, our dying Lord,

And trust on thee to feed.

2 The living bread sent down from heaven,

In us vouchsafe to be;

Thy flesh for all the world is given,

And all may live by thee;

Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,

And let us drink thy blood;

Till all our souls are fill'd below,

With all the life of God.

HYMN 451. S. M. [128]

JESUS, we thus obey

Thy last and kindest word;

Here in thine own appointed way,

We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way thou hast enjoin'd

Thou wilt therein appear;

We come with confidence, to find

Thy special presence here.

3 Whate'er th' Almighty can
 To pardon'd sinners give,
 The fullness of our God-made man,
 We here with Christ receive.

HYMN 452. C. M. [129]

THAT doleful night before his death,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Did almost with his dying breath,
 This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
 And to remember thee:
 Help each poor trembler to repeat,
 "For me, he died for me!"

3 These sacred signs, thy suff'rings, Lord,
 To our remembrance bring:
 We eat and drink around thy board,
 But think on nobler things.

4 O, tune our tongues, and set in frame
 Each heart that pants for thee;
 To sing, "Hosannah to the Lamb,"
 The Lamb that died for me!

HYMN 453. L. M. [129]

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast!
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
 For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
 He calls, he bids you come:
 O, stay not back, though fear alarms!
 For yet there still is room.

3 O, come, and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love;
 While hope attends the sweet repast,
 Of nobler joys above!

4 There with united heart and voice,
 Before the eternal throne,
 Ten thousand, thousand souls rejoice,
 In ecstasies unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come :
 Ye happy souls, the grace adore ;
 Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 454. C. M. [130]

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
 And blessings 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 ;
 Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
 To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here :
 And millions more still on the way,
 Around the board appear.

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

HYMN 455. S. M. [131]

GLORY to God on high,
 Our peace is made with Heaven ;
 The son of God came down to die,
 That we might be forgiven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
 His body bruised for sin :
 Remember this in eating bread,
 And this in drinking wine.

3 Approach his royal board,
 In his rich garments clad ;
 Join every tongue to praise the Lord,
 And every heart be glad.

4 The Father gives the Son ;
 The Son his flesh and blood :
 The Spir't applies, and faith puts on
 The righteousness of God.

 LOVE-FEAST.

HYMN 456. C. M. [131]

COME, 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 through 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,
 Or cast his words 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 Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Let all our hearts receive ;
 Present with the celestial host,
 The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

HYMN 457. C. P. M. [132]

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain ;
And never can succeed ;
We spend our wretched strength for nought ;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim ;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O, let our deeds begin and end,
Complete in Jesus' name !

3 In Jesus name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways :
Only one thing resolv'd to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

4 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will !
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising Church, and place
The city on the hill.

5 O let our love and faith abound !
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine :
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine.

HYMN 458. C. M. [133]

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
 The promis'd blessing give!
 Met in thy name, we look to thee,
 Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
 Who in thy name are join'd ;
 We wait according to thy word,
 Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
 But, oh ! thyself reveal !
 Son of the living God, appear !
 Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
 And these dry bones shall live ;
 Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
 " The Holy Ghost receive."

HYMN 459. C. M. [134]

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
 That will not let us part ;
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd 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,

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

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

HYMN 460. 7s. [135]

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars for ever 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 for each 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 the family above:
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

HYMN 461. 7s. [136]

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine!
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord:

Hands, and hearts, and voices raise :
 Sing as in the ancient days ;
 Antedate the joys above,
 Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive :
 Let the purer flame revive ;
 Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
 Dying champions for their God :
 We like them may live and love ;
 Call'd we are their joys to prove ;
 Sav'd with them from future wrath ;
 Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
 Now as yesterday the same ;
 One in every time and place,
 Full for all of truth and grace :
 We for Christ, our Master, stand,
 Lights in a benighted land :
 We our dying Lord confess,
 We are Jesus' witnesses.

4 Witnesses that Christ hath died :
 We with him are crucified :
 Christ hath burst the bands of death,
 We his quick'ning Spirit breathe :
 Christ is now gone up on high ;
 Thither all our wishes fly :
 Sits at God's right hand above ;
 There with him we reign in love !

HYMN 462. 7s. [137]

COME, thou high and lofty Lord !
 Lowly, meek, incarnate Word :
 Humbly stoop to earth again ;
 Come, and visit abject man :
 Jesus, dear expected guest,
 Thou art bidden to the feast ;
 For thyself our hearts prepare ;
 Come, and sit, and banquet there !

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim;
 We are met in thy great name;
 In the midst do thou appear,
 Manifest thy presence here:
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
 Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
 Thou thyself within us move,
 Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound;
 Let us in thy bowels sound,
 Faith, and love, and joy increase,
 Temperance and gentleness;
 Plant in us thy humble mind,
 Patient, pitiful, and kind;
 Meek and lowly let us be,
 Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete;
 Make us all for glory meet;
 Meet t' appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light.
 Call, O, call us each by name,
 To the marriage of the Lamb;
 Let us lean upon thy breast,
 Love be there our endless feast!

FAMILY WORSHIP.

HYMN 463. S. M. [138]

WE lift our hearts to thee,
 O, Day-star from on high!
 The sun itself is but thy shade,
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.

- 2 O, let thy orient beams
 The night of sin disperse,
 The mists of error and of vice,
 Which shade the universe !
- 3 May we this life improve,
 To mourn for errors past :
 And live this short revolving day,
 As if it were our last.
- 4 To God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, One in Three,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall for ever be.

HYMN 464. C. M. [139]

- ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes ;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To Him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats—
 The day renews the sound—
 Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
 To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame ;
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;
 My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
 But yet his wrath delays.
- 4 O, God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light ;
 'Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasing night.

HYMN 465. C. M. [139]

- LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
 I am for ever thine :
 I fear before thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.

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

3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith and hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.

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

HYMN 466. C. M. [140]

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear,
 My voice ascending high :
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye.

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

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

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there ;
 I will frequent thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.

HYMN 467. S. M.

SEE how the morning sun
 Pursues his shining way ;
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
 With every bright'ning 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 My life I would anew
 Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
 And in thy service I would spend
 A long eternity.

HYMN 468. L. M. [141]

- MY God, how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;
 And morning mercies from above,
 Gently descend like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light ;
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield myself to thy command ;
 To thee devote my nights and days ;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 469. 7s. [142]

- OMNIPRESENT God ! whose aid
 No one ever asked in vain,
 Be this night about my bed,
 Every evil thought restrain :
 Lay thy hand upon my soul,
 God of my unguarded hours !
 All my enemies control,
 Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

2 Let me of thy life partake,
 Thy own holiness impart;
 O that I may sweetly wake,
 With my Saviour in my heart!
 O that I may know thee mine!
 O that I may thee receive!
 Only live the life divine!
 Only to thy glory live.

HYMN 470. C. M. [142]

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
 Let warmest thanks arise;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.

2 This day God was our sun and shield,
 Our keeper and our guide;
 His care was on our weakness shown,
 His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
 Have made up all this day:
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More swift and free than they.

4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
 Do a new song require;
 Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our hearts' desire.

HYMN 471. L. M. [143]

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

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home:
 But he forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days 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.
- 4 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 472. C. P. M. [144]

I AND my house will serve the Lord,
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear :
By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set,
From those that on my pleasure wait,
The stumbling block remove ;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeas'd and reconcil'd,
A follower of my God :
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

HYMN 473. L. M. [144]

FATHER of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is ;
Who hast entrusted to our care,
A candidate for glorious bliss.

2 Poor worms of earth, to thee we cry,
For grace to guide what grace has given ;
We ask for wisdom from on high,
To train our infant up for heaven.

- 3 We tremble at the danger near,
 And crowds of wretched parents see,
 Who, blindly fond, their children rear
 In tempers far as hell from thee.
- 4 Themselves the slaves of sense and praise,
 Their babes they pamper and admire ;
 And make the helpless infants pass
 To murderer Moloch, through the fire.

HYMN 474. S. M. [145]

- THE power to bless my house,
 Belongs to God alone ;
 Yet rendering him my constant vows,
 He sends his blessings down.
- 2 Shall I not then engage,
 My house to serve the Lord ;
 To search the soul-converting page,
 And feed upon his word :
- 3 To ask with faith and hope,
 The grace his Spirit supplies,
 In prayer and praise to offer up
 Their daily sacrifice.
- 4 Saviour of men, incline
 The hearts which thou hast made,
 Which thou hast bought with blood divine,
 To ask thy promis'd aid.

HYMN 475. C. M. [367]

- LET children hear the mighty deeds
 Which God performed of old,
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,
 His works of power and grace ;
 And we'll convey his wonders down
 Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs,
 That generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
 Their hope securely stands,
 That they may ne'er forget his works,
 But practice his commands.

HYMN 476. L. M. [336]

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run :
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mispent moments past,
 And live this day as if thy last ;
 Thy talents to improve take care ;
 For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
 For God's all-seeing eye surveys
 Thy secret thoughts, thy words and ways.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels take thy part ;
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High glory to the eternal King.

HYMN 477. L. M. [337]

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light :
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thine own almighty wings !

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill 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 Oh, let my soul on thee repose !
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

HYMN 478. L. M. [333]

FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace :
From thee they spring ; and by thy hand
They are, and shall be still, sustain'd.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised ;
Who, Lord of heaven, yet deigns to come,
And sanctify our humblest home.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night present its vows :
Our servants there, and rising race
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 So may each future age proclaim,
The honors of thy glorious name ;
And each succeeding race remove
To join the family above.

HYMN 479. 7s.

NOW the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse our sight :
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help us labor, help us pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;
 Save us from our foes around ;
 Going out, and coming in,
 Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
 O receive us then at last !
 Night of sin will be no more,
 When we reach the heavenly shore.

HYMN 480. C. M. [428]

O LORD, behold us at thy feet,
 A needy, sinful band ;
 As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,
 We come at thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
 The offspring thou hast given ;
 Where shall we go, in time of need,
 But to the God of heaven ?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
 Amid the worldly strife ;
 But in the all-prevailing Name,
 We ask eternal life.

4 We seek the Spirit's quickening grace,
 To make them pure in heart,
 That they may stand before thy face,
 And see thee as thou art.

HYMN 481. C. M. [429]

HOW can we see the children, Lord,
 In love whom thou hast given,
 Remain regardless of thy word,
 Without a hope of heaven ?

2 How can we see them tread the path
 That leads to endless death,
 Thus adding to thy fearful wrath,
 With every moment's breath ?

- 3 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
 And save our children dear :
 Now send thy Spirit from on high,
 And fill them with thy fear.
- 4 O, make them love thy holy law,
 And joyful walk therein ;
 Their hearts to new obedience draw ;
 Save them from every sin.

HYMN 482. S. M. [430]

- THE** Saviour kindly calls
 Our children to his breast ;
 He folds them in his gracious arms ;
 Himself declares them blest.
- 2 "Let them approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble claim,
 The heirs of heaven are such as these ;
 For such as these I came."
- 3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
 Devoting them to thee,
 Imploring that, as we are thine,
 Thine may our offspring be.

HYMN 483. S. M. [430]

- GREAT** God, now condescend
 To bless our rising race ;
 Soon may their willing spirits bend,
 The subjects of thy grace.
- 2 O, what a pure delight
 Their happiness to see !
 Our warmest wishes all unite
 To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
 Their hearts to sanctify ;
 Remember now the gracious word :
 Our hopes on thee rely.

- 4 Draw forth the melting tear,
 The penitential sigh ;
 Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
 And fix their hopes on high.
-

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 484. C. M. [225]

- COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Let us thine influence prove:
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee,
 The prophets wrote and spoke ;
 Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
 Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, Celestial Dove,
 Brood o'er our nature's night ;
 On our disorder'd spirits move,
 And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
 If thou within us shine ;
 And sound with all thy saints below,
 The depths of love divine.

HYMN 485. C. M. [226]

- FATHER of all, in whom alone
 We live, and move, and breathe,
 One bright celestial ray dart down,
 And cheer thy sons beneath.
- 2 While in thy word we search for thee,
 (We search with trembling awe !)

Open our eyes and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend,
The light that shines so clear ;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know :
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

HYMN 486. C. M. [226]

THE counsels of redeeming grace,
The sacred leaves unfold ;
And here the Saviour's lovely face,
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet ;
Here promises of heavenly love,
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied :
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O, may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find.

HYMN 487. C. M. [227]

FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines ;
For ever be thy name ador'd,
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 for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 488. S. M. [345]

- THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinners' ways ;
Who in their counsels doth not rest,
Nor takes the scorner's place ;
- 2 But doth God's law survey
And study with delight,
Amidst the labors of the day
And watches of the night.
- 3 He, like a tree, shall thrive,
With waters near the root :
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heav'nly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race ;
They no such blessings find :
Their hopes, like chaff from threshing-place,
Shall fly before the wind.

HYMN 489. S. M. [355]

- THY** perfect law, O Lord,
 Restores the erring soul ;
 The testimonies of thy word
 All foolish thoughts control.
- 2 Thy statutes, Lord, are right,
 And fill the heart with joy ;
 Thy truth, like yonder sun, is light,
 Outbeaming on the eye.
- 3 Thy fear from sin reclaims,
 And ever shall endure ;
 Thy judgments, righteous in their aims,
 True reverence insure.
- 4 Less priz'd is finest gold,
 Or diamond from the mine ;
 Honey most pure less sweet I hold,
 Than this good word of thine.

HYMN 490. C. M.

- ON** the first Christian Sabbath-eve,
 When his disciples met,
 O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,
 Nor knew the scriptures yet—
- 2 Lo! in their midst his form was seen,
 The form in which he died,—
 Their Master's marr'd and wounded mein,
 His hands, his feet, his side.
- 3 Then were they glad their Lord to know,
 And worshipp'd, yet with fear ;—
 Jesus again thy presence show,
 Meet thy disciples here :
- 4 Be in our midst,—let faith rejoice,
 Our risen Lord to view ;
 And make our spirits hear thy voice :
 Say—“ Peace be unto you.”

5 Then, while we hearken, O unfold
 The scriptures to our mind !
 Their myst'ries let us now behold,
 Their hidden treasures find.

PASTORAL.

HYMN 491. S. M. [214]

LORD of the harvest hear
 Thy needy servants cry ;
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
 And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
 Our wants are in thy view ;
 The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
 The laborers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
 Into thy church abroad ;
 And let them speak thy word of power,
 As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure Gospel word,
 The word of general grace ;
 Then let them preach the common Lord,
 Saviour of human race.

5 O let them spread thy name,
 Their mission fully prove ;
 Thy universal grace proclaim,
 Thine all-redeeming love !

HYMN 492. L. M. [215] ;

HIGH on his everlasting throne,
 The King of saints his work surveys ;

Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 He rests well pleased their toils to see ;
Beneath his easy yoke they move ;
With all their heart and strength agree,
In the sweet labor of his love.

3 See where the servants of the Lord,
A busy multitude appear ;
For Jesus day and night employed,
His heritage they toil to clear.

4 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands ;
They spend their sweat and blood and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

5 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown ;
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
And sends the promis'd blessing down.

HYMN 493. L. M. [215]

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
That bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice,
So sweet the tidings are :
" Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here !"

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight !

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad :
Let every nation now behold,
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 494. L. M. [216]

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord ;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the Gospel word.

2 Go into every nation, go ;
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show :
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark ! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare ;
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there !

4 The Lord your God shall quickly come ;
Sinners, repent, the call obey ;
Open your hearts to make him room ;
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.

HYMN 495. L. M.

DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near !
Us with thy flaming eye behold :
Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow ;
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy church below.

- 3 Make good their apostolic boast,
 Their high commission let them prove ;
 Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
 And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.
- 4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
 Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear ;
 Fix their affections all above,
 And lay up all their treasures there.
- 5 Give them an ear to hear thy word,—
 Thou speakest to the churches now,—
 And let all tongues confess their Lord,
 Let every knee to Jesus bow.

HYMN 496. L. M. [217]

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
 The Spirit's course in me restrain ?
 Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
 Be a true witness of my Lord ?

2 Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
 Conceal the word of God Most High ?
 How then before thee shall I dare
 To stand, or how thine anger bear ?

3 Shall I to soothe the unholy throng,
 Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
 To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
 The cross endur'd, my Lord, by thee !

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread ?
 Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid ?
 A man ! an heir of death ! a slave
 To sin ! a bubble on the wave !

5 Yea, let men rage ; since thou wilt spread
 Thy shadowing wings around my head :
 Since in all pain thy tender love,
 Will still my sure refreshment prove.

HYMN 497. L. M. [218]

SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
 Doth all my inmost thoughts descry :
 Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
 Or the world's pleasures, or its praise ?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain,
 To seek the wand'ring souls of men ;
 With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
 To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name,
 No cross I shun, I fear no shame ;
 All hail reproach, and welcome pain ;
 Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
 If for thy truth they may be spent,
 Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord !
 Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power ;
 Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
 Thy faithful witness will I be :
 'Tis fixt ; I can do all through thee.

HYMN 498. L. M. [219]

GO preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,
 Bid the whole world my grace receive ;
 He shall be sav'd, that trusts my word ;
 He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 I'll make your great commission known,
 And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
 By all the works that I have done,
 By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Teach all the nations my commands ;
 " I'm with you till the world shall end :
 All power is trusted in my hands,
 I can destroy, and I defend."

HYMN 499. C. M.

JESUS, the name high over all,
 In hell, or earth, or sky !
 Angels and men before it fall,
 And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
 The name to sinners given !
 It scatters all their guilty fear :
 And turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
 And bruises Satan's head ;
 Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
 And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of his grace ;
 The arms of love that compass me,
 Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show
 His saving truth proclaim :
 'Tis all my business here below,
 'To cry, " Behold the Lamb !"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp his Name !
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,
 " Behold, behold the Lamb !"

HYMN 500. C. M. [221]

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
 And take th' 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 heart,
 And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego !
For souls, which must forever live,
In raptures, or in wo.
- 4 And to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there ;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, where should we appear ?
- 5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

HYMN 501. C. M.

- JESUS, my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my King,
Triumphantly thy name I bless,
Thy conqu'ring name I sing.
- 2 Thou, Lord, hast magnify'd thy name,
Thou hast maintain'd thy cause
And I enjoy the glorious shame,
The scandal of thy cross.
- 3 Thou gavest me to speak thy word,
In the appointed hour ;
I have proclaim'd my dying Lord,
And felt thy Spirit's power.
- 4 Superior to my foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown ;
On all the strangers to thy blood
With pitying love look down.
- 5 O let me have thy presence still,
Set as a flint my face,
To show the counsel of thy will,
Which saves a world by grace !

6 O never let me blush to own
 The glorious Gospel-word ;
 Which saves a world through faith alone,
 Faith in a dying Lord !

HYMN 502. L. M. [426]

A Pastor welcomed.

WE bid thee welcome in the name
 Of Jesus, our exalted Head ;
 Come as a servant : so he came ;
 And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd ; guard and keep
 This fold from Satan and from sin :
 Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep ;
 The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman : take thy stand
 Upon thy tower on Zion's height ;
 And when the sword comes on the land,
 Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.

4 Come as an angel, hence to guide
 A band of pilgrims on their way ;
 That, safely walking at thy side,
 We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.

5 Come as a teacher sent from God,
 Charged his whole counsel to declare ;
 Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
 While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

6 Come as a messenger of peace,
 Filled with the Spirit, fired with love ;
 Live to behold our large increase,
 And die to meet us all above.

HYMN 503. L. M. [303]

GOD, the offended God, Most High,
 Ambassadors to rebels sends ;
 His messengers his place supply,
 And Jesus begs us to be friends.

2 Us in the stead of Christ, they pray,
 Us, in the stead of God entreat,
 To cast our arms, our sins away,
 And find forgiveness at his feet.

3 Our God in Christ! thine embassy,
 And proffer'd mercy, we embrace;
 And gladly reconciled to thee,
 Thy condescending mercy praise.

4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
 A full acquittance we receive!
 And criminals, with pardon blest,
 We, at our Judge's instance, live!

HYMN 504. H. M.

PRAISE to the Lord on high,
 Who spreads his triumphs wide!
 While Jesus' fragrant name
 Is breathed on every side:
 Balmy and rich the odours rise,
 And fill the earth and reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls,
 Its influence feel—and live;
 Sweeter than vital air
 The incense they receive:
 They breathe anew, and rise and sing
 Jesus the Lord, their conquering King.

3 But sinners scorn the grace,
 That brings salvation nigh:
 They turn away their face,
 And faint, and fall, and die.
 So sad a doom, ye saints, deplore,
 For O! they fall to rise no more.

4 Yet wise and mighty God,
 Shall all thy servants be,
 In those who live or die,
 A savour sweet to thee;

Supremely bright thy grace shall shine,
Guarded with flames of wrath divine.

HYMN 505. L. P. M. [307]

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people saith your God !
Ye soon shall see his smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not his rod ;
And own, when now the cloud's removed,
He only chastened whom he loved.

2 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap ;
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn :
Who now go on their way and weep,
With joy they doubtless shall return ;
And bring their sheaves with vast increase,
And have their fruit to holiness.

HYMN 506. L. M. [231]

JESUS, thy wand'ring sheep behold !
See, Lord, with yearning bowels see,
Poor souls that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gather'd in by thee.

2 Lost are they now and scatter'd 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 preacher's crowd ;
Preachers who all the sinful race
Point to the all-atoning blood.

HYMN 507. L. M.

FATHER, if justly still we claim
To us and ours the promise made,

- To us be graciously the same,
 And crown with living fire our head !
- 2 Our claim admit, and from above
 Of holiness the Spirit shower ;
 Of wise discernment, humble love,
 And zeal, and unity, and power !
- 3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
 Of power demonstrative, impart ;
 Such as may every conscience reach,
 And sound the unbelieving heart.
- 4 The Spirit of refining fire,
 Searching the inmost of the mind,
 To purge all fierce and foul desire,
 And kindle life more pure and kind :

HYMN 508. C. M.

- JESUS, the word of mercy give,
 And let it swiftly run ;
 And let the priests themselves believe,
 And put salvation on !
- 2 Clothed with the Spirit of holiness,
 May all thy people prove
 The plenitude of gospel grace,
 The joy of perfect love !
- 3 Jesus, let all thy lovers shine,
 Illustrious as the sun !
 And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
 Their glorious circuit run.
- 4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
 Their light where'er they go ;
 And heavenly influences shed,
 On all the world below !
- 5 As giants may they run their race,
 Exulting in their might ;
 As burning luminaries chase,
 The gloom of hellish night !

6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
 Their healing wings display ;
 And let the lustre still increase,
 Unto the perfect day.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

HYMN 509. C. M. [223]

ONCE more we come before our God.
 Once more his blessings ask :
 O, may not duty seem a load !
 Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
 From heaven, in Jesus' name,
 To make our waiting minds attend,
 And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
 Each in an honest heart ;
 And keep the precious treasure there,
 And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
 To each thy blessings suit,
 And let the seed thy servant sows,
 Produce abundant fruit.

HYMN 510. L. M. [223]

GLORY to God, whose sovereign grace
 Hath animated senseless stones ;
 Call'd us to stand before his face,
 And rais'd us into Abraham's sons.

2 The people that in darkness lay,
 In sin and error's deadly shade,

- Have seen a glorious Gospel-day,
 In Jesus' lovely face display'd.
- 3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
 And bar'd thine arm in all our sight;
 Hast made the reprobates thine own,
 And claim'd the outcasts as thy right.
- 4 Thy single arm, almighty Lord,
 To us the great salvation brought:
 Thy Word, thy all creating Word,
 That spake at first the world from nought.

HYMN 511. L. M. [224]

- ARM** of the Lord, awake, awake!
 Thine own immortal strength put on;
 With terror cloth'd hell's kingdom shake,
 And cast thy foes with fury down.
- 2 As in the ancient days appear!
 The sacred annals speak thy fame:
 Be now omnipotently near,
 To endless ages still the same.
- 3 By death and hell pursu'd in vain,
 To thee the ransom'd seed shall come:
 Shouting their heavenly Zion gain,
 And pass thro' death triumphant home.
- 4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
 The anguish and distracting care:
 There sighing grief shall weep no more,
 And sin shall never enter there.
- 5 Where pure, essential joy is found,
 The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,
 With everlasting gladness crown'd,
 And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

HYMN 512. L. M. [331]

- THE** heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
 In every star thy wisdom shines;

- But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And night and day, thy power confess ;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ,
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
 So when thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till thro' the world thy truth has run :
 Till Christ has all the nations blest,
 That see the light or feel the sun.

HYMN 513. S. M. [325]

- FATHER of boundless grace,
 Thou hast in part fulfill'd
 Thy promise made to Adam's race,
 In God incarnate seal'd.
- A few from every land
 At first to Salem came,
 And saw the wonders of thy hand,
 And saw the tongues of flame.
- 2 Yet still we wait the end,
 The coming of our Lord :
 The full accomplishment attend,
 Of thy prophetic word,
 Thy promise deeper lies,
 In unexhausted grace ;
 And new-discovered worlds arise,
 To sing their Saviour's praise.
- 3 Beloved for Jesus' sake,
 By him redeem'd of old,
 All nations must come in, and make
 One undivided fold :

While gather'd in by thee,
 And perfected in one,
 They all at once thy glory see,
 In thine eternal Son.

HYMN 514. L. M. [393]

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
 The darkness of o'erspreading death,
 God will arise with light divine,
 On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall beam o'er distant lands,
 And heathen tribes in joyful bands,
 Come with exulting haste to prove,
 The power and greatness of his love.

3 Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace;
 Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,
 In mild and lovely forms, display
 The glories of the latter day.

HYMN 515. L. M. [418]

SOON may the last glad song arise,
 Through all the myriads of the skies—
 That song of triumph which records,
 That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be,
 Obedient mighty God, to thee;
 And over land, and stream, and main,
 Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3 O, let that glorious anthem swell;
 Let host to host the triumph tell,
 That not one rebel heart remains,
 But over all the Saviour reigns.

HYMN 516. H. M.

HARK—hark—the notes of joy,
 Roll o'er the heavenly plains!

And seraphs find employ,
 For their sublimest strains;
 Some new delight in heaven is known,
 Loud ring the harps around the throne.

2 Hark—hark—the sounds draw nigh,
 The joyful hosts descend;

Jesus forsakes the sky,
 To earth his footsteps bend;
 He comes to bless our fallen race,
 He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear—bear the tidings round,
 Let every mortal know

What love in God is found,
 What pity he can show.
 Ye winds that blow—ye waves that roll,
 Bear the glad news from pole to pole!

4 Strike—strike the harps again,
 To great Immanuel's name;

Arise, ye sons of men
 And loud his grace proclaim.
 Angels and men wake every string,
 'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing!

HYMN 517. L. M. [329]

THE law and Prophets all foretold
 That Christ should die, and leave the grave;
 Gather the world into his fold,
 The Church of Jews and Gentiles save.

2 Yet by the prince of darkness bound,
 The nations still are wrapt in night;
 They never heard the joyful sound,
 They never saw the gospel light.

3 Light of the world, again appear,
 In mildest majesty of grace;
 And bring the great salvation near,
 And claim our whole apostate race.

HYMN 518. L. M. [392]

SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power ;
 Be this thy Zion's favored hour :
 O, bid the morning star arise ;
 O, point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
 In western wilds, and eastern plains ;
 Far let the Gospel's sound be known ;
 Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice ;
 Speak, and the desert shall rejoice ;
 Dispel the gloom of heathen night ;
 Bid every nation hail the light.

HYMN 519. 7s. & 6s.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed !

Great David's greater Son ;
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong :
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls condemned and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.

3 By such shall ye be feared
 While sun and moon endure,—
 Beloved, obeyed, revered :
 For he shall judge the poor,
 Through changing generations,
 With justice, mercy, truth,

While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

4 He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go ;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

PART SECOND.

HYMN 520. 7s. & 6s.

ARABIA'S desert-ranger,
To him shall bow the knee

The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see :
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

2 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring ;

All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing :
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;

His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blest ;
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand forever ;
 That name to us is—Love.

 DEDICATION.

HYMN 521. L. M. [231]

GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
 Which guards these sacred courts in peace ;
 Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
 To fill thy worshippers with dread.

2 These walls we to thy honor raise ;
 Long may they echo to thy praise !
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 And in the great decisive day
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear,
 That crowds were born to glory here.

HYMN 522. L. M. [232]

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

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within thine house, O God of grace,

Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

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

HYMN 523. S. M. [233]

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

HYMN 524. L. M. [233]

BEHOLD thy temple, God of grace,
The house that we have rear'd for thee,
Regard it as thy resting place,
And fill it with thy majesty.

2 With outstretched hands on thee we call,
Prostrate before thy throne we bow;

- O, let the cloud of glory fall
 On all thy waiting servants now.
- 3 Now by thy presence sanctify
 This earthly sanctuary, Lord ;
 And to its courts be ever nigh,
 And here thy hallow'd name record.
- 4 When from its altar shall arise
 Joint supplication to thy name,
 Deign to accept the sacrifice,
 Thyself our answering God proclaim.
- 5 Now, therefore, O our God arise,
 In this thy resting place appear ;
 And let thy people's longing eyes
 Behold thee fix thy dwelling here.

HYMN 525. L. M. [234]

- FOUNTAIN** of life, enthroned above,
 To thee our grateful songs shall rise ;
 And may this tribute of our love
 Prove an accepted sacrifice.
- 2 'Tho' poor the offering, wilt thou deign
 In mercy to accept it, Lord !
 Show us that thou canst dwell with men,
 And make this temple thine abode.
- 3 Here may our supplications rise,
 As holy incense to thy throne ;
 And grace descend in rich supplies,
 To make thy power and mercy known.
- 4 These walls shall to thy praise resound,
 Till we arise to dwell with thee ;
 May future ages catch the sound,
 And still prolong the melody.

HYMN 526. L. M. [426]

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
 Was the first temple, built by God ;

His fiat laid the corner stone :
 He spake, and lo ! the work was done.
 2 He hung its starry roof on high,
 The broad expanse of azure sky ;
 He spread its pavement green and bright,
 And curtained it with morning light.
 3 The mountains in their places stood,
 The sea, the sky ; and all was good ;
 And when its first pure praises rung,
 The morning stars together sung.
 4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
 And earth, and sky, a house for thee ;
 But in thy sight our offering stands,
 An humble temple built with hands.

HYMN 527. L. M.

AND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish his abode ?
 And will he, from his radiant throne
 Avow our temple for his own ?
 2 We bring the tribute of our praise ;
 And sing that condescending grace,
 Which to our notes will lend an ear,
 And call us sinful mortals near.
 3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
 Which guards our synagogues in peace !
 That no tumultuous foes invade,
 To fill our worshippers with dread.
 4 These walls we to thy honor raise ;
 Long may they echo to thy praise ;
 And thou, descending, fill the place,
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.
 5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the glories of his train ;
 While power divine his word attends,
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

6 And in the great decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear,
 That crowds were born to glory here.

HYMN 528. L. M. [424]

HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
 We build this earthly house for thee ;
 O, choose it for thy fixed abode,
 And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed gospel of thy Son,
 Still by the power of his great name
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
 Hosanna ! to their heavenly King,
 Let heaven with earth the strain prolong ;
 Hosanna ! let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
 Here to abide, no transient guest ?
 Here will our great Redeemer reign,
 And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

6 Thy glory never hence depart,
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
 Thy kingdom come to every heart ;
 In every bosom fix thy throne.

HYMN 529. P. M. [336]

THOU, who hast in Zion laid
 The true Foundation-stone,
 And with those a covenant made,
 Who build on that alone :

Hear us, Architect divine !

Great builder of thy church below :
Now upon thy servants shine,
Who seek thy praise to show.

2 We, like Jesse's son, would raise
A temple to the Lord ;
Sound throughout its courts His praise,
His saving name record ;
Dedicate a house to Him,
Who, once in mortal weakness shrined,
Sorrow'd, suffer'd to redeem,
To rescue all mankind.

3 Father, Son, and Spirit, send
The consecrating flame ;
Now in majesty descend,
Inscribe the living name ;
That great name by which we live,
Now write on this accepted stone ;
Us into thy hands receive,
Our temple make thy throne.

BIRTH-DAY.

HYMN 530. H. M. [235]

GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise !
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days ;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, O let me live ;

To thee my every breath
 In thanks and praises give ;
 Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
 Shall magnify my Maker's name.

3 My soul and all its powers,
 Thine, wholly thine shall be ;
 All, all my happy hours
 I consecrate to thee :
 Me to thine image now restore,
 And I shall praise thee evermore.

4 Then when the work is done,
 The work of faith with power,
 Receive thy favor'd son,
 In death's triumphant hour—
 Like Moses to thyself convey,
 And kiss my raptur'd soul away.

HYMN 531. 11s. & 9s. [536]

AWAY with our fears! The glad morning
 appears,
 When an heir of salvation was born !
 From Jehovah I came, for his glory I am,
 And to him I with singing return.

2 O, the infinite cares, and temptations, and
 snares,
 Thy hand hath conducted me through !
 O, the blessings bestow'd by a bountiful God,
 And the mercies eternally new.

3 What a mercy is this; what a heaven of bliss,
 How unspeakably happy am I !
 Gather'd into thy fold, with thy people enroll'd,
 With thy people to live and to die.

4 My remnant of days I spend in his praise,
 Who died the whole world to redeem ;
 Be they many or few, my days are his due,
 And they all are devoted to him.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

—
HYMN 532. C. M. [237]

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys—
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?—
But thou canst read it there!

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

HYMN 533. C. M. [237]

WHEN in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

2 Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 'Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

5 'Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise ;
But O ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 534. L. M.

GOD of my life, through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

3 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies !

4 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
Which echo through the heavenly plains ;
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live :
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

NATIVITY.

HYMN 535. C. M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
night,

All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down,

And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,

The Saviour who is Christ the Lord ;

And this shall be the sign :

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,

All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng

Of angels praising God, on high,

And thus address'd their song :

6 "All glory be to God on high,

And to the earth be peace ;

Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

HYMN 536. C. M.

SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,

And send your fears away,

News from the regions of the skies—

A Saviour'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 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around,
The heavenly armies throng ;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :
- 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 " Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth ;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."
- 6 Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,
And man no tunes to raise ?
Oh, may we lose these useless tongues
When we forget to praise !

HYMN 537. C. M. [240]

- MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
'To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire,
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky,
The impetuous torrent ran ;

And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail !
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN 538. C. M. [241]

O SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below,
To mortals want and labor born,
And more than mortal wo—

2 Incarnate Word, by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lives to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died—

3 If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

4 If pressed by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
O, may thy Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was thine.

5 Through fickle fortune's various scene
From sin preserve us free ;
Like us thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with thee.

HYMN 539. 7s.

HARK ! the herald-angels sing,
" Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconcil'd ;"
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies :

With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings:
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth;
 Born to give them second birth.

3 Come, Desire of Nations, come!
 Fix in us thy humble home;
 Rise the woman's conqu'ring seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head;
 Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place:
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstate us in thy love.

HYMN 540. L. M. [407]

ERE the blue heav'ns were stretched abroad,
 From everlasting was the word;
 With God he was—the Word was God,
 And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made;
 By him supported, all things stand;
 He is the whole creation's head,
 And angels fly at his command.

3 But lo, his heav'nly form he leaves,
 The Word descends and dwells with clay;
 The form of men he now receives,
 Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

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

HYMN 541. S. M. [407]

THE angel hosts appear
 O'er Bethl'hem's honor'd plain,
 While thus the wond'ring shepherds hear
 The heav'nly rapt'rous strain :

2 "Glory to God on high,
 And heav'nly peace on earth ;
 Good will to men, to angels joy,
 At the Redeemer's birth !"

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

4 "Glory to God on high,
 And heavenly peace on earth ;
 Good will to men, to angels joy,
 At our Redeemer's birth !"

HYMN 542. L. M. [314]

SING, all in heaven, at Jesus' birth,
 Glory to God, and peace on earth ;
 Incarnate love in Christ is seen,
 Pure mercy and good will to men.

2 Praise him, extoll'd above all height,
 Who doth in worthless worms delight ;
 God reconciled in Christ confess,
 Your present and eternal peace.

3 From Jesus, manifest below,
 Rivers of pure salvation flow :
 And pour on man's distinguish'd race,
 Their everlasting streams of grace.

4 Sing, every soul of Adam's line,
 The favorite attribute divine ;
 Ascribing with the hosts above,
 All glory to the God of Love.

NEW YEAR'S.

HYMN 543. 10s, 5s, & 11s. [243]

COME let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear;
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of His coming may
 say,
 "I have fought my way through:
 I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to
 do!"
 O that each from his Lord may receive the
 glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done!
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne!"

HYMN 544. L. M. [244]

ETERNAL source of every joy,
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring at thy command,
 Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
 The summer rays with vigor shine,
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons and months, and weeks, and days
 Demand successive songs of praise :
 Still be the cheerful homage paid,
 With opening light and evening shade.

HYMN 545. C. M. [244]

SING to the great Jehovah's praise ;

All praise to him belongs,

Who kindly lengthens out our days,

Demands our choicest songs.

His providence hath brought us through

Another various year ;

We all with vows and anthems new,

Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,

Thy still continued care :

To thee presenting, through thy Son,

Whate'er we have or are.

Our lips and lives shall gladly show

The wonders of thy love,

While on in Jesus' steps we go

To seek thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours,

Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;

And all our consecrated powers,

A sacrifice to thee ;

Till Jesus in the clouds appear,

To saints on earth forgiven,

And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

HYMN 546. H. M.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise !
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days !
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground !
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found !
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another, and another year.

3 When justice bar'd the sword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried, " Let it still alone !"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood,
From God obtain'd the grace ;
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space ;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo ! we see another year !

5 Then dig about the root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound ;
O, let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN 547. L. M. [442]

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
 By which supported still we stand :
 The opening year thy mercy shows ;
 Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God :
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
 'The future—all to us unknown—
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.

HYMN 548. L. M. [439]

GOD of eternity, from thee
 Did infant Time his being draw ;
 Moments, and days, and months and years
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
 Steady and strong the current flows,
 Lost in eternity's wide sea—
 The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
 Upon the rapid streams are borne,
 Swift on to their eternal home,
 Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore, on either side,
 Presents a gaudy flattering show,
 We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
 Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
 To know the price of every hour ;
 That time may bear me on to joys,
 Beyond its measure and its power.

HYMN 549. C. M. [439]

AND now my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past ;
 I cannot long continue here
 And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my passing moments run,
 The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul ; with utmost care
 Thy true condition learn :
 What are thy hopes ? how sure ? how fair ?
 What is thy great concern ?

4 Behold, another year begins ;
 Set out afresh for heaven ;
 Seek pardon for my former sins,
 In Christ so freely given.

HYMN 550. L. M. [440]

OUR Helper, God, we bless his name,
 Whose love forever is the same ;
 The tokens of whose gracious care
 Begin, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
 Supported by his guardian hand ;
 And see, when we review our ways,
 Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led us on ;
 Thus far we make his mercy known ;
 And while we tread this desert land,
 New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore,
 Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
 Then bear, in his bright courts above,
 Inscriptions of immortal love.

THE SABBATH.

HYMN 551. L. M. [246]

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

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

3 When grace has purified my heart,
 Then I shall share a glorious part :
 And fresh supplies of joys are shed,
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear and know,
 All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
 And every hour find sweet employ,
 In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 552. C. M. [247]

MAY I, throughout this day of thine,
 Be in thy spirit, Lord,
 Spirit of humble fear divine,
 That trembles at thy word.

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
 And fix on things above ;

Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

HYMN 553. S. M. [247]

WELCOME, 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 in such a place
Where thou, my God, art seen,
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 554. L. M.

RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest,
Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns,
So sweet a rest for wearied minds ;
Provides a blest foretaste of heaven,
On this day more than all the seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the best pledge of glorious rest,

Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, thy works we scan,
Creation's scene, redemption's plan,
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.

HYMN 555. L. M. [366]

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues ;

3 No rude alarms of angry foes,
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin ;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

HYMN 556. H. M.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest ;

I hail thy kind return,

Lord make these moments blest :
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace ;

Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face :

Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours :
'Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulg'd in vain.

HYMN 557. 7s. [402]

IN thy house while now we sing,
Tune our hearts, O heavenly King !
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord, our Righteousness !

2 While to Thee our pray'rs ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend :
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads :
Hear,—for Jesus intercedes !

3 While we hear thy word with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love,
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.

4 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn :
'This, at evening, we shall say,—
" We have walk'd with God to-day !"

HYMN 558. L. M. [365]

THIS day the Lord has called his own ;
O let us, then, his praise declare ;
Fix our desires on him alone,
And seek his face with fervent prayer.

2 Lord, in thy love we would rejoice,
Which bids the burdened soul be free,
And with united heart and voice,
Devote these sacred hours to thee.

3 Now let the world's delusive things
 No more our grovelling thoughts employ,
 But Faith be taught to stretch her wings,
 In search of heaven's unfailing joy.

4 O let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
 Be to our lasting welfare blest ;
 The purest comfort here afford,
 And fit us for eternal rest.

HYMN 559. C. M. [364]

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
 And sighs her God to seek,
 How sweet to hail the evening's close,
 That ends the weary week !

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
 That opens on the sight,
 When first that soul-reviving morn,
 Sheds forth new rays of light !

3 Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will cease ;
 Yet, while they gently roll,
 Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
 A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
 The world's long week be o'er,
 That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
 That day which fades no more ?

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

HYMN 560. L. M. [249]

FROM year to year in love we meet,
 From year to year in peace we part ;
 The tongues of thousands uttering sweet
 The bosom-joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on, and year by year
 We change, grow up, or pass away;
 Not twice the same assembly here
 Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another spring, may strike
 Some in our union, marked to fall;
 Be young and old prepared alike—
 The warning is to each, to all.

4 This sole occasion, then, is ours;
 This day we ne'er again shall see;
 Lord God, awaken all our powers
 To spend it for eternity.

HYMN 561. C. M. [250]

O WISDOM, whose unfailing power
 Beside th' Eternal stood,
 To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
 The land, the sky, the flood;

2 Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile
 An infant form to wear;
 To bless thy mother with a smile,
 And lisp thy faltered prayer.

3 But in thy Father's own abode,
 With Israel's elders round,
 Conversing high with Israel's God,
 Thy chiefest joy was found.

4 So may our youth adore thy name;
 And, Saviour deign to bless,
 With fostering grace, the timid flame
 Of early holiness.

HYMN 562. C. M. [251]

BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
 How fair the lily grows!
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose.

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

HYMN 563. 7s. [428]

GOD of mercy hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given ;
Let them all thy blessings share—
Grace on earth and bliss in heaven.

2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to thee ;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

3 When we see their passions rise,
Sinful habits unsubdued,
Then to thee we lift our eyes,
That their hearts may be renewed.

4 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Thro' the Saviour's precious blood ;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.

5 For this mercy, Lord, we cry ;
Bend thine ever gracious ear ;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer—in mercy hear.

HYMN 564. L. M.

WE are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King ;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

2 We are but young—yet we have heard
The gospel news, the heavenly word :
If we despise the only way,
Dreadful will be the judgment day.

3 We are but young—yet we must die,
Perhaps our latter end is nigh ;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding-place.

4 We are but young—we need a guide ;
Jesus, in thee we would confide ;
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

5 We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head ;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

HYMN 565. 7s.

SOON will set the Sabbath sun,
Soon the sacred day be gone ;
But a sweeter rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

2 Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
Seeming much of joy to tell ;
Kind our teachers are to-day,
In the school we love to stay.

3 But a music sweeter far,
Breathes, where angel-spirits are ;
Higher far than earthly strains,
Where the rest of God remains.

4 Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell ?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow ?

5 Yes :—that rest our own may be,
All the good shall Jesus see ;
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

HYMN 566. 7s.

HOLY Bible ! book divine ;
Precious treasure ! thou art mine !
Mine, to tell me whence I came ;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the holy spirit bless ;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom !
O thou precious book divine !
Precious treasure ! thou art mine !

HYMN 567. L. M.

THE clock has struck, I cannot stay,
O let me rise and haste away ;
I'll quit my bed, and leave my home,
The hour of school at length is come.

2 I would be there when prayer begins,
To seek the pardon of my sins ;

I'd ask the favour of the Lord,
And pray to understand his word.

3 O shall my teachers wait in vain,
While my neglect must give them pain?
No, let me rather strive to be
First of their little family.

4 These Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
And I shall go to school no more;
I would not then endure the pain
Of having spent my time in vain.

HYMN 568. 7s & 6s.

TO thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voices,
Thy holy name to praise;
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allow'd to meet;
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good;
And may the holy scriptures
By us be understood
O may our hearts be given
To thee our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

3 And may the precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen,
Shall know and serve the Lord:
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness,
Arise to light divine.

HYMN 569. L. M.

WELCOME, sweet morn, we hail with joy,
 Thy holy light, thy blest employ ;
 And come a little favored band,
 One sacred hour with Christ to spend.

2 Our infant hearts would humbly pray
 That he will bless our school to-day ;
 To him our joyful notes of praise,
 With one united voice we raise.

3 An offering to our heavenly King
 Of Glad hosannas now we bring ;
 And hope at last in his embrace,
 Secure from sin, to find a place.

HYMN 570. C. M.

DEATH has been here, and borne away
 A brother from our side,—
 Just in the morning of *his* day,
 As young as we, *he* died.

2 Not long ago, *he* filled his place,
 And sat with us to learn :
 But *he* has run *his* mortal race,
 And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
 Our days may fly as fast ;
 O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
 That this may be our last !

4 All needful strength is thine to give ;
 To thee our souls apply,
 For grace to teach us how to live,
 And make us fit to die.

HYMN 571. L. M.

DEAR partner of our hopes and fears,
 And wilt thou here no longer dwell,

To share our toils, and joys, and tears ?
And must we bid a sad farewell ?

2 Yes, thou must fill thy future lot,
Far from thy fond and cherished friends ;
But not to be by us forgot
While life its beating pulses spend.

3 We'll think of thee amid the scene
Of each returning Sabbath day ;
And nowhere else with grief so keen,
Will mourn that thou art far away.

4 We'll think of thee whene'er we meet,
Our weekly lessons to prepare ;
Nor deem our social band complete,
Whilst thou, dear friend, art wanting there.

5 We'll think of thee around the board
That speaks a dying Saviour's love ;
And trust our joy will be restored
In endless fellowship above.

6 Lord, let thy care *his* footsteps guard,
Thy choicest blessings fill *his* heart ;
And crown *him* with thy rich reward,
Where Christian friends no more shall part.

HYMN 572. L. M.

ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore ;
We meet to read, to sing, and pray,
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes and friends ;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar ;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

HYMN 573. H. M.

WHEN little Samuel woke,
 And heard his Maker's voice,
 At every word he spoke,
 How much did he rejoice ;
 O blessed, happy child, to find,
 The God of heaven so near and kind.

2 If God would speak to me,
 And say he was my friend,
 How happy I should be !
 O, how would I attend !
 The smallest sin I then should fear,
 If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak ?
 O yes ! for in his word
 He bids me come and seek
 The God whom Samuel heard ;
 In almost every page I see,
 The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I, beneath his care
 May safely rest my head ;
 I know that God is there
 To guard my humble bed :
 And every sin I well may fear
 Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel, let me say,
 When'er I read his word,
 " Speak, Lord, I would obey
 The voice that Samuel heard ;"
 And when I in thy house appear,
 Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

HYMN 574. L. M.

A MOURNING class, a vacant seat,
 Tells us that one we loved to meet
 Will join our youthful throng no more,
 Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

2 No more that voice we loved to hear
 Shall fill his teacher's listening ear :
 No more its tones shall join to swell
 The songs that of a Saviour tell.

3 That welcome face, that sparkling eye,
 And sprightly form, must buried lie;
 Deep in the cold and silent gloom,
 The rayless night that fills the tomb.

4 And we live on, but none can say,
 How near or distant is the day
 When death's unwelcome hand shall come,
 'To lay us in our narrow home.

5 God tells us, by this mournful death,
 How vain and fleeting is our breath ;
 And bids our souls prepare to meet
 The trial of his judgment-seat.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

HYMN 575. C. M. [489]

BEHOLD, what condescending love
 Jesus on earth displays !
 To babes and sucklings he extends
 The riches of his grace !

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
 To our forefathers given ;
 Young children in his arms he takes,
 And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not whom Jesus calls,
 Nor dare the claim resist,
 Since his own lips to us declare
 Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears and thankful hearts
 We give them up to thee ;
 Receive them, Lord, into thine arms ;
 Thine may they ever be.

HYMN 576. C. M. [445]

HOW swift, alas ! the moments fly !
 How rush the years along !
 Scarce here, yet gone already by—
 The burden of a song.

2 See childhood, youth, and manhood, pass,
 And age, with furrowed brow ;
 Time was—time shall be—but, alas !
 Where, where in time is now ?

3 Time is the measure but of change ;
 No present hour is found ;
 The past, the future, fill the range
 Of time's unceasing round.

4 Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and fears,
 On time no longer lean :
 But henceforth all thy hopes and fears,
 From earth's affections wean.

HYMN 577. L. M. [376]

CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
 Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
 Attend the counsels of my tongue .
 Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
 And peace to crown your mortal state,
 Restrain your feet from sinful ways,
 Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 To humble souls and broken hearts,
 God with his grace is ever nigh ;
 Pardon and hope his love imparts,
 When men in deep contrition lie.

HYMN 578. L. M.

I MUST not sin as many do,
Lest I lie down in sorrow too,
For God is angry every day,
With wicked ones who go astray.

2 From sinful words I must refrain;
I must not take God's name in vain;
I must not work, I must not play
Upon God's holy Sabbath day.

3 And if my parents speak the word,
I must obey them in the Lord:
Nor steal, nor lie, nor waste my days
In idle tales and foolish plays.

HYMN 579. C. M.

I LOVE to see the glowing sun
Light up the deep blue sky,
Along the pleasant fields to run,
And hear the brook flow by.

2 How fresh and green the trees appear;
What blooming flowers I find!
O, surely God has sent them here,
To tell us he is kind.

3 The beasts that on the herbage feed
Thank him in different ways;
And little birds upon the boughs
Sing sweetly to his praise.

4 Shall I alone forget to thank
The God who made us all;
O no, I'll humbly kneel to him,
And on my Maker call.

5 Though I am but a little child,
Yet I to God belong;
His works declare him good and mild,
And he will hear my song.

HYMN 580. L. M.

THOU great Instructor ! lest I stray,
 O teach my erring feet thy way ;
 Thy truth, with ever fresh delight,
 Shall guide my youthful steps aright.

2 How oft my heart's affections yield,
 And wander o'er the world's wide field ;
 My roving passions, Lord, reclaim,
 Unite them all to fear thy name.

3 Then to my God, my heart and tongue
 With all their powers shall raise the song ;
 On earth thy glories I'll declare,
 And heaven my song of joy shall hear.

HYMN 581. C. M.

Young Persons invited to seek and love Christ.

YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near ;
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you ;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your welfare to pursue.

3 " The soul who longs to see my face,
 Is sure my love to gain ;
 And those who early seek my grace,
 Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compar'd with thee ?
 What beauty should command my love,
 Like what in Christ I see ?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind !
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 And here true bliss I find.

HYMN 582. C. P. M.

The Orphan's Prayer.

O THOU! the helpless orphan's hope,
 To whom alone my eyes look up,
 In each distressing day!
 Father! for that's the sweetest name
 That e'er these lips were taught to frame,
 Instruct this heart to pray.

2 Low in the dust my parents lie,
 And no attentive ear is nigh,
 But thine, to mark my wo:
 No hand to wipe away my tears,
 No gentle voice to soothe my fears,
 Remains to me below.

3 And if thy wisdom should decree
 An early sepulchre for me,
 Father, thy will be done:
 On thy dear mercy I rely,
 And if I live, or if I die,
 O leave me not alone.

 MISSIONS.

HYMN 583. L. M. [251]

ON all the earth thy Spirit shower,
 The earth in righteousness renew;
 Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower;
 And to thy sceptre all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
 Let it opposers all o'erturn;
 And every law of sin reverse,
 That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place,
 His richest energy declare ;
 While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
 The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God, and true !
 The ancient seers thou didst inspire !
 To us perform the promise due,
 Descend and crown us now with fire.

HYMN 584. L. M. [252]

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun,
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
 To pay their homage at his feet ;
 While western empires own their Lord,
 And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown his head ;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue,
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.

HYMN 585. 7s. [253]

SEE how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace !
 Jesus' love the nation fires,
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
 To bring fire on earth he came ;
 Kindled in some hearts it is
 O, that all might catch the flame,
 All partake the glorious bliss !

2 When he first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was his day :
 Now the word doth swiftly run,
 Now it wins its winding way ;
 More and more it spreads and grows,
 Ever mighty to prevail ;
 Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand ?
 Now it spreads along the skies,
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land :
 Lo ! the promise of a shower,
 Drops already from above ;
 But the Lord will shortly pour,
 All the spirit of his love !

HYMN 586. L. M. [254]

'TIS now the time of strife and war,
 The contest sounds on every side :
 Nations are bound to Satan's car,
 And who shall meet him in his pride ?

2 Is there no arm his power to break ?
 Are there no hearts that deeply feel ?
 Sons of the kingdom ! rise, awake !
 Obey at length your Saviour's will.

3 Go, bear the Gospel banner forth,
 Its glittering web of light unroll,
 To gleam sublime from south to north,
 And scatter light from pole to pole.

4 Hark ! 'tis the trumpet's warning cry !
 Lo, o'er the earth the banners wave ;
 The Lord of glory comes from high,
 To rule, to conquer and to save.

HYMN 587. 7s. & 6s. [254]

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand ;
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile—
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high,—
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?—
 Salvation, oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation,
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,—
 Returns in bliss to reign.

HYMN 588. 7. & 6s.

FROM o'er the Rocky Mountains,
 Where prairies wide are spread,—

Where streams from forest fountains
 Flow west to ocean's bed,—
 See savage men descending
 To Mississippi's vale,
 Their eager eyes still bending
 An eastern light to hail.

2 For they have heard a story
 Of God's most holy Book,
 All full of light and glory,
 On which their eyes may look ;
 And they, like eastern sages,
 Who journeyed from afar,
 Have travelled weary stages,
 To find the Saviour's star.

3 "Have you that Book from heaven?"
 These western wise men say ;
 "To us shall it be given,
 To guide us on our way ?
 We're wanderers, all our nation,
 Deep lost in gloomy night :
 O, let us know salvation !
 O, give us heaven-born light !"

HYMN 589. 7s & 6s. [256]

THE morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears.
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
 Brings tidings from afar ;
 The nations are in motion,
 To find Messiah's star.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour ;
 Each cry, to heaven going,

Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above ;
While sinners now confessing
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

HYMN 590. C. M.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his courts, we'll go."

3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years ;
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 Come, then, O, come from every land,
To worship at his shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

HYMN 591. L. M. [258]

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake ;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;

Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"

Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favor come;
O, bring the tribes of Israel home:
Soon may our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

HYMN 592. L. M. [258]

ARISE, arise, with joy survey
The glory of the latter day;
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand a rising sun.

2 "Behold the way," ye heralds, cry;
Spare not, but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
"Glad tidings" to the captive soul.

3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell:
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own."

4 The north gives up; the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

HYMN 593. C. M. [259]

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;

Again in thy Redeemer trust ;
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake—awake !—put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array ;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls—thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;
Say to the south, " Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north !"

4 They come ! they come ! Thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

HYMN 594. L. M. [250]

SHOUT, for the great Redeemer reigns,
Through distant lands his triumphs spread :
Sinners, now freed from Satan's chains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.

2 O, may his conquests still increase ;
Let every foe his power subdue !
While angels celebrate his praise !
Saints shall his rising glories show.

3 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

HYMN 595. L. M. [260]

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King ! we stand !

The voice that marshalled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;
Along the line—to either pole—
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist—accept our praise—
Our hopes revive—our courage raise—
Our counsels aid—to each impart
The single eye—the fearful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come ;
Recall the wandering spirits home ;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

HYMN 596. L. M. [261]

YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name ;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire—
With holy zeal your hearts inspire ;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more ;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.

HYMN 597. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

The Missionary's Farewell.

YES my native land, I love thee :
All thy scenes, I love them well ;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell ?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

- 2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
 Joys no stranger heart can tell ;
 Happy home, indeed I love thee :
 Can I, can I say, " Farewell ?"
 Can I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days and Sabbath bell,
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
 Can I say at last farewell ?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
 From the scenes I loved so well :
 Far away ye billows, bear me :
 Lovely, native land, farewell :
 Pleased I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor :
 On the mountains let me tell
 How he died—the blessed Saviour—
 To redeem a world from hell :
 Let me hasten,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean ;
 Let the winds my canvass swell :
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion
 While I go far hence to dwell :
 Glad I bid thee
 Native land, farewell, farewell.

HYMN 598. 7s. & 8s. [393]

O THOU Sun of glorious splendor,
 Shine with healing in thy wing ;
 Chase away these shades of darkness ;
 Holy light and comfort bring.

- 2 Let the heralds of salvation
 Round the world with joy proclaim,
 "Death and hell are spoiled and vanquished,
 Thro' the great Immanuel's name."
- 3 Take thy power, almighty Saviour;
 Claim the nations for thine own;
 Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
 Till each heart becomes thy throne.
- 4 Then the earth o'erspread with glory,
 Decked with heavenly splendor bright,
 Shall be made Jehovah's dwelling—
 As at first, the Lord's delight.

HYMN 599. 8s, 7s, & 4s. [394]

- O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
 Let the eye of pity gaze;
 See the kindreds of the people
 Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
 Darkness brooding
 O'er the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness,
 Rise and shine; thy blessing bring;
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
 Rise with healing in thy wing:
 To thy brightness
 Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
 Idol Gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and worshipping before him,
 Serve the living God alone:
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth as floods the sea.
- 4 Thou, to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word; at thy command,
 Let the company of heralds
 Spread thy name from land to land;

Lord, be with them,
Always to the end of time.

HYMN 600. L. M. [395]

GO, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night,
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the rose of Sharon bloom ;
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
And bear to heaven a sweet perfume.

3 Go to the hungry—food impart ;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide,
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.

4 Go bid the bright and morning star,
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine ;
And piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.

5 O, faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reapers hand ;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

6 Thy love a rich reward shall find,
From him who sits enthroned on high ;
For they who turn the erring mind,
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

HYMN 601. 7s. [396]

GO, ye messengers of God ;
Like the beams of morning fly ;
Take the wonder-working rod ;
Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,

Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppressed for ever weep.

3 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven ;
Chase away his wild despair ;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy east,
High the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

HYMN 602. H. M. [419]

ISLES of the south, awake !
The song of triumph sing ;
Let mount, and hill, and vale,
With hallelujahs ring :
Shout, for the idol's overthrown,
And Israel's God is God alone.

2 Wild wastes of Afric, shout !
Your shackled sons are free ;
No mother wails her child
'Neath the banana-tree :
No slave-ship dashes on thy shore ;
'The clank of chains is heard no more.

3 Shout, vales of India, shout ;
No funeral fires blaze high ;
No idol song rings loud,
As rolls the death-car by :
The banner of the cross now waves,
Where Christian heralds made their graves.

4 Shout, rocky hills of Greece !
The crescent head lies low :
No Moslem flings his chain
Around the Christian now ;
But Greek and Moslem join in one
To praise the Saviour, God the Son.

5 Shout, hills of Palestine !
 Have you forgot the groan,
 The spear, the thorn, the cross,
 The wine-press trod alone,
 The dying prayer that rose from thee,
 Thou garden of Gethsemane ?

6 Hail, glad millennial day !
 O, shout, ye heavens above .
 To-day the nations sing
 The song, redeeming love :
 Redeeming love the song shall be ;
 Hail, blessed year of jubilee !

HYMN 603. 7s. [417]

WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are ?
 Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star.

2 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
 Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman ! tell us of the night ;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveller ! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman ! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveller ! ages are its own ;
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller ! darkness takes its flight ;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.

Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

HYMN 604. L. M. [262]

SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye,
The thousands of our Israel see;
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have;
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near;
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,
The Christian savages remain;
Strangers, yea, enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.

4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

HYMN 605. L. P. M. [263]

LORD over all, if thou hast made,
Hast ransom'd every soul of man,
Why is the grace so long delay'd?
Why unfulfill'd the saving plan?
The bliss for Adam's race design'd,
When will it reach to all mankind?

2 Art thou the God of Jews alone,
And not the God of Gentiles too?
To Gentiles make thy goodness known;

Thy judgments to the nations show ;
 Awake them by the Gospel call ;
 Light of the world, illumine all !

3 The servile progeny of Ham,
 Seize as the purchase of thy blood ;
 Let all the heathen know thy name :
 From idols, to the living God,
 The dark Americans convert,
 And shine in every Pagan heart !

4 As lightning launch'd from east to west,
 The coming of thy kingdom be ;
 To thee, by angel hosts confest,
 Bow every soul and every knee :
 Thy glory let all flesh behold !
 And then fill up thy heavenly fold.

HYMN 606. 7s & 6s. [264]

HEARD ye the mighty rushing ?
 As storm-waked sea it came ;
 'Twas a nation's deep rejoicing
 For her proud and spotless name.
 Land of my sleeping fathers !
 O'er thee no chain is flung ;
 Through all thy verdant valleys
 The shout of joy is rung.

2 Wide o'er thy rolling rivers,
 Thy fair and sunny plains,
 And up thy woody mountains,
 The soul of freedom reigns,
 Land of my sleeping fathers !
 O'er thee no chain is flung !
 Through all thy verdant valleys
 The shout of joy is rung.

3 And is there then no shadow
 To dim this hallowed mirth ?
 And shall thy name, my country,
 Be the watchword o'er the earth ?

Are all the captives loosened?
 The fettered *slave* set free?
 Is his crushed spirit gladdened
 On this gay jubilee?

HYMN 607. 7s. [264]

DAUGHTERS of the Pilgrim sires,
 Dwellers by their mould'ring graves,
 Watchers of their altar fires,
 Look upon your country's slaves!

2 Look! 'tis woman's streaming eye,
 These are woman's fettered hands,
 That to you so mournfully,
 Lift sad glance and iron bands.

3 Scars are on her fettered limbs,
 Where the savage scourge hath been;
 But the grief her eye that dims,
 Flows from deeper wounds within:

4 For the children of her love,
 For the brothers of her race,
 Sisters, like vine branches wove,
 In one early dwelling-place—

5 For the parent forms that hung
 Fondly o'er her infant sleep,
 And for him to whom she clung
 With affection true and deep—

6 By her sad forsaken hearth,
 'Tis for these she wildly grieves!
 Now all scattered o'er the earth,
 Like the wind-strewn autumn leaves!

HYMN 608. 8s, 7s, & 4s. [265]

HARK! I hear the voice of anguish,
 In my own, my native land!
 Brethren, doom'd in chains to languish,
 Lift to heaven the fetter'd hand,

And, despairing,
Death to end their grief, demand.

2 Let us raise our supplication
For the scourg'd and suff'ring slave,
All whose life is desolation,
All whose hope is in the grave:

God of mercy,
From thy throne, O hear and save!

3 Those in bonds we would remember,
Lord! our hands with theirs are bound;
With each helpless, suffering member,
Let our sympathies be found,

Till our labors
Spread the smile of freedom round.

4 Even now the word is spoken;
Tyrants' cruel power must cease
From the slave the chain be broken;
Captives hail the kind release:

Then in splendor,
Christ shall reign, the prince of peace.

HYMN 609. 7s & 6s. [266]

THINK of our country's glory,
All dimm'd with Afric's tears—
Her broad flag stain'd and gory,
With hoarded guilt of years.

2 Think of the frantic mother,
Lamenting for her child,
Till falling lashes smother
Her cries of anguish wild!

3 Think of the prayers ascending,
Yet, shrieked, alas! in vain,
When heart from heart is rending,
Ne'er to be join'd again!

4 Shall we behold, unheeding,
Life's holiest feelings crush'd?

When woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hush'd?

5 O, no! by every blessing,
That Heaven to thee may lend—
Remember their oppression,
Forget not, sister, friend.

HYMN 610. L. M. [267]

WHEN injured Afric's captives' claim,
Loads the sad gale with startling moan,
The frown of deep indignant blame,
Bend not on *Southern climes* alone.

2 Her toil, and chain, and scalding tear,
Our daily board with luxuries deck
And to dark slavery's yoke severe,
Our fathers helped to bow her neck.

3 But if with Pilate's stoic eye,
We calmly *wash* when blood is spilt,
Or deem a cold unpitying sigh
Absolves us from the stain of guilt,—

4 Or if, like Jacob's recreant train,
Who traffick'd in a brother's wo,
We hear the suppliant plead in vain,
Or mock his tears that wildly flow,—

5 Will not the judgment of the skies,
Which threw a shield round Joseph sold,
Be rous'd by fetter'd Afric's cries,
And change to dross th' oppressor's gold!

HYMN 611. C. M. [434]

Prayer for our Country.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O, hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

2 O, guard our shores from every foe,
 With peace our borders bless,
 With prosperous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth and thee :
 And let our hills and valleys shout,
 The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
 Our country we commend ;
 Be thou her refuge and her trust,
 Her everlasting friend.

HYMN 612. C. M. [348]

WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
 Shall once inquire for blood,
 The humble souls, who mourn in dust,
 Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
 Does his own children raise ;
 In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
 They sing their Father's praise.

3 By thy just judgments, mighty God,
 Are thy deep counsels known ;
 When men of mischief are destroy'd,
 The snare must be their own.

4 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
 To judge and save the poor ;
 Let nations tremble at thy feet,
 And man prevail no more.

HYMN 613. L. M.

I SAW him kneel in calm despair,
 And lift his fettered hands to Heaven ;
 No hope was blended in his prayer
 That slavery's chains would e'er be riven.

- 2 I wept in anguish thus to see
 A man, a brother, doomed a slave ;—
 My native land, I blushed for thee,
 And prayed indulgent heaven to save.
- 3 I turned me to that slave again,—
 No longer lay he prostrate there,—
 He'd heard the word, "Thou'rt free," and then
 He bounded light in Freedom's air.
- 4 He wakes to new existence now,
 Assumes the rank his Maker gave ;
 The marks of slavery leave his brow,—
 The boon is his he feared to crave.

HYMN 614. 6s & 4s.

WITH thy pure dews and rains
 Wash out, O God! the stains
 From Afric's shore ;
 And while her palm trees bud,
 Let not her children's blood,
 With her broad Niger's flood,
 Be mingled more.

2 Quench, righteous God! the thirst,
 That Congo's sons hath curs'd—
 The thirst for gold ;
 Shall not thy thunders speak,
 Where Mammon's altars reek,
 Where maids and matrons shriek,
 Bound, bleeding, sold ?

3 Hear'st thou, O God! those chains,
 That clank on Freedom's plains,
 By Christians wrought ?
 Those, who these chains have worn,
 Christians from home have torn,
 Christians have hither borne,
 Christians have bought !

4 Lord! wilt thou not, at last,
 From thine own image cast

Away all cords,
 Save those of LOVE which brings
 Man, from his long wand'rings,
 Back—to the King of kings,—
 The Lord of lords ?

HYMN 615. L. M.

ETERNAL Father! thou hast made
 A num'rous family thy care!
 Nor sable hue, nor caste, nor grade,
 Excludes the meanest from thy share.
 2 Of kindred blood, and flesh the same,
 In thy pure sight of equal worth;
 Then why should one the sceptre claim,
 And crush his brother to the earth ?
 3 Why should the sighing bondman grope
 A cheerless journey to the tomb:
 No star to guide—no ray of hope,
 To shine upon the darksome gloom.
 4 Wilt thou not hear and set them free,—
 The down-cast slaves—for whom we plead;
 And make our land, as it should be,
 A free and happy land indeed ?

HYMN 616. L. M.

THE hour of freedom! come it must—
 Oh! hasten it in mercy, Heav'n!
 When all who grovel in the dust,
 Shall stand erect, their fetters riv'n.
 2 When glorious freedom shall be won
 By ev'ry caste, complexion, clime;
 When tyranny shall be o'erthrown,
 And *color* cease to be a *crime*!
 3 Friend of the poor, long-suff'ring Lord!
 This guilty land from ruin save:
 Let Justice sheathe her glitt'ring sword,
 And Mercy rescue from the grave.

- 4 And ye who are like cattle sold,
 Ignobly trodden like the earth,
 And barter'd constantly for gold—
 Your souls debas'd from their high birth—
- 5 Bear meekly still your cruel woes,
 Light follows darkness—comfort, pain ;
 So time shall give you sweet repose,
 And sever ev'ry hateful chain.

HYMN 617. L. M.

- LIFT up our country's banner high,
 And fling abroad its gorgeous sheen,
 Unrol its stripes upon the sky,
 And let its lovely stars be seen !
 Blood—blood is on its spangled fold !
 Yet from the battle comes it not ;
 But all the waters oceans hold
 Cannot wash out the guilty spot.
- 2 Up, freemen ! up ; determine, do
 What Justice claims, what freemen may ;
 What frowning heaven demands of you,
 While yet its mutt'ring thunders stay :—
 That ye, forever from this soil
 Bid SLAVERY'S with'ring blight depart,
 And to the wretch restore the spoil,
 Though ye cannot the broken heart.
- 3 Lift up your brother from the dust,
 And speak his long crush'd spirit FREE !
 That millions by your av'rice curst,
 May sharers in your blessings be :
 Then to the universe wide spread
 Your glorious stars without a stain :
 Bend from your skies, illustrious dead !
 The land ye won is free again.

HYMN 618. 7s & 6s.

HARK—hark the voice of anguish,
 Borne over Freedom's plains ;

A groan from those who languish
 In slavery and in chains!
 'Tis wafted o'er the mountains,
 From Camden's sacred field,
 From Eutaw's hallow'd fountains,
 Where patriot blood was spill'd!
 2 Hark—hark the clank of fetters,
 From shady grove and dell,
 A shriek, where Freedom's martyrs
 In glorious combat fell!
 What! stripes and chains and fetters,
 In Freedom's boasted land,
 Where Liberty's proud altars,
 And tow'ring temples stand?
 3 Is this the Home of freedom,
 Of truth and holy light?
 Where millions grope in thralldom,
 Depriv'd of ev'ry right!—
 A refuge from oppression
 For Europe's sons to share;
 While for a dark complexion
 Her own the chain must wear?
 4 Say is that voice of wailing—
 That undissembled cry—
 That tale the slave is telling—
 Not worth a single sigh?
 And shall their many sorrows
 Be heard by us in vain?
 No—no!—we'll end their horrors,
 We'll break off ev'ry chain.

HYMN 619. C. M.

The little slave's complaint.

WHO loves the little slave, or cares
 If well or ill I be?
 Is there a living soul that shares
 A thought or wish for me?

2 I've had no parents since my birth,
Brothers and sisters—none!

Oh! what is all this world to me
When I am only one?

3 I wake, and see the sun arise,
And all around me gay;
But nothing I behold is mine,
No—not the light of day!

4 No—not the very breath I draw,
These limbs are not my own;
A master calls me his *by law*,
My griefs are mine alone.

5 'Tis not for wealth or ease I sigh,
But few are rich and great;
Many may be as poor as I,
But none so desolate.

6 But let them do the worst they can,
I may be happy still;
For I was born to be a man,
And, with God's leave, I will.

HYMN 620. C. M.

UNSHELTER'D from the burning rays,
The panting bondman lies,
Toil and the scourge cut short his days,
He sinks—he faints—he dies!

2 No Wife's—no Mother's hand is there,
To close his failing eyes;
Unsooth'd by Friendship's tender care,
The wretched bondman dies!

3 He dies—not by the *single* hand,
That gave the mortal blow—
His blood is on the guilty *band*,
Who reckless bade it flow.

4 Ye Masters! rise, and purge the stain,
A freeman's rights bestow;

Else God will burst the bondman's chain,
And fill yourselves with woe.

HYMN 621. L. M.

The Golden Rule.

BLESSED Redeemer! how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine,
"To do to all men just the same,
As we expect or wish from them."

2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind or mem'ry pain;
And ev'ry conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3 How blest would every nation be,
Thus rul'd by love and equity!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

4 Jesus! forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
But thy blest maxims be our guide.

HYMN 622. C. M.

The Plagues of Egypt.—Psalm 105.

WHEN Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

2 He call'd for darkness—darkness came,
Like an o'erwhelming flood;
He made each lake, and ev'ry stream,
A lake, a stream of blood.

3 He gave the sign—and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread,
And frogs in croaking armies rise
About the monarch's bed.

- 4 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The ten-fold vengeance flew :
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.
- 5 'Then, by an angel's midnight stroke,
The flow'r of Egypt died ;
The strength of ev'ry house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.
- 6 Ye modern Pharaoh's ! God commands—
“ Let all my people go !
Break off their chains, unbind their hands,
Or ye shall be laid low.”

HYMN 623. 7s & 6s.

- O GOD ! when o'er the ocean
Our gallant fathers came,
They lit, in pure devotion,
Bright Freedom's holy flame !
And shall this land of glory,
Blood-watered by the brave,
Be only known in story,
The Region of the Slave .
- 2 Ye Mothers, Wives, and Daughters,
Of noble Freemen, rise !
View bleeding Afric's slaughters,
And hear her children's cries !
'Tis Woman's voice bewailing
The cruel bond she wears !
A Sister's limbs are failing
Beneath the stripes she bears.
- 3 While o'er each heathen nation
The light of Mercy smiles,
And tidings of salvation
Float o'er the Ocean Isles ;
Shall we each blessing sharing
Which Heaven to man bestows,
See human hearts despairing,
And not regard their woes ?

HYMN 624. P. M.

CHILDREN of the glorious dead,
 Who for freedom fought and bled,
 With her banner o'er you spread,
 On to victory.

2 Not for stern ambition's prize,
 Do our hopes and wishes rise ;
 Lo, our Leader from the skies,
 Bids us do or die.

3 Ours is not the tented field—
 We no earthly weapons wield—
 Light and Love, our sword and shield,
 Truth our Panoply.

4 This is proud oppression's hour ;
 Storms are round us : shall we cower ?
 While beneath a despot's power
 Groans the suffering slave ?

5 While on every southern gale
 Comes the helpless captive's tale,
 And the voice of woman's wail,
 And of man's despair ?

6 While our homes and rights are dear,
 Guarded still with watchful fear,
 Shall we coldly turn our ear
 From the suppliant's prayer ?

7 Never ! by our country's shame—
 Never ! by a Saviour's claim
 To the men of every name,
 Whom he died to save.

8 Onward, then, ye fearless band—
 Heart to heart, and hand to hand ;
 Yours shall be the patriot's stand—
 Or the martyr's grave.

HYMN 625. L. P. M.

Warning to magistrates.—Psalm 58.

JUDGES, who rule the world by laws !
 Will ye despise the righteous cause,
 When vile oppression wastes the land ?
 Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
 And let rich despots live secure,
 While gold and greatness bribe your hand ?

2 Have you forgot or never knew,
 That God will judge the judges too ?
 High in the heav'ns his justice reigns :
 Yet you invade the rights of God,
 And send your bold decrees abroad,
 To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
 The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
 And death attends where'er it wounds ;
 You hear no counsels, cries nor tears ;
 So the deaf adder stops her ears
 Against the pow'r of charming sound.

4 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky !
 Your grandeur melts, your titles die,
 As hills of snow dissolve and run ;
 Or snails that perish in their slime,
 Or births that come before their time—
 Vain births that never see the sun.

5 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
 Safety to all th' oppress'd afford ;
 And they who hear shall join and say,
 " Sure there's a God that rules on high,
 A God that hears the bondmen cry,
 And will their sufferings well repay."

HYMN 626. 7s.

Rulers are but men.—Psalm 82.

GOD sits sov'reign on the throne,
 He is **KING** of **KINGS** alone ;

Ye that sway an iron rod !

Hear a message from your God ;—

2 “ Heed the helpless orphan’s cry,
Hear the friendless widow’s sigh,
Plead the poor and needy’s cause,
Save th’ oppress’d from cruel laws.”

3 Lo ! they heed not,—on they go,
Dealing scourges, chains and woe
Justice weeps—her pillars shake—
All the old foundations quake !

4 What though call’d *vicegerents* now—
Gods on earth !—ye all must bow ;
Haughty tyrants ! ye must die ;
Low your princely heads must lie.

5 Rise, O God ! to save th’ oppress’d,
Give the land of bondage rest ;
God of nations ! hear and save,
Oh ! redeem the wretched slave !

HYMN 627. 6s & 4s.

YE spirits of the free !

Can ye for ever see

Your brother—man,
A yok’d and tortur’d slave,
Scourg’d to an early grave,—
And raise no hand to save,
E’en when you can ?

2 Shall tyrants from the soul,
That they in pomp may roll,
God’s image tear,
And call the wreck their own ;—
While, from th’ eternal throne,
They shut the stifled groan,
And bitter pray’r ?

3 Shall he a slave be bound,
Whom God hath doubly crown’d

Creation's lord ?

Shall men of christian name,
Without a blush of shame,
Profess their tyrant-claim
From God's own word ?

4 No ! At the battle-cry,
A host prepar'd to die,
Shall arm for fight :
But not with martial steel,
Grasp'd with a murd'rous zeal ;
Their foes no arms shall feel
But LOVE and LIGHT.

5 Bas'd on Jehovah's laws,
Strong in their righteous cause,
'They march to save ;
Vain is th' oppressor's mail,
Against their battle-hail,
Till cease the woe and wail
O ev'ry slave.

HYMN 628. C. M.

STRIKE off my galling fetters—strike !
My shackles rend in twain,
Unloose the yoke from off my neck,
And break my heavy chain ;
Oh ! let the breath of liberty
My burning temples fan ;
For has not God created me,
A *brother* and a *man* ?

2 And let the Sun of Righteousness,
Whence ev'ry blessing springs,
Arise upon my darkened mind,
With healing in his wings :
Oh ! ask me not if liberty
Would youthful fires renew ;
Or if I'd feel one single pang,
To bid my chains adieu :

3 Go—ask the lion, fierce and wild,
 With iron bars confin'd,
 If he would like to roam at large,
 And leave his den behind :
 Or, ask the eagle, proud and bold,
 Who'd cut the liquid air,
 If he would like to leave his cage,
 And freedom's blessings share ?

4 Ask them—and as the gleams of fire
 Flash from each blazing eye,
 Read in their lightning-glance, their stern
 And eloquent reply.
 Then, Christian ! why the fetter bind
 Upon a brother's frame,
 When nature from her inmost soul,
 Doth freedom's law proclaim ?

5 Tear off my bonds, release my limbs,
 And set my spirit free ;
 And let me revel in the sweets
 Of new-born liberty :
 Then shall thy righteousness shine forth,
 Bright as the dawn of day ;
 God's glory thy reward shall be,
 If thou wilt thus obey.

HYMN 629. S. M.

GOD gave to Afric's sons
 A brow of sable dye,
 And spread the country of their birth,
 Beneath a burning sky.

2 To me he gave a form
 Of fairer, whiter clay, —
 But am I, therefore, in his sight,
 Respected more than they ?

3 The hue of deeds and thoughts,
 He traces in his book ;
 'Tis the complexion of the *heart*,
 On which he deigns to look.

4 Not by the tinted cheek,
That fades away so fast,
But by the color of the *soul*,
We shall be judged at last.

5 The judge will look at me,
With anger in his eyes;
If I my brother's darker brow,
Should ever dare despise.

HYMN 630. C. M.

ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal, when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

2 All wait alike on him, whose pow'r
Upholds the life he gave;—
The sage within his star-lit tow'r,—
The savage in his cave.

3 'Tis man alone who diff'rence sees,
And speaks of high and low;
Who worships those and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

4 Ye great! renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye low! your shame and fear;
Live, as ye worship, side by side,
Your common claims revere.

HYMN 631. 6s & 4s.

SONS of the noble sires,
Who brav'd proud ocean's waves,
For freedom's sake!

Say—will ye quench those fires,
Their faith and love inspires:
And, standing on their graves,
Their paths forsake?

2 Shall freedom find a grave,
On this blood-ransom'd soil?
Must *we* be *Slaves*?

Our fleeting lives to save,
Must we no mercy crave,
But with the bondman toil,
 Branded as knaves ?

3 Shall despots *here* bear sway—
The iron sceptre *here* display
 Our lips to close ?

Sons of pilgrims ! say—
Will ye these lords obey,
And ask them, when you may,
 The truth disclose ?

4 *No—no !* we answer *no !*
The truth we'll fearless show,
 While breath remains ;
Did not our Saviour so ?
Would he the truth forego ?
Or shrink when bade the foe,
 T' scape from pains ?

5 While then a slave is found,
While man by man is bound,
 We'll speak and pray ;
We'll wear the bondman's chains,
We'll bear the bondman's pains,
We'll hear when he complains,
 We'll do and say.

HYMN 632. H. M.

The Year of Jubilee.

FAIR shines the morning-star,
The silver trumpet sounds—
Their notes re-echoing far,
 While dawns the day around :
Joy to the slave !—the slave is free !
It is the year of Jubilee.

2 Pris'ners of hope !—in gloom
And silence left to die,
With Christ's unfolding tomb,
 Your portals open fly ;—

Rise with the Lord!—He sets you free:—
It is the year of Jubilee.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
The land your fathers won!
Behold how God hath wrought
Redemption through his Son!
Your heritage again is free;
It is the year of Jubilee.

4 Ye, who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,
Ransom'd, but not with gold!
Christ gave himself for you;—
His precious blood has made you free;
It is the year of Jubilee.

5 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear,
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year:—
Ye captives! rise; ye slaves! be free;
It is the year of Jubilee.

TEMPERANCE.

HYMN 633. C. M.

“Who is my Neighbor?”

THY neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hands may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou, and succor him.

- 3 Thy neighbor? 'Tis that drunken man
Whose years are at their brim;
Bent low with poverty and pain—
Go thou, and rescue him.
- 4 Thy neighbor? 'Tis his wife bereft
Of every earthly gem—
His wife, and children, helpless left—
Go thou, and shelter them.
- 5 Where'er thou meet'st a human form,
'Neath drunkenness bent down;
Remember, 'tis thy neighbor worm—
Thy brother, or thy son.

HYMN 634. C. M.

- AGAIN, the Lord of life and light
Returns the glorious day
Of that REFORM, which, on our night,
Has poured its cheering ray.
- 2 Oh, what a darkness that which wrapt
The drunkard in its gloom!
And what a light which broke, *this day*,
'Triumphant, from his tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand grateful lips still join,
To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

HYMN 635. C. M.

- INTEMPERANCE, like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er the land;
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
Are traced on every hand.

- 2 It still flows on, and bears away
 Ten thousands to their doom :
 Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
 And disappoint the tomb ?
- 3 Almighty God ! no hand but thine
 Can check this flowing tide ;
 Stretch out thine arm of power divine,
 And bid the flood subside.
- 4 Dry up the source from whence it flows,
 Destroy its fountain head ;
 That dire intemp'rance and its woes
 No more the earth o'erspread.

HYMN 636. C. M.

- HELP us to feel for drunken man,
 In all his sin and wo ;
 And let our bright example teach
 The way he ought to go.
- 2 Let not our conduct harden him ;
 But fill our souls with care,
 To snatch him from the pit of death,
 And break the fatal snare.
- 3 Inflam'd with love and holy zeal,
 Ne'er would we cease to pray,
 And watch and strive that he may reach,
 The realms of endless day.

HYMN 637. C. M.

The Funeral.

- MOURNFUL and sad upon my ear
 The death-bell echoes stole ;
 And painful memories opened all
 The feelings of my soul.
- 5 The knell—the knell—it told of wo
 That words cannot reveal—
 Of desolate and broken hearts,
 Where grief had set his seal.

- 3 Again it pealed—and on the air
 It swelled and died along ;
 And to the dwelling of the dead
 There came a weeping throng.
- 4 In tattered weeds, with trembling steps,
 The widow led the train :
 And her poor orphans followed on—
 Sad sharers of her pain.
- 5 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
 Clay to its kindred clay—
 They left the dead—and wailed and wept
 And slowly moved away.
- 6 But ah ! there hung a heavy cloud
 Upon that husband's name ;
 And deep disgrace had settled down
 Upon that father's fame.
- 7 There was a keenness in their grief,
 A death-shade in their gloom—
 As, desolate and fatherless,
 They left the drunkard's tomb.

HYMN 638. 8 lines, 8s.

- OH ! turn from the wine-glass away,
 Nor look on the wine when it's red :
 For who have such trouble as they,
 That oft to the bottle are led ?
 Who else have such sorrow and wo,
 As they who to drinking incline ?
 What evils unceasingly flow
 From tarrying long at the wine !
- 2 Oh ! turn from the wine-glass away,
 Nor look on the wine when it's red ;
 At last like a serpent at play,
 It stings and the poison will spread.
 The eyes it inflames with desire,
 The heart with all manner of sin,

It setteth the bosom on fire,
Consuming the spirit within.

3 Oh! turn from the wine-glass away,
Nor look on the wine when it's red;
Though urg'd by the wealthy and gay,
Remember the blood it hath shed!

Touch not with the poison thy lips,
If thou wouldst be free from its pains;
For he is in danger who sips—
He only is safe who abstains.

HYMN 639. L. M.

HAIL, temp'rance, fair celestial ray!
Bright herald of a new-born day!
Long did we need thy cheering light
To chase away our darksome night.

2 Deep and appalling was the gloom,
'Twas like the darkness of the tomb,
When first our much delighted eyes
Beheld thy beauteous beams arise.

3 'Twas God in mercy bade thee shine;
We hail thee as a boon divine,
And now in grateful strains would raise
Our voices in his matchless praise.

4 Eternal Lord! we own thy grace,
In all that aids our guilty race;
Now send thy spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with joy and love.

HYMN 640. L. M.

LET temp'rance and her sons rejoice,
And be their praises loud and long;
Let every heart and every voice
Conspire to raise a joyful song.

2 And let the anthem rise to God,
Whose fav'ring mercies so abound;

And let his praises fly abroad,
The spacious universe around.

3 His children's prayer he deigns to grant,
He stays the progress of the foe ;
And temp'rance like a cherish'd plant,
Beneath his fost'ring care shall grow.

HYMN 641. C. M.

ON this glad day, O God, we would,
Through thy beloved Son,
Acknowledge Thee for all the good
That temperance has done.

2 We thank Thee for the thousands sav'd
From soul-seducing drink,
Who by its power were long enslav'd,
And cast on ruin's brink.

3 O let thy Holy Spirit dwell
Where vice too long has reign'd ;
For where thy mercy breaks the spell,
The victory is gain'd.

HYMN 642. L. M.

HOSANNAS, Lord, to Thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys ;
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days !

2 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound ;
The wife regains a husband freed !
The orphan clasps a father found !

3 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,
Till no man more shall deem it just
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

4 Still give us grace, Almighty King !
Unwavering at our posts to stand,

'Till grateful at thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransomed land.

HYMN 643. L. M.

WE praise thee, Lord, if but one soul,
While the past year prolong'd its flight,
Turn'd shudd'ring from the pois'nous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.

2 We praise thee—if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pin'd,
Beheld the sire and husband come,
Erect, and in his perfect mind.

3 No more a weeping wife to mock,
'Till all her hopes in anguish end—
No more the trembling mind to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

4 Still give us grace, Almighty King,
Unwav'ring at our posts to stand;
'Till grateful at thy shrine we bring,
The tribute of a ransom'd land.

HYMN 644. L. M.

WHEN Jesus, our Redeemer, came
To teach us in his Father's name,
In every act, in every thought,
He lived the precepts which he taught.

2 So let our lips and deeds express
The principles which we profess;
So let our acts of kindness shine,
And prove that temp'rance is divine.

3 Thus shall we best the power display,
Of love's subduing, kindling ray,
When drunkards rise to life again—
And heaven and earth will shout, Amen.

HYMN 645. L. M.

New Year's Hymn.

ANOTHER year has run its round,
 In freedom's Hall again we're found;
 All our dear friends that here we see,
 We greet with song and jubilee.

2 We here are met—a youthful band;
 We're pledg'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,
 With hopes elate, and minds as free,
 From ev'ry path of vice we flee.

3 We seek for morals just and pure
 That will our future good ensure;
 For virtue, temperance, and truth,
 To guard us from the sins of youth.

4 We look to God to keep and aid
 The resolutions we have made,
 To strengthen ev'ry youthful heart,
 And unto all his grace impart.

HYMN 646. 8s. & 7s.

Morning.

SOURCE of being, Holy Father,
 With the day's returning light,
 Round our board with thanks we gather,
 For the mercies of the night.

2 Mercies that the stars outnumber,
 Which their silent courses keep—
 Angels guard that never slumber,
 While we lie and never sleep.

3 Pillows wet with tears of anguish,
 Couches pressed in sleepless wo,
 Where the sons of Belial languish,
 Father may we never know!

4 For the maddening cup shall never
 To our thirsting lips be pressed,

But, our draught shall be, for ever,
The cold water thou hast blessed.

5 This shall give us strength to labor,
This make all our stores increase,
This, with thee and with our neighbor,
Bind us in the bonds of peace.

SEAMEN.

HYMN 647. P. M. [268]

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest
is streaming,

When o'er the dark wave the red lighting is
gleaming,

Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seamen to
cherish,

We fly to our Maker—"Help, Lord, or we
perish."

2 O, Jesus, once tossed on the breast of the
billow,

Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy
pillow,—

Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger—"Help, Lord, or we
perish."

3 And, O, when the whirlwind of passion is
raging,

When sin in our heart its wild warfare is
waging,

Arise in thy strength thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer—"Help, Lord, or we
perish."

HYMN 648. S. M. [269]

THEY roam where danger dwells,
 Where blasts impetuous sweep ;
 Where sleep the dead in watery cells,
 Beneath the faithless deep :
 Where tempests threaten loud
 T' o'erwhelm the shipwreck'd form :
 Show them a sky that hath no cloud,
 A port above the storm !

2 Beyond the Sabbath bell,
 Beyond the house of prayer,
 Where deafening surges madly swell,
 Their trackless course they dare :
 Give them the Book divine,
 That full and perfect chart,
 That beacon 'mid the foaming brine,
 That pilot of the heart.

3 Where guilt with aspect bold,
 And fierce temptation reign,
 Their wild and unwarn'd course they hold,
 Amid a heathen train :—
 Give them the Gospel's power,
 Like pole-star o'er the sea,
 That when life's fleeting voyage is o'er,
 Heaven may their haven be.

HYMN 649. L. P. M. [270]

'TIS not in yonder starry host,
 O, God of might ! I see thee most,
 Although thy skill and power divine
 In sun and moon and planets shine ;
 When tossed upon the raging sea,
 I view and feel the most of Thee.

2 The sea-birds stretch their wings on high,
 And shriek beneath the warring sky ;
 In mountain piles the billows flow,

And laboring ships toss to and fro,
 And from Thy red, right arm doth roll
 The thundering bolt from pole to pole.

3 O, then I know Jehovah's form,
 Careering in the bellowing storm ;
 O, then I see his wond'rous way,
 Where o'er the deep the lightnings play ;
 I see—I hear—I bow my soul,
 And yield it to his high control.

HYMN 650. C. M. [270]

THE tempest beat against my bark,
 The wrathful winds were high ;
 And threatening blasts, like couriers, brought
 Dark tidings from the sky ;

2 And hoarsely o'er my sinking head
 Roll'd on the thundering sea :—
 Then, from the regions of the dead,
 O, Lord ! I cried to thee !

3 The faithless sun behind the cloud
 Withdrew his guarding light ;
 And every star its lamp withheld
 From that portentous night.

4 They fled and left me all alone,
 In darkness, and in fear ;
 And so I told my woes to God,
 And He vouchsaf'd to hear.

5 Yes, from the lowest depths, to Him
 I rais'd a fervent cry ;
 Why should a helpless worm despair,
 When such a friend is nigh ?

HYMN 651. C. M.

Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm.

OUR little bark, on boisterous seas,
 By cruel tempests tost,

- Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Expecting to be lost,—
- 2 We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
 Breathed out our sad distress ;
 Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
 We begged return of peace.
- 3 Then ceased the stormy winds to blow,
 The surges ceased to roll ;
 And soon again a placid sea,
 Spoke comfort to the soul.
- 4 O, may our grateful, trembling hearts,
 Their hallelujahs sing,
 To him who hath our lives preserved,—
 Our Saviour and our King.

HYMN 652. C. M. [340]

The Christian Mariner safe.

- HOW** are thy servants blest, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempëst borne
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid ; the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea, that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness we'll adore ;

We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

HYMN 653. L. M. [339]

To be sung at Sea.

LORD of the wide, extensive main,
Whose power the wind, the sea controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls :

2 For thee we leave our native shore,
(We whom thy love delights to keep,)
In other climes thy works explore,
And see thy wonders in the deep.

3 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear ;
While thro' the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

4 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine,
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thy immensity.

HYMN 654. 7s. [340]

On going on Shipboard.

LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way ;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined ;
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave,
Bid them to each other cleave ·

Bid them walk on life's rough sea ;
 Bid them come by faith to thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
 All who on thy love depend ;
 Waft our happy spirits o'er ;
 Land us on the heavenly shore.

HYMN 655. L. M.

Temptation compared to a Storm.

THE billows swell ; the winds are high ;
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky :
 Out of the depths to thee I call ;
 My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me through the storm ;
 Defend me from each threatening ill ;
 Control the waves ; say, " Peace ! be still.

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
 Attend the followers of the Lamb,
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
 And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
 My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
 Let neither winds nor stormy rain
 Force back my shattered bark again.

HYMN 656. C. M.

Prayer for Sea . . . n.

WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
 And with united pleas,
 We meet and pray for those who roam
 Far off upon the seas.

2 O, may the Holy Spirit bow
 The sailor's heart to thee,
 Till tears of deep repentance flow
 Like rain-drops in the sea.

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
 Pour peace into his breast,
 And waft him to the port above,
 Of everlasting rest.

HYMN 657. L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
 It is the Star of Bethlehem!

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark;
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze:
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a star arose,—
 It was the Star of Bethlehem!

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever, and forevermore,—
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

P E A C E .

HYMN 658. L. M. [271]

THE Star was bright o'er Bethlehem's plain,
 The shepherds watch'd their fleecy train,
 When sudden gleam'd the sky—the tongues
 Of angel bands in concert sung.

2 "Peace and good will," eternal song ;
 "Good will," while ages roll along ;
 The Saviour comes, let nations hear,
 Be hush'd each grief, be wiped each tear.

3 No more shall war bear iron sway,
 Vengeance and wrath shall pass away ;
 Oppression bind no more its chain,
 And gladness dwell on earth again.

4 The harp that melted Eden's bower,
 Shall breathe once more its soothing power ;
 And peace and praise, and truth shall bless
 The world with hope and loveliness.

HYMN 659. L. P. M. [272]

OUR earth we now lament to see,
 With floods of wickedness o'erflow'd,
 With violence, wrong, and cruelty,
 One wide-extended field of blood,
 Where men like fiends each other tear,
 In all the hellish rage of war.

2 O, might the universal Friend,
 This havoc of his creatures see !
 Bid our unnatural discord end ;
 Declare us reconciled in thee :
 Write kindness on our inward parts,
 And chase the murderer from our hearts.

3 Who now against each other rise,
 The nations of the earth constrain
 To follow after peace, and prize
 The blessings of thy righteous reign,
 The joys of unity to prove,
 The paradise of perfect love.

HYMN 660. L. M. [273]

“PEACE,” was the song the angels sung,
 When Jesus sought this vale of tears,
 And sweet that heavenly prelude rang,
 To calm the watchful shepherd’s fears :
 “ War,” is the word that man hath spoke,
 Convulsed by passion dark and dread ;
 And pride enforc’d a lawless yoke,
 E’en while the gospel’s banner spread.

2 “ Peace” was the prayer the Saviour breathed,
 When from our world his steps withdrew ;
 The gift he to his friends bequeathed,
 With Calvary and the cross in view :
 Redeemer ! with adoring love,
 Our spirits take thy rich bequest,
 The watchword of the host above,
 The passport to their realms of rest.

HYMN 661. C. M.

LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
 Armed with thy Spirit’s power :
 Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
 And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace
 The barren wastes shall rise,
 With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,
 A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its root
 In each regenerate heart ;
 Shall in a growth divine arise,
 And heavenly fruits impart.

4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore ;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait ; those days
Are in thy word foretold ;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

6 "Amen," with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry ;
"Amen," with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

HYMN 662. C. M. [477]

Horrors of War.

NIGHT spread her starless robe around,
The sun withdrew his light ;
Gloom brooded o'er the battle ground,
And darkness hid the sight.

2 But there was woe, and pain, and death,
And horror, and despair,
Where the deep groan and dying breath
Uttered the hopeless prayer.

3 There was distress no tongue could tell,
Remorse that stung the soul ;
That scene is all an earthly hell,
And deep its billows roll.

4 Dear Saviour, send thy peaceful light,
To show the holier way ;
Dispel the shades of error's night,
And bring the perfect day.

HYMN 663. C. M. [478]

O CHRISTIAN, see that dread array,
A marshall'd army stand ;

- Hear the drums beat—'tis battle-day,
And Madness leads the band.
- 2 'Mid clash of arms and cannons' roar,
And shrieks that rend the skies;
In torrents deep of human gore,
Man curses *man* and dies!
- 3 Was it "To arms," the Saviour said,
When enemies were round?
Did he call legions to his aid,
And dash them to the ground?
- 4 O no! his words were all "Forgive,"
And meekly bore the ill;
He died himself that they might live,
And Christ is mercy still.

 AFFLICTIONS.

HYMN 664. L. M. [373]

- FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot, thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long:
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.
- 3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
"What canst thou profit by my blood!
Deep in the dust, can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?"
- 4 "Hear me, O God of grace!" I said,
"And bring me from among the dead!"

Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

HYMN 665. S. M. [467]

AND shall I sit alone,
Oppressed with grief and fear ?
To God, my Father, make my moan,
And he refuse to hear ?

2 If he my Father be,
His pity he will show,
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.

4 If still he silence keep,
'Tis but my faith to try ;
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.

4 Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair ;
My sins are great, but not so great
As his compassions are.

HYMN 666. C. M. [464]

IT is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord, who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease ;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord, my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be his name !
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

4 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine ?

No, gracious God! take what thou please,
To thee I all resign.

HYMN 667. L. M. [372]

- 1 WILL extol thee, Lord on high!
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave!
- 2 Sing to his name, ye saints below,
And tell how wide his mercies flow;
Let all your pow'rs exalt the Lord,
While you his holiness record!
- 3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days:
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

HYMN 668. C. M. [465]

- WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away:
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:
- Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
O Lord, direct from thee!

MINISTERS IN SICKNESS.

 HYMN 669. L. M. [282]

O THOU, before whose gracious throne
 We bow our suppliant spirit down,
 View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
 And let our sorrow pierce the sky.

2 Thou knowest the anxious cares we feel,
 And all our trembling lips would tell;
 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
 And yield our wo-fraught heart relief.

3 With power benign, thy servant spare,
 Nor turn aside thy people's prayer;
 Avert thy swift descending stroke,
 Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

4 Restore him, sinking to the grave;
 Stretch out thine arm, make hast to save;
 Back to our hopes and wishes give,
 And bid our friend and father live.

5 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
 In every breast his image lies;
 Thy pitying aid, oh God, impart,
 Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

6 Yet if our supplications fail,
 And prayers and tears can nought prevail;
 Be though his strength, be thou his stay,
 And guide him safe to endless day.

HYMN 670. C. M. [283]

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
 And all our tears be dry;
 Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
 That view a Saviour nigh?

2 What tho' the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?

What tho' the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead?

3 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young—

The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue;

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;

His eyes still guide us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;

For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

6 Thro' every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;

And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

HYMN 671. C. M. [284]

HIS master taken from his head,
Elisha saw him go;

And in desponding accents said,
"Ah! what must Israel do?"

2 But he forgot the Lord, who lifts
The beggar to the throne,

Nor knew that all Elijah's gifts,
Would soon be made his own.

3 What—when a Paul has run his course,
Or when Apollos dies—

Is Israel left without resource?
And have we no supplies?

4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store;

And shall be fed with what he gives
Who lives for evermore.

DEATH AND FUNERAL.

HYMN 672. C. M.

- O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A Thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away :
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies in the op'ning day.

HYMN 673. C. M.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name !

And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be !

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave :

Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us through the tomb ;

And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

4 Great God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !

Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings !

5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath ;

And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road ;

And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God !

HYMN 674. C. P. M. [286]

AND am I only born to die ?

And must I suddenly comply

With nature's stern decree ?

What after death for me remains ?

Celestial joys, or hellish pains,

'To all eternity !

2 How then ought I on earth to live,

While God prolongs the kind reprieve,

And props the house of clay :
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare
 Against that fatal day !

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone ;
 If now the judge is at the door,
 And all mankind must stand before
 Th' inexorable throne !

4 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never, never dies !
 How make mine own election sure ;
 And when I fail on earth, secure
 A mansion in the skies.

5 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray ;
 Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way,
 To glorious happiness !
 Ah ! write the pardon on my heart ;
 And whensoever I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace !

HYMN 675. C. M. [287]

AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die ;
 My soul shall quit the 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 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
 Before my ravished eyes,
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of Paradise !

I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who tast their pleasures there !
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,
 And conqu'ring palms they bear.

3 O what are all my suff'erings 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 676. C. M. [288]

HARK! 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,
 Shall lie as low as ours."

3 Great God ! is this our certain doom !
 And are we still secure !
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepar'd no more !

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly ;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 677. S. M. [289]

AND must this body die,
 This well-wrought frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring 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 Array'd 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.

HYMN 678. 8s & 7s. [290]

- HAPPY soul, thy days are ended
 All thy mourning days below;
 Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go.
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above;
 Shows the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.
- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
 To thy great Redeemer's breast;
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.
 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain;

Die to live a life of glory ;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN 679. P. M. [471]

O WHAT is life ?—'tis like a flower
That blossoms and is gone ;
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on :
Death comes, and, like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

2 O what is life ?—'tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky :
We love to see its colors glow ;
But while we look, they die :
Life fails as soon ;—to-day 'tis here ;
To-morrow it may disappear.

3 Lord, what is life ?—if spent with thee.
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care :
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past.

HYMN 680. 8s.

REJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
Our loss is his infinite gain ;
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And freed from its bodily chain ;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above ;
Escap'd to the mansions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Outflying the tempest and wind,
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind ;
Still toss'd on the sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,

Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath ;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death :
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past :
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

HYMN 681. C. M. [291]

WHY do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?

There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed :

Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head ?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way :

Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

HYMN 682. L. M. [292]

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet ;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die,—my father's God to meet.

2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see :—

Because thou didst for sinners die,
 Jesus in death remember me!

3 O, that without a ling'ring groan,
 I may the welcome word receive!

My body with my charge lay down,
 And cease at once to work and live!

4 Walk with me thro' the dreadful shade,
 And certified that thou art mine,

My spirit, calm, and undismay'd,
 I shall into thy hands resign.

HYMN 683. L. M. [292]

PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,
 And all that now in bodies live,
 Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
 Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
 May mansions for themselves prepare,

In that eternal house above:

And, O my God, shall I be there?

HYMN 684. L. M.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
 And gay their silken leaves unfold;

As careless of the noontide heats,
 As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
 Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,

The momentary glories waste,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows;

Fairer than spring the colors shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,

The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

HYMN 685. C. M. [293]

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear ;
Repent, thy end is nigh :
Death at the farthest can't be far :
O ! think before thou die.

2 Reflect ; thou hast a soul to save ;
Thy sins, how high they mount !
What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?
How stands that dark account ?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence ;
His time there's none to tell ;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall crawling worms consume :
But ah ! destruction stops not there ;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

HYMN 686. C. M.

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine ;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 " I Take these little lambs," said he,
" And lay them in my breast ;

Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love:
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames my powers shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill:
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."

HYMN 687. L. M.

WHY should we start and fear to die!
What tim'rous worms we mortals are;
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And 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 through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she past!

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 688. 8s. [295]

GIVE glory to Jesus our Head,
With all that encompass his throne;
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in Israel is gone;
The winter of trouble is past;
The storms of affliction are o'er;

Her struggle is ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more.

2 The soul has o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the sky :
Advanc'd to her holy estate,
And pleasure that never shall die :
Where glorified spirits by sight,
Converse in their happy abode ;
As stars in the firmament bright,
And pure as the angels of God.

HYMN 689. C. M. [329]

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead !
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their dying bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest ;
How calm their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from woes released,
And freed from every snare :

3 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise ;
And deck'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

4 Their tongues, great Prince of Life, shall join
With their recover'd breath ;
And all the immortal host ascribe
Their victory to thy death.

HYMN 690. 7s.

HARK ! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead !
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed,
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest :

- Jesus is their great reward,
 Jesus is their endless rest.
- 2 Follow'd by their works they go,
 Where their Head hath gone before;
 Reconciled by grace below,
 Grace had open'd Mercy's door;
 Justified through faith alone,
 Here they knew their sins forgiven :
 Here they laid their burden down,
 Hallow'd, and made meet for heaven.
- 3 Who can now lament the lot
 Of a saint in Christ deceased ?
 Let the world, who know us not,
 Call us hopeless and unblest'd :
 When from flesh the spirit freed,
 Hastens homeward to return,
 Mortals cry, " A man is dead !"
 Angels sing, " A child is born !"
- 4 Born into the world above,
 They our happy brother greet ;
 Bear him to the throne of Love,
 Place him at the Saviour's feet :
 Jesus smiles, and says, " Well done,
 Good and faithful servant thou ;
 Enter, and receive thy crown ;
 Reign with me triumphant now."

HYMN 691. C. M.

- THERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal and on high ;
 And here my spirit waiting stands,
 Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolved and fall ;
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace
That forms thee fit for heaven ;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come ;
Faith lives upon his word ;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 692. C. M. [488]

MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 O could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead :—

3 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms :
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

4 We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away,
To their eternal home.

HYMN 963. C. M.

TEACH 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 flow'er and prime.
- 3 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.
- 4 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 5 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all!

HYMN 694. 7s & 6s. [468]

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

HYMN 695. 7s & 6s. [468]

AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,

Its waters rippling ever,
 And hasting to the sea,
 So life is onward flowing,
 And days of offered peace,
 And man is swiftly going
 Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
 As hastes the sun away,
 As stormy winds, complaining,
 Bring on the wintry day,
 So fast the night comes o'er us—
 The darkness of the grave;
 And death is just before us:
 God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
 Laid up in worlds above?
 And is it all thy pleasure
 Thy God to praise and love?
 Beware, lest death's dark river
 Its billows o'er thee roll,
 And thou lament for ever
 The ruin of thy soul.

HYMN 696. C. M. [334]

COME, let us join our friends above,
 That have obtain'd the prize,
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joys celestial rise:
 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
 With those to glory gone:
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family we dwell in him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death:
 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow;

Part of his hosts have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

SECOND PART.

HYMN 697. C. M.

OUR old companions in distress,
We haste again to see;
And eager long for our release
And full felicity.
Ev'n now by faith we join our hands,
With those that went before:
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands,
On the eternal shore.

2 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

HYMN 698. L. M. [473]

SO fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?

Spirit of grace be ever nigh :
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Let angel patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again ;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

HYMN 699. C. M. [474]

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, impressed
With awful power, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more :
Behold the opening tomb :
It bids us seize the present hour :
To-morrow death may come.

4 O, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

HYMN 700. 8s & 7s. [475]

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low :
Thou no more wilt join our number ;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;

But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

HYMN 701. 12s & 11s. [477]

THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not
deplere thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass
the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals
before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through
the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by
thy side;
But thy wide arms of mercy are spread to en-
fold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour
hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion
forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered
long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on
thy waking.
And the sound thou didst hear was the se-
raphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not
deplere thee;
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian,
thy Guide;

He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee :

And death has no sting since the Saviour hath died.

HYMN 702. C. M. [475]

BEHOLD the western evening light !

It melts in deepening gloom ;

So calmly Christians sink away,

Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low ; the yellow leaf

Scarce whispers from the tree ;

So gently flows the parting breath,

When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful, on all the hills,

The crimson light is shed !

'Tis like the peace the Christian gives

To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud

The sunset beam is cast !

So sweet the memory left behind,

When loved ones breathe their last.

HYMN 703. L. M. [331]

THE saints who die of Christ possess,

Enter into immediate rest ;

For then no further test remains,

Of purging fires, and torturing pains.

2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,

Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,

The bliss unmix'd, the glorious prize,

They find with Christ in paradise.

3 Close follow'd by their works they go,

Their Master's purchased joy to know :

Their works enhance the bliss prepared,

And each hath its distinct reward.

4 Yet glorified by grace alone,
 They cast their crowns before the throne;
 And fill the echoing courts above,
 With praises of redeeming love.

HYMN 704. L. M. [332]

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
 Teach me the measure of my days;
 Teach me to know how frail I am,
 And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
 A little point my life appears;
 How frail, at best, is dying man!
 How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
 Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
 He heaps up treasures mix'd with wo,
 And dies and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
 My God, I bow before thy throne:
 Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
 And fix my hope on thee alone.

HYMN 705. S. M.

AND am I born to die?
 To lay this body down?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown?—
 A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierced by human thought;
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot.

2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me?
 Eternal happiness or wo
 Must then my portion be;
 Waked by the trumpet's sound,

I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crowned
 And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb?

With triumph or regret?

A fearful or a joyful doom,

A curse or blessing, meet?

Will angel-bands convey

'Their brother to the bar?

Or devils drag my soul away,

To meet its sentence there?

RESURRECTION.

HYMN 706. 7s. [319]

“CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,”

Sons of men and angels say!

Raise your joys and triumphs high:

Sing, ye heavens; thou earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;

Fought the fight, the battle won:

Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;

Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal-

Christ hath burst the gates of hell:

Death in vain forbids his rise;

Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!

Where, O death, is now thy sting?

Once he died our souls to save;

Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now, where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this:
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing and thus to love.

HYMN 707. 7s.

ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb—
Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour; seraphs raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise him with your golden lyres;
Praise him in your noblest songs;
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

HYMN 708. 7s. [411]

HARK! the herald angels say,
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

2 Love's redeeming work is done!
Th' battle fought, the vict'ry won!
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the seal, the guard!
 Christ the gloomy gates unbarr'd:
 Death in vain forbids his rise;
 Christ has open'd paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
 "Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
 Once he died our souls to save;
 "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

HYMN 709. L. M. [353]

WHEN God is nigh my faith is strong,
 His arm is my almighty prop ;,
 Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
 My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
 Yet gracious Lord, thou wilt not leave
 My body always with the dead,
 Nor of glad hope my soul bereave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
 Shake off the dust and rise on high;
 Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way,
 Up to thy throne above the sky.

HYMN 710. L. M. [369]

WHAT sinners value I resign;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
 But that bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;
 When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of my soul!

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

HYMN 711. C. M. [35]

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
 In concert with the blest,
 Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
 Employ an endless rest.

2 On this glad day a brighter scene
 Of glory was display'd,
 By God, th' eternal Word, than when
 This universe was made.

3 He rises, who mankind has bought,
 With grief and pain extreme :
 'Twas great to speak the world from nought ;
 'Twas greater to redeem.

4 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
 Alone the wine-press trod ;
 He dies and suffers as a man,
 He rises as a God.

5 The Sun of Righteousness appears,
 To set in blood no more ;
 Adore the scatterer of your fears,
 Your rising Sun adore.

HYMN 712. L. M. [36]

OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high !
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.
 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors give way.

- 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
 He claims these mansions as his right,
 Receive the King of Glory in.
 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
 The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.
 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
 The Lord of glorious power possest;
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest.

 SECOND ADVENT.

HYMN 713. P. M. [295]

- LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain!
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train!
 Hallelujah!
 God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 The dear tokens of his passion,
 Still his dazzling body bears ;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransom'd worshippers ;
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on these glorious scars !
- 4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thy eternal throne !
 Saviour take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own !
 Jah ! Jehovah !
 Everlasting God, come down !

HYMN 714. L. M. [296]

THE Lord will come ; but not the same
 As once in lowly form he came ;
 A silent lamb to slaughter led,
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

2 The Lord will come ; a dreadful form,
 With wreath of flame, and robe of storm ;
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
 Anointed Judge of human-kind.

3 Can this be He, who wont to stray,
 A pilgrim on the world's highway ?
 By power oppress'd and mock'd by pride ?
 O, God, is this the crucified ?

4 Go, tyrants ; to the rocks complain :
 Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;
 But faith victorious o'er the tomb,
 Shall sing for joy, the Lord is come.

HYMN 715. 7s. [297]

IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
 Signs and wonders there shall be ;
 Earth shall quake with inward woes,
 Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
 Tost with stronger tempests, rise ;

Darker storms the mountain sweep,
 Redder lightning rend the skies.

3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
 Racking doubt and restless fear ;
 And amid the thunder-cloud
 Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But though from before his face,
 Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,
 Fear not ye, his chosen race,
 Your redemption draweth nigh.

HYMN 716. 7s. [397]

HASTEN, Lord, thy promised hour ;
 Come in glory and in power :
 Still thy foes are unsubdued ;
 Nature sighs to be renewed.

2 Time has nearly reached its sum :
 All things, with thy bride, say, " Come,
 Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
 Come, and reign for evermore."

HYMN 717. S. M. [463]

YE servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait ;
 With joy obey his heavenly word,
 And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame ;
 Gird up your loins as in his sight,
 For awful is his name.

3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command ;
 And while we speak he's near ;
 Mark the first signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
 In such a posture found !
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crowned.

GENERAL JUDGMENT.

 HYMN 718. S. M.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear ;
 Our caution'd souls prepare
 For that tremendous day ;
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When rob'd in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come 'down.

Th' immortal son of man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
 T' increase our gracious fears,
 For ever let the archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears,
 The solemn midnight cry,
 " Ye dead, the Judge is come !
 Arise and meet him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom !"

HYMN 719. C. P. M. [298]

THOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee against myself, to thee,
 A worm of earth, I cry !
 A half awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die !

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure, insensible ;
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress :
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness !

4 Before me place in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come,
 To judge the nations at thy bar ;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom ?

5 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear,
 Eternal bliss t' insure ;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale to live,
 And reign with thee above :
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

HYMN 720. C. M. [299]

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

- 2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
 Thou ruler of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"
- 3 The thunder of that awful word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What, to be banished from my Lord,
 And yet forbid to die!
 To linger in eternal pain,
 And death for ever 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!

HYMN 721. S. M.

- BEHOLD! with awful pomp,
 The Judge prepares to come,
 Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
 And wakes the general doom.
- 2 Nature, in wild amaze,
 Her dissolution mourns;
 Blushes of blood the moon deface;
 The sun to darkness turns.
- 3 'Tis time we all awake;
 The dreadful day draws near;
 Sinners, your proud presumption check,
 And stop your wild career.
- 4 Now is th' accepted time,
 To Christ for mercy fly;
 O turn, repent, and trust in him,
 And you shall never die.

5 Great God, in whom we live,
 Prepare us for that day :
 Help us in Jesus to believe,
 'To watch, and wait, and pray.

HYMN 722. L. M. [301]

HE comes! He comes! the Judge severe!
 'The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
 His lightnings flash, His thunders roll;
 How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
 See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own;
 'The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the Most High;
 Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN 723. C. M.

WO to the men on earth who dwell,
 Nor dread th' Almighty's frown;
 When God doth all his wrath reveal,
 And shower his judgments down.

2 Sinners expect those heaviest showers,
 'To meet your God prepare!
 For lo! the seventh angel pours
 His phial on the air.

3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap,
 'The mountains are not found;
 Transported far into the deep,
 And in the ocean drown'd.

4 Who then shall live and face the throne,
 And face the Judge severe?

When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear ?

5 Now, only now, against that hour,
We may a place provide ;
Beyond the grave. beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide.

HYMN 724. L. M.

HOW great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his nod !
He frowns, and earth's foundations shake,
And all the wheels of nature break.

2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wrëck ?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown ?
See rocks like snow dissolving down !

3 In vain for mercy now they cry !
In lakes of liquid fire they lie ;
There on the flaming billows tost,
Forever, O, forever lost.

4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene ;
Your Saviour lives, though worlds expire ;
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

5 Jesus, the helpless sinner's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend ;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

HYMN 725. C. M.

BY faith we find the place above,
The rock that rent in twain ;
Beneath the shade of dying love,
And in the clefts remain.

2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee,
We sink into thy side ;

- Assured that all who trust in thee
 Shall evermore abide.
- 3 Then let the thundering trumpet sound :
 The latest lightning glare ;
 The mountains melt ; the solid ground
 Dissolve as liquid air ;
- 4 The huge celestial bodies roll,
 Amidst that general fire,
 And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
 And all in smoke expire.
- 5 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
 When nature is destroyed,
 And no created thing remains
 Throughout the flaming void.
- 6 Sublime upon his azure throne,
 He speaks the almighty word :
 His fiat is obeyed, 'tis done ;
 And Paradise restored.

 MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 726. C. M. [434]

Seasons.

- WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high ;
 O'er all the heavens he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
 To cheer the plains below ;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.

- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of each declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 On us his providence has shone,
With gentle, smiling rays ;
O, may our lips and lives make known,
His goodness and his praise.

HYMN 727. C. M. [435]

Spring.

- AT length the wished-for spring has come :
How altered is the scene !
The trees and shrubs are dressed in bloom,
The earth arrayed in green.
- 2 O, let my inmost soul confess,
With grateful joy and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.
- 3 Inspired to praise, my heart will join
Glad nature's cheerful song ;
While love and gratitude combine
To tune my joyful tongue.
- 4 My faith exults, that yet the spring
Of righteousness and praise,
Our gracious God will surely bring,
And in all nations raise.

HYMN 728. 7s & 6s. [436]

Autumn.

- THE leaves, around me falling,
Are preaching of decay ;
The hollow winds are calling,
" Come, pilgrim, come away :"
'The day in night declining,
Says I must too decline ;
The year its bloom resigning,
Its lot foreshadows mine.

2 The light my path surrounding,
 The loves to which I cling,
 The hopes within me bounding,
 The joys that round me wing,
 All, all, like stars at even,
 Just gleam and shoot away,
 Pass on before to heaven,
 And chide at my delay.

3 The friends gone there before me,
 Are calling from on high,
 And happy angels o'er me
 Tempt sweetly to the sky :
 " Why wait," they say, " and wither
 'Mid scenes of death and sin ?
 O, rise to glory, hither
 And find true life begin."

HYMN 729. C. M. [438]

The same.

THE hoary frost, the fleecy snow,
 Descend, and clothe the ground ;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.

2 When, from his dreadful stores on high,
 God pours the sounding hail,
 The man that does his power defy
 Shall find his courage fail.

3 God sends his word, and melts the snow,
 The fields no longer mourn ;
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 And bids the spring return.

4 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word ;
 With songs and honors sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

HYMN 730. L. M. [432]

The Joy in Harvest.

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
 And changes mark the rolling year,
 Thy favor still doth crown our days,
 And we would celebrate thy praise.

2 Our table spread, our garner stored,
 O, give us hearts to bless thee, Lord;
 Forbid it, Source of light and love,
 That hearts and lives should barren prove.

3 Another harvest comes apace:
 Mature our spirits by thy grace,
 That we may calmly meet the blow,
 The sickle gives to lay us low;—

4 That so, when angel reapers come
 To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
 Our spirits may be borne on high
 To thy safe garner in the sky.

HYMN 731. C. M. [433]

A Harvest Hymn.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
 How rich thy bounties are!
 The rolling seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
 The plants in beauty grew;
 Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
 And gav'st refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
 Matured the swelling grain;

A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

HYMN 732. C. M. [437]

Winter.

STERN Winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;

How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned!

2 The sun withholds his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 Return, O blissful sun, and bring,
Thy soul reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring—
This darkness cheerful day.

4 O happy state! divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

5 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

HYMN 733. C. M.

Spring.

WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray;
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

- 3 O God of nature and of grace,
 Thy heavenly gifts impart ;
 Then shall my meditation trace
 Spring, blooming in my heart.
- 4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join,
 Glad nature's cheerful song ;
 And love and gratitude divine
 Attune my joyful song

HYMN 734. 8s.

Spring.

- HOW sweetly along the gay mead,
 The daises and cowslips are seen !
 The flocks as they carelessly feed,
 Rejoice in the beautiful green !
- 2 The vines that encircle the bowers,
 The herbage that springs from the sod,—
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,
 All rise to the praise of my God.
- 3 Shall man, the great master of all,
 The only insensible prove ?
 Forbid it, fair gratitude's call—
 Forbid it, devotion and love.
- 4 The Lord, who such wonders can raise,
 And still can destroy with a nod,
 My lips shall incessantly praise—
 My soul shall rejoice in my God.

HYMN 735. C. M. [432]

Relief from National Judgments implored.

- LORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land ;
 Behold, thy people mourn ;
 Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
 And mercy ne'er return ?
- 2 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
 And dreads thy lifted hand !

O, heal the people thou hast broke,
And spare our guilty land.

3 Then shall our loud and grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God ;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

HYMN 736. C. M. [431]

Public Humiliation.

LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.

2 O, may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne,
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's, and our own.

3 And should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod,—
Let faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

HYMN 737. L. M.

Fast. God's Controversy.

LISTEN, ye hills ; ye mountains hear :
Jehovah vindicates his laws ;
Trembling in silence at his bar,
Thou earth, attend thy Maker's cause.

2 Israel appear ; present thy plea ;
And charge th' Almighty to his face ;
Say, if his rules oppressive be ;
Say, if defective be his grace.

3 Eternal Judge, the action cease ;
Our lips are seal'd in conscious shame ;
'Tis our's in sackcloth to confess,
And thine, the sentence to proclaim.

- 4 Ten thousand witnesses arise,
 Thy mercies and our crimes appear,
 More than the stars that deck the skies,
 And all our dreadful guilt declare.
- 5 How shall we come before thy face,
 And in thine awful presence bow?
 What off'rings can secure thy grace,
 Or calm the terrors of thy brow?
- 6 With humble faith to that we fly,
 With that may we be sprinkled o'er;
 Trembling no more in dust we lie,
 And dread thy hand and bar no more,

HYMN 738. C. M. [377]

True Religion.

- WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
 And grow profanely bold?
 The meanest portion of the just
 Excels the sinner's gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
 But ne'er designs to pay;
 The saint is merciful and lends,
 Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms with liberal heart he gives,
 Among the sons of need;
 His mem'ry to long ages lives,
 And blessed is his seed.
- 4 The law and gospel of the Lord,
 Deep in his heart abide;
 Led by the Spirit and the word,
 His feet shall never slide.

HYMN 739. C. M. [452]

Paradise on Earth.

- WHEN Christ with all his graces crowned,
 Sheds his kind beams abroad,

'Tis a new heav'n on earthly ground,
The paradise of God !

2 A blooming Eden, full of joy,
In this wild desert springs ;
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet, celestial things.

3 The fragrant plants around appear,
And each his glory shows ;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.

4 Yet to the garden in the skies
My feet would rather go :
For there unwith'ring flow'rs arise,
And joys perpetual grow !

HYMN 740. C. M. [459]

True happiness to be found only in God.

IN vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of solid rest ;
The whole creation is too poor,
To make me truly blest.

2 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone this restless heart,
Enduring bliss can find.

3 Thy favor, Lord, is all I want ;
Here would my spirit rest :
O ! seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

HYMN 741. C. M.

Faith encouraged by Ancient Example.

RISE, O my soul, pursue the path,
By ancient worthies trod ;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who liv'd and walked with God.

- 2 Tho' dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquer'd ev'ry foe;
And to his pow'r and matchless grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.
- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view,
The patterns thou hast giv'n—
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
That led them safe to heaven.

HYMN 742. S. M. [408]

Transfiguration.

- JESUS the mount ascends,
He goes up there to pray:
A brightness that all light transcends,
Then beam'd a tenfold day!
- 2 Celestial forms appear,
Array'd in purest white,
And speak with him of suff'rings near,
And death from Jewish spite.
- 3 The scene fills them with dread,
And o'er the apostles' eyes
A bright and fearful cloud is spread,
O'ermantling all the skies.
- 4 Out of that cloud is given
A voice from God above:
"Behold, this is my Son from heaven;
Hear him, O men, and love!"

HYMN 743. S. M. [469]

Importance of To-day.

- TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;

And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care ;
O, be that still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

HYMN 744. L. M. [403]

The good Seed.

LET not of Christ and man the foe,
Thy holy truth remove ;
In ev'ry heart, Lord, let it grow,
To bring forth fruits of love !

2 Let not the cares of this vain world
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield a hundred fold
The fruits of peace and joy.

3 Nor let thy word—which, if we hear,
Will raise us to thy throne,—
Return to thee and witness bear,
That we reject thy Son.

4 Oft as the sower spreads the seed,
Thy quick'ning grace bestow ;
That all who to thy truth take heed,
Its saving power may know !

HYMN 745. C. M.

Nature and Fruits of Charity.

- O CHARITY**, thou heav'nly grace!
 All tender, soft and kind!
A friend to all the human race,
 To all that's good inclin'd!
- 2** The man of charity extends
 To all his lib'ral hand:
His kindred, neighbors, foes and friends,
 His pity may command.
- 3** He aids the poor in their distress;
 He hears when they complain;
With tender heart delights to bless,
 And lessen all their pain.
- 4** The sick, the pris'ner, poor and blind,
 And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find—
 He loves to give relief.
- 5** 'Tis love that makes religion sweet;
 'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing minds and ardent feet,
 To yonder happy skies.

HYMN 746. L. M. [382]

The Compassionate Man.

- BLEST** is the man whose heart doth move
 And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
 Feels what his fellow saints endure.
- 2** His heart contrives for their relief,
 More good than his own hands can do;
He, in a time of gen'ral grief,
 Shall find the Lord hath mercy too!
- 3** His soul shall live secure on earth,
 With secret blessings on his head,

When drought, and pestilence, and death,
 Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
 God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n ;
 Will save him with a healing touch,
 Or take his willing soul to heaven !

HYMN 747. P. M. [383]

Blessings on the Charitable.

BLEST is the man who loves the poor,
 Nor let's the suff'rer plead in vain ;
 Who gives as God has bless'd his store,
 And deems such distribution gain :
 In his dark night of wo and fear,
 God with deliverance will be near !

2 When languishing upon his bed,
 And pain and grief his peace devour,
 Thy hand, O Lord, shall lift his head,
 And bring back nature's failing power ;
 His faded bloom thou wilt revive,
 And say, " O, child of mercy live !"

3 Forgive, O Lord, my selfish heart ;
 Enlarge my charity and zeal ;
 Thy saving pow'r and grace impart,
 That I the strength of love may feel :
 Then to my soul shall peace be given,
 And I shall praise thy love in heaven !

HYMN 748. C. M. [427]

A Hymn for a Maternal Association.

GREAT God we would to thee make known
 Each fond, maternal care ;
 For this we gather round thy throne,
 And bring our children there.

2 We ask not wealth, long life, nor fame,
 Nor aught the world can give ;

May they but glorify thy name,
And to thy honor live.

3 This is the burden of our prayer—
When from our bosoms riven,
May they be objects of thy care,
And heirs, at last, of heaven.

HYMN 749. C. M. [399]

The Creation.

THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears ;
His goodness thro' the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom planned ;
'Twas he who girded like a robe,
'The ocean round the land.

3 In ev'ry stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In ev'ry breeze his Spirit blows,
'The breath of life and health.

4 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the face of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

5 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will paradise be found !

HYMN 750. C. M. [400]

Creation and Redemption.

THY hand, O Lord, hath spread the sky,
Most glorious to behold ;
Ting'd with the blue of heav'nly dye,
And star'd with sparkling gold.

- 2 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
 And strike the gazing sight,
 Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
 With terror and delight.
- 3 But, Lord, the wonders of thy grace
 Beam on us from above:
 Mercy divine in Jesus' face
 We see, adore and love!

HYMN 751. 8s & 7s.

A Marriage Hymn.

- LORD, we come to ask thy blessing
 On the happy pair to rest;
 May thy goodness, never ceasing,
 Make them now and ever blest.
- 2 Thou canst change the course of nature,
 Turning water into wine;
 But we ask a greater favor—
 May they be for ever thine.
- 3 Thine by cov'nant and adoption,
 Thine by free and sov'reign grace;
 May they, in each word and action,
 Do thy will and speak thy praise.
- 4 Gracious Lord, from thy free bounty,
 Fill their basket and their store;
 Give them with their health and plenty,
 Hearts thy goodness to adore.
- 5 Often from their happy dwelling,
 May the voice of prayer ascend,
 For thy mercies still increasing,
 To their best, their kindest Friend.
- 6 Through this life's tempestuous ocean,
 Storms are thick and dangers nigh;
 O may constant pure devotion,
 Guide them safe to realms on high.

DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
 flow ;
 Praise him all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit three in one,
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

8s & 7s.

GLORY be to God the Father
 Glory be to God the Son,
 Glory be to God the Spirit,
 Everlasting three in one :
 Thee let heaven and earth adore,
 Now, henceforth, and evermore.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

7s.

SING we to our God above
 Praise eternal as his love ;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Adore the Father, love the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit be adored,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

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Come, Saviour Jesus, from above	L. M.	228

Come, Saviour, let thy tokens prove . . .	C. M.	287
Come sinners to the Gospel feast . . .	L. M.	48
Come sound his praise abroad . . .	S. M.	199
Come, then, ye sinners to the Lord . . .	L. M.	52
Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing . . .	8s & 7s.	173
Come, thou high and lofty Lord . . .	7s.	295
Come, thou omniscient Son of Man . . .	C. M.	236
Come to the house of prayer . . .	S. M.	60
Come ye sinners, poor and needy . . .	8s, 7s & 4s.	44
Come ye that love the Lord . . .	S. M.	177
Comfort ye ministers of grace . . .	L. M.	313
Come ye ministers of grace . . .	L. P. M.	320
Command thy blessing from above . . .	L. M.	117
Commit thou all thy griefs . . .	S. M.	161
Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross . . .	C. M.	262
Daughter of Zion from the dust . . .	C. M.	371
Daughter of the pilgrim sires . . .	7s.	381
Dear partner of our hopes and fears . . .	L. M.	358
Death has been here and borne . . .	C. M.	358
Deepen the wounds thy hands have . . .	C. M.	247
Depth of mercy can there be . . .	7s.	271
Did Christ o'er sinners weep . . .	S. M.	75
Did'st thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame . . .	C. M.	140
Draw near, O Son of God, draw near . . .	L. M.	313
Drooping soul shake off thy fears . . .	7s.	47
Encompassed with clouds of distress . . .	8s.	72
Equip me for the war . . .	S. M.	137
Ere the blue heavens were stretched . . .	L. M.	341
Eternal beam of light divine . . .	L. M.	154
Eternal Father, thou hast made . . .	L. M.	386
Eternal God, Almighty cause . . .	L. M.	10
Eternal power whose high abode . . .	L. M.	5
Eternal source of ev'ry joy . . .	L. M.	343
Eternal wisdom, thee we praise . . .	C. M.	7
Except the Lord conduct the plan . . .	C. P. M.	292
Extended on a cursed tree . . .	L. M.	30
Fair shines the morning-star . . .	H. M.	398
Faith is the brightest evidence . . .	C. M.	95

Faith, 'tis a precious grace	S. M.	95
Father, how wide thy glories shine	C. M.	6
Father, I dare believe	S. M.	237
Father, if justly still we claim	L. M.	320
Father, I stretch my hands to thee	C. M.	108
Father, into thy hands alone	C. M.	250
Father live by all things fear'd	7s.	23
Father of all by whom we are	L. M.	301
Father of all in whom alone	C. M.	307
Father of all thy care we bless	L. M.	304
Father of boundless grace	S. M.	324
Father of heaven whose love	L. M.	22
Father of mercies in thy word	C. M.	308
Father, to thee my soul I lift	C. M.	250
Father, whose everlasting love	L. M.	118
Firm was my health	L. M.	417
For a season call'd to part	7s.	224
For ever here my rest shall be	C. M.	229
Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go	L. M.	158
Fountain of life enthroned above	L. M.	331
Fountain of mercy, God of love	C. M.	457
From all that dwell below the skies	L. M.	204
From Greenland's icy mountains	7s & 6s.	368
From o'er the rocky mountains	7s & 6s.	368
From whence those direful omens	C. M.	32
From year to year in love we meet	L. M.	352
Give glory to Jesus our head	8s.	431
Give me a sober mind	S. M.	130
Give me the wings of faith to rise	C. M.	260
Give to the winds thy fears	S. M.	163
Giver of concord, Prince of peace	C. M.	210
Glory be to God above	7s.	203
Glory be to God the Father	8s & 7s.	469
Glory to God on high	S. M.	290
Glory to God whose sovereign grace	L. M.	322
Glory to thee my God this night	L. M.	303
God gave to Afric's sons	S. M.	396
God is in this and every place.	C. M.	71

God is the refuge of his saints	L. M.	281
God moves in a mysterious way . . .	C. M.	149
God of all consolation take	L. M.	212
God of all power and truth and grace	L. M.	242
God of almighty love	S. M.	127
God of eternal truth and grace. . . .	C. M.	120
God of eternity from thee	L. M.	346
God of love that hear'st the prayer . .	7s.	222
God of mercy hear our prayer	7s.	354
God of my life through all my days .	L. M.	337
God of my life to thee	H. M.	334
God of my life whose gracious	L. M.	147
God of our lives thy various praise .	C. M.	197
God sits sovereign on the throne . . .	7s.	393
God spake and from chaotic night . .	L. M.	16
God, the offended God, most high . .	L. M.	318
Go messenger of peace and love . . .	L. M.	376
Go preach my gospel saith the Lord .	L. M.	315
Go ye messengers of God	7s.	376
Gracious Redeemer, shake	S. M.	128
Great God, as seasons disappear . . .	L. M.	457
Great God attend while Zion sings .	L. M.	329
Great God indulge my humble	L. M.	98
Great God now condescend	S. M.	306
Great God thy watchful care we . . .	L. M.	329
Great God to me the sight afford . . .	C. M.	91
Great God we sing thy mighty hand .	L. M.	346
Great God we would to thee make . .	C. M.	466
Great is the Lord our God	S. M.	330
Great King of glory and of grace . .	C. M.	26
Great Shepherd of thy people hear . .	C. M.	111
Guide me. O thou great Jehovah . .	8s, 7s & 4s.	121
Hail! Father, Son and Holy Ghost . .	C. M.	24
Hail temperance, fair celestial ray . .	L. M.	403
Hail to the Lord's anointed	7s & 6s.	327
Happy soul, thy days are ended . . .	8s & 7s.	426
Happy the heart where graces	C. M.	251
Happy the man that finds the grace .	L. M.	172

Happy the souls that first believed . . .	L. M.	282
Happy the souls to Jesus joined . . .	C. M.	178
Hark! a voice divides the sky . . .	7s.	432
Hark! from the tombs a doleful . . .	C. M.	425
Hark! hark! the notes of joy . . .	H. M.	325
Hark! hark! the voice of anguish . . .	7s & 6s.	387
Hark! how the watchmen cry . . .	S. M.	136
Hark! I hear the voice of . . .	8s, 7s & 4s.	381
Hark! the herald angels say . . .	7s.	443
Hark! the herald angels sing . . .	7s.	340
Hark! the song of Jubilee . . .	7s.	174
Hasten Lord, thy promised hour . . .	7s.	448
Head of thy Church whose spirit . . .	L. M.	280
Heard ye the mighty rushing . . .	7s & 6s.	380
Hear him ye deaf, his praise ye . . .	C. M.	165
Hear what the voice from heaven . . .	C. M.	432
He comes, he comes, the judge . . .	L. M.	452
He dies, the friend of sinners dies . . .	L. M.	36
Help, Lord, for men of virtue fail . . .	C. M.	28
Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly . . .	C. P. M.	125
Help us to feel for drunken man . . .	C. M.	401
Heralds of creation cry . . .	7s.	175
Here at thy cross my Saviour God . . .	L. M.	94
Here in thy name, eternal God . . .	L. M.	333
High in thy heavens, eternal God . . .	L. M.	157
High in his everlasting throne . . .	L. M.	311
His master taken from his head . . .	C. M.	421
Ho! every one that thirsts, draw . . .	L. M.	52
Holy as thou, O Lord, is none . . .	L. M.	9
Holy Bible, book divine . . .	7s.	356
Hosannahs, Lord, to thee we sing . . .	L. M.	04
How are thy servants blest, O Lord . . .	C. M.	410
How beauteous are their feet . . .	S. M.	312
How blest the sacred tie that binds . . .	L. M.	223
How can a sinner know . . .	S. M.	88
How can it be, thou heavenly King . . .	L. M.	100
How can we see the children, Lord . . .	C. M.	305
How did my heart rejoice to hear . . .	C. M.	279

How do thy mercies close me round . . .	L. M.	146
How firm a foundation, ye saints . . .	11s	160
How gentle God's commands . . .	S. M.	157
How great, how terrible that God . . .	L. M.	453
How happy are they . . .	P. M.	166
How happy every child of grace . . .	C. M.	187
How happy, gracious Lord, are . . .	C. P. M.	168
How happy is the pilgrim's lot . . .	C. P. M.	263
How honor'd is the place . . .	S. M.	275
How large the promise, how divine . . .	C. M.	285
How long, O Lord, shall I complain . . .	L. M.	111
How long wilt thou conceal thy face . . .	C. M.	114
How pleasant, how divinely fair . . .	L. M.	279
How pleas'd and blest was I . . .	S. P. M.	277
How sad our state by nature is . . .	C. M.	27
How shall a lost sinner in pain . . .	8s.	268
How sweet, how heavenly is the . . .	C. M.	221
How sweetly along the gay mead . . .	8s.	459
How swift, alas, the moments fly . . .	C. M.	362
How tedious and tasteless the hours . . .	8s.	171
How vain are all things here below . . .	C. M.	127
I and my house will serve the . . .	C. P. M.	301
I ask the gift of righteousness . . .	C. M.	92
I give immortal praise . . .	H. M.	23
I know that my Redeemer lives . . .	L. M.	193
I know that my Redeemer lives . . .	C. M.	239
If now I have acceptance found . . .	L. M.	248
I left the God of truth and light . . .	L. M.	273
I long to behold him arrayed . . .	8s.	254
I love to see the glowing sun . . .	C. M.	363
I love to see the Lord below . . .	C. M.	278
I'll praise my Maker while I've . . .	L. P. M.	183
Indulgent Lord, thy goodness reigns . . .	L. M.	15
I must not sin as many do . . .	L. M.	363
Infinite, unexhausted love . . .	C. M.	192
Intemperance like a raging flood . . .	C. M.	400
In the sun, and moon and stars . . .	7s.	447
In thy house while now we sing . . .	7s.	351

In vain I trace creation o'er	C. M.	462
I saw him kneel in calm despair	L. M.	384
Isles of the South awake	H. M.	377
It is the Lord enthroned in light	C. M.	418
I thirst thou wounded Lamb of God	L. M.	100
I waited patient for the Lord	C. M.	94
I want a principle within	C. M.	123
I will extol the Lord on high	L. M.	419
I would be thine, thou know'st I	C. M.	234
Jesus, accept the praise	H. M.	216
Jesus, at whose supreme command	C. M.	288
Jesus, from whom all blessings flow	L. M.	104
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep	C. M.	152
Jesus hath died that I might live	C. M.	236
Jesus, I fain would find	S. M.	138
Jesus, Lord we look to thee	7s.	294
Jesus, lover of my soul	7s	86
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone	L. M.	144
Jesus, my King, to thee I bow	L. M.	201
Jesus, my Lord, I cry to thee	C. M.	244
Jesus, my strength and righteousness,	C. M.	317
Jesus, my strength, my hope	S. M.	116
Jesus, my truth, my way	S. M.	232
Jesus, Redeemer of mankind	C. M.	106
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	L. M.	366
Jesus, the all-restoring word	C. M.	104
Jesus, the life, the truth, the way	C. M.	240
Jesus the mount ascends	S. M.	463
Jesus, the name high over all	C. M.	316
Jesus, the sinner's friend, to thee	L. M.	60
Jesus, the word of mercy give	C. M.	321
Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord	C. M.	101
Jesus, thou everlasting King	L. M.	170
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness	L. M.	188
Jesus, thy far-extended fame	L. M.	74
Jesus, thy loving spirit alone	L. M.	243
Jesus, thy wandering sheep behold	L. M.	320
Jesus to thee I now can fly	C. M.	169

Jesus, united by thy grace	C. M.	214
Jesus, we look to thee	S. M.	209
Jesus, we thus obey	S. M.	288
Join all ye ransomed sons of grace	C. M.	133
Judges who rule the world by laws	L. P. M.	393
Kindred in Christ for his dear sake	L. M.	218
Leader of faithful souls and guide	L. P. M.	121
Let all who truly bear	S. M.	287
Let earth and heaven agree	H. M.	179
Let children hear the mighty deeds	C. M.	302
Let every mortal ear attend	C. M.	54
Let every tongue thy goodness speak	C. M.	183
Let God the Father and the Son	C. M.	470
Let him to whom we now belong	C. M.	231
Let me but hear my Saviour say	L. M.	155
Let not of Christ or man the foe	C. M.	464
Let not the wise their wisdom boast	L. M.	249
Let sinners choose the road	S. M.	58
Let the redeemed give thanks and	C. M.	77
Let Temperance and her sons	L. M.	403
Let Zion's watchmen all awake	C. M.	316
Life is the time to serve the Lord	L. M.	46
Lift up our country's banner high	L. M.	387
Lift up our hearts to things above	C. M.	207
Light of the Gentile world appear	L. M.	64
Like Noah's weary dove	S. M.	225
Like sheep we went astray	S. M.	41
Listen ye hills, ye mountains hear	L. M.	460
Lo! God is here let us adore	L. P. M.	205
Lo! he comes with clouds	P. M.	446
Long have I seemed to serve thee	C. M.	265
Lord all I am is known to thee	C. M.	13
Lord, how secure and blest are	L. M.	180
Lord, how thy wonders are	C. M.	11
Lord, I approach the mercy seat	C. M.	78
Lord, I believe a rest remains	C. M.	234
Lord, I believe thy every word	C. M.	230
Lord, I despair myself to heal	L. M.	38

Lord, in the morning thou shalt . . .	C. M.	298
Lord, in the strength of grace . . .	S. M.	249
Lord Jesus, when, when shall it be . . .	L. M.	73
Lord, look on all assembled here . . .	C. M.	460
Lord of the harvest, hear . . .	S. M.	311
Lord of the wide-extended main . . .	L. M.	411
Lord over all, if thou hast made . . .	L. P. M.	379
Lord, send thy word and let it fly . . .	C. M.	415
Lord, teach us how to pray aright . . .	C. M.	122
Lord, thou hast scourged our guilty . . .	C. M.	459
Lord, thou hast searched and seen . . .	L. M.	12
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I . . .	C. M.	297
Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin . . .	L. M.	26
Lord, we come before thee now . . .	7s.	103
Lord, we come to ask thy . . .	8s & 7s.	468
Lord, while for all mankind we pray . . .	C. M.	383
Lord, whom winds and seas obey . . .	7s.	411
Love divine, all loves excelling . . .	8s & 7s.	226
Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb . . .	7s.	240
Lo! what an entertaining sight . . .	C. M.	209
May I, throughout this day of thine . . .	C. M.	348
Mistaken souls, that dream of heaven . . .	C. M.	96
Mortals awake! with angels join . . .	C. M.	339
Mournful and sad upon my ear . . .	C. M.	401
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so . . .	C. M.	56
My God, I know, I feel thee mine . . .	C. M.	233
My God, if I may call thee mine . . .	L. M.	81
My God, how endless is thy love . . .	L. M.	299
My God, my life, my love . . .	S. M.	99
My God, my portion and my love . . .	C. M.	145
My God, the spring of all my joys . . .	C. M.	182
My gracious loving Lord . . .	S. M.	264
My heart rejoices in thy name . . .	C. M.	198
My hope, my all, my Saviour thou . . .	L. M.	105
My Saviour hanging on the tree . . .	C. M.	34
My Saviour, how shall I proclaim . . .	L. M.	31
My Saviour, my almighty friend . . .	C. M.	186
My Saviour's pierced side . . .	S. M.	285

My Shepherd will supply my need	C. M.	155
My soul, be on thy guard	S. M.	132
My soul, come meditate the day	C. M.	434
My soul, how lovely is the place	C. M.	277
My soul repeat his praise	S. M.	17
My sufferings all to thee are known	L. M.	66
Night spread her starless robe around	C. M.	416
Now from the altar of our hearts	C. M.	300
Now I have found the ground	L. P. M.	252
Now let our mourning hearts revive	C. M.	420
Now let our mournful songs record	L. M.	36
Now the shades of night are gone	7s.	304
O all-creating God	S. M.	17
O blessed souls are they	S. M.	198
O charity, thy heavenly grace	C. M.	465
O christian see that dread array	C. M.	416
O come and dwell in me	S. M.	245
O come let us sing to the Lord	8s.	202
O'er the realms of Pagan	8s, 7s & 4s.	375
Of him who did salvation bring	L. M.	33
O for a closer walk with God	C. M.	270
O for a heart to praise my God	C. M.	238
O for a glance of heavenly day	L. M.	62
O for a shout of sacred joy	C. M.	200
O for a thousand tongues to sing	C. M.	164
O for that tenderness of heart	C. M.	76
Oft have we passed the guilty night	L. P. M.	131
O glorious hope of perfect love	C. P. M.	238
O God, our help in ages past	C. M.	422
O God, when o'er the ocean	7s & 6s.	391
O happy day that fix'd my choice	L. M.	220
O happy, happy place	S. M.	206
O Jesus, at thy feet we wait	C. M.	243
O Jesus, full of grace	S. M.	273
O Jesus, full of truth and grace	L. M.	227
O Jesus, let thy dying cry	L. M.	242
O joyful sound of gospel grace	C. M.	235
O let the pris'ners mournful cries	L. M.	109

O let triumphant faith dispel . . .	C. M.	123
O Lord, behold us at thy feet . . .	C. M.	305
O Lord, my best desires fulfil . . .	C. M.	114
O Lord, our languid souls inspire . . .	C. M.	112
O love divine, how sweet thou art . . .	C. P. M.	70
Omnipresent God whose aid . . .	7s.	299
On all the earth thy Spirit shower . . .	L. M.	365
One there is above all others . . .	8s & 7s.	43
One undivided Trinity . . .	C. M.	21
Once more, my soul, the rising day . . .	C. M.	297
Once more we come before our God . . .	C. M.	322
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand . . .	C. M.	258
On man, in his own image made . . .	C. M.	24
On the first Christian Sabbath eve . . .	C. M.	310
On the mountain top appearing . . .	8s, 7s & 4s.	276
On this glad day, O God, we would . . .	C. M.	404
O Saviour, whom this holy morn . . .	C. M.	340
O sun of righteousness, arise . . .	C. M.	103
O tell me no more . . .	10s & 11s.	181
O that I could my Lord receive . . .	C. M.	69
O that I could repent . . .	S. M.	77
O that I were as heretofore . . .	C. M.	269
O that my load of sin were gone . . .	L. M.	231
Other ground can no man lay . . .	7s.	119
O thou before whose gracious throne . . .	L. M.	420
O thou God of my salvation . . .	8s, 7s & 4s.	186
O thou that hangest on the tree . . .	L. M.	84
O thou that hearest when sinners cry . . .	L. M.	80
O thou the helpless orphan's hope . . .	C. P. M.	365
O thou sun of glorious splendor . . .	8s & 7s.	374
O thou whose all-searching sight . . .	L. M.	102
O thou who all things can'st control . . .	L. M.	138
O thou who hast our sorrows . . .	C. P. M.	93
O thou whom all thy saints adore . . .	L. M.	109
O thou whom once they flocked to . . .	L. M.	65
O thou whose offering on the tree . . .	L. M.	40
O'tis delight without alloy . . .	C. M.	191
Oh! turn from the wine glass . . .	8 lines 8s.	402

O 'twas a joyful sound to hear	C. M.	278
Our earth we now lament to see . . .	L. P. M.	414
Our helper God, we bless his name . .	L. M.	347
Our little bark on boist'rous seas . .	C. M.	409
Our Lord is risen from the dead . . .	L. M.	445
Our old companions in distress	C. M.	437
Our souls are in his mighty hand . . .	C. M.	213
Out of the depth of self-despair . . .	C. M.	113
O what is life? 'tis like a flower . .	P. M.	427
O wisdom whose unfailing power . . .	C. M.	253
O why did I my Saviour leave	C. M.	272
Pass a few swiftly fleeting years . . .	L. M.	429
Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st . . .	L. M.	151
Peace was the song the angels sung . .	L. M.	415
Pierce, fill me with an humble fear . .	L. M.	128
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair . . .	C. M.	34
Praise God from whom all blessings . .	L. M.	469
Praise to the Lord on high	H. M.	319
Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee . .	L. M.	195
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise . .	L. M.	184
Prayer is appointed to convey	L. M.	130
Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice . .	C. M.	116
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire . . .	C. M.	115
Pour out your souls to God	S. M.	135
Raise, thoughtless sinner, raise thine . .	L. M.	267
Rejoice for a brother deceased	8s.	427
Rejoice the Lord is King	H. M.	173
Return my soul enjoy thy rest	L. M.	349
Rise, O my soul, pursue the path . . .	C. M.	462
Rock of ages, cleft for me	7s. 6 lines.	119
Salvation! O, the joyful sound	C. M.	185
Saviour, I now with shame confess . . .	L. M.	272
Saviour of men, thy searching eye . . .	L. M.	315
Saviour of sinful men	S. M.	221
See how great a flame aspires	7s.	366
See how the morning sun	S. M.	298
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand . . .	C. M.	286
See Jesus, thy disciples see	C. M.	293

Servants of God, in joyful lays . . .	L. M.	203
Shall I, for fear of feeble man . . .	L. M.	314
Shepherd divine our wants relieve . . .	C. M.	124
Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye . . .	L. M.	379
Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes . . .	C. M.	338
Shout ! for the great Redeemer reigns . . .	L. M.	372
Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas . . .	C. M.	8
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive . . .	L. M.	63
Shrinking from the cold hand of . . .	L. M.	428
Sing all in heaven at Jesus' birth . . .	L. M.	342
Sing to the great Jehovah's praise . . .	C. M.	344
Sing we the song of those who stand . . .	C. M.	176
Sing we to our God above	7s.	470
Sinners obey the gospel word	L. M.	51
Sinners obey the heavenly call	L. M.	59
Sinners the voice of God regard	C. M.	55
Sinners turn, why will ye die	7s	50
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely . . .	8s & 7s.	438
So fades the lovely blooming flower . . .	L. M.	437
So let our lips and lives express	L. M.	132
Soldiers of Christ, arise	S. M.	134
Sons of the noble sires	6s & 4s.	397
Soon as I heard my father say	C. M.	159
Soon may the last glad song arise	L. M.	325
Soon will set the Sabbath's sun	7s.	355
Source of Being, Holy Father	8s & 7s.	406
Sovereign of worlds display thy	L. M.	327
Stand up and bless the Lord	S. M.	176
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay	L. M.	68
Stern winter throws his icy chains	C. M.	458
Still for thy loving kindness, Lord	C. M.	63
Still stir me up to strive	S. M.	232
Strike off my galling fetters, strike	C. M.	395
Summoned my labor to renew	C. M.	138
Sweet is the work, my God, my	L. M.	358
Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly	L. M.	115
Sweet was the time when first I felt	C. M.	266
Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal	C. M.	168

Teach me the measure of my days . . .	C. M.	434
Terrible thought ! shall I alone . . .	C. M.	56
That awful day will sure come . . .	C. M.	450
That doleful night before his death . . .	C. M.	289
The angel hosts appear	S. M.	342
The billows swell, the winds are high	L. M.	412
The earth and all her fulness owns . . .	L. M.	252
The Church in her militant state . . .	8s.	257
The clock has struck, I cannot stay . . .	L. M.	356
The counsels of redeeming grace . . .	C. M.	308
Thee we adore, eternal name	C. M.	423
The eye of God is everywhere	C. M.	12
The God of glory walks his rounds . . .	L. M.	58
The God of nature and of grace	C. M.	467
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord	L. M.	323
The Hebrew prophet rais'd of old . . .	C. M.	42
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The hour of freedom ! come it must . . .	L. M.	386
The King of heaven his table spreads	C. M.	290
The law and prophets all foretold	L. M.	326
The leaves around me falling	7s & 6s.	455
The Lord Jehovah reigns	H. M.	20
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	L. P. M.	148
The Lord my Shepherd is	S. M.	159
The Lord of earth and sky	H. M.	345
The Lord of Sabbath let us praise	C. M.	445
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The message first to Smyrna sent	C. M.	141
The morning flowers display their	L. M.	429
The morning light is breaking	7s & 6s.	369
The perfect world by Adam trod	L. M.	331
The praying spirit breathe	S. M.	124
The power to bless my house	S. M.	302
The ravens daily he doth feed	L. M.	151
The saints above, once here below	C. M.	141
The saints who die of Christ	L. M.	440
The Saviour kindly calls	S. M.	306

The Saviour lives no more to die . . .	L. M.	59
The spacious firmament on high . . .	L. M.	18
The Spirit's voice doth break . . .	S. M.	46
The star was bright o'er Bethlehem's	L. M.	414
The tempest beat against my bark . . .	C. M.	409
The tempter to my soul hath said . . .	L. M.	162
There is a fountain filled with blood . . .	C. M.	38
There is a God, all nature speaks . . .	L. M.	10
There is a house not made with . . .	C. M.	433
There is a land of pure delight . . .	C. M.	254
There's not a place in earth's vast . . .	C. M.	19
There's not a star whose twinkling . . .	C. M.	11
They roam where danger dwells . . .	S. M.	408
Think of our country's glory . . .	7s & 6s.	382
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we . . .	L. M.	350
This, this is He that came . . .	S. M.	39
This day the Lord has called his own	L. M.	351
This, this is the God we adore . . .	8s.	187
Thou art gone to the grave . . .	12s & 11s	439
Thou boastest "I am wise and rich"	L. M.	57
Thou God that answerest by fire . . .	L. M.	246
Thou God of glorious majesty . . .	C. P. M.	449
Thou God of truth and love . . .	H. M.	217
Thou great Instructor lest I stray . . .	L. M.	364
Thou great mysterious God . . .	C. P. M.	89
Thou hidden God, for whom I groan	C. M.	85
Thou Judge of quick and dead . . .	S. M.	449
Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of . . .	L. M.	143
Thou Lord hast blest my going out . . .	C. M.	131
Thou Lord of all above . . .	S. M.	83
Thou man of griefs remember me . . .	L. M.	73
Thou seest my feebleness . . .	S. M.	29
Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine . . .	8s	70
Thou Son of God whose flaming eyes	C. M.	47
Thou hast in Zion laid . . .	P. M.	333
Though eighteen hundred years are . . .	L. M.	74
Though troubles assail, and . . .	10s & 11s.	148
Though now the nations sit beneath . . .	L. M.	325

Thus far the Lord hath led me on . . .	L. M.	300
Thus I resolved before the Lord . . .	C. M.	142
Thus saith the Lord, who seeks the . . .	L. M.	275
Thus saith the Lord, your work is . . .	C. M.	42
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love . . .	C. M.	180
Thy hand, O Lord, hath spread the . . .	C. M.	467
Thy life I read, my gracious Lord . . .	C. M.	430
Thy love I soon expect to find. . . .	C. M.	239
Thy neighbor? it is he whom thou . . .	C. M.	399
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Thy presence, everlasting God	L. M.	219
Thy presence, Lord, the place shall . . .	C. M.	167
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Time is winging us away	7s & 6s.	435
'Tis by the faith of joys to come . . .	L. M.	95
'Tis finish'd; so the Saviour cried . . .	L. M.	35
'Tis not in yonder starry host	L. P. M.	408
'Tis now the time of strife and war . . .	L. M.	367
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost	C. M.	469
To God most awful and most high . . .	L. M.	161
To God the Father, God the Son	L. M.	469
To God the only wise	S. M.	199
To-morrow, Lord, is thine	S. M.	463
Too strong I was to conquer sin	L. M.	83
To thee inseparably joined	C. M.	215
To thee, O blessed Saviour	7s & 6s.	357
Try us, O God, and search the	C. M.	214
Unsheltered from the burning rays . . .	C. M.	389
Vain are the hopes the sons of men . . .	C. M.	25
Vain, delusive world, adieu	7s, 6s & 8s	142
Vain man, thy fond pursuits	C. M.	430
Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will . . .	L. M.	14
Watchman, tell us the night	7s.	378
We are but young, yet we may	L. M.	355
We bid thee welcome in the name . . .	L. M.	318
We by his spirit prove	S. M.	89
We come, O Lord, before thy throne . .	C. M.	412
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Welcome, sweet day of rest	S. M.	349
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We lift our hearts to thee	S. M.	296
We need not soar above the skies	C. M.	9
We praise thee, Lord, if but one soul	L. M.	405
We've no abiding city here	L. M.	259
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What have I then wherein to trust	L. M.	68
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What shall I render to my God	C. M.	193
What sinners value I resign	L. M.	444
What though no flowers the fig-tree	C. M.	156
What! never speak one evil word	L. M.	241
When all thy mercies, O my God	C. M.	336
When at this distance, Lord, we	L. M.	189
When blooming youth is snatch'd	C. M.	438
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When floating on life's troubled sea	C. M.	259
When God is nigh, my faith	L. M.	444
When, gracious Lord, when shall it	L. M.	85
When I can read my title clear	C. M.	135
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When in the slippery paths of youth	C. M.	336
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When Jesus, our Redeemer, came	L. M.	405
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When marshall'd on the nightly	L. M.	413
When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the	C. M.	390
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Where can we hide, or whither fly . . .	L. M.	7
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While on the verge of life I stand . . .	L. M.	260
While shepherds watched their flocks	C. M.	338
Who are these arrayed in white . . .	7s.	257
Who are these in bright array . . .	7s.	263
Who can describe the joys that rise . . .	L. M.	192
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Why seek ye that which is not bread	L. M.	53
Why should the children of a King . . .	C. M.	71
Why should we start and fear to die . . .	L. M.	431
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With my whole heart I'll raise my . . .	C. M.	195
With sacred joy we lift our eyes . . .	C. M.	113
With songs and honors sounding loud	C. M.	454
With stately towers and bulwarks . . .	C. M.	274
With thy pure dews and rains . . .	6s & 4s.	385
Wo to the men on earth who dwell . . .	C. M.	452
Would Jesus have the sinner die . . .	L. P. M.	79
Ye angels round the throne . . .	S. M.	470
Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim . . .	L. M.	373
Ye different sects who all declare . . .	L. M.	283
Ye faithful souls who Jesus know . . .	L. M.	37
Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm	C. M.	364
Ye humble saints proclaim abroad . . .	L. M.	16
Ye humble souls approach your God	C. M.	15
Ye humble souls that seek the Lord . . .	C. M.	37
Ye men and angels witness now . . .	C. M.	219
Ye servants of the Lord . . .	S. M.	448
Yes, my native land, I love thee	8s, 7s & 4s.	373

Ye spirits of the free	6s & 4s.	394
Ye that pass by, behold the man . . .	L. M.	31
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor .	C. M.	389
Zeal is that pure and heavenly flame .	C. M.	139

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