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A COLLECTION

SPIRITUAL HYMNS,



ADAPTED TO THE

VARIOUS KINDS OF CHRISTIAN WORSHIP,

AND ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR
THE USE OF THE

BRETHREN IN CHRIST,

KNOWN AS

“RIVER BRETHREN.”

COMPILED ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS OF
THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

SECOND EDITION.

*“Sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise in the
congregation of saints.”—Psalm cxlix.*

LANCASTER, PA.

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P R E F A C E.

THE praise of God in spiritual songs ever has been and ever will be an important element of Christian worship; hence, the place occupied by the Book of Hymns in the Church is second only to that of the Bible. The importance of its office makes the necessity of careful arrangement and complete adaptation to all occasions plainly apparent; and it was with a full consciousness of the importance of the work, and a prayerful trust in the Divine guidance, that the committee undertook and carried to completion the preparation of the present volume.

Soon after the publication of the Brethren's Hymn-Book, in 1862, it became evident that the collection was too small, and did not give the expected satisfaction; but it is hoped that this revised and enlarged edition will supply the former want.

Inasmuch as each locality have their favorite hymns, such hymns were selected from the various contributions as the committee thought would give general satisfaction.

The collection being thus materially enlarged, it should be considered that in many families the hymns are not only sung, but also read, studied and meditated upon; many persons who do not sing thus using the Hymn-Book more than those having the gift of song.

The work has grown upon us far beyond our expectation; but no pains have been spared to secure

from every proper source such material as might suit our purpose, and to select therefrom what was best adapted to the wants of the Brotherhood. In this we have received from the Brethren, in different localities, valuable aid in the form of selections of their choice hymns; and to these, as to all who contributed their assistance to the work, the committee tender a thankful acknowledgment.

Aware that their work shares the imperfection common to all human efforts, the committee still hope that it may possess sufficient merit to give general satisfaction. As the result of days and nights of anxious thought and prayerful labor, it passes from our hands into those of the Brethren and the Christian public, still followed by our prayer that God may bless it to the strengthening of His children, the spreading of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the glory of His holy Name, both here and in that better world—

“ Where we, in nobler, sweeter songs,
Shall sing His power to save;
When these poor, lisping, stammering tongues
Lie silent in the grave.”

METRICAL INDEX

The figures indicate the number of syllables in each line.

- S. M. denotes Short Metre, containing 6,6,8,6
 C. M. " Common Metre, " 8,6,8,6
 L. M. " Long Metre, " 8,8,8,8
 C. P. M. " Common Peculiar Metre, 8,8,6,8,8,6
 As, "Come on, my partners in distress."
 H. M. denotes Hallelujah Metre, 6,6,6,6,8,8
 As, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow."
 S. H. M. denotes Short Hallelujah Metre, 6,6,8,6,8,8
 As, "Friend after friend departs."
 M. 7s. denotes Metre Sevens, 7,7,7,7
 As, "Children of the heavenly King."
 P. M. 8s. Same as L. M., but peculiar in accent,
 As, "How tedious and tasteless the hours."
 M. 6 lines 8s. Same as L. P. M., different in accent,
 As, "Come, O thou Traveler unknown."
 L. M. D. denotes Long Metre, double, 8,8,8,8,8,8,8,8
 As, "He dies, the Friend of sinners dies."
 M. 8s & 7s. denotes A measure of 8,7,8,7
 As, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing."
 M. 8s, 7s & 4. A measure of 8,7,8,7,4,7
 As, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy."
 { M. 7s, & 6s, or, A measure of 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6
 } Reg. Iambic, As, "From Greenland's icy mount'ns."
 { M. 7s, 6s, or A measure of the same, 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6
 } Irreg. Iamb. As, "Drooping souls, no longer grieve."
 M. 6s & 4s. A measure of 6,6,4,6,6,6,4
 As, "My country, 'tis of thee."
 M. 10s. denotes A measure of 10,10,10,10
 As, "Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move."
 M. 10s & 11s. A measure of 10,11,10,11
 As, "O, tell me no more of this world's vain store."
 M. 11s. denotes A measure of 11,11,11,11
 As, "I would not live alway," &c.
 P. M. denotes Peculiar Metre, irregular in measure,
 As, "Saw ye my Saviour," containing 5,5,7,7,7,9
 or, "O how happy are they," &c. " 6,6,9,6,6,9
 or, "How precious is the name," " 6,6,6,3,6,6,6,6,6,3
 or, "Beyond where Kedron's waters," 8,8,6,8,8
 or, "Behold, behold the Lamb of God," 8,6,8,6,8,8,8,6
 or, "The Son, of man they did betray," 8,8,8,6,8,8,8,8,6
 or, "Great God, what do I see and hear," 8,7,8,7,8,8,7
 or same German, "Es ist gewißlich an der Zeit."



HYMNS.

GOD—HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

God manifested in his works.

Rom. 1: 20.

C. M.

- 1 **I**S there a God? Yon rising sun
In answer meet replies,
Writes it in flame upon the earth,
Proclaims it round the skies.
- 2 Is there a God? Hark! from on high
His thunder shakes the poles;
I hear his voice in every wind,
In every wave that rolls.
- 3 Is there a God? With sacred fear
I upward turn my eyes;
"There is," each glitt'ring lamp of light—
"There is," my soul replies.
- 4 If such convictions to my mind
His works aloud impart,
O, let the wisdom of his word
Inscribe them on my heart.

2 *Holiness of God.*

Isaiah 6: 3.

C. M.

- H**OLY and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry;
"Thrice holy," let us sing.
- 2 The deepest rev'rence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou, holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

3 *Faithfulness of God.* L. M.
Heb. 6: 17, 18.

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

4 *There is a God.* C. M.

DENY it not! There is a God—
There is a Holy One;
The stars proclaim it all abroad,
The planets and the sun.

2 His voice is heard in every clime,
Wherever man has trod,
And all his works proclaim and chime—
“There is—there is a God.”

3 The whisp’ring zephyr, and the winds
That howling tempests send,
And flow’rs that bloom, and birds that sing,
The glorious faith defend.

4 The brook that ripples on its way,
And cascade roaring loud,
In unison with conscience say—
“There is—there is a God.”

5 *God's goodness and love.* C. M.
Nahum 1: 7.

- Y**E humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely 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 Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
On this our hope relies;
A safe defense, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thine almighty love
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

6 C. M.

- L**ORD, 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 form'd within,
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous 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,
 Secured by sov'reign love.

7 *And the books were opened.*

Rev. 20: 12.

C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye,
 Strikes through the shades of night,
 And our most secret actions lie
 All open to thy sight.

- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
 Nor wicked word we say,
 But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
 Against the Judgment Day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done
 Be read and published there?
 Be all exposed before the sun,
 While men and angels hear?
- 4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie;
 Upward I dare not look;
 Pardon my sins before I die,
 And blot them from thy Book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
 That my Redeemer felt;
 And let his blood wash out my stains,
 And answer for my guilt.

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

- 2 His power subdues our sins,
 And his forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.
- 3 The pity of the Lord
 To those that fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel,
 He knows our feeble frame.
- 4 Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;
 If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.
- 5 But thy compassion, Lord,
 To endless years endure,
 And children's children ever find
 Thy word of promise sure.

GOD—HIS NAMES AND RELATIONS.

The Lord is our Shepherd.
 Psalm 23.

THE Lord my Shepherd is;
 I shall be well suppli'd;
 Since he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside?

- 2 He leads me to the place
 Where heav'nly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

- 3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth myself 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;
 Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.

10 *God all and in all* S. M.
 Psalm 73, 25.

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 Not all the harps above,
 Can make a heav'nly place,
 If God his residence remove,
 Or but conceal his face.
- 5 Nor earth nor all the sky
 Can one delight afford,
 No, not one drop of real joy,
 Without thy presence, Lord.

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

71 *God our dwelling place.*
 Psalm 90: 1.

C. M.

OUR 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,
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
 "Return, ye sons of men!"
 All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their lives and cares,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in foll'wing years.

12 *God our Father.*
 Matt. 6: 9.

C. M.

MY God! my Father! cheering name!
 O, may I call thee mine!
 Give me with humble hope to claim
 A portion so divine.

2 This only can my fears control,
 And bid my sorrows fly;
 What real harm can reach my soul
 Beneath my Father's eye?

GOD

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
 I calmly would resign;
 For thou art just, and good, and wise—
 O bend my will to thine!

13 *God our portion.* C. M.
 Psalm 119: 57.

WHOM have we, Lord, in heav'n, but thee,
 And whom on earth beside?
 Where else for succor can we flee,
 Or in whose strength confide?

2 Thou art our portion here below,
 Our promis'd bliss above;
 Ne'er may our souls an object know
 So precious as thy love.

3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
 Thou wilt our spirits cheer,
 Support us through life's thorny vale,
 And calm each anxious fear.

4 Yes, thou shalt be our guide through life,
 And help and strength supply;
 Sustain us in death's fearful strife,
 And welcome us on high.

GOD IN CREATION.

14 *The heavens declare the glory of God.* I. M.
 Psalm 19: 1.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unweari'd sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,
 And shows his power to every land,
 The work of an almighty hand.

3 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.

4 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found:

5 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine!

15 *Man's Creation and Innocency.* C. M.

J EHOVAH'S image brightly shone
In Eden's lovely pair,
And oft, before his gracious throne,
They bowed in praise and prayer.

2 With rectitude, as with a robe,
Their spotless souls were dressed;
With peace abounding, and with joy,
They were divinely blessed.

3 No self-reproach, no slavish dread
Disturbed their peace within;
No frowning storm their path o'erspread,
While undefiled with sin.

4 Thus souls renewed by saving grace,—
Whose sins have been forgiven,
Behold the smiles of Jesus' face,
And feel an inward heaven.

- 3 The tumult of my thought
 Held me in hard suspense,
 Till to thy house my feet were brought,
 To learn thy justice thence.
- 4 Thy word, with light and pow'r,
 Did my mistake amend;
 I viewed the sinners' life before,
 But here I learn their end.
- 5 On what a slippery steep
 The thoughtless wretches go!
 And O, that dreadful fiery deep,
 That waits their fall below!

18 *Thy judgments are a great deep.* C. M.
 Psalm 36: 6.

- 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.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

19 *Confidence in God's government.* C. M.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O! who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
Afflictions from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE—PUBLIC
WORSHIP.

20 *Going to Church.* 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 joys unknown
 The holy tribes repair;
 The Son of David holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment there.
- 4 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest!
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace
 Be her attendants blest!
- 5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my Saviour reigns.

21 *Waiting on God.* C. M.

DEAR brethren, come, draw near to God,
 With songs of sacred praise;
 For he is good, supremely good,
 And just 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 Son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.

22 *How amiable are thy tabernacles.* L. M.
 Psalm 84: 1.

LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace,
 Shines through the beauties of thy face,
 And lights our passions to a flame!
 Lord, how we love the charming name!

- 2 When I can say my God is mine,
 When I can feel thy glories shine,
 I tread the world beneath my feet,
 And all that earth calls good or great.

- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys
 Our raptur'd eyes and soul employs,
 Here we could sit and gaze away
 A long, an everlasting day!
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
 To the fair coasts of perfect light;
 Then shall our joyful senses rove
 O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
 While we pass through this barren land;
 And in thy temple let us see
 A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

23 *The communion of spirits in worship.* L. M.
1 Cor. 5: 4.

- B**E still! be still! for all around,
 On either hand, is holy ground,
 Here in his house, the Lord to-day
 Will listen, while his people pray.
- 2 Thou, tossed upon the waves of care,
 Ready to sink with deep despair,
 Here ask relief, with heart sincere,
 And thou shalt find that God is here.
- 3 Thou who hast laid within the grave,
 Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
 Now to the mercy-seat draw near,
 With all thy woes, for God is here.
- 4 Thou who hast dear ones far away,
 In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
 Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
 And trust the God who listens here.
- 5 Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
 Deploring guilt that reigns within,
 The God of peace is ever near;
 The troubled spirit meets him here.

24

Worthy is the Lamb.

Rev. 5: 12.

C. M.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 These are the pray'rs of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free—
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

25

The loveliness of Christ.

C. M.

COME, heav'nly love, inspire my song,
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart and teach my tongue
The Saviour's lovely name.

- 2 The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 3 Here pardon, life and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to dreadful woe.
- 4 God's only Son—stupendous grace!—
Forsook his throne above,
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 O, the rich depths of love divine,
 Of bliss a boundless store!
 Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
 I cannot wish for more.

26 *Praise for mercies.* Psalm 103. S. M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
 His grace to thee proclaim;
 And all that is within me, join
 To bless his holy name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
 His mercies bear in mind;
 Forget not all his benefits—
 The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
 He will with patience wait;
 His wrath is ever slow to rise,
 And ready to abate.

4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
 Prolongs thy feeble breath;
 He healeth thine infirmities,
 And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless his holy name,
 Whose grace hath made thee whole;
 Whose loving kindness crowns thy days;
 O bless the Lord, my soul!

27 *The Fount of Blessing.* 8s & 7s.

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 fixed upon it
 Mount of thy redeeming love.

- 2 Here I 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,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it;
 Seal it from thy courts above.

28

The song of the Lamb.

Rev. 15: 3.

C. M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of thee;
 No music's like thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be.

- 2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak;
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedek.
- 3 Our Saviour shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay;
 We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
 When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all the favor'd throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

29

Praise the Lord, all ye nations.
Psalm 117.

L. M.

FROM all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truths attend thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till sun shall rise and set no more.
- 3 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.
- 4 In ev'ry land begin the song ;
To ev'ry land the strains belong ;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

30

The unspeakable gift.
2 Cor. 9: 45.

L. M.

COME, worship at Emmanuel's feet ;
Behold in him what wonders meet !
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

- 2 He is the Head—each member lives,
And owns the vital power he gives ;
The saints below, and saints above,
Joined by his Spirit and his love.
- 3 He is the Vine—his heav'nly root
Supplies each branch with life and fruit ;
O ! may a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living Vine.
- 4 He is the Rock—how firm he proves !
The Rock of Ages never moves ;
But the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the journey through.

5 Yet faintly to us mortals here,
His glory, grace, and worth appear;
His beauties we shall clearly trace,
When we behold him face to face.

31 *Heaven begun on earth.* S. M.

COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly king
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching on Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

32 *Gratitude.* C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 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.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 But O, eternity's too short,
 To utter all thy praise!

33

Unto him that loved us.

Rev. 1: 5.

C. M.

THERE is a name I love to hear;
 I love to sing its worth;
 It sounds like music in mine ear,
 The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
 Who died to set me free;
 It tells me of his precious blood
 The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells of One whose loving heart
 Can feel my smallest woe:
 Who in each sorrow bears a part
 That none can bear below.

4 Jesus! the name I love so well,
 The name I love to hear!
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,
 No heart conceive how dear.

5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
 Along this thorny road—
 Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
 That leads me up to God:

6 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

34 *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M.

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 inbred sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.

35 *Thy loving kindness is better than life.* L. M.
Psalm 63: 3.

A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving kindness, O how good!

36 *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.* L. M.
Psalm 84: 4.

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

2 My soul 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 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.

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

37 *The song of Moses and the Lamb.* S. M.
Rev. 16: 3.

A WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
 Wake every heart, and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love:
 Sing of his rising power;
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For us, whose sins he bore.

- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
 Ascending with our tongue ;
 Sing, till the love of sin depart,
 And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,
 " Ye blessed children, come !"
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 To our eternal home.

38

Zion's joyful travelers.

M. 7s

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
 As we journey let us sing—
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise :
 Glorious in his works and ways !

- 2 We are traveling home to God,
 In the way our fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd 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 !

39

The blest hour of worship.

L. M.

- B**LEST hour when mortal man retires
 To hold communion with his God,
 To send to heav'n his warm desires,
 And listen to the sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour when earthly cares resign
 Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
 While all around the calm divine
 Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour when God himself draws nigh,
 Well pleas'd his people's voice to hear,
 To hush the penitential sigh,
 And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour, for where the Lord resorts—
 Foretastes of future bliss are giv'n,
 And mortals find his earthly courts
 The house of God, the gate of heav'n.

40

Grateful adoration.

Psalm 100.

L. M.

- B**EFORE 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 sov'reign pow'r, 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 are his people, we his care,—
 Our souls and all our mortal frame;
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

OPENING HYMNS.

- 5 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.

OPENING HYMNS.

41 8 & 7.

BRETHREN, we have met to worship,
 And adore the Lord our God,
 Will you pray in faith with fervor,
 While we strive to preach the word?
 All is vain, unless the Spirit
 Of the Holy One comes down ;
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna
 Will be showered all around.

2 Brethren, don't you see poor sinners
 Slumb'ring on the brink of woe ;
 Death is coming, hell is moving,
 Can you bear to see them go ?
 There are fathers, there are mothers,
 And their children sinking down, &c.

3 Brethren, there's the poor backslider,
 Who was once near heaven's door,
 But, alas! he's sold his Saviour,
 And is worse than e'er before ;
 But the Saviour proffers pardon,
 If he will repent and turn, &c.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us?
 (Moses' sister helped him ;)
 Will you seek the trembling mourner,
 Who is lab'ring hard with sin ?
 Tell them all about the Saviour,
 Tell them that he will be found.
 Sisters, &c.

5 Let us love our Lord supremely;
 Let us love each other too;
 Let us strengthen one another,
 Till our Lord makes all things new,
 And when we get home to heaven,
 At his table we'll sit down;
 Christ will gird himself, and serve us
 With sweet manna all around.

42

A blessing asked for.

C. M.

ONCE more we lift our hearts to God,
 Once more his blessing ask;
 O may not duty seem a load,
 Nor worship prove a task!

2 Father, thy quickening 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 blessing suit;
 And let the seed thy servant sows
 Produce a plenteous fruit.

43

Spiritual Improvement. M. 8s, 7s & 4

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We, thy children, now draw near;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
 Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
 Hear with meekness,—
 Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
 May we give them, Lord, to thee;
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
 We would run, nor weary be,
 Till thy glory,
 Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
 All thy people shall adore,
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Than they could conceive before,—
 Full enjoyment,—
 Holy bliss, for evermore.

44 *Prayer for minister and people.* 8s, 7s & 4.

DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant
 To proclaim thy wondrous love!
 Pour thy grace upon this people,
 That they may thy love approve:
 Bless, O bless them,
 From thy shining courts above.

2 Now thy gracious word invites them
 To partake the gospel-feast;
 Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them;
 Ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest!
 O receive us,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.

45 *Take heed, therefore, how ye hear.* L. M.
 Luke 8: 18.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
 Prepare us to receive thy word;
 Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
 With sov'reign pow'r and energy,
 And may we, in thy faith and fear
 Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
 Teach us to know and do thy will;
 Thy saving pow'r and love display,
 And guide us to the realms of day.

46 *There am I.* Matt. 18: 20. L. M.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn pray'r and praise:

2 "There," said the Saviour, "will I be,
 Amid this little company;
 To them unvail my smiling face,
 And shed my glories round the place."

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

47 *Prayer for the Success of the Word.* C. M.

COME, O thou all victorious Lord,
 Thy pow'r to us make known,
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break these hearts of stone.

2 Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
 And bids the sleeper rise,
 And let each guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.

3 To them a sense of guilt impart,
 And then remove the load,
 Quicken, and wash the troubled heart
 In thine atoning blood.

CLOSING HYMNS.

4 Their desp'rate state through sin declare
 And speak their sins forgiv'n;
 By daily growth in grace prepare,
 Then take them up to heav'n.

48 *Humble Request.* P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

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 In thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee; here we stay;
 Lord, we cannot let thee go
 Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word
 That may joy and peace afford;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the time of joy return;
 Those who are cast down, lift up;
 Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a God supremely kind;
 Heal the sick, the captive free,
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

CLOSING HYMNS.

49 *The Lord bless thee and keep thee.* L. M.
 Num. 6: 21.

ERE to the world again we go,
 Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
 Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
 From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard,
The lessons of thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 O, may the influ'nce of this day
Long as our mem'ry with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

50 *For the fulness of peace and joy.* 8 7 & 4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace!
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us, etc.,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful, etc.,
To the truth may we be found!

51 *At the close of meeting.* S. M.

ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies, ev'ry heart;
Sing ev'ry tongue, the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on, and seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful state
Where all thy saints are found.

52

At the close of meeting.

L. M.

DISMISS us from the house of pray'r,
 With blessings such as mortals need,
 And make our souls thy constant care,
 Till we from evil shall be freed.

2 And if we never meet again,
 Till we our Lord appearing see,
 O may we all with Jesus reign,
 And always with our Saviour be!

53

It is good that the heart be established.

Heb. 13: 9.

S. M.

LORD, at this closing hour,
 Establish ev'ry heart
 Upon thy word of truth and pow'r,
 To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
 Fill all our hearts with love;
 In faith and patience may we live,
 And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
 We would thy will pursue;
 And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
 Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the Only Wise,
 In every age ador'd,
 Let glory from the church arise
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

54

Keep them from the evil.

John 17: 15.

8s, 7s & 4.

GOD of our salvation, hear us ;;
 Bless, O bless us, ere we go!
 When we join the world, be near us,
 Lest we cold and careless grow:
 Saviour, keep us—
 Keep us safe from ev'ry foe.

2 May we live in view of heav'n,
 Where we hope to see thy face;
 Save us from unhallow'd leaven,
 All that might obscure thy grace;
 Keep us walking
 Each in his appointed place.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
 To the place we call our home,
 May our view of heav'n grow clearer,
 Hope more bright of joys to come;
 And, when dying,
 May thy presence cheer the gloom.

55 *A prayer for success.* H. M.

ON what has now been sown,
 Thy blessing, Lord, bestow:
 The power is thine alone
 To make it spring and grow;
 Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
 And thou alone shalt have the praise.

56 *Apostolic Benediction.* 8s & 7s.
 2 Cor. 13: 14.

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

57 *Dismission.* L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord—
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good—
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give ev'ry fett'ed soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

58

After Sermon.

8s.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'T is 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.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

59

Retirement and prayer.

Luke 6 : 12.

C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From ev'ry cumb'ring care ;
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful pray'r.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear ;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore :
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

60 *Advantages of secret prayer.* 11s.

MY closet, my temple, my social retreat,
 It's there, with my Saviour in concert I meet;
 How many the objects inviting me there,
 To pour out my soul in the order of pray'r.

2 When shades of great darkness come over my heart
 And I fear that my God is about to depart,
 I come to my closet and find him still there,
 His hands fill'd with blessings in answer to pray'r.

3 I bless the glad day when his grace I first felt,
 His mercy then sav'd me and cancel'd my guilt;
 I will visit my closet, and never despair—
 It was there my Redeemer first answer'd my pray'r.

4 My Saviour is found in all places below;
 His mercy abounds and his grace overflows:
 A temple, a closet, I find ev'ry-where,
 And Jesus is waiting to bless me in pray'r.

61 *Importunity in prayer.* S. M.

THE Lord, who truly knows
 The heart of every saint,
 Invites us by his holy word,
 To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear!
 We never plead in vain;
 Yet we must wait till he appear,
 And pray and pray again.

3 'Twas thus a widow poor,
 Without support or friend,
 Beset the unjust judge's door,
 And gained at last her end.

4 And shall not Jesus hear
 His chosen, when they cry?
 Yes, though he may a while forbear,
 He'll not their suit deny.

62

Nearness to God.

C. M.

- O** COULD I find, from day to day,
 A nearness to my Lord!
 Then should my hours glide sweet away,
 While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
 Anew from day to day—
 In joys the world can never give,
 And never take away.
- 3 O, Jesus, come and rule my heart,
 And make me wholly thine,
 That I may never more depart,
 Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 And when my flesh dissolves in death,
 My soul shall love thee more.

63

God is present every-where.

7s.

- T**HEY who seek the throne of grace
 Find that throne in ev'ry place;
 If we live a life of pray'r,
 God is present ev'ry-where.
- 2 In our sickness and our health,
 In our want, or in our wealth,
 If we look to God in pray'r,
 God is present ev'ry-where.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
 When the woes of life prevail,
 'T is the time for earnest pray'r;
 God is present ev'ry-where.
- 4 Then, my soul, in ev'ry strait,
 To thy Father come, and wait;
 He will answer ev'ry pray'r:
 God is present ev'ry-where.

64 *We took sweet counsel together.* C. M.
 Psalm 55: 14.

O IT is joy in one to meet
 Whom one communion blends,
 Council to hold in converse sweet,
 And talk as Christian friends.

2 'T is joy to think the angel train,
 Who 'mid heaven's temple shine,
 To seek our earthly temples deign,
 And in our anthems join.

3 But chief 't is joy to think that he,
 To whom his church is dear,
 Delights her gather'd flock to see,
 Her joint devotions hear.

4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,
 While here such joys are given?
 "This is indeed the house of God,
 And this the gate of heaven!"

65 *Sweet hour of prayer.* L. M.

SWEET hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known;
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief;
 And oft escap'd the tempter's snare
 By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.

2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To him whose truth and faithfulness,
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!

THE LORD'S DAY.

3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty hight,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

66 *The influences of the spirit desired.* C. M.
Acts 2: 2.

SPIRIT Divine! attend our pray'r,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious pow'r,
O! come, Great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole souls an off'ring be
To our Redeemer's name.

THE LORD'S DAY.

67 *Blessings of the Sabbath.* C. M.

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

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

- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son!
 Help us, O Lord—descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
 With messages of grace;
 Who comes, in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna! in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise;
 The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

68 *As it began to dawn.* L. M.

Matt. 28 : 1.

- M**Y op'ning eyes with rapture see
 The dawn of thy returning day;
 My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
 While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
 Nor would receive another guest:
 Eternal King, erect thy throne,
 And reign sole monarch in my breast.
- 3 O bid this trifling world retire,
 And drive each carnal thought away;
 Nor let me feel one vain desire,
 One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
 My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
 The wonders of thy love declare,
 And join the strains which angels sing.

69 *Welcome, sweet day of rest.* S. M.

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

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 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, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till call'd to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

70

A solemn review.

6s.

THE light of Sabbath eve
Is fading fast away ;
What record will it leave,
To crown the closing day ?
Is it a Sabbath spent,
Of fruitless time destroy'd ;
Or have these moments lent,
Been sacredly employed ?

- 2 How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear,
That cannot come again !
Then, in that hopeless place,
The wretched soul will say
" I had those hours of grace,
But cast them all away."
- 3 To waste these Sabbath hours,
O, may we never dare ;
Nor taint with thoughts of ours,
These sacred days of pray'r :

But may our Sabbaths here
 Inspire our hearts with love ;
 And prove a foretaste clear
 Of that sweet rest above.

71 *It is a good thing to give thanks, etc.* L. M.
 Psalm 92: 1.

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

- 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 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word ;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
 And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

72 *The Sabbath a delight.* 8s.

WE bless thee for this sacred day,
 Thou who hast ev'ry blessing giv'n—
 Which sends the dreams of earth away,
 And yields a glimpse of op'ning heav'n.

- 2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest !
 May we improve thy calm repose,
 And, in God's service truly blest,
 Forget the world, its joys, its woes.

- 3 Lord! may thy truth upon the heart
 Now fall and dwell as heav'nly dew,
 And flow'rs of grace in freshness start
 Where once the weeds of error grew.
- 4 May pray'r now lift her sacred wings,
 Contented with that aim alone
 Which bears her to the King of kings,
 And rests her at his shelt'ring throne.

73 *There remaineth a rest, etc.* L. M.
 Heb. 4: 9.

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.

74 *A present rest.* C. M.
 Heb. 4: 3

TO-DAY God bids the faithful rest,
 To-day he show'rs his grace;
 Seek ye my face, the Lord hath said;
 Lord, we will seek thy face.

2 Come, let us leave the things on earth,
 With God's assembly join;
 Lo, heav'n descends to welcome man,
 To taste the things divine!

- 3 We come, dear Saviour, lo, we come,
 Lord of our life and soul!
 We come diseas'd, and faint, and sick,
 Be pleas'd to make us whole.
- 4 We thirst and flee to thee, O Lord!
 Thou fountain-head of good!
 Filthy we come, and all unclean;
 O cleanse us in thy blood!
- 5 O may we please our God to-day,
 May that be all our care!
 Give, Lord, thy grace, lest evil thoughts
 Should mingle in our pray'r.
- 6 Amid th' assembly of thy saints
 Let us be faithful found:
 And let us join in humble pray'r,
 And in thy praise abound.

75 *Sabbath in the Sanctuary.* M. 6 lines 7s.

- SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day,—
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 Here we come thy name to praise;
 Let us feel thy presence near;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear;
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief from all complaints;
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

76

The Sabbath.

L. M.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun:
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day that God hath blest.

- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
 So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
 Draws us away from earth to heaven,
 And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 Oh, may our prayers and praises rise
 As grateful incense to the skies,
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose
 Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 In holy duties may the day,
 In holy pleasures, pass away;
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

77

The type of everlasting rest.

C. M.

COME, let us join with one accord
 In hymns around the throne;
 This is the day our rising Lord
 Hath made and call'd his own.

- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
 The brightest of the seven,
 Type of that everlasting rest
 The saints enjoy in heaven.

- 3 Then let us in his name sing on,
 And hasten to that day
 When our Redeemer shall come down,
 And shadows pass away.
- 4 Not one, but all our days below,
 Let us in hymns employ ;
 And, in our Lord rejoicing, go
 To his eternal joy.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

78 *Buy the truth and sell it not.* L. M.
 Prov. 23: 23.

THE worth of truth no tongue can tell,
 'Twill do to buy, but not to sell;
 A large estate that soul has got,
 Who buys the truth and sells it not.

- 2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair
 More rich than pearls and rubies are,
 More worth than gold and silver coin,
 O may it ever in us shine.
- 3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free,
 And sets the souls at liberty
 From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
 And then within the heart doth reign.
- 4 They have a freedom then indeed,
 That doth all freedom else exceed ;
 Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
 And never more shall bondage know.
- 5 O happy they, who in their youth
 Are brought to know and love the truth !
 For none but those whom truth makes free,
 Can evermore the Saviour see.
- 6 Truth, like a girdle, let us wear,
 And always keep it clean and fair ;
 And never let it once be told,
 That truth by us was ever sold.

79

The power of God unto salvation.
Rom. 1: 16.

L. M.

- G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influ'nce makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

80

The law and gospel compared.
2 Cor. 3: 7-11.

L. M.

- T**HE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

81

O, how I love thy law!
Psalm 119: 97.

8s & 7s.

BLESSED Bible, how I love it!
How it doth my bosom cheer!
What hath earth like this to covet?
O, what stores of wealth are here!
Man was lost and doomed to sorrow:
Not one ray of light or bliss
Could he from earth's treasure borrow,
Till his way was cheered by this!

- 2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee,
Precious word! I'll hide thee here!
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'rings;
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book bro't back thy wand'rings,
Speaking life as from the dead.
- 3 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep, yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life will guide me,
And in death we will not part!
Part in death? no, never, never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then, in brighter worlds, for ever,
Sweeter far thy truths shall be.

82

The inspiration of the Scriptures.
2 Peter 1: 21.

L. M.

IT WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

- 2 The works and wonders which they wro't
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

JOHN'S MINISTRY AND BAPTISM.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hopes secure—
This is thy word, and must endure.

83 *Safety in keeping God's precepts.* S. M.

HOW perfect is thy word!
Thy judgments all are just;
And ever in thy promise, Lord,
Man may securely trust.

2 I hear thy word in love;
In faith thy word obey;
O, send thy spirit from above,
To teach me, Lord, thy way.

3 Thy counsels are all plain,
Thy precepts all are pure;
And long as heaven and earth remain,
Thy truth shall still endure.

4 O, may my soul, with joy,
Trust in thy faithful word:
Be it through life my glad employ,
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

JOHN'S MINISTRY AND BAPTISM.

84 *John's ministry and baptism.* C. M.

UPON the banks of Jordan stood,
The great forerunner John,
And pointed to the Lamb of God,
The long expected One.

- 2 He loud proclaim'd the coming reign,
 And told them to reform,
 If they God's favor would obtain,
 And shun the gath'ring storm.
- 3 "Forsake your sins," the Baptist said,
 That you may be forgiv'n;
 Forsake them now, and be baptiz'd,
 For near 's the reign of heav'n."
- 4 Thus did the man of God prepare
 A people for the Lord;
 To him did all the Jews repair
 Who trusted in his word.
- 5 But now the reign of God has come,
 That reign of grace below,
 And Jesus reigns upon God's throne,
 Remission to bestow.
- 6 He bids all nations look to him,
 As Prince of life and peace;
 And offers pardon to all them
 Who now accept his grace.

85

John's ministry.

C. M.

JOHN was the prophet of the Lord,
 To go before his face;
 The herald which the Prince of peace
 Sent to prepare his ways.

- 2 He makes the great salvation known,
 He speaks of pardon'd sins;
 While grace divine, and heavenly love,
 In its own glory shines.
- 3 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
 "That takes our guilt away:
 I saw the Spirit o'er his head
 On his baptizing day.

CHRIST, THE INCARNATION

- 4 "The heathen realms with Israel's land
Shall join in sweet accord ;
And all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.
- 5 "Behold the Morning Star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit ;
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet."

CHRIST—THE INCARNATION.

86 *Hail the blest morn.* 11s & 10s.

HAIL the blest morn ! when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends !
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger ;
Lo ! for your guide the bright angel attends !

CHORUS.

Brighest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thy aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine ;
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer earth's richest oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure ;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

87 *The angel's announcement of his birth.* C. M.
Luke 2: 14.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks
All seated on the ground, [by night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

CHRIST,

- 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 heav'nly babe you there shall find,
 To human view display'd,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Address'd their joyful song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace ;
 Good will, henceforth, from heav'n to men,
 Begin, and never cease !"

88

The prophet foretells his birth.
 Isaiah 9: 6.

C. M.

TO us a child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is giv'n ;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey—
 Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 For ever more ador'd—
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord.

3 His pow'r, increasing, still shall spread ;
 His reign no end shall know ;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

HARK!—the herald angels sing,
 “Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!”

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With th’ angelic host proclaim,
 “Christ is born in Bethlehem!”

3 See, 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.

4 Hail the heav’nly Prince of peace!
 Hail the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris’n with healing in his wings.

5 Let us then with angels sing,
 “Glory to the new-born King:
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!”

JOY to the world! the Lord has come!
 Let earth receive her King:
 Let ev’ry heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

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

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

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

91 *The Star of Bethlehem.* L. M.

- WHEN marshall'd 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 yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring 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 moor'd—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

HIS LIFE AND MISSION.

92 *His baptism of suffering.* C. M.

Luke 12: 50.

THE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest!

- 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
 His every thought engross;
 He longs to be baptiz'd with blood,
 He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
 And woes to us unknown,
 Forth to the task his spirit flew;
 'T was love that urged him on.
- 4 Lord, we return thee what we can;
 Our hearts shall sound abroad
 Salvation to the dying man,
 And to the rising God.
- 5 And while thy bleeding glories here
 Engage our wondering eyes,
 We learn our lighter cross to bear,
 And hasten to the skies.

93 *He beheld the city, and wept over it.* S. M.
 Luke 19: 41.

- D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let tears of penitential grief
 Flow forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
 The wond'ring angels see;
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep,
 Each sin demands a tear;
 In heav'n alone no sin is found
 And there's no weeping there.

94 *The law and gospel contrasted.* S. M.

THE law by Moses came,
 But peace and truth and love
 Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
 Descending from above.

- 2 Amidst the house of God,
 Their different works were done;
 Moses a faithful servant stood,
 But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
 Be strict obedience paid;
 O'er all his Father's house he stands,
 The sov'reign and the head.
- 4 The man that durst despise
 The law that Moses brought,
 Behold, how terribly he dies,
 For his presumptuous thought.
- 5 But sorer vengeance falls
 On that rebellious race,
 Who hate to hear when Jesus calls
 And dare resist his grace.

95

Grace is poured into thy lips.
 Psalm 45: 2.

L. M.

HOW sweetly flow'd the gospel sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When list'ning thousands gather'd round,
 And joy and gladness filled the place!

- 2 Christ came from heav'n; of heav'n he spoke;
 To heav'n he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wand'ers, to my father's home;
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
 Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay;
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepar'd the way.

96

The chief among ten thousand.
Cant. 5: 10.

C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd^{*}
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

- 2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heav'nly train.
- 3 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
And came to my relief:
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

97

Salvation by grace.

S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

98

The Love of Christ.

C. M.

- * **H**OW condescending and how kind
 Was God's eternal Son!
 Our mis'ry reached his heavenly mind,
 And pity brought him down.
- 2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
 Drew forth its dreadful sword,
 He gave his soul up to the stroke,
 Without a murm'ring word.
- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to his throne;
 There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
 But cost his heart a groan.
- 4 This was compassion like a God,
 That though the Saviour knew
 The price of pardon was his blood,
 His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
 His love is still as great;
 Well he remembers Calvary,
 Nor lets his saints forget.

99

Redemption by Christ.

C. M.

- W**HEN the first parents of our race
 Rebell'd and lost their God,
 And the infection of their sin
 Had tainted all our blood;
- 2 Infinite pity touched the heart
 Of the eternal Son;
 Descending from the heavenly court,
 He left his Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
 His most divine array,
 And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
 Of our inferior clay.

HIS NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

4 His living power and dying love
 Redeem'd unhappy men,
 And raised the ruins of our race
 To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
 We joyfully resign;
 Blest Jesus, take us for thine own,
 For we are doubly thine.

100

Christ our Example.

L. M.

MAKE us, by thy transforming grace,
 Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!
 Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be!

2 O, how benevolent and kind!
 How mild!—how ready to forgive!
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heav'nly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labors of his life were love;
 Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
 By his example let us move.

5 But ah! how blind!—how weak we are!
 How frail!—how apt to turn aside!
 Lord, we depend upon thy care,
 And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

HIS NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

101

Ye are complete in him.

Col. 2: 10.

C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

CHRIST,

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place ;
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest and King ;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

102

Christ our friend.
 Prov. 18: 24.

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.

- 2 Which, of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconcil'd in him to God.
- 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name ;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.

- 4 O! for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often,
 What a friend we have above.

103

And that rock was Christ.
 1 Cor. 10: 4.

7s.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee,
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfill the law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress;
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my heart-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

104

Remember me.
 Luke 23: 42.

C. M.

JESUS! thou art the sinner's friend,
 As such I look to thee;
 Now in the bowels of thy love
 O Lord! remember me.

- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee:
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O, Lord! remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O, Lord! remember me.

105

Christ our brother.

Heb. 2: 11.

8s & 7s.

YES, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

- 2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.
- 3 Yes, for me he standeth pleading,
At the mercy seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.
- 4 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of night.
- 5 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me!
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

106

Christ the great sacrifice.

Heb. 7: 27.

S. M.

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

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

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

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

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

107

Christ precious.

1 Peter 2: 7.

L. M.

JESUS! the very thought is sweet;
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of his presence are.

2 No word is sung more sweet than this;
No name is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God, most high.

3 Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn!
How dear art thou to them that mourn,
To them that seek thee, O how kind!
But what art thou to them that find?

4 No tongue of mortal can express,
 No letters write its blessedness;
 Alone, who hath thee in his heart
 Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art.

108

I will pray the Father.
 John 14: 16.

H. M.

- A**RISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears;
 Before the throne my Saviour stands;
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;
 With his redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead:
 His blood was spilt for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary;
 They pour effectual pray'rs,
 They strongly plead 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 can not turn away
 The presence of his Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me, I am born of God.
- 5 To God I'm 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.

109

High Priest.

H. M. 6 & 8.

A GOOD high priest is come,
 Supplying Aaron's place,
 And taking up his room,
 Dispensing life and grace.
 The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
 But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

2 My Lord a Priest is made,
 As sware the mighty God,
 To Israel and his seed,
 Ordain'd to offer blood.
 For sinners who his mercy seek,
 A Priest as was Melchizedek.

3 He once temptations knew,
 Of every sort and kind,
 That he might succour shew,
 To every tempted mind.
 In every point the Lamb was tried,
 Like us, and then for us he died.

4 He died, but lives again,
 And by the altar stands;
 There shews how he was slain,
 Op'ning his pierced hands.
 Our Priest abides, and pleads the cause,
 Of those who have transgressed his laws

5 I other priests disclaim,
 Their laws and off'rings too;
 None but the bleeding Lamb,
 The mighty work can do.
 He shall have all the praise, for he
 Hath liv'd, and died, and lives for me.

110

A shadow of things to come, etc.

Col. 2: 17.

H. M.

I ISRAEL in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learn'd the gospel too;

The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

- 2 The paschal sacrifice
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once appli'd with pow'r,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile us to our God.
- 3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defense;
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more:
In him our surety seem'd to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."
- 5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;
The type well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea:
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.
- 6 Jesus, I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in ev'ry age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

111

Christ, the way, &c.

S. M.

I AM, saith Christ, the way;
Now if we credit him,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith Christ, the truth ;
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith Christ, the life :
Let this be seen by faith,
It follows without further strife,
That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply,
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

112 *What think ye of Christ?* P. M. 8 & 8.

WHAT think ye of Christ? is the test,
To try both your state and your
How can you be right in the rest, [scheme ;
Unless you think rightly of him ?

As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not,
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
A man or an angel at most,
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost ;
So guilty, so helpless am I,
I could not confide in his word,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I could call him my Lord.

3 Some call him a Saviour in word,
But place their own work in the van,
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can ;
If doings prove rather too light,
A little they own they may fail,
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.

- 4 Some style him the pearl of great price,
 And say he's the fountain of joys ;
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys :
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
 And while they salute him, betray ;
 Ah ! what will profession like this
 Avail in that terrible day ?
- 5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think,
 Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor,
 I say he's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store ;
 My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall ;
 My hope from beginning to end,
 My portion, my Lord, and my all.

113 *Compassionate High Priest.* C. M.

- WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above ;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bosom glows with love.
- 2 Touched 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,
 Poured out his 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 every trying hour.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

114 *He suffered, the Just for the unjust.* C. M.
1 Pet. 3: 18.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God's own Son was crucified
For man the creature's sin.

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

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

115 *Christ on the cross.* C. M.

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 vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'T is 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 powerful chain,
 And in full glory shine !
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine ?

116

The dying Saviour.

L. M.

STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,
 Hark ! his expiring groans arise :
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide.

- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from every bleeding wound ;
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To cleanse and save his rebel foes !

- 3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
 And yet my heart unmoved remain,
 Insensible to love or pain ?

- 4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
 Till all its powers and passions move
 In melting grief and ardent love.

117 *The Saviour on the cross.* P. M. 10, 7s & 9.

SAW ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,
 Saw ye my Saviour and God ?
 O ! he died on Calvary,
 To atone for you and me,
 And to purchase our pardon with blood.

- 2 He was extended, he was extended,
 Painfully nailed to the cross ;
 Here he bowed his head and died,
 Thus my Lord was crucified,
 To atone for a world that was lost.

- 3 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
 Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,
 And the sun refus'd to shine
 When his Majesty divine
 Was derided, insulted, and slain.
- 4 Hail mighty Saviour! Hail mighty Saviour!
 Prince, and the author of peace!
 O! he burst the bars of death,
 And, triumphant from the earth,
 He ascended to mansions of bliss.
- 5 There interceding, there interceding,
 Pleading that sinners may live,
 Crying, "Father, I have died,
 O, behold my hands and side,
 O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."
- 6 "I will forgive them—I will forgive them
 When they repent and believe;
 Let them now return to thee,
 And be reconcil'd to me,
 And salvation they all shall receive."

118 *Surely he hath borne our griefs.* 7s & 6s.
 Isaiah 53: 4.

O SACRED head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down;
 O sacred brow, surrounded
 With thorns, thine only crown:
 Once on a throne of glory,
 Adorn'd with light divine,
 Now all despis'd and gory,
 I joy to call thee mine.

- 2 On me, as thou art dying,
 O, turn thy pitying eye;
 To thee for mercy crying,
 Before thy cross I lie.

CHRIST,

Thine, thine the bitter passion ;
 Thy pain is all for me ;
 Mine, mine the deep transgression ;
 My sins are all in thee.

3 What language can I borrow
 To praise thee, heav'nly Friend,
 For all this dying sorrow,
 Of all my woes the end ?
 O, can I leave thee ever ?
 Then do not thou leave me ;
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love to thee.

4 Be near when I am dying ;
 Then close beside me stand ;
 Let me, while faint and sighing,
 Lean calmly on thy hand :
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From thee shall never move,
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely—in thy love.

119

Glorying in the cross.

Gal. 6 : 14.

8s & 7s.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend ;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
 Mercy's streams, in streams of blood,
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie ;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye.

- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the cross I gaze ;
 Love I much ? I'm more forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go ;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more fully know.

120 *Christ's triumph over death.* L. M.

- H**E dies, the friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 A conflict with the pow'rs of hell,
 Your Saviour did for you sustain :
 He nobly fought, but ah ! he fell !
 Break, heart of flint ! the Lamb is slain.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
 The Lord of glory dies for men !
 But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus the dead revives again !
- 4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb !
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise !)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Break off your tears, you saints, and tell
 How high our great deliv'rer reigns ;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains.

- 6 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?"

121

The Crucifixion.

8 & 6

- T**HE Son of man they did betray,
 He was condemned and led away!
 Think! O my soul, on that dread day,
 Look on Mount Calvary;
 Behold him lamb-like led along,
 Surrounded by a wicked throng;
 Accused by each lying tongue,
 And then the Lamb of God they hung
 Upon a shameful tree.
- 2 'T was thus the glorious suff'rer stood,
 With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,
 From ev'ry wound a stream of blood,
 Came flowing down amain.
 His bitter groans all nature shook,
 And at his voice the rocks were broke,
 And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
 While spiteful Jews around him mock,
 And laughed at his pain.
- 3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
 Behold, in agonies he dies!
 O sinners, hear his mournful cries,
 See his tormenting pains;
 The morning sun withdrew his light,
 Blush'd and refus'd to view the sight;
 The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
 All nature mourn'd in dread affright,
 When Christ the Lord was slain.
- 4 Hark! men and angels, hear the Son!
 He cries for help; but oh! there's none!
 He treads the wine-press all alone,
 His garments stain'd with blood.

In lamentation hear him cry,
 Eloï lama sabacthani ;
 Tho' death may close these languid eyes,
 He soon will mount the upper skies,
 The conquering Son of God.

- 5 The Jews and Romans in a band,
 With hearts like steel around him stand,
 Mocking they say, "Come, save the land,
 Come, try thyself to free."
 A soldier pierced him when he died,
 Then healing streams flowed from his side,
 And thus my Lord was crucified,
 And justice then was satisfied,
 Sinners, for you and me.

122 *Gethsemane.* P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8.

BYOND where Kedron's waters flow ;
 Behold the suffering Saviour go,
 To sad Gethsemane !
 His countenance is all divine,
 Yet grief appears in every line.

- 2 He bows beneath the sins of men,
 He cries to God, and cries again,
 In sad Gethsemane ;
 He lifts his mournful eyes above—
 "My Father ! can this cup remove?"

- 3 With gentle resignation still,
 He yielded to his Father's will,
 In sad Gethsemane ;—
 "Behold me here, thine only Son,
 And, Father ! let thy will be done."

- 4 The Father heard,—and angels there
 Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
 In sad Gethsemane ;
 He drank the dreadful cup of pain ;—
 Then rose to life and joy again.

- 5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there ;
Then humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

123 *Agony in the Garden.* C. M.

DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Saviour lay ;
His sweat like drops of blood is found ;—
In sorrow hear him pray :—

- 2 “ Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will ;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil.”
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner, see
Those precious drops that flow ;
The heavy load he bore for thee,
For thee he lies so low.
- 4 Then learn of him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey ;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

124 “ *It is finished.*” L. M.

'TIS finish'd—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head, and died !
'T is finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

- 2 'T is finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'T is finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone ;
Millions shall be redeem'd from death
By this, my last expiring breath.

- 4 'T is finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
 And all the powers of darkness spoil'd;
 Peace, love and happiness again
 Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 5 'T is finish'd—let the joyful sound
 Be heard through all the nations round;
 'T is finish'd—let the echo fly
 Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

125 *The Burial of Christ.* M. 10s.

SOLEMNLY, sadly, the mourners draw near,
 Jesus, the Saviour, to lay on the bier;
 Heart-broken, weeping, all shrouded in gloom,
 Gently they bear him away to the tomb.

2 Mournfully, carefully, solemn and slow,
 Down from the mountain so sadly they go;
 Tears of deep anguish in torrents are shed,
 While he is borne to the home of the dead.

3 Mournfully, tenderly, o'er him they bow,
 Once more to gaze on that beautiful brow,
 Sorrow more deeply now pierces each breast,
 Gently, so gently they lay him to rest.

4 So have they buried him; now they depart;
 Homeward they move with a sad, broken heart;
 Fear not, poor mourners; for angels will keep
 Him ye have laid in the dark grave to sleep.

126 *Christ's suffering and majestic reign.* M. 8, 8 & 6.

COME, O my soul, to Calvary,
 And see the man who died for thee,
 Upon the accursed tree.
 Behold the Saviour's agony,
 While groaning in Gethsemane,
 Beneath the sins of men.

- 2 With purple robe and thorny crown,
And mocking soldiers bowing down,
The Saviour bears my shame.
Behold, they shed his precious blood,
O! hear him cry, "My God, my God,
Hast thou forsaken me?"
- 3 Now he who died on Calvary
Still lives to plead for you and me.
And bids us look and live.
He sits upon the throne of grace,
And bids the helpless seek his face,
Oh! sinner, come to-day.
- 4 Soon he who once was scourged and bound,
Shall come again with glory crowned,
And reign forevermore.
His saints shall crown him Lord of all;
Before him every foe shall fall,
And every knee shall bow.

127 *He was as a lamb dumb before his shearer.* L. M.
Isa. 53: 7.

AND why, dear Saviour, tell me why?
That thou would'st suffer, bleed and die?
What mighty motives could thee move?
The motive's plain—'t was all for love.

- 2 For love of whom? of sinners base,
A hardened herd, a rebel race,
That mocked and trampled on thy blood,
And wantoned with the wounds of God.
- 3 With thorns his sacred head was crowned,
And lashed him when his hands were bound,
And thorns, and knotted whips and bands,
By us were furnished to their hands.
- 4 Then stood the wretch of human race,
And raised his head and showed his face,
Gazed unconcerned, when nature failed,
And scoffers sneered, and cursed and railed.

HIS RESURRECTION AND GLORY.

- 5 Such was that race of sinful men,
That gained that great Salvation then;
Such, and such only, still we see;
Such they were all, and such are we.
- 6 O love of unexampled kind,
That leaves all thoughts so far behind,
Where length, and breadth, and depth, and
Are lost to my astonished sight. [height,

HIS RESURRECTION AND GLORY.

128 *Joy arising from the Resurrection.* S. M.

“THE Lord is ris’n indeed!”
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinner’s cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 “The Lord is ris’n indeed;”
The grave has lost its prey;
With him is ris’n the ransom’d seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 “The Lord is ris’n indeed;”
Attending angels hear:
Up to the courts of heaven with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

129 *The Happy Morn.* H. M. 6s & 8s.

THE happy morn is come:
Triumphant o’er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save;
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them,
 For whom their Ransom died?
 Who now shall those condemn,
 Whom God hath justified?
 Captivity is captive led;
 For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
 The glorious work is done;
 On him our help is laid,
 By him our vict'ry won:
 Captivity is captive led;
 For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

130

Coronation of Christ.

C. M.

ALL hail the power 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 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David Lord did call:
 The God incarnate! Man Divine!
 And crown him—Lord of all.

4 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.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him—Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him—Lord of all.

131 *Glory to Jesus.* M. 8s & 7s.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, thou everlasting King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By thy merits we find favor;
 Life is given through thy name.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide;
 All the heavenly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side:
 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, pow'r and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give:
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

132 *Mary early at the tomb.* 7s.
 Mark 16: 2.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb,
 Hasted at the early dawn;
 Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
 But the Lord she loved had gone.
 For awhile she ling'ring stood,
 Fill'd with sorrow and surprise;

Trembling, while a crystal flood
 Issued from her weeping eyes.

- 2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
 When she heard his welcome voice:
Christ has risen from the dead;
 Now he bids her heart rejoice;
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day,
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

133

Christ's Victory.
 Isa. 63: 1.

8,7,8,7,7,7.

WHO is this that comes from Edom?
 All his raiment stain'd with blood?
 To the captive speaking freedom,
 Bringing and bestowing good;
 Glorious in the garb he wears,
 Glorious in the spoil he bears.

- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
 Trav'ling onward in his might;
 'Tis the Saviour, O, how glorious
 To his people is the sight!
 Satan conquer'd, and the grave,
 Jesus now is strong to save.
- 3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
 'Tis the blood of many slain;
 Of his foes, there's none remaining,
 Now the contest to maintain:
 Fall'n are they, no more to rise;
 All their glory prostrate lies.
- 4 Mighty Victor, reign forever!
 Wear the crown so dearly won!
 Never shall thy people, never,
 Cease to sing what thou hast done!
 Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
 Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes!

134

Christ enthroned.

8,7,8,7,7,7.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices,
 Jesus reigns the God of love:
 See, he sits on yonder throne—
 Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth;
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth.
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever;
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own.
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
 Bring, O, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

HIS SECOND ADVENT AND REIGN.

135

The Bridegroom cometh.

Matt. 25.

H. M. 6s & 8s.

YE virgin souls, arise;
 With all the dead awake;
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take:
 Upstarting at the midnight cry—
 Behold the heav'nly Bridegroom nigh!

2 He comes! he comes, to call
 The nations to his bar,

And take to glory all
 Who meet for glory are:
 Make ready for your full reward;
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

- 3 Go, meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend—
 Your head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend:
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,
 To see, without a veil, his face.

136 *He shall reign for ever and ever.* L. M.
 Rev. 11: 15.

LET the seventh angel sound on high,
 Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;
 Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
 Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

- 2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
 Who wast, and art, and art to come:
 Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
 For ever live, for ever reign!
- 4 Now must the rising dead appear;
 Now the decisive sentence hear;
 Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
 Receive an infinite reward.

137 *The day is at hand.* 11s.
 Rom. 13: 12.

THE night is far spent, and the day is at hand:
 Already the dawn may be seen in the sky:
 Rejoice then, ye saints, 't is your Lord's own command;
 Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.

- 2 What a day will that be when the Saviour appears!
 How welcome to those who have shared in his cross!
 A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,
 A rich compensation for suff'ring and loss.
- 3 What is loss in this world when compar'd with that day,
 To the glory that then will from heav'n be reveal'd?
 "The Saviour is coming," his people may say;
 "The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our Shield."
- 4 O pardon us, Lord, that our love to thy name
 Is so faint, with so much our affections to move!
 Our deadness should fill us with grief and with shame;
 So much to be loved, and so little to love.

THE FALL.

138

Corrupt nature from Adam.

Rom. 5: 17.

C. M.

BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
 Adam, our father, stood,
 Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
 And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
 To sinful joys inclin'd ;
 Reason hath lost its native place,
 And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reign
 Sin is the sweetest good ;
 We fancy music in our chains,
 And so forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame,
 Our broken pow'rs restore ;
 Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
 And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
 Upon our inward parts,
 And let the second Adam draw
 His image on our hearts.

139

Sin Hereditary.

C. M.

WHEN Adam sinned, through all his race
 The dire contagion spread ;
 Sickness and death, and deep disgrace
 Sprang from our fallen head.

2 Satan in strong and heavy chains
 Binds the deluded soul,
 And every furious passion reigns
 Without the least control.

3 From God and happiness we fly,
 To earth and sense confined,
 Lost in a maze of misery,
 Yet to our misery blind.

THE FALL.

- 4 Whene'er the man begins his race,
 The criminal appears,
 And evil habits keep their pace
 With our increasing years.
- 5 Corruption flows through all our veins,
 Our moral beauty's gone,
 The gold is fled, the dross remains—
 O sin, what hast thou done!
- 6 Jesus, reveal thy pard'ning grace,
 And draw our souls to thee;
 Thou art the only hiding-place,
 Where ruined souls can flee.

140 *The deceitfulness of sin.* C. M.
 Heb. 3: 13.

SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
 To practice on the mind;
 With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
 But leaves a sting behind.

- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
 The aged and the young;
 And while the heedless wretch believes,
 She makes her fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
 And gives a fair pretense;
 But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
 And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree, divinely fair,
 Grew the forbidden food,
 Our mother took the poison there,
 And tainted all her blood.

141 *The fall and redemption.* L. M.
 Ezekiel 37: 9.

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 See Adam's race in ruin lie;
 Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
 And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

- 2 And can these moldering corpses live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known,
That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain:
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thy Almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death,
Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice,
They move, they waken, they rejoice:
- 5 So when the trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heav'ns and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

142

Original and actual sin.

L. M.

- L**ORD, we are vile, conceiv'd 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;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

- 5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
 Hath power sufficient to atone ;
 Thy blood can make us white as snow ;
 No Jewish types could cleanse us so.
- 6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
 No flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;
 Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
 And make these broken hearts rejoice.

THE GOSPEL—INVITATION AND
 WARNING.

143 *And there is room.* H. M. 6s & 8s.
 Luke 14 : 22.

- Y**E dying sons of men,
 Immerg'd in sin and woe,
 The gospel's voice attend,
 Which Jesus sent to you ;
 Ye perishing and guilty, come,
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame ;
 He bids you come to-day,
 Though poor, and blind, and lame ;
 All things are ready ; sinner, come ;
 For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heav'nly word
 His messengers proclaim ;
 He is a gracious Lord,
 And faithful is his name :
 Backsliding souls, return and come,
 Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
 Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near.
 Christ calls you from above,
 His charming accents hear !
 Let whosoever will, now come ;
 In mercy's breast there still is room.

144

Glad tidings.

Acts 13: 32.

8s, 7s & 4.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above?
 Every sentence—O how tender!
 Every line is full of love;
 Listen to it,
 Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
 News from Zion's King proclaim,
 To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
 Free forgiveness in his name:"
 How important!
 Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor:
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
 And with news of consolation,
 Chase away the falling tears.
 Tender heralds—
 Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
 Callous hearers of the word,
 While the messengers address you,
 Take the warnings they afford;
 We entreat you,
 Take the warnings they afford.

145

The night cometh, etc.

John 9: 4. L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found, and peace is giv'n;
 But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heav'n.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the grave,
 Before his bar your spirits bring,
 And none be found to hear or save.

- 3 In that lone land of deep despair,
 No Sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise—
 No God regard your bitter pray'r,
 No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 4 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
 In those forgetful realms appear;
 Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
 And hope shall never enter there.
- 5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
 Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
 While yet a pard'ning God is found.

146

Life, the time to labor.

Eccl. 9: 10.

L. M.

- L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' insure the great reward,
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 O hasten, sinner, to return!
- 2 Life is the hour that God has giv'n
 To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n;
 The day of grace, when mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,
 Beneath the clods their dust must lie;
 Then have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circle of the sun.
- 4 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.
- 5 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
 In the cold grave to which we haste;
 O may we all receive thy grace,
 And see with joy thy smiling face.

147

No peace to the wicked.

Isaiah 57: 21.

C. M.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day:
He calls you, by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that can not 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 hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in woe and darkness dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in your crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal woe!

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.

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God:
He will forgive your num'rous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

148

The broad and narrow way.

Matt. 7: 13, 14.

L. M

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

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

- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

149

Invitation to sinners.

L. M.

- I** LONG to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home
To taste the heav'n of Jesus' love,
And seek the joys that are above.
- 2 Hark ! 't is the glorious gospel sound,
Inviting sinners all around ;
Behold ! the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 He now is knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart ;
To wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 Take your companions by the hand,
And all your children in a band,
And give them up at Jesus' call,
To pardon, bless and save them all.
- 5 And when the day of Christ shall come,
And he collects his jewels home,
On Zion's mount you all shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.

150

Resolving to go to Christ.

C. M.

- C**OME, guilty sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come with your guilty soul oppress'd,
And make this last resolve :

INVITATION AND WARNING.

- 2 " I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 " Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 " I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 " Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my pray'r ;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 " I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

151

The Accepted Time.

S. M.

NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late ;—
Then why should you delay ?

- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
 And feast them with thy love;
 Then shall the angels clap their wings,
 And bear the news above.

152 *The Invitation Hymn.* M. 8s, 7s, & 4.

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,—
 'T is the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruis'd 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 Maker prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him!
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finished!"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

153 *The harvest is past.* 12s & 8s.
Jer. 8: 20.

WHEN the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,
And sermons and pray'rs shall be o'er;
When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath
And Jesus invites thee no more. [morn,
2 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare—
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailing of
How suffer the night of despair! [woe,
3 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
To dwell in the mansion above;
When their harmony wakes, in the fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour of love—
4 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

154 *Why will ye die?* 11s.
Eze. 18: 31.

TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'T is you he bids welcome; he bids you come home?
4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your
And trusting in heaven, we never shall part; [heart,
O, how can we leave you? why will you not come!
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

155 *The Gospel Trumpet.* C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toils,
To fill th' immortal mind!—

- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
 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.

156 *Behold, I stand at the door and knock.* L. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour at thy door;
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
 Has waited long, is waiting still,
 You treat no other friend so ill.

- 2 O! lovely attitude! he stands,
 With melting heart and outstretch'd hands!
 O! matchless kindness! and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 3 Admit him—for the human breast
 Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest;
 Admit him—or the hour's at hand,
 When, at his bar, denied you'll stand.
- 4 Open my heart, Lord, enter in—
 Slay every foe, and conquer sin;
 I now to thee my all resign—
 My body, soul, shall all be thine.

157

Prepare to meet thy God.

Amos 4: 12.

C. M.

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 defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day, the gospel calls to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you;
Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,
How vile soe'er he be,
Abundant pardon, peace with God,
All giv'n entirely free.

158

The close of the day of grace.

Gen. 6: 3.

C. M.

THERE is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

2 There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses ev'ry path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

- 3 O! where is this mysterious bourne,
 By which our path is cross'd;
 Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
 That he who goes is lost?
- 4 How far may we go on in sin?
 How long will God forbear?
 Where does hope end? and where begin
 The confines of despair?
- 5 An answer from the skies is sent:
 "Ye that from God depart!
 While it is call'd to-day, repent!
 And harden not your heart."

159

The Supper.

11s.

A FOUNTAIN in Jesus, which always runs free,
 For washing and cleansing such sinners as we!
 Our sins, though like crimson, made white as the snow,
 No lack in the fountain, but always is full. [wool,

2 All things are now ready, he invites us to come,
 The supper is made by the Father and Son;
 Rich bounties, rich dainties here we may receive,
 A living forever, if we will believe.

3 The guests which were bidden refused the call,
 For they are not ready, nor willing at all, [store,
 To be stripp'd of their honor, and part with their
 For a feast that was given and made for the poor.

4 If they are not ready, and wish to delay,
 My house shall be filled, the Father doth say;
 The highways and hedges, the halt and the blind,
 Shall come and be welcome, the supper is mine.

160

Free Grace proclaimed.

L. M.

COME, trembling soul, forget your fear,
 For your eternal Friend is near;
 O bow your souls before his face,
 And share in his redeeming grace.

- 2 Long time he's call'd your souls in vain,
 And yet, behold! he calls again;
 Once more in love he's come to try;
 Say, sinners, will you live or die?

- 3 Though long you have his grace abus'd,
 And all his calls of love refus'd;
 Yet even now he will forgive,
 O sinners, hear his voice and live.
- 4 Or will you crowd him from your door,
 That he may never call you more?
 Then think, O souls, how can you bear
 To sink in death and long despair?
- 5 O sinners, hear, he calls again,
 And do not linger on the plain;
 Leave all and fly to Jesus' arms,
 And taste, O taste his heav'nly charms.

161

Sinners warned.

Eze. 3: 17.

S. M.

DESTRUCTION'S dang'rous road,
 What multitudes pursue!
 While that which leads the soul to God,
 Is known or sought by few.

- 2 Believers enter in
 By Christ, the living door;
 But they who will not leave their sin,
 Must perish evermore.
- 3 If self must be denied,
 And sin forsaken quite,
 They rather choose the way that's wide,
 And strive to think it right.
- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,
 On numbers they depend;
 They think so many can't be wrong,
 And miss a happy end.
- 5 But numbers are no mark
 That men will right be found;
 A few were sav'd in Noah's ark,
 For many millions drown'd.

6 Obey the gospel call,
 And enter while you may;
 The flock of Christ remains still small,
 And none are safe but they.

162

L. M.

THAT name to me sounds ever sweet,
 Where grace and truth do always meet,
 Where righteousness doth peace embrace,
 And opens wide a store of grace.

- 2 A meeting place it is indeed,
 Where mercy meets a sinner's need,
 And opens wide a gracious store,
 Sufficient to relieve the poor.
- 3 Hark! don't you hear the heav'nly call?
 It soundeth loud, it is to all—
 To high and low, to bond and free,
 That none may say, "'T is not for me."
- 4 "Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts," he cries,
 "Here's wine and milk, in large supplies,
 Come now to me, and drink your fill,
 'T is free for whomsoever will.
- 5 "Come, now receive, I ask no pay,
 But freely give it all away;
 And all that do my word believe,
 Shall freely now my grace receive

163 *Christ inviting sinners to his grace.* C. M.

AMAZING sight! the Saviour stands,
 And knocks at ev'ry door;
 Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
 For to supply the poor.

- 2 "Behold, he saith, I bleed and die,
 To bring poor souls to rest;
 Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
 And be forever blest.

- 3 " Will you despise such bleeding love,
 And choose the way to hell?
 Or in the glorious realms above,
 With me forever dwell?
- 4 " Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
 And have your sins forgiv'n?
 Or will you make a wretched choice,
 And bar yourself from heav'n?
- 5 " Will you go down to endless night.
 And be forever slain?
 Or dwell in everlasting light,
 Where I in glory reign?
- 6 " Come now, dear soul, before I go,
 While I am passing by;
 Say, will you bow to me or no?
 Say, will you live or die?"

164

A deathbed lamentation.

C. M.

- " GO, bring me," said the dying fair,
 With anguish in her tone,
 " My costly robes, and jewels rare,
 Go! bring them every one."
- 2 They strew'd them on her dying bed,
 Those robes of princely cost!
 " Father!" with bitterness she said,
 " For these my soul was lost!
- 3 " With glorious hope I once was blest,
 Nor fear'd the gaping tomb;
 With heav'n already in my breast,
 I look'd for heav'n to come.
- 4 " I heard a Saviour's pard'ning voice,
 My soul was filled with peace;
 Father! you bought me with these toys;
 I barter'd heav'n for these.

- 5 "Take them! they are the price of blood!
 For these I lost my soul:
 For these, must bear the wrath of God,
 While ceaseless ages roll.
- 6 "Remember, when you look on these,
 Your daughter's fearful doom!
 That she, her pride and thine to please,
 Went quaking to the tomb.
- 7 "Go! bear them from my sight and touch!
 Yon gifts I here restore;
 Keep them with care: they cost you much—
 They cost your daughter more!
- 8 "Look at them, every rolling year
 Upon my dying day;
 And drop for me the burning tear,"
 She said, and sunk away.

165 *Whoever will, let him come.* C. M.

O! WHAT amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found!
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who knows the joyful sound.

- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
 Are freely welcome here;
 Salvation, like a river, rolls
 Abundant, free and clear.
- 3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
 Your every burden bring;
 Here love, unchanging love abounds,
 A deep, celestial spring.
- 4 Whoever will (O gracious word!)
 Shall of this stream partake;
 Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
 And drink for Jesus' sake.

DEAR people, all attention give,
 And hear what I do say :—
 I long your precious souls should live
 In everlasting day.

- 2 Remember, you are hast'ning on
 To death's dark, gloomy shade ;
 Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
 Your flesh in dust be laid.
- 3 Death's iron gate you must pass through,
 Ere long, my precious friend ;
 Where do you then expect to go ?
 O ! what will be your end ?
- 4 Pray, meditate, before too late,
 While in a gospel land
 Behold, King Jesus at the gate
 Most lovingly doth stand.
- 5 Young men, how can you turn your face
 From such a glorious friend ?
 Will you pursue the dangerous race,
 Regardless of the end ?
- 6 Young women, too, what will you do,
 If out of Christ you die ?
 From all God's people you must go,
 To weep, lament and cry.
- 7 Come old, come young, who feel your guilt,
 The fountain's open'd wide ;
 For you that precious blood was spilt,
 That flow'd from Jesus' side.
- 8 Here you may drink in endless joy,
 And sing redeeming love,
 Till golden harps your souls employ,
 In praising Christ above.

- COME youth and people, one and all,
 And hear the Lord in friendship call ;
 I love your souls extremely dear,
 Therefore incline your ears and hear.
- 2 His heart is full of tenderness,
 His house the blessed house of peace,
 His servants shining agents are.
 Who shall attend you everywhere.
- 3 And if you truly willing be
 To follow Jesus, come with me,
 And march along the gospel road ;
 It is the only way to God.
- 4 Why, then, if I to this agree,
 What will my brave companions say ?
 This world will soon upon me frown,
 'T will mow my flow'ry honors down.
- 5 Besides all this, I see no need
 Why I to Christ should make such speed ;
 Because I am both well and young,
 And do expect my life is long.
- 6 Have me excused a few years more,
 Till I take ease in earthly store,
 And then I will with this comply,
 And fly to Jesus by and by.
- 7 O lovely youth, don't me deny,
 Nor put me off, for by and by
 Your soul and body both shall lie
 In ruin ; then for refuge fly.
- 8 The Master's Son's call is to-day,
 Come, answer me without delay ;
 It fills my heart with grief and woe
 To see kind Jesus slighted so.

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 ;
 He who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself, that you might live.
 Will ye 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 ye grieve your God and die ?

4 What could your Redeemer do,
 More than he has 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 your Lord deny ?
 Why will ye resolve to die ?

169 *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we are dead.* C. M.

RUN to and fro in all thy glee,
 Young man, of all thy joys;
 Yet think upon eternity,
 And what are all thy toys.

2 Will you in endless ruin lie?
 Not heed the kind reprieve?
 O stop and think: why will you die—
 Why not repent and live?

3 The Lord still calls thee day and night;
 Yea, calls thee to his arms,
 O! come to Jesus, choose that light,
 And you shall know its charms.

4 The Lord is gracious—hear him call,
 “O turn, why will you die?”
 O come, he will forgive you all;
 Come now, while he is nigh.

170 *Call to the careless.* C. M.

A TTEND, young friends, while I relate,
 The dangers you are in,
 The evils that around you wait,
 While subject unto sin.

2 Although you flourish like the rose
 While in its branches green,
 Your sparkling eyes in death must close,
 No more will they be seen.

3 In silent shades you must lie down,
 There in your graves to dwell,
 Your friends will then stand weeping round
 And bid a long farewell.

4 How small the world will then appear,
 When in that solemn hour;
 When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,
 And feel His mighty power.

5 In vain you'll mourn your days are past,
 Alas! those days are gone;
 Your golden hours are spent at last;
 And never to return.

6 Oh come just now, dear friends, begin
 While life's sweet moments last;
 Turn to the Lord, forsake your sin,
 And he'll forgive what's past.

171 *The incorrigible warned.* S. M.

SINNER! awake, to think
 On what may be thy doom;
 Awake and tremble, ere thou sink
 Below the silent tomb.

2 Sure there is nought on earth
 Has half the Saviour's charms;
 And wilt thou then, with scornful mirth,
 Repel him from thy arms?

3 See how he interpos'd
 Between the curse and thee;
 What wondrous words of grace compos'd,
 To set thy spirit free.

4 How bitter was his pain,
 What heart can e'er conceive?
 And wilt thou see him die in vain?
 And not his mercy crave?

5 How stupid and deprav'd
 Must be that wretched soul
 That still refuses to be sav'd,
 And yield to his control.

6 Where can ye hope to dwell,
 When from this world ye go?
 Why choose the road that leads to hell
 And everlasting woe?

172

Sinners Counseled.

C. M.

YE unconverted, careless souls,
Wake up, and turn to God:
Or else you'll surely be condemn'd,
And fall beneath his rod.

2 For in the Bible it is said,
By him who cannot lie,
"Repent, believe, be born again—
The soul that sins shall die."

3 Now, sinners, lay this well to heart,
And turn without delay;
O, hasten to the Saviour's arms,
Whilst it is call'd to-day.

4 It is your wisdom so to do,
'T will be your int'rest too;
Then be entreated now to come
To Christ, who died for you.

173

The Gospel Feast.

L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
There needs not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 The Lord hath sent to you the 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 sins opprest,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest:
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 The message as from God receive;
You all may come to Christ and live,
O! let his love your souls constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 This is the time, no more delay,
The invitation is to-day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

174

The Alarm.

7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6

STOP, poor sinners! stop and think,
Before you further go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
On the verge of ruin stop,
Now the friendly warning take;
Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear ye not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar:
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair!
All your sins will round you crowd;
You shall mark their crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud;
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel—
He will not let you pass;

Sinners then in vain will call,—
 Those who now despise his grace,—
 “Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from thy face.”

175

The Happy Choice.

L. M.

- T**O-DAY—if ye will hear his voice,
 Now is the time to make your choice;
 Say—will you to Mount Zion go?
 Say—will you have this Christ or no?
- 2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest!
 Say—will you be forever blest?
 Will you be saved from sin and hell?
 Will you with Christ in glory dwell?
- 3 Come now, dear friends, for ruin bound,
 Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
 Come, go with us, and you shall prove
 The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Once more we ask you in his name,—
 For yet his love remains the same,—
 Say—will you to Mount Zion go?
 Say—will you have this Christ or no?
- 5 Leave all your sports and glitt'ring toys,
 Come, share with us eternal joys;
 Or must we leave you bound to hell?
 Then O! dear friends, a long farewell.

176

And yet there is room.

C. M.

- Y**E 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;
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
 But see, there yet is room!

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart:
 There love and pity meet;
 Nor will he bid the soul depart,
 That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconcil'd;
 Invites your souls to come;
 The rebel shall be call'd a child,
 And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love:
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
 In extacies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come;
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
 Approach—there yet is room!

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

177

Godly Sorrow.

C. M.

- P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
 A guilty rebel lies;
 And upward to thy mercy-seat
 Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;
 Stay, stay the vengeful storm!
 Forbid it that Omnipotence
 Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless torrents flow.

- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead,
 To expiate my guilt;
 No tears but those which thou hast shed;
 No blood but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
 And all my sins forgive:
 Justice will well approve the word
 That bids the sinner live.

178

Rend your heart.

Joel 2: 13.

C. M.

- O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
 Or outward form of pray'r,
 But let it in thy heart be known
 That penitence is there.
- 2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
 God asketh not of thee;
 Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
 In true humility.
- 3 O let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
 Draw near unto our God,
 And pray to him to grant relief,
 And stay the lifted rod.
- 4 O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
 To grant us what we need,
 We pray for time to turn again,
 And grace to turn indeed.

179

The prayer of the heavy laden.

Matt. 11: 28.

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 Lord,
 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 pow'r ;
 My heart from ev'ry sin release ;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.

180 *Take not thy Holy Spirit from me.* L. M.
 Psalm 51 : 11.

- S**TAY ! thou insulted Spirit, stay !
 Though I have done thee such despite ;
 Cast not the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 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,
- 3 Yet O, the chief of sinners spare !
 In honor of my great High Priest ;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
 I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 Yet if thou canst my sin forgive,
 E'en now, O Lord ! relieve my woes,
 Into thy rest of love receive,
 And bless me with a calm repose.
- 5 E'en now my weary soul release,
 And raise me by thy gracious hand,
 Guide me into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

181

The pool of Bethesda.

John 5: 2.

S. M.

- BESIDE the gospel pool,
 Appointed for the poor,
 From year to year my longing soul
 Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
 The healing waters move,
 And others round me stepping in,
 Their efficacy prove.
- 3 But I do still remain —
 I feel the very same;
 As full of guilt, and fear, and shame,
 As when at first I came.
- 4 How often have I thought,
 Why should I longer lie?
 Surely the mercy I have sought
 Is not for such as I?
- 5 But whither shall I go?
 There is no other pool,
 Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
 To make a sinner whole.

182

Mercy for the chief of sinners.

1 Tim. 1: 15.

7s.

- DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear,
 And the chief of sinners spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hear his gracious calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Jesus, answer from above:
 Is not all thy nature love?
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
 Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4 Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my fall lament,
 Deeply my revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

183 *Pleading the merits of Christ.* 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 second 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.

184 *The Pharisee and publican.* L. M.
 Luke 18: 9-14.

BEHOLD how sinners disagree—
 The publican and Pharisee;
 One doth his righteousness proclaim,
 The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
 And cries for grace with lifted hands;
 That boldly rises near the throne,
 And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
 And diff'rent answers he bestows:
 The humble soul with grace he crowns,
 Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee ;
I have no merit of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

185

S. M.

IF Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

2 He says he loves to see
A broken-hearted one ;
He loves that sinners, such as we,
Should mourn for what we've done.

3 'T is not enough to say,
" We're sorry, and repent,"
Yet still go on from day to day,
Just as we always went.

4 Repentance is to leave
The sins we lov'd before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

5 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray ;
However small, however dear,
Take *all* our sins away.

6 And since the Saviour came,
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief and humble shame
We would at once begin.

186

Indwelling sin lamented.

C. M.

WITH tears of anguish, I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

- 2 Sure, there was ne'er a heart so base,
 So false as mine has been ;
 So faithless to its promises,
 So prone to every sin.
- 3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
 These struggles in my breast?
 When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
 And give my conscience rest?
- 4 Break, sov'reign grace, O, break the charm,
 And set the captive free ;
 Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
 And haste to rescue me.

187

The stubborn heart.

L. M.

- O** FOR a glance of heavenly day,
 To melt this stubborn stone 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,
 Dear Lord, an adamant would melt !
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Eternal Spirit, mighty God,
 Apply within the Saviour's blood :
 'T is his rich blood, and his alone,
 Can move and melt this heart of stone.

188

Sin lamented.

S. M.

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

- 2 My Saviour bids me come;
 Oh! why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from him I stay.
- 3 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part,
 Which will not let the Saviour take
 Possession of my heart?
- 4 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
 Which I have fear'd to see;
 And let me now consent to know
 What keeps me back from thee.
- 5 Some cursed thing unknown
 Must surely lurk within,
 Some idol which I'll not disown,
 Some secret bosom sin.
- 6 My God, now search me through,
 My inmost heart now try;
 Oh, break my will, thy will to do,
 And save me, lest I die.

189

Pleading the promise.

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 press'd,
 By foes without and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died.

5 O! wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

190

Imploring mercy.

L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!
S 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 can'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 judgment 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.

191

Blind Bartimeus.

M. 8s & 7s.

“**M**ERCY! O thou Son of David!”
 Thus blind Bartimeus cried.
 “Others by thy grace are saved,
 Let it be to me applied.”
 For his crying many chid him;
 But he cried the louder still:
 Till his gracious Saviour bade him,
 “Come and ask me what you will.”

2 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging he did live;
 Yet he ask'd, and Jesus granted
 Alms that none but he can give.
 “Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day:”
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Follow'd Jesus in the way.

3 Now methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around:
 “Friends, is not my case amazing?
 What a Saviour I have found!
 O that all the blind but knew him!
 Or would be advis'd by me;
 Sure, if they would come unto him,
 He would cause them all to see!”

192

Prayer and supplication.

L. M.

O THOU, who hear'st when sinners cry!
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

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

3 Though I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

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

193

A living faith.

C. M.

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

2 How vain are fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'T is faith that purifies the heart;
'T is 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 pow'r,
With holy triumph fill the soul,
In death's approaching hour.

194

"Just as I am."

L. M.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

- 3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Life, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I want in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt pardon, comfort, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 5 Just as I am—for love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

195

The way to heaven.

L. M.

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 high-way 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 had been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
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 self 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!"

JUSTIFICATION AND ADOPTION.

196

Man's recovery from ruin.

C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
 Our sin, how deep it stains!
 And Satan binds our captive minds
 Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word;
 "Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
 And runs to this relief:
 I would believe thy promise, Lord,
 O, help my unbelief.

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

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

197

My grace is sufficient for thee.

2 Cor. 12: 9.

L. M.

GRACE, 't is a most delightful theme;
 'T is grace that rescues guilty man,
 'T is grace divine, all conqu'ring, free,
 Or it had never rescu'd me.

2 'T was grace that quicken'd me when dead,
 And grace my soul to Jesus led;
 Grace brought me pardon for my sin,
 And grace subdues my lust within.

- 3 'T is grace that sweetens ev'ry cross,
 And grace supports in ev'ry loss;
 In Jesus' grace my soul is strong;
 Grace is my shield, and grace my song.
- 4 'T is grace defends when danger's near,
 By grace alone I persevere;
 'T is grace constrains my soul to love,
 And grace will bear me safe above.
- 5 Of grace, free grace, alone I boast,
 And 't is in grace alone I trust;
 And when I rise to heav'n, my home,
 I'll shout free grace, free grace alone!

198

Salvation only in Christ.

Acts 4: 12.

C. M.

WHEN wounded sore, the stricken soul
 Lies bleeding and unbound,
 One only hand, a pierced hand,
 Can heal the sinner's wound.

- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
 And tears of anguish flow,
 One only heart, a broken heart,
 Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain
 Because of some dark spot,
 One only stream, a stream of blood,
 Can wash away the blot.
- 4 'T is Jesus' blood that washes white,
 This hand that brings relief,
 This heart that's touched with all our joys,
 And feeleth for our grief.
- 5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
 Unseal that cleansing tide;
 We have no shelter from our sin
 But in thy wounded side.

199 *Efficacy of the Atoning Blood.* C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er 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 lisp'ing, stam'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

200 *My soul shall rejoice in his salvation.* C. M.
 Psalm 35: 9.

SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
 'T is pleasure to our ears;
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise by grace divine
 To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb,
 To thee the praise belongs!
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

201 *I looked, and there was none to help.* C. M.
 Isaiah 63: 5.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheering beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and (O amazing love!)
 He came to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled;
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

4 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.

202 *The divine attributes harmonized, etc.* L. M.
 Psalm 85: 10.

O LOVE, beyond conception great,
 That form'd the vast and wondrous plan,
 Where all divine perfections meet
 To reconcile rebellious man.

5 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
 And justice all her right maintains—
 Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
 While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

- 3 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too ;
 In Christ they both harmonious meet ;
 He paid to justice all her due ;
 And now he fills the mercy-seat.

203

A song of deliverance.

Psalm 40 : 1-5.

C. M.

- I WAITED patient for the Lord,
 He bow'd 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 the bonds released 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.
- 5 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
 And light and peace depart,
 My God beholds my heavy woe,
 And bears me on his heart.

204

Lovest thou me ?

John 21 : 16.

7s.

- HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord,
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word !
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ;
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 " I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.

- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done:
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

205

Rejoicing in hope.

Rom. 12: 12.

C. M.

- H**OW happy ev'ry child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiv'n!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heav'n;
- 2 A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heav'n prepar'd for me.
- 3 O, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
And antedate that day.
- 4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here,
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

206

Rejoicing in the Lord.

Phil. 3: 1.

L. M.

O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice,
 On thee, my Saviour and my God;
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus wash'd my sins away!
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

- 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 'T is done—the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Here have I found a nobler part,
 Here heav'nly pleasures fill my breast.
- 5 High heav'n, that hears the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
 Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

207

Filial obedience.

S. M.

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
 The Father has bestow'd,
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God!

- 2 'T is 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 fill and warm my heart.
- 6 Children no longer lie,
 Like slaves, beneath the throne;
 Their faith shall Abba—Father—cry,
 And thou the kindred own.

208 *Joy of the Convert.* P. M. 6, 6, 9, 6, 6, 9.

HOW happy are they
 Who their Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above!
 Tongue can never express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
 When the favor divine
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
 When my heart it believ'd,
 What a joy I receiv'd—
 What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'T was a heaven below,
 My Redeemer to know;
 And 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 I!

5 On the wings of his love,
 I was carried above
 All my sin and temptation and pain;
 And I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve,
 That I ever should suffer again.

6 Could the young and the old
 But believe what is told,
 Of the love that in Jesus is found,
 O how hastening they'd be
 To be also set free
 From the bondage in which they are bound.

7 Will you come to the Lord,
 And accept of his word,
 That his grace you may also confide,
 Without money embrace
 The sweet gifts of his grace,
 And a mansion in heaven provide.

209

My soul's experience.

8 & 7.

I'LL sing a song that doth belong
 To all the people round me;
 I'll spread the fame of Jesus' name,
 And tell how Jesus found me.
 'T was in distress and wickedness,
 These words he spake unto me:
 "O sinner come, in me there's room;"
 O how these words ran through me!

2 I was like Paul, who was call'd Saul,
 In bitter persecution;

THE GOSPEL.

I did disdain being born again,
 I call'd it a delusion.
 I fought the saints without restraint,
 Too proud to cry for mercy :
 Conviction strong did come along ;
 O how these things did pierce me !

3 I did not know which way to go,
 My sins were like a mountain ;
 And fill'd with woe, the tears did flow ;
 My head was like a fountain.
 I thought I'd been so long in sin,
 I could not be forgiven ;
 Then Jesus came, O bless his name !
 And fill'd my soul with heaven.

4 I raised my voice, and did rejoice,
 Sang glory, glory, glory ;
 Then I did learn Jesus was mine ;
 O what a pleasing story !
 I love the Lord, I love his word,
 I love all those around me ;
 Then, brethren dear, don't it appear,
 That Jesus Christ has found me !

210 *Christ our Advocate.* P. M. 8 & 7.

SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
 Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;
 And my troubled, weary spirit,
 Now finds rest, in thee, my God.

2 I am safe, and I am happy,
 While in thy dear arms I lie,
 Sin and Satan cannot harm me,
 While my Saviour is so nigh.

3 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,
 Tell the world of his dear name,
 That if any want his Spirit,
 He is still the very same.

- 4 He that asketh soon receiveth,
 He that seeks is sure to find,
 Whosoe'er on him believeth,
 He will never cast behind.
- 5 Now our Advocate is pleading,
 With his Father and our God :
 Now for us he's interceding,
 As the purchase of his blood.
- 5 Now methinks I hear him praying,
 " Father, spare them ; I have died ;"
 And the Father answers, saying,
 " They are freely justified."

211

Knowledge of forgiveness.

S. M.

- HOW can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiv'n ?
 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.
- 5 His love surpassing far
 The love of all beneath,
 We find within our hearts to dare
 The pointed darts of death.
- 6 Stronger than death or hell,
 The sacred pow'r we prove :
 And, conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
 In heav'n, who dwell in love.

212 *Regeneration.* 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

WAK'D by the gospel's powerful sound,
 My soul in sin and thrall I found,
 Expos'd to dreadful woe;
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or down to ruin go.

2 Surpris'd indeed, I could not tell
 Which way to shun the gates of hell,
 To which I then drew near!
 I strove, alas! but all in vain!
 The sinner must be born again,
 Still sounded in my ear.

3 I to the law then ran for help,
 But still I felt the weight of guilt,
 And no relief I found;
 While sin my burthen'd soul did pain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Did loud as thunder sound.

4 God's justice then I did behold,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 It was a heavy load;
 This solemn truth did still remain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or feel the wrath of God.

5 I heard some tell how Christ did give
 His life to let the sinner live;
 But him I could not see:
 I read my Bible, it was plain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or die eternally.

6 But as my soul, with dying breath,
 Lay gasping near the second death,
 Christ Jesus I did see;
 Free grace and pardon he proclaim'd,
 I trust I then was born again,
 In gospel liberty.

7 Not angels in the world above,
 Nor saints could glow with greater love
 Than what my soul enjoy'd;
 My soul did mount on eagles' wings,
 And glory, glory, I did sing,
 To Jesus my dear Lord.

213 *Confessing our faults.* Ps. 32: 5. C. M.

LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
 How great our guilt has been!
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
 Forever love his name;
 Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
 Of folly, sin and shame.

3 'T is not by works of righteousness
 Which our own hands have done;
 But we are saved by sovereign grace,
 Abounding through the Son.

4 'T is from the mercy of our God
 That all our hopes begin;
 'T is by the water and the blood,
 Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'T is through the purchase of his death,
 Who hung upon the tree,
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe
 On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
 And, justified by grace,
 We shall appear in glory, too,
 And see our Father's face.

214 *The Prodigal's Conversion.* C. M.

AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
 In mercy oft are sent;
 They stop'd the prodigal's career,
 And caus'd him to repent.

- 2 Although he no relentings felt
 'Till he had spent his store;
 His stubborn heart began to melt,
 When famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
 "But hunger, shame and fear?
 My father's house abounds with bread
 While I am starving here.
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
 Fall down before his face:
 Unworthy to be call'd his son,
 I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,
 He saw, and ran, and smil'd;
 Then threw his arms around the neck
 Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinn'd, but, O, forgive!"—
 "Enough," the father said,
 "Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
 For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
 Go spread the news around,
 My son was dead, but lives again,
 Was lost, but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home:
 More than a father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

215

"Ye must be born again."

C. M.

SINNERS, this solemn truth regard,—
 Hear, all ye sons of men!
 For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd,
 "Ye must be born again."

- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain :
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature's totally depraved,
The heart a sink of sin :
Without a change we can't be saved,
"Ye must be born again."
- 4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it will remain :
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."
- 5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain ;
Bear witness, Lord, with every heart,
That we are born again.
- 6 Dear Saviour, we will now begin
To trust and love thy word ;
And by forsaking every sin,
Prove we are born of God.

216 *Convert not ashamed of the Gospel.* C. M.

- I 'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause ;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name ;
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands ;
And he can well secure .
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the New Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

217 *Amazing Grace.* C. M.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound—
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found;
 Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved:—
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
 I have already come;
 'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be,
 As long as life endures.

218 *Christ the Great Physician.* P. M. 7s & 6s.

HOW lost was my condition,
 Till Jesus made me whole!
 There is but one Physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul.
 The worst of all diseases
 Is light, compared with sin;
 On every part it seizes,
 But rages most within.

2 From men great skill professing,
 I thought a cure to gain;
 But this proved more distressing,
 And added to my pain.

Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for lost;
 Thus every refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.

- 3 At length this great Physician—
 How matchless is his grace!—
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case.
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me,
 His wond'rous power to save.

219 *Forsaking all to follow Christ.* M. 8s & 7s.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,—
 Thou from hence my all shalt be!
 Perish every fond ambition—
 All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition—
 God and heav'n are all my own!

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too,
 Human looks and hearts deceive me,
 Thou art not like them, untrue,
 And while thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love and might,
 Foes may hate and friends despise me,
 Show thy face, and all is right.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
 Come disaster, scorn and pain;
 In thy service pain is pleasure,
 With thy favor, loss is gain;
 I have call'd thee, Abba, Father;
 I have set my heart on thee;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
 All must work for good to me!

220

Confessing Christ.

C. M.

- D**IDST thou, dear Jesus. suffer shame,
 And bear the cross for me?
 And shall I fear to own thy name,
 Or thy disciple be?
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
 To suffer shame or loss;
 O let me in thy footsteps tread,
 And glory in thy cross!
- 3 Inspire my soul with life divine
 And holy courage bold;
 Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,
 Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
- 4 Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear
 The face of feeble clay?
 Behold thy Saviour, ever near,
 Will guard thee in the way."
- 5 O how my soul would rise and run,
 At this reviving word!
 Nor any painful suffering shun,
 To follow thee, my Lord.
- 6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,
 And call me what they will,
 If I may glorify thy name,
 And be thy servant still.

221

Joy in Death.

L. M.

- I**'M glad that I was born to die;
 From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
 Bright angels shall convey me home,
 Away to New Jerusalem.
- 2 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
 I hope to praise him after death:
 I hope to praise him when I die,
 And shout salvation as I fly.

THE PROMISES.

- 3 And when to that bright world I come,
 And join my everlasting home,
 My soul shall there forever bloom,
 Until my body leaves the tomb.
- 4 Then all shall hear the solemn sound :
 Awake, ye nations under ground !
 Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
 And meet King Jesus in the clouds !
- 5 There shall I see my glorious God,
 And triumph in his blest abode :
 My theme through all eternity,
 Shall glory !—glory !—glory ! be.

THE PROMISES.

222

It is well with the righteous.

Isaiah 3 : 10.

S. M.

- WHAT cheering words are these !
 Their sweetness who can tell ?
 In time, and in eternity,
 'T is with the righteous well.
- 2 In ev'ry state secure,
 Kept by Jehovah's eye,
 'T is well with them while life endures,
 And well when call'd to die.
- 3 'T is well when joys arise,
 'T is well when sorrows flow ;
 'T is well when darkness veils the skies,
 And strong temptations blow.
- 4 'T is well when on the mount
 They feast on dying love ;
 And 't is as well, in God's account,
 When they the furnace prove.
- 5 'T is well when, at his throne,
 They wrestle, weep and pray ;
 'T is well when at his feet they groan,
 Yet bring their wants away.

6 'T is well when Jesus calls :
 " From earth and sin arise ;
 Join with the host of virgin souls
 Made to salvation wise."

223 *As thy days, so shall thy strength be.* 7s.
 Deut. 33: 25.

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord ;
 To his gracious promise flee,
 Laying hold upon his word,
 " As thy days, thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
 Seem peculiar still to thee,
 God has promis'd needful grace :
 " As thy days, thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
 In succession thou may'st see ;
 This is still thy sweet relief,
 " As thy days, thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
 With thy promise full and free,
 Faithful, positive, and sure—
 " As thy days, thy strength shall be."

224 *Religion's paths are peace.* C. M.

HOW happy is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice!
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasure greater far
 Than east or west unfold,
 And her reward is more secure
 Than all the gain of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
 A length of happy years ;
 And in her left the prize of fame
 And honor bright appears.

THE PROMISES.

4 She guides our youth with innocence
 In pleasure's path to tread ;
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labors rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

225

The beatitudes.

Matt. 5: 1-12.

L. M.

BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty ;
 Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Bless'd 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 Bless'd are the souls who thirst for grace,
 Hunger and thirst for righteousness ;
 They shall be well supplied, and fed
 With living streams and living bread.

4 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the glowing coals of strife ;
 They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
 The sons of God, the God of peace.

5 Bless'd are the suff'ers who partake
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord :
 Glory and joy are their reward.

226

The firm foundation.

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—
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

- 2 In ev'ry condition—in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
 As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
 My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 4 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
 I will not, I will not, desert to its foes ;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

227

Pentecost.

Acts 2.

L. M.

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

- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !
 And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save ! [words
 Furnished their tongues with wondrous
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,
 From east to west, from south to north ;
 Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
 Go, spread the mystery of his cross.
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are,
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low !
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heav'nly arms subdued ;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.

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

228 *God's Spirit will not always strive.* C. M.

QUENCH not the Spirit of the Lord,
The Holy One from heaven;
The Comforter, beloved, adored,
To man in mercy given.

2 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord;
"He will not always strive:"
Oh, tremble at that awful word;
Sinner! awake and live.

3 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
It is thy only hope;
Oh, let his aid be now implored,
Let prayer be lifted up.

4 Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
Heirs of redeeming grace;
With grateful hearts his love record,
Whose presence fills the place.

229 *Prayer to the Spirit.* M. 7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

THE CHURCH,

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

230 *Breathing after the Spirit.* C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor 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 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

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

THE CHURCH—ITS CHARACTER AND
PRIVILEGES.

231 *God the defense of Zion.* 8s, 7s & 4

ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by pow'r divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion,
What a favor'd lot is thine!

- 2 Every human tie may perish,
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish,
 Heav'n and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee;
 Thou art precious in his sight:
 God is with thee—
 God, thine everlasting light.

232 *Fear not, little flock.* Luke 12: 32. C. M.

- YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
 Dismiss your anxious cares;
 Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
 And smile away your fears.
- 2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
 His staff is your defense: [voice
 'Midst sands and rocks your Shepherd's
 Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
 And give it with delight;
 His feeblest child his love shall call
 To triumph in his sight.
- 4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
 For sure supports like these:
 And o'er the pious dead we sing
 Thy living promises.

233 *The gracious visit.* C. P. M:

THE Lord into his garden comes,
 The spices yield their rich perfumes,
 The lilies grow and thrive;
 Refreshing showers of grace divine
 From Jesus flow to every vine,
 Which make the dead revive.

THE CHURCH,

- 2 O, that this dry and barren ground,
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become:
The desert blossoms as the rose,
While Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.
- 3 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
- 4 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is:
I taste and see the pardon free
For all mankind as well as me;
Who come to Christ may live.
- 5 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I hope to meet you in the skies,
And find a mansion there;
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heav'nly land,
Where we shall part no more.
- 234 *A prayer for a church newly organized.* L. M.
L ORD, bless thy saints assembled here,
In solemn cov'nant now to join;
Unite them in thy holy fear,
And in thy love their hearts combine.
- 2 O give this church a large increase
Of such as thou wilt own and bless;
Lord, fill their hearts with joy and peace,
And clothe them with thy righteousness.

- 3 Make her a garden wall'd with grace,
 A temple built for God below,
 Where thy blest saints may see thy face,
 And fruits of thy bless'd Spirit grow.

235 *The sure foundation.* C. M.
 Isaiah 28: 16.

BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
 Which God in Zion lays,
 To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
 And his eternal praise.

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
 Let saints adore thy name;
 They trust their whole salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain;
 Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise;
 'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
 And wondrous in our eyes.

236 *The church still in conflict with foes.* S. M.
 2 Tim. 3: 12.

FAR down the ages now,
 Much of her journey done,
 The pilgrim church pursues her way,
 Until her crown be won.

- 2 No wider is the gate,
 No broader is the way,
 No smoother is the ancient path,
 That leads to life and day.
- 3 No sweeter is the cup,
 Nor less our lot of ill;
 'T was tribulation ages since,
 'T is tribulation still.

THE CHURCH,

- 4 No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armor tried,
Of shield, and spear, and bow.
- 5 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good—
Through pain, and poverty, and want,
Through peril and through blood.
- 6 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where he leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

237

The wheat and the tares.

Matt. 13: 24-30.

L. M.

THOUGH, in the earthly church below,
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here? [knew,
How much they heard, how much they
How long among the wheat they grew?
- 3 O! this will aggravate their case!
They perish under means of grace:
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.
- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet—
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes
Each heart appears without disguise.
- 5 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

238

Attachment to the church.

Psalm 137: 6.

S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode—
The church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

- 2 I love thy church, O God:
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my pray'rs ascend;
To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.
- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be giv'n
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heav'n.

239

The church admonished.

Acts 2: 42.

S. M.

ALL you who have confess'd
That Jesus is the Lord,
And to his people join'd yourselves,
According to his word:

- 2 In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
Of all her joys partake.

- 3 She must employ your thoughts,
 And your unceasing care ;
 Her welfare be your constant wish,
 And her increase your pray'r.
- 4 With humbleness of mind,
 Among her sons rejoice ;
 A meek and quiet spirit is
 With God of highest price.
- 5 Never offend nor grieve
 Your brethren by the way ;
 But shun the dark abodes of strife,
 Like children of the day.
- 6 In all your Saviour's ways,
 With willing footsteps move ;
 Be faithful unto death, and then
 You'll reign with him above.

240 *The Christian Church.* H. M. 6 & 8.

- A**LTHOUGH despis'd by men,
 A little feeble band,
 Protection we obtain
 From the Redeemer's hand.
 Though oft our foes would us devour,
 We stand upheld by Jesus' pow'r.
- 2 While on him we depend,
 And truly fear his name,
 He'll prove a faithful friend,
 And ne'er put us to shame ;
 He'll guard us safe thro' all the way,
 To the fair climes of endless day.
- 3 Our Shepherd leads us on,
 While we obey his voice ;
 He guides us to his throne,
 And in him we'll rejoice :
 Though strait the way, we need not fear,
 If to the end we persevere.

- 4 Ourselves we must deny,
 And daily take our cross;
 From ev'ry evil fly,
 Or we shall suffer loss.
 Till victory we completely win,
 We will maintain the war with sin.
- 5 Lord, when our hearts shall fail,
 And earthly comforts die,
 May thy rich grace prevail,
 And bear our souls on high.
 There, while our glowing love shall flame,
 Our deathless tongues shall praise thy name.

241 *Organizing a church.* C. M. |

PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
 This day, with one accord,
 Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
 We yield to thee, O Lord.

- 2 Join'd in one body may we be;
 One inward life partake;
 One be our heart; one heavenly hope
 In ev'ry bosom wake.
- 3 In pray'r, in effort, tears, and toils,
 One wisdom be our guide;
 Taught by one Spirit from above,
 In thee may we abide.
- 4 Complete in us, whom grace hath call'd,
 Thy glorious work begun,
 O thou, in whom the church on earth
 And church in heav'n are one.
- 5 Then, when, among the saints in light,
 Our joyful spirits shine,
 Shall anthems of immortal praise,
 O Lamb of God, be thine.

THE MINISTRY.

242 *They watch for your souls.* C. M.
 Heb. 13: 17.

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 'T is 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 heav'nly bliss forego;
 For souls, which must forever live
 In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 May they in Jesus, whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer see;
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for thee.

243 *Go, labor on.* L. M.

GO, labor on! spend and be spent,
 And strive to do thy Father's will;
 It is the way the Master went,
 Should not the servant tread it still?

- 2 Go, labor on, while it is day!—
 The long dark night is hastening on:
 Speed, speed thy work—up from thy sloth,
 It is not thus that souls are won.
- 3 See thousands dying at thy side,
 Your brethren, kindred, friends at home;
 See millions perishing afar;
 Haste, brethren, to the rescue come!
- 4 Toil on, toil on: thou soon shalt find
 For labor, rest; for exile, home;
 Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's voice,
 The midnight cry, "Behold, I come."

244 *Bold to speak the word without fear.* L. M.
Phil. 1: 14.

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 Awed 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 th' 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.

6 Give me thy strength, O God of pow'r,
Then let winds blow, or thunder roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be;
'T is fix'd!—I can do all through thee.

245 *Prayer for the success of ministers.* L. M.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest pray'r:
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best endowments are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

- 3 O, clothe with energy divine
 Their words; and let those words be thine;
 To them thy sacred truth reveal;
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
 Teach them immortal souls to gain,
 And thus reward their toil and pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
 In humble strains thy grace implore,
 And feel thy Spirit's living power.

246

How beautiful are the feet, etc.
 Rom. 10: 15.

S. M.

- H**OW beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill!
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice!
 How sweet the tidings are!
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
 He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heav'nly light!
 Prophets and kings desir'd 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 all the nations now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

247 *A prayer for a minister.* S. M.
 1 Thess. 5: 25.

GO with thy servant, Lord,
 His ev'ry step attend;
 All needful help to him afford,
 And bless him to the end.

2 Preserve him from all wrong;
 Stand thou at his right hand:
 And keep him from the sland'rous tongue
 And persecuting band.

3 May he proclaim aloud
 The wonders of thy grace;
 And do thou, to the list'ning crowd,
 His faithful labors bless.

4 Farewell, dear lab'rer, go;
 We part with thee in love;
 And if we meet no more below,
 O may we meet above.

248 *They spake the word of God, etc.* 8s & 7s.
 Acts 4: 31.

BOLD in speech and bold in action,
 Be for ever! Time will test,
 Of the free-soul'd and the slavish,
 Which fulfils life's mission best.

2 Be thou like the noble ancients—
 Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
 Speak! no matter what betide thee;
 Let them strike, but make them hear!

3 Be thou like the great apostle—
 Be thou like heroic Paul;
 If a true thought seek expression,
 Speak it boldly! speak it all!

THE CHURCH.

4 Face thy foes and thy accusers ;
 Scorn the prison, rack or rod !
 And if thou hast truth to utter,
 Speak ! and leave the rest to God !

249

A choice for ministers.
 Acts 1 : 23-26.

C. M.

VOUCHSAFE, O Lord, thy presence now,
 Direct us in thy fear ;
 Before thy throne we humbly bow,
 And offer fervent pray'r.

2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose,
 Thy house on earth to guide ;
 Those who shall ne'er their power abuse,
 Or rule with haughty pride.

3 Inspir'd with wisdom from above,
 And with discretion bless'd ;
 Displaying meekness, temp'rance, love,
 Of ev'ry grace possess'd ;

4 These are the men we seek of thee,
 O God of righteousness :
 Such may thy servants ever be ;
 With such thy people bless.

250

Faith in the seed of truth.

S. M

SOW in the morn thy seed ;
 At eve hold not thy hand :
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
 Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 The good, the fruitful ground,
 Expect not here nor there ;
 O'er hill and dale by plots 't is found—
 Go forth, then, everywhere.

3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
 The late or early sown ;
 Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
 When and wherever strewn.

THE MINISTRY.

- 4 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stock, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.
- 5 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain,
 For garnerers in the sky.

251

Winning souls to Christ.

M. 7s.

- WOULD you win a soul to God?
 Tell him of a Saviour's blood,
 Once for dying sinners spilt,
 To atone for all their guilt.
- 2 Tell him how the streams did glide
 From his hands, his feet, his side ;
 How his head with thorns was crowned,
 And his heart in sorrow drowned ;—
- 3 How he yielded up his breath ;
 How he agonized in death ;
 How he lives to intercede—
 Christ, our Advocate and Head.
- 4 Tell him, it was sovereign grace
 Led thee first to seek his face—
 Made thee choose the better part,
 Wrought salvation in thy heart.
- 5 Tell him of that liberty
 Wherewith Jesus makes us free ;
 Sweetly speak of sins forgiven—
 Earnest of the joys of heaven.

252

Trials of the ministry.

2 Cor. 2 : 16.

II. M.

WHAT contradictions meet
 In ministers' employ !
 It is a bitter sweet,
 A sorrow full of joy ;

THE CHURCH.

No other post affords a place
For equal honor or disgrace.

- 2 Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel,
Constrain'd to speak in vain
To hearts as hard as steel?
Or who can tell the pleasures felt
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?
- 3 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd;
Then how their inmost souls are griev'd!
- 4 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade
The ripening ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harvest joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

COUNCIL AND CONFERENCE MEETINGS.

253 *A prayer for union in council.* L. M.

INDULGENT God of love and pow'r,
Be with us at this place and hour!
Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

- 2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one:
Let all we have and are, combine
To forward objects so divine.
- 3 O, may we feel the worth of souls,
Be men of God, whom grace controls,
Fight the good fight, and win the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down.

BAPTISM.

254

Meeting for council.

Acts 15: 6.

C. M.

LORD, in thy presence here we meet
 May we in thee be found!
 O, make the place divinely sweet,
 And let thy grace abound.

2 With harmony thy servants bless,
 That wē may own to thee
 How good, how sweet, how pleasant 't is,
 When brethren all agree.

3 May Zion's good be kept in view,
 And bless our feeble aim,
 That all we undertake to do,
 May glorify thy name.

BAPTISM.

255

We are buried with him by baptism.

Rom. 6: 4.

C. M.

BURIED beneath the yielding wave
 The great Redeemer lies; .
 Faith views him in the wat'ry grave,
 And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints, to-day,
 Their ardent zeal express,
 And, in the Lord's appointed way,
 Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
 And would his cause maintain—
 Like him be number'd with the dead,
 And with him rise and reign.

256

The baptism of Christ.

Matt. 3: 13-17.

8s, 7s & 4.

TO the flowing stream of Jordan
 Lo! the King of Zion came;
 There the ancient Baptist waited,

To immerse the spotless Lamb:
 They descended
 To the Saviour's wat'ry tomb.

2 Thus baptiz'd, the great Redeemer
 Show'd the way his saints should tread,
 And, when rising from the water,
 God approv'd and blest the deed,
 And the Spirit
 Rested on his sacred head!

3 Come, then, ye who love the Saviour,
 Fear not now to own your Lord,
 Joyful though the world should scorn you,
 Follow Christ, obey his word:
 He'll defend you—
 Fear ye not to follow him!

4 Hear the Saviour saying to you,
 From his glorious throne above—
 Ye who trust in me for pardon,
 By obedience show your love:
 Be baptized,
 My example shows the way.

5 Lord, our hearts incline to follow
 In the way which thou didst tread;
 We will turn from ev'ry other,
 While thy sacred word we read:
 O, Redeemer!
 Gladly now we'll follow thee!

257

Salem's bright King.

C. P. M.

SALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
 In former time to Jordan came,
 All righteousness to fill;
 'T was there the ancient Baptist stood,
 Whose name was John, a man of God,
 To do his Master's will.

- 2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleas'd with what he'd done,
And owned him from the skies.
- 3 Come, converts, come, his voice obey,—
Salem's great King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepar'd;
O then arise, and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have a great reward.
- 4 Believers, come, now gather 'round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise;
See—here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour calling, Come,
Ye converts, be baptized.
- 5 Behold, his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn pray'r,
Down by the water side.

258

Christ our Exemplar.

C. M.

JESUS the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despised:—
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

- 2 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my God?

3 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
 Reproves my cold delays;
 And now my willing footsteps move
 In thy delightful ways.

259 *His commandments are not grievous.* C. M.
 1 John 5 : 3.

IT is a very pleasant thing
 To follow Christ our Lord;
 And thus obey our heav'nly King,
 According to his word.

2 Down to the water-side we go,
 By Christ's example led;
 Into the same we come also,
 As did our glorious Head.

3 Saviour, we bless thy wondrous name,
 For thy example bright;
 We love to imitate the same,
 As thou dost us invite.

260 *A prayer for the baptized.* C. M.

LET plenteous grace descend on those
 Who, hoping in thy word,
 This day have solemnly declar'd
 That Jesus is their Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
 And run the Christian race,
 And, through the troubles of the way,
 Find all-sufficient grace.

3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
 That we thy life may prove—
 Partakers of thy cross beneath,
 And of thy crown above.

261

After baptism.

C. M.

PROCLAIM, saith Christ, my wondrous
 To all the sons of men ; [grace
 He that believes and is baptiz'd,
 Salvation shall obtain.

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
 Who, hoping in thy word,
 This day have publicly declar'd,
 That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
 And run the Christian race ;
 And, through the troubles of the way,
 Find all-sufficient grace.

262

Buried by baptism.

8s, 7s & 4.

THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
 "Take thy cross and follow me ;"
 Shall the word with terror seize us ?
 Shall we from the burden flee ?
 Lord, I'll take it,
 And, rejoicing, follow thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
 Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
 Shall I shun its brink, betraying
 Feelings worthy of a slave ?
 No! I'll enter :
 Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

3 Blessed sign which thus reminds me,
 Saviour, of thy love for me!
 But more blest the love that binds me,
 In its deathless bonds to thee :
 O what pleasure,
 Buried with my Lord to be!

- 4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Still the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me,
When I faint beneath the cross.

263 *Baptism is not regeneration.* C. M.

THE sacraments are holy signs
And precious gospel seals;
They 'xhibit what the Lord designs,
And what his word reveals.

- 2 But these are not themselves the grace
Which signs and seals set forth;
The supper's not the sacrifice,
Nor water the new birth.

- 3 The sacraments were never meant
A substitute for grace,
They 're not the truths they represent,
Nor must they take their place.

- 4 Sinners may publicly profess,
And signs and seals receive,
Of what they never did possess,
Of what they don't believe.

- 5 But Christ, by his own pow'ful blood,
Ascends above the skies;
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.

264 *The mode defined.* L. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, heavenly dove,
On these baptismal subjects move;
That they, through love and grace divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

- 2 We to this place are come to show
 What we to boundless mercy owe;
 The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
 And tread the path he trod before.
- 3 When Christ his offering was to make,
 He often of a baptism spake.
 And O! how straitened was he, till
 He had fulfilled his Father's will.
- 4 A double baptism he displayed,
 Ere all the mighty debt was paid.
 He was immersed in Jordan's flood,
 And then baptized in sweat and blood.
- 5 When wrestling in Gethsemane,
 He showed baptism how to be:
 He forward went a little space,
 Fell three times down upon his face.
- 6 Thus was foreshowed the mode and plan,
 The Son of God laid down for man;
 Thus trine immersion was portrayed,
 When in his sweat and blood he laid.
- 7 Dear converts, then your Lord pursue,
 And walk the path he trod for you;
 Take up your cross with willing heart,
 That you may have with him a part.

265

C. M

O LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
 I yield myself to thee;
 For thou hast borne my every pain,
 And sin wast made for me;
 For thou hast worn this feeble flesh
 And felt this aching heart,
 And tasted all the bitterness
 Life's anguish can impart.

- 2 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 This day I put thee on ;
 For thou hast purged my guilty stain,
 And made me all thine own ;
 I dedicate, O, Lord, to thee,
 My every part and power ;
 And pray that thou wilt ever be
 My stronghold and my tower.
- 3 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 That all through thee might live ;
 Some sinful hearts this day constrain
 Thy mercy to receive.
 Look down, look down upon thy church,
 In faith assembled here ;
 And let thy Spirit move all hearts
 To sympathy and prayer.

FEET-WASHING.

266

Ordinance of washing feet.

L. M.

- WHEN Jesus Christ was here below
 He taught his people what to do :
 And would we yield obedience meet,
 We must descend to washing feet.
- 2 For on the night he was betray'd,
 He for us all a pattern laid :
 When supper ends, he from his seat
 Arose and washed his brethren's feet.
- 3 The Lord, who made the earth and sky,
 Arose, and laid his garments by,
 And washed their feet—to show that we
 Should always kind and humble be.
- 4 He washed their feet, tho' they were clean ;
 Nor did he mean to cleanse from sin ;—
 But Peter said, "It shall not be ;
 Thou shalt not stoop to washing me."

FEET-WASHING.

- 5 Then Jesus said, "If you refuse,
And will not my instructions choose,
Thou hast no part or lot with me."
Then Peter yielded willingly.
- 6 Like Peter—some still disobey:
" 'Tis not essential," they will say;
But such a pretext will not stand
Before our Saviour's plain command:—
- 7 "You call me Lord, and Master too;
Then do as I have done to you:
Keep all my words and laws, complete,
And prove your love, by washing feet.
- 8 "Ye shall be happy, if ye know
And do these things, by faith, below;
And I will guide you, till you die,
And then receive your souls on high."

267 *Feet-washing a church ordinance.* C. M.

I N Jesus' name once more we meet,
To honor him who said:
Ye ought to wash each other's feet,
As I the way have led.

- 2 Then come, like loving brethren, bound
To tread the paths he trod;
Come, do his will, and walk the ground,
Which leads to heav'n and God.
- 3 Shall we forget the sacred rite
Our dying Lord ordain'd,
Upon that dark and solemn night,
When he our woe-cup drain'd?
- 4 With words of love, sublime and sweet,
He cheer'd each fainting heart, [feet,
And wash'd, and wip'd those loved ones'
From whom he soon must part.

THE CHURCH.

- 5 Girded to serve, the Lord of all,
Thus taught humility;
And still his voice doth on us call,
"Fear not, but follow me.
- 6 "If I, your Lord and Master, thought,
A servant's office meet,
Be not ashamed, but know ye ought
To wash each other's feet."
- 7 Yea, Lord, we will remember Thee,
And keep this plain command;
O, may our hearts obedient be,
In one united band.

268

Christ our Example.

L. M.

- THE Church of God believes it right,
To think and do as Jesus bade,
When on that dark and doleful night
He gave his law, and plainly said:—
- 2 Mark the example which I give;
Keep it, and show your mutual love:
My precepts do, and you shall live
In bliss below, and heaven above.
- 3 My brethren, do we love the Lord?
And are we bound in union yet?
If so, like Jesus, let us bow,
And let us wash each other's feet.
- 4 Now, Lord, we'll wash thy people's feet.
And here enjoy their fond embrace;
Each with a kiss of friendship greet;
And hope in love to see thy face.
- 5 And then we'll feast on heavenly love,
And find our joys to be complete:
Yes, then we'll sing thy praise above,
And bow, with angels, at thy feet.

BEHOLD!—Our blessed Lord
 Met with his chosen band,
 And said to them, in act and word,
 “Keep this, my plain command.”

2 He laid his garments by,
 Upon that doleful night,
 When earth and hell combined, to try
 Man’s only hope to blight.

3 Then did our humble Lord
 With towel girded stand,
 A basin, full of water pour’d,
 Held in his sacred hand ;

4 And lo!—he washed their feet!
 And then he wiped them dry!
 And taught them, thus, a lesson meet,
 Of deep humility.

5 “Know ye what I have done?”
 Said he to one and all ;
 “I have to you a pattern shown,—
 Whom ye your Master call ;

6 “As I have washed your feet,
 To show my love for you :
 Ye ought to wash each other’s feet,
 And show your love is true.

7 “The servant must not claim
 To be above his Lord ;”—
 Then, Lord, be this my constant aim,
 To keep thy sacred word.

THE CHURCH.

THE LOVE-FEAST.

270 *Love is the fulfilling of the law.* C. M.
Rom. 13: 10.

YE follow'rs of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
Fulfilling all God's law.

2 The love which all his bosom filled
Did all his actions guide;
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught,
Inspir'd by love, he died.

3 Let each the sacred law fulfill;
Like his be ev'ry mind;
Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,
And ev'ry action kind.

4 Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honor'd name,
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

271 *All things are ready; come.* C. M.
Matt. 22: 4.

IN memory of the Saviour's blood,
We hold this feast of love;
Rejoicing in the love of God,
Who calls us from above.

2 Here let us all his love adore,
And praise his gracious name;
Let grateful joy fill every heart,
Let all his love proclaim.

3 As we are all invited here,
These blessings to receive;
So God is calling far and near,
For all to come and live.

MEETING AND PARTING.

These are they who bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood ;
Suff'ers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying 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 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.

MEETING AND PARTING.

501 *A better country—a heavenly.* L. M.

THERE is a heav'n above the skies,
A heav'n where pleasure never dies
A heav'n I some time hope to see,
But fear again 't is not for me.

2 The way is difficult and strait,
And narrow is the gospel gate ;
Ten thousand dangers are therein,
Ten thousand snares to take me in.

3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes ;
The tempter cries,—I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.

MEETING AND PARTING.

4 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
'Mid thickening toils, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

5 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Behold thy Saviour, Friend and King,
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries "press on and take the crown."

6 Prove faithful, then, a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race,
And then the kingdom thou shalt share;
Thy head a crown of glory wear.

502

It is good to be here.

Matt. 17: 4.

C. M.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 But, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O, may thy special presence still
With ev'ry one remain.

3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love;
Till we, before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.

4 All sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then forever fly;
Nor shall a thought that we must part
Once interrupt our joy.

503

A farewell hymn.

L. M.

MY dearest friends, in bonds of love,
Our hearts in sweetest union prove;
Your friendship's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

MEETING AND PARTING.

Your presence sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like chords around my heart.

- 2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
When we have met to sing and pray;
How loath I've been to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face!
O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my struggling mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.
- 3 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission all in one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.
Dear fellow-youth in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies;
Fight on, you'll win the happy shore,
Where parting hands are known no more.
- 4 How oft I've seen the flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
Ye mourning souls, in sad surprise,
Jesus remembers all your cries;
O taste his grace!—in all that land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

504 *Upon the closing of a series of services.* C. M.

NOW, brethren, to your homes repair;
And as you pass along,
Employ your hearts in humble pray'r,
And raise the cheerful song.

- 2 Praise God for what your ears have heard,
For what your eyes have seen;

Praise him for what has here occur'd—
 For all you feel within.

3 Improve the strength you here have
 To do God's holy will; [gain'd,
 Improve the knowledge here attained,
 To love and serve him still.

4 Let not the world have cause to say
 You've serv'd your God for nought;
 But grow in grace, from day to day,
 As you have here been taught.

5 Farewell—and to your homes repair
 And as you pass along,
 Employ your hearts in humble pray'r,
 And raise to God a song.

505

The parting prayer.

8s & 7s.

JESUS, grant us all a blessing,
 Send it down, Lord, from above;
 May we all go homeward praying,
 And rejoicing in thy love!
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 Till we all shall meet above.

2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
 While together we have been
 Make us humble, make us holy,
 Cleanse us all from ev'ry sin!
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
 To each one's respective home,
 And the presence of our Jesus,
 Rest upon us ev'ry one!
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 Till we all shall meet at home.

506 *Acknowledgment for preserving mercy.* S. M.

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 pass'd!
 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 pow'r,
 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.

507 *When shall we meet again.* 6s & 5s.

WHEN shall we meet again?
 Meet ne'er to sever?
 When will peace wreathe her chain
 Round us for ever?
 Our hearts will ne'er repose
 Safe from each blast that blows
 In this dark vale of woes—
 Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
 Pure as life's river?

When shall sweet friendship glow
 Changeless for ever?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill—
 Never—no, never!

- 3 Up to that world of light
 Take us, dear Saviour;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy for ever:
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel,
 Never—no, never!

508

Parting of ministers.

S. M.

NOW, brethren, though we part,
 And to our homes repair—
 May we be true, and join'd in heart,
 Like friends of Jesus are.

- 2 O let us still proceed
 In Jesus' work below;
 And, following our triumphant Head,
 To further conquests go.
- 3 The vineyard of the Lord
 Before his lab'ers lies;
 And, lo! we see the vast reward
 Which waits us in the skies.
- 4 O let our heart and mind
 With ev'ry day ascend,
 That haven of repose to find,
 Where all our labors end.
- 5 When all our toils are o'er,
 Our suff'ring and our pain:
 We'll meet on that celestial shore,
 And never part again.

509 *The happy meeting.* L. M.

- O HAPPY day! when saints shall meet
 To part no more; the thought is sweet;
 No more to feel the rending smart,
 Oft felt below when Christians part.
- 2 O happy place, I still must say,
 Where all but love is done away;
 All cause of parting there is past;
 Their social feast will ever last.
- 3 Such union here is sought in vain,
 As there, in ev'ry heart will reign
 There separation can't compel
 The saints to bid the sad farewell.
- 4 On earth, when friends together meet,
 And find the passing moments sweet,
 Time's rapid motions soon compel,
 With grief to say—dear friends, farewell.
- 5 The happy season soon will come, [home;
 When saints shall meet in heaven, their
 Eternally with Christ to dwell,
 Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.

510 *Hope of meeting again.* L. M.

- COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
 Join every voice and every heart:
 One solemn hymn to God we raise,
 One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Brethren, we here may meet no more;
 But there is yet a happier shore,
 And there, released from toil and pain,
 Dear brethren; we shall meet again.
- 3 And now, dear brethren, though we part,
 Which brings to us an inward smart,
 'Tis joy to know there is a land
 Where none shall take the parting hand.

- 4 Then face the trials on the way;
 Be zealous, while 't is called to-day;
 For soon the conflict will be o'er,
 When we shall rest for evermore.

511

At parting.

P. M. 7s.

FOR a season call'd to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever present Friend.

- 2 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r!
 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:
 Give us, if we live, ere long,
 In thy peace to meet again.
- 4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
 Ebenezers shall be rear'd,
 And our souls shall praise the Lord,
 Who our poor petitions heard.

512

Parting, with a hope to meet again. C. M.

NOW, pilgrims, let us go in peace,
 While through this world we rove,
 Till all these parting moments cease,
 And we shall meet above.

- 2 Though trials here our souls annoy,
 And foes beset the road,
 We 're hast'ning to eternal joys,
 Where we shall rest with God.
- 3 Let us rejoice in God our King,
 While pilgrims here we rove;
 And join with heart and voice to sing
 The wonders of his love.

- 4 Soon we shall reach the heavenly land
And tread the peaceful shore ;
And there unite, a glorious band,
Our Jesus to adore.

513

Meeting of friends.

L. M.

ONCE more a pleasant interview
The Lord doth grant us, to renew
Our social friendship, kind and dear ;
Our hearts to warm, our souls to cheer.

- 2 While we were absent far abroad,
We saw the kindness of our God ;
Therefore his love let us adore,
That we are here alive once more.
- 3 How many souls have launch'd away
To everlasting night or day ;
In sickness many more remain,
Whilst we our life and health retain.
- 4 Into his presence let us haste,
And thank him for his favors past ;
Down on your knees devoutly all,
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

514

Blessed prospect of meeting again.

7s.

WHILE we sojourn here below,
Toils we have, and troubles too ;
But the Saviour is our friend,
He will help us to the end ;
He will guide us in the way,
To the realms of endless day.

- 2 Let us all go hand in hand
Through this bleak and barren land,
Till our conflicts will be o'er,
Till our trials are no more :
Then on Canaan's shore we'll meet,
Where the rest will be so sweet.

515 *He (man) fleeth also as a shadow, 7s. Double.
and continueth not.*

Job. 14: 2.

- WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted round the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.
- 2 If to three-score years and ten,
Death his fatal dart delay,
Still 't is sure to come, and then
We from earth must pass away.
May we, then, all strive to live
That our parting be in peace,
And the Lord to us may give
Joys that nevermore shall cease.

FAMILY WORSHIP—MORNING HYMNS.

516

Morning hymn.

C. M.

- L ORD, in the morning I will send
My prayer to reach thine ear;
Thou art my Father and my friend,
My help, forever near.
- 2 O lead me, keep me all this day
Near thee, in perfect peace;
Help me to watch—to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease.
- 3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide;—
Warn me of every foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.
- 4 Thus, while my moments smoothly run,
I'll sing my hours away,
Till evening shade and setting sun
Conclude in endless day.

517

A morning invocation.

L. M.

A WAKE, 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 misspent time that's past,
 And live this day as't were thy last;
 T' improve thy talents take due care,
 'Gainst the great day thyself prepare!
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noonday clear!
 Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
 And every secret thought surveys.
- 4 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
 And hath refresh'd me while I slept,
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

518

A morning prayer.

Psalm 5: 3.

C. M.

L ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my pray'r
 To thee lift up mine eye.

- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand:
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 O may thy spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness;
 Make every path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

519 *Prayer at evening, morning and noon.* S. M.
 Psalm 55: 17.

COME to the morning pray'r,
 Come let us kneel and pray;
 Pray'r is the Christian pilgrim's staff
 To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
 Of Ages rest and pray;
 Sweet is that shadow from the heat
 When the sun smites by day.

3 At eve, shut to the door,
 Round the home altar pray,
 And finding there "the house of God,"
 At "heav'n's gate" close the day.

4 When midnight seals our eyes,
 Let each in spirit say,
 "I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
 With thee to watch and pray."

520 *A morning hymn.* C. M.

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

2 How many souls from earth have fled
 Since the last setting sun!
 And yet God lengthens out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.

3 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
 While I enjoy the light;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a peaceful night.

521 *Begin with God.* S. M.
 Matt. 6: 33.

BEGIN the day with God!
 He is thy sun and day;
 His is the radiance of thy dawn,
 To him address thy lay.

MORNING HYMNS.

- 2 Look up, beyond these clouds!
 Thither thy pathway lies;
 Mount up, away, and linger not,
 Thy goal is yonder skies.
- 3 Cast ev'ry weight aside!
 Do battle with each sin;
 Fight with the faithless world without,
 The faithless heart within.
- 4 Take thy first meal with God!
 He is thy heav'nly food;
 Feed *with* and *on* him; he with thee
 Will feast in brotherhood.
- 5 Take thy first walk with God!
 Let him go forth with thee;
 By stream or sea or mountain-path,
 Seek still his company.
- 6 Thy first transaction be
 With God himself above;
 So shall thy business prosper well,
 And all the day be love.

522

Morning reminding us of eternity.

2 Cor. 5: 2.

S. M.

- T**HE night is past and gone,
 The evening shades are fled;
 O may each morning bring to mind
 Our rising from the dead!
- 2 We put our garments on,
 Our labor to pursue;
 So in the resurrection morn
 Saints shall be clothed anew.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this day,
 Support us by thine arm;
 May angels guard us on our way,
 Secure from ev'ry harm.
- 4 Now may we all as one
 The Christian course pursue;

And with new strength and courage run
To win the prize in view.

- 5 And when our nights are past,
And time bears us away,
May we possess a crown of life
In an eternal day.

523

Morning hymn.

C. M.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night
Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

- 2 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by thine arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou preserv'st from harm.

- 3 Let all our words and all our ways
Declare that we are thine;
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

- 4 Let us ne'er turn away from thee;
Blest Saviour, hold us fast,
Till, with immortal eyes, we see
Thy glorious face at last.

524

Morning tribute of praise.

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.

525

Morning hymn.

C. M.

WHEN we, with welcome slumber press'd
 Had clos'd our weary eyes,
 A pow'r unseen secur'd our rest,
 And made us joyful rise.

- 2 Numbers this night have doubtless met
 Their long eternal doom,
 And lost the joys of morning light
 In death's tremendous gloom.

- 3 But life to us its light prolongs—
 Let warmest thanks arise;
 Great God, accept our morning songs,
 Our willing sacrifice.

526

A morning song.

C. M.

GOD of my life! my morning song
 To thee I cheerful raise:
 Thy acts of love 't is good to sing,
 And pleasant 't is to praise.

- 2 Preserved by thine almighty care
 I pass'd the shades of night,
 Serene, and safe from every harm,
 To see the morning light.

- 3 O, let the same almighty care
 Through all this day attend;
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

- 4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

527

Morning hymn.

M. 7s.

NOW the shades of night are gone,
 Now the morning light is come;
 Lord, we would be thine to-day;
 Drive the shades of sin away.

- 2 Make our souls as noon-day clear,
 Banish every doubt and fear;
 In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
 We would labor, watch and 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 heav'nly shore.

528

Morning thanks.

C. M.

A GAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
 I rise to hail the dawn;
 Again my waking eyes unclose,
 To view the smiling morn.

- 2 Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing;
 For thou hast safely kept
 My soul beneath thy guardian wing,
 And watched me while I slept.
- 3 Glory to thee, eternal God;
 O teach my heart to pray,
 And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
 To guide me through the day.

529

Morning thanks.

M. 7s.

THOU who dost my life prolong!
 Kindly aid my morning song;
 Thankful, from my couch I rise,
 Praising God who rules the skies.

297 *Christ sympathizes with us.* L. M. 6 lines.

WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On him I lean, who not in vain
 Experienced every human pain;
 He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the ill I would not do;
 Still he who felt temptation's pow'r,
 Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

3 And O! when I have safely pass'd
 Through every conflict but the last;
 Still, still unchanging watch beside
 My bed of death; for thou hast died:
 Then point to realms of endless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

298 *The best protection.* 8s, 7s & 4.

WHY those fears? Behold. 't is Jesus
 Holds the helm and guides the ship;
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
 Sent to waft us through the deep,
 To the regions
 Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Rendered safe by his protection,
 We shall pass the watery waste;
 Trusting to his wise direction,
 We shall gain the port at last,
 And with wonder
 Think on toils and dangers past.

3 Oh, what pleasures there await us!
 There the tempests cease to roar;

There it is that those who hate us
 Shall molest our peace no more:
 Trouble ceases
 On that tranquil, happy shore!

299 *As thy days, so shall thy strength be.* L. M.
 Deut. 33: 25.

AFFLICTED saints, to Christ draw near,
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
 His faithful word declares to thee,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Let not my heart despond and say,
 How shall I stand the trying day?
 He has engaged, by firm decree,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
 And if the conflict should be long,
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
 For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
 In fiery trials thou shalt see,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

5 When called to bear thy weighty cross,
 Or sore affliction, pain or loss,
 Or deep distress, or poverty,—
 Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
 He comes to set thy spirit free,
 And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

300 *Why art thou cast down?* L. M.
 Ps. 43: 5.

BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
 To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
 They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
 And contradict his gracious word!

AFFLICTIONS AND TRIALS.

- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
 Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
 How canst thou want if he provide,
 Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 When first before his mercy seat,
 Thou didst to him thy all commit;
 He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
 To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall
 And he refuse to hear thy call?
 And has he not his promise passed,
 That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 He who has help'd me hitherto,
 Will help me all my journey through;
 And give me daily cause to raise
 New Ebenezers to his praise.
- 6 Though rough and thorny be the road,
 It leads thee home, apace, to God,
 Then count thy present trials small,
 For heaven will make amends for all.

301 *We have here no abiding city.* M. 7s. & 4s.

- I'M a lonely trav'ler here,
 Weary, oppressed;
 But my journey's end is near,
 Soon shall I rest:
 Dark and dreary is the way,
 Toiling I've come;
 Ask me not with you to stay,
 Yonder's my home.
- 2 I'm a trav'ler to a land
 Where all is fair;
 Where are seen no broken bands,
 All, all are there;
 Where no tears shall ever fall,
 No heart be sad;
 Where the glory is for all,
 And all are glad.

- 3 I'm a trav'ler, and I go
 Where all is fair;
 Farewell all I've loved below;
 I must be there.
 Worldly honors, hopes and gain,
 All I resign;
 Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,
 If heaven be mine.
- 4 I'm a trav'ler; call me not;
 Upward's my way;
 Yonder is my rest and lot;
 I cannot stay.
 Farewell earthly pleasures all;
 Pilgrim I'll roam;
 Hail me not; in vain you call;
 Yonder's my home.

302 *Presence of Christ desired.* P. M. 11s & 8s.

- O** THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
 On whom in affliction I call;
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep
 To feed on the pastures of love?
 Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
 And cry in the desert for bread?
 Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
 And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare have you seen
 The star that on Israel shone?
 Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
 And where with his flock he is gone?
- 5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
 His vestments shed odors around;
 The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
 When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
- 6 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 That waters the garden of grace,
 From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
 And bask in the smiles of his face. [know,

7 Such is my Beloved, in excellence bright,
When pleas'd he looks down from above, [of light,
Like the morn, when he breathes from the chambers
And comforts his people with love.

303 *The doubting Christian.* M. 7s & 6s.

COME, my friend, and let us try,
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by;
Come, and let us reason.

2 What is this that casts you down?
O, what can thus grieve you?
Speak, and let the worst be known:
Speaking may relieve you.

3 Christ, at times, by faith I view,
And it doth relieve me;
But my doubts return anew:
They are those that grieve me.

4 Troubled like the restless seas,
Feeble, faint and fearful;
Plagued with every sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

5 Think on what your Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden;
Sweating blood at every pore,
To procure thy pardon.

6 View him nail'd upon the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying;
O that thou couldst to him flee,
On his grace relying!

304 *Refuge for the tempted.* M. 7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh.

- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
- 3 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
- 4 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 5 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

305

The soul's only refuge.

S. M.

- THOU refuge of my soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell my grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O, when doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The spring of comfort seems to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust:
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

ASPIRATIONS.

306

Sighing for home.

Psalm 55: 5.

C. M.

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh!
 When will the moment come
 When I shall lay my armor by,
 And dwell with Christ at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful shelt'ring dome;
 This world's a wilderness of woe;
 This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
 He bade me cease to roam,
 And fly for succor to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.

4 I would at once have quit this place,
 Where foes in fury roam,
 But, ah! my passport was not seal'd—
 I could not yet go home.

5 Weary of wand'ring round and round
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to leave th' unhallow'd ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

307

Communion with Christ in worship.

John 6: 48.

L. M.

FAR from my tho'ts, vain world, begone,
 Let my religious hours alone;
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
 And kindles with a pure desire:
 Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
 And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

3 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
 And spread the table of thy grace;
 Bring down a taste of truth divine,
 And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

4 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
 How sweet thy entertainments are!
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace, and dying love.

308 *Give us this day our daily bread.* L. M.
 Matt. 6: 11.

WHILE others pray for grace to die,
 O Lord, I pray for grace to live!
 For ev'ry hour a fresh supply—
 O see my need, and freely give.

2 I do not dread the hour of death—
 If I am thine, no fears remain,—
 I know that with my parting breath
 I leave for ever mortal pain.

3 And if it should be then thy will
 A cloud should on the future be,
 The bow of promise spans it still,
 I will believe—I need not see!

4 E'en if the darkness should appear
 Too deep for faith as well as sight;
 If I am thine, thou wilt be near,
 And take me to thy heav'nly light.

5 But oh, my Lord! in life's highway
 I crave the sunshine of thy face!
 And every moment of the day
 I need thy strong supporting grace.

6 My weary spirit can not drink
 At springs which rise from earth alone;
 When I can do no more, I think
 Of living waters from thy throne.

309 *The fear of the Lord is to hate evil.* H. M.
 Prov. 8: 12.

NOW whilst I try my heart,
 By this unerring word,
 My conscience can assert,
 I truly fear the Lord.
 I cannot tread the paths of sin,
 I long for holiness within.

ASPIRATIONS.

- 2 Yes, holiness of heart,
 I would more largely share;
 I mourn with inward smart,
 The evils that are there.
 I hate my thoughts whenever vain,
 I would from ev'ry sin abstain.
- 3 I hate this wretched pride,
 These covetous desires;
 I'd have them crucified,
 For Christ my heart requires.
 Jesus, do thou these foes subdue,
 O make me more sincere and true:

310

The soul longing for God.

Psalm 119: 20.

6s.

MY spirit longs for thee
 To dwell within my breast;
 Although I'm unworthy
 Of so divine a Guest!

- 2 Of so divine a Guest—
 Unworthy though I be,
 Yet hath my heart no rest
 Until it come to thee!
- 3 Until it come to thee;
 In vain I look around;
 In all that I can see,
 No rest is to be found!
- 4 No rest is to be found
 But in thy bleeding love;
 O, let my wish be crown'd,
 And send it from above!

311

The importance of religion.

Phil. 3: 8.

C. M.

RELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below;
 May I its great importance learn,
 Its sov'reign virtue know.

- 2 More needful this than glitt'ring wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'T will fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne,
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise:
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

312 *Perfect heart the Redeemer's throne.* C. M.

- 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 who dwells within;—

ASPIRATIONS.

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.

5 Thy holy nature, Lord, impart;
 Come quickly from above,
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

313 *Desiring to be weaned from earth.* L. M.
 Psalm 131: 2.

OTHAT I could for ever dwell
 With Mary at my Saviour's feet,
 And view the form I love so well,
 And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
 And heav'n brought in with all its bliss;
 O, is there aught from pole to pole,
 One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize—
 A life of pure and filial love,
 When most my follies I despise,
 And raise the highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live, till nature fail,
 And all my former sins forsake;
 Then rise to God within the veil,
 And of eternal joys partake.

314 *Nearer to thee.* 6s & 4s.
 James 4: 8.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be—
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

- 2 Though, like the wanderer—
 Daylight all gone,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone:
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heav'n;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy giv'n;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee!
- 5 Or, if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be—
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

315

Thirsting after righteousness.
 Matt. 5: 6.

C. M.

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

- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart!

ASPIRATIONS.

Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

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

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul has gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip :
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'T is a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

316

Walking with God.

C. M

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

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 then enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But now I find 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.

317

Longing to see Jesus.

7s & 6s.

- O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And dwell with him above?
 To drink the flowing fountains
 Of everlasting love?
 When shall I be deliver'd
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before;
 He's given me my orders,
 And tells me not to fear.
 And if I hold out faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace I am determin'd
 To conquer, though I die;
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly.
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid them both adieu:
 And you, my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with trouble,
 And trials on the way,
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.

ASPIRATIONS.

Gird on the heav'nly armor,
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

- 5 O do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you long for knowledge,
On him you may depend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer
And take you home to rest.

318 *Zeal, true and false.* C. M.

ZEAL is that pure and heavenly 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 Yes, self, however well employed,
Has its own ends in view;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
"Come, see what I can do."
- 5 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.
- 6 O Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

319

Preparation for death.

C. M.

- I**F I must die, O let me die
 With hope in Jesus' blood—
 The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
 And reconciles to God.
- 2 If I must die, O let me die
 In peace with all mankind;
 And change these fleeting joys below
 For pleasures more refined.
- 3 If I must die—and die I must—
 Let some kind seraph come,
 And bear me on his friendly wing
 To my celestial home.
- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
 May I but have a view;
 Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
 I'll boldly venture through.

ASSURANCE.

320

Because I live, ye shall live also.

John 14: 19.

L. M.

- I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives!
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
 He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
 He lives—my ever-living Head.
- 2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
 He lives, to plead for me above;
 He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
 He lives, to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
 He lives, and I shall conquer death;
 He lives, my mansion to prepare—
 He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives—all glory to his name!
 He lives—my Jesus, still the same;
 O, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 "I know that my Redeemer lives!"

BACKSLIDING.

321

Full assurance.

1 Thess. 1: 5. 8s & 7s

KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in ev'ry station
Something still to do or bear.

- 2 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?
- 3 God will give thee grace to conquer;
Fight thy way, and get thy crown;
Canaan's land lies just before thee—
There you'll lay your armor down.
- 4 Soon you'll close your earthly mission,
Soon you'll pass your pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition—
Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

BACKSLIDING.

322

Declension lamented.

Job 29: 2. 8s & 7s

ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!

- 2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
- 3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall see no more below;
Some, alas, we fear are blighted,—
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither:
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O, perrait them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

I ONCE enjoyed my Lord,
Lived happy in his love,
Delighted in his holy word,
And sought my rest above.

2 But O, alas, my soul,
Where is my comfort now;
Why did I let my love grow cold,
Or why to idols bow?

3 How little did I think
When I did first begin,
To join a little with the world
It was so great a sin.

4 I thought I might conform,
Nor singular appear,
Converse and dress as others did,
But now I feel the snare.

5 My confidence is gone,
I find no words to say,
Barren and lifeless is my soul
When I attempt to pray.

6 My soul, this will not do,
Thy day is almost past
I must repent and turn to God,
Or sink to hell at last.

7 Trembling, to Christ I'll fly,
And all my sins confess;
At Jesus' cross I'll humbly bow,
And ask restoring grace.

324 *Why does the cause of Christ run so low?* L. M.

A LAS! alas! why is it so,
That Jesus' cause should run so low?
Is love so cold and faith so weak,
That few for Jesus now can speak?

BACKSLIDING.

- 2 Where is the love and heavenly zeal,
That Christians formerly did feel,
When they did meet and joyfully tell
The love of their Emmanuel?
- 3 Once Zion's gates did much rejoice,
When many met with heart and voice,
And fill'd her courts with songs of praise
And glory crown'd the heavenly lays.
- 4 Young converts then did praise the Lord,
They sung his praise with one accord ;
While older Christians caught the flame,
And spake the glory of his name.
- 5 Once Christians did religion feel,
Abroad, at home, or in the field,
And when they saw each other's face,
Their theme was all redeeming grace.
- 6 But now so worldly grown that they
But seldom find a heart to pray ;
The Christian is but here and there,
That daily seeks the Lord by pray'r.
- 7 Cut short these days, O Lord, and come
And bring us humble round thy throne,
And we again shall love thy laws,
Again espouse thy bleeding cause.

325

The barren fig-tree.

Matt. 21: 19.

C. M.

SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord
A barren fig-tree stands ;
It yields no fruit, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.

- 2 From year to year he seeks for fruit,
And still no fruit is found ;
It stands, amid the living trees,
A cumb'rer of the ground.

- 3 But, see, an Intercessor pleads,
 The barren tree to spare;
 "Let justice still withhold his hand,
 And grant another year.
- 4 "Perhaps some means of grace untried
 May reach the stony heart;
 The soft'ning dews of heav'nly grace
 May life anew impart.
- 5 "But if these means should prove in vain,
 No fruits thy efforts crown,
 Then mercy shall no longer plead,
 But justice cut it down."

326 *The backslider's prayer.* Luke 22: 61. 7s, 6s & 8s.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep;
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all its freeness shown;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die:
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye;
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

327 *We will come unto him.* John 14: 23. S. M

OUR heav'nly Father calls,
 And Christ invites us near;
 With both, our friendship shall be sweet
 And our communion dear.

- 2 God pities all our griefs:
 He pardons ev'ry day;
 Almighty to protect our souls,
 And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!
 What various stores of good,
 Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
 And purchas'd with his blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living Head,
 We bless thy faithful care;
 Our Advocate before the throne,
 And our forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart!
 Here wait, my warmest love!
 Till the communion be complete,
 In nobler scenes above.

328

The safety of believers.

Acts 27.

C. M.

- IF Paul in Cæsar's court must stand,
 He need not fear the sea;
 Secured from harm on ev'ry hand
 By the divine decree.
- 2 Though neither sun nor stars were seen,
 Paul knew the Lord was near,
 And faith preserv'd his soul serene,
 When others shook with fear.
- 3 Believers thus are toss'd about
 On life's tempestuous main,
 But grace assures beyond a doubt,
 They shall their port attain.
- 4 They must, they shall appear one day,
 Before their Saviour's throne;
 The storms they meet with by the way
 But make his power known.

- 5 Their passage lies across the brink
 Of many a threat'ning wave;
 The world expects to see them sink,
 But Jesus lives to save.
- 6 Lord, though we are but feeble worms,
 Yet, since thy word is past,
 We'll venture through a thousand storms,
 To see thy face at last.

329 *Fellowship with God.* 1 John 1: 3. C. M.

FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
 And from this earthly clod,
 Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
 Sweet fellowship with God.

- 2 Not life or all the toys of art,
 Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,
 Can to my soul such bliss impart,
 As fellowship with God.
- 3 When I am made in love to bear
 Affliction's needful rod,
 Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
 Through fellowship with God.
- 4 In fierce temptation's fi'ry blasts,
 Or dark desertion's road,
 I'm happy if I can but taste
 Some fellowship with God.
- 5 So when the icy hand of death
 Shall chill my flowing blood,
 With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
 In fellowship with God.
- 6 When I at last to heav'n ascend,
 And gain my blest abode,
 There an eternity I'll spend
 In fellowship with God.

CONSISTENCY.

330 *The safety of the righteous.* 8s & 7s.
Psalm 91: 4-7.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd;
There no tumult can alarm thee—
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare,
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safety there.

2 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defense:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief, reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

CONSISTENCY.

331 *Love not the world.* L. M.
1 John 2: 15.

REDEEMED ones, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood
Are they not born to heav'nly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time and waste the day?

- 3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honors of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
What children love and fools admire?
- 4 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then, with a heav'n-directed eye,
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.
- 5 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

332 *Ashamed of Jesus!* Mark 8: 38. L. M.

- JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee:
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
Let morning be ashamed of noon
'T is midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And O! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!
- 7 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross, the shame despise—
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

333 *What do ye more than others?* L. M.
Matt. 5: 47.

- A**ND do we hope to be with him,
Who on the cross resigned his breath?
Who died a victim, to redeem
His people from eternal death?
- 2 Then should the question oft recur—
What do we more than others do?
How do we show that we prefer
The things above to things below?
- 3 Where is the holy walk that suits
The name and character we bear?
And where are seen those heav'nly fruits
That show we're not what once we were?
- 4 Allied to him who bore the cross,
And call'd the people of the Lord,
The world to us should seem but loss,
And little all it can afford.

334 *A conversation becoming the gospel.* L. M.
Phil. 1: 27.

- W**HEN Jesus, our great Master, came,
To teach us in his Father's name,
In ev'ry act, in ev'ry thought,
He lived the precepts which he taught.
- 2 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.

- 3 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Saviour, God,
 When his salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 4 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Ambition, envy, lust and pride;
 While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
 Our inward piety approve.
- 5 Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord,
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

CONSECRATION—CONTENTMENT.

335 *Present your bodies.* Rom. 12: 1. L. M.

- NOW I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my pow'rs to serve the Lord;
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 O be his service all my joy!
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labors so divine.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determin'd choice,
 To yield to his supreme control,
 And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 4 O may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor, wand'ring, leave his sacred ways;
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

336 *Contentment.* Phil. 4: 11. L. M.

O LORD, how full of sweet content
 My years of pilgrimage are spent!
 Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
 In heav'n, on earth, or in the sea.

THE CROSS.

2 To me remains no place nor time,
My country is in ev'ry clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place I seek, or place I shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

337

7s & 6.

O WHO'LL stand up for Jesus,
The lowly Nazarene?
And raise the blood-stained banner
Amid the hosts of sin?

The cross of Christ I'll cherish
Its crucifixion bear;
All hail! reproach or sorrow,
If Jesus leads me there.

2 O who will follow Jesus
Amid reproach and shame?
Where others shrink or falter,
Who'll glory in his name?—The cross, &c.

3 Though fierce may rage the battle,
And wild the storm may blow,—
Though friends may go forever,
Who will with Jesus go?—The cross, &c.

4 Though foes shall madly gather
And Satan rage and roar,
Who'll choose the fiery furnace,
With Jesus evermore?—The cross, &c.

THE CROSS.

338

Take up thy cross.

Matt. 16: 24. L. M.

TAKE up thy cross! the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after me.

- 2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
 My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
 And brace thy heart and nerve thy arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
 And let thy foolish pride be still;
 Thy Lord did not refuse to die
 Upon the cross on Calvary's hill.
- 4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
 And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
 'T will guide thee to a better home;
 It points to bliss beyond the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow me,
 Nor think till death to lay it down;
 For only he who bears the cross,
 May hope to wear the glorious crown.

339 *It is good that I have been afflicted.* C. M.
 Psalm 119: 71.

- I N trouble and in grief, O Lord,
 Thy smile hath cheer'd my way;
 And joy hath budded from each thorn
 That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good,
 Which prosp'rous days refused;
 As herbs, though scentless when entire,
 Spread fragrance when they're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
 By furious blasts are driv'n;
 So life's tempestuous storms the more
 Have fix'd my heart in heav'n.
- 4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
 In other times may be,
 I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
 That brings me near to thee.

340

L. M.

EXCEPT a man himself deny,
His lust and pride doth mortify,
And take his cross and follow me,
He cannot my disciple be."

- 2 This is the doctrine of our Lord,
With which all Scripture doth accord;
This is the axe laid at the root,
Which doth not carnal nature suit.
- 3 This is the strait and narrow way
That leads to life and endless day;
Of which the Saviour of mankind
Thus said that few do ever find.
- 4 The will and pride of the old man,
Would fain devise another plan
Than that which Jesus Christ hath given,
By which to raise us up to heaven.
- 5 But Christ himself to us doth say,
If he climb up another way,
He must a thief and robber be,
Because he enters not by me.

341

The benefit of the Cross.

C. M.

THE cross of Jesus purifies,
From self and sin sets free;
His cross does make us truly wise,
And brings humility.

- 2 Reproaches, persecution, shame,—
These must the Christian bear;
But when sustain'd for Jesus' name,
How light these burdens are!
- 3 Must we endure some earthly loss,
Some keen distresses prove?
If these are part of Jesus' cross,
We'll bear them all in love.

- 4 Must sharp temptations too beset,
And inward conflicts seize?
The faithful soul will not forget
That these shall end in ease.
- 5 When sin is dead our spirits rest,
Comfort and peace are giv'n,
The inner man serenely blest,
We taste the joys of heav'n.

342

The strait gate.

Matt. 7: 13. C. M.

- S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'T is but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry,)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,
In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.
- 6 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfill a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my works perform,
And give the free reward.

343

Cross and crown.

C. M.

MUST Jesus bear his cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No! there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went mourning here;
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a tear.

3 I'll bear the consecrated cross,
 Till from the cross I'm free;
 And then go home to wear the crown:
 For there's a crown for me.

FAITH.

344

Faith the evidence of things not seen.

Heb. 11.

C. M.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight;
 It pierces through the vail of sense,
 And dwells in heav'nly 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 heav'ns and earth shall fade
 And be again restor'd.

4 Abra'am obey'd the Lord's command,
 From his own country driv'n;
 By faith he sought a promis'd land,
 But found his rest in heav'n.

- 5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
 The promise in our eye;
 By faith we walk the narrow way
 That leads to joy on high.

345

Desire for victorious faith.

C. M.

- O** FOR a faith that will not shrink,
 Though press'd by every foe!
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe;—
- 2 That will not murmur or complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;—
- 4 That bears, unmov'd, the world's dread
 Nor heeds its scornful smile; [frown,
 That seas of trouble cannot drown,
 Or Satan's arts beguile:
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
 Of an eternal home.

346

What faith is.

C. M.

FAITH is the spirit's sweet control,
 From which assurance springs;
 Faith is the pencil of the soul,
 That pictures heav'nly things.

- 2 Faith is the throb of love, that makes
 Man rest on God alone;
 Faith is the wondrous pow'r, that shakes
 The tempter on his throne.
- 3 Faith is the conqu'ring host, that storms
 The battlements of sin;
 Faith is the quick'ning fire, that warms
 The trembling soul within.
- 4 Faith is the smile, that plays around
 The dying Christian's brow:
 Faith was the light, by which he found
 The hope that fills him now.
- 5 Faith is the lamp, that burns to guide
 His bark, when tempest-driven;
 Faith is the key, that opens wide
 The distant gates of heav'n.
- 6 O Rock of ages, Fount of bliss!
 Thy needful help afford;
 And let my constant prayer be this—
 "Increase my faith, O Lord."

347 *Faith looking into the future.* L. M.
 Heb. 11: 13.

- T**IS by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as night;
 Till we arrive at heav'n, 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 heav'nly ray,
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.

- 4 So Abra'am, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And cheer'd him on his toilsome road.

348 *Triumph of faith.* 1 John 5: 4. C. M.

- O** FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
And where the monster's sting?
- 3 If sin he pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r,
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now, to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ, our living head.

HOPE.

349 *Heavenly rest in anticipation.* C. M.

- W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
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 heav'n, my all.

LOVE.

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

350 *The full assurance of hope.* C. M.
 Heb. 6: 11.

WHEN floating on life's troubled sea,
 By storms and tempests driv'n,
 Hope, with her radiant finger, points
 To brighter scenes in heav'n.

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 hallow'd 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 anguish'd heart rejoice:
 Though earthly ties are riv'n,
 We still may hope to meet again
 In yonder peaceful heav'n.

LOVE.

351 *Love.* L. M.
 1 Cor. 13: 1-3.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 And nobler speech than angels use,
 If love be absent, I am found,
 Like tinkling brass—an empty sound.

- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fi'ry zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

352

As I have loved you.

John 13: 34.

C. M.

- O**UR God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below:
The heart with love to God inspir'd,
With love to man will glow.
- 2 None who are truly born of God
Can live at enmity;
Then may we love each other, Lord,
As we are lov'd by thee.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

353

Brotherly love.

Ps. 133.

C. M.

HOW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Free us from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through ev'ry bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above:
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

354

Love and charity.

1 Cor. 13: 4-13.

C. M.

- L**ET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.
- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.
- 4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time,
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.

- 5 She lays her own advantage by,
 To seek her neighbor's good ;
 So God's own Son came down to die,
 And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
 In all the realms above ;
 There faith and hope are known no more,
 But saints for ever love.

355

He first loved us.

1 John 4: 19.

7s.

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
 Love's sweet lessons to obey ;
 Sweeter lessons can not be,
 Loving him who first lov'd me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
 At thy bidding, may I move ;
 Prompt to serve and follow thee,
 Loving him who first lov'd me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in thy grace ;
 Learning how to love from thee—
 Loving him who first lov'd me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
 In obedience all her joy ;
 Ever new that joy will be,
 Loving him who first lov'd me.

356

Love and union.

11s.

FROM whence doth this love and this union arise,
 That knits, and so fastens our souls in such ties,
 That hatred and malice are conquered by love,
 So that nature and distance these ties can't remove.

- 2 In the garden of nature it cannot be found ;
 It grows and increases on *Immanuel's* ground ;
 From the veins of the Saviour it flows ever sweet,
 And we drink it most plenty at Jesus' blest feet.

JOY.

- 3 When in heavenly places together we sit,
Where the elders, and brethren, and sisters are met,
This love glows so sweetly in every heart,
We feel so united we're loth for to part.
- 4 The time so unnotic'd, it passes away,
We scarcely can miss a whole night or a day,
The union we feel and the love we enjoy
Is such, that our souls can never be cloy'd.
- 5 We preach and we pray, and we talk and we sing,
We tell our experience again and again ;
We talk about parting, but still we remain,
In love so united we cannot contain.
- 6 Each brother and sister their tythes must bring in,
Each one then does tell of some wonderful thing ;
Our love then increases to a glorious flame,
And we give all the glory to God and the Lamb.

JOY.

357

True happiness.

C. M.

- H**OW happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiv'n,
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.
- 2 Though, in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh ;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.
- 4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in rapture shall ascend
To everlasting day.

358

Joy, the fruit of the Spirit.

Gal. 5: 22.

C. M.

- J**OY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, 'till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

5 These are the joys that satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

359

The pearl of great price.

Matt 13: 45.

7s.

'T IS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'T is religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
If the Saviour is my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

360

The blessedness of the righteous.

Psalms 1.

C. M.

BLESS'D is the man who 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 placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

- 3 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
 Shall his profession shine ;
 While fruits of holiness appear
 Like clusters on the vine.
- 4 Not so the impious and unjust ;
 What vain designs they form !
 Their hopes are blown away like dust,
 Or chaff before the storm.
- 5 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
 Among the sons of grace,
 When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
 Appoints his saints a place.
- 6 His eye beholds the path they tread,
 His heart approves it well ;
 But crooked ways of sinners lead
 Down to the gates of hell.

CHRISTIAN DUTIES.

361

Occupy till I come.

Luke 19: 13.

S. M.

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

362

Be not slothful.

Heb. 6: 12.

C. M.

MY drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
 Awake, my sluggish soul!
 Nothing has half thy work to do,
 Yet nothing's half so dull.

- 2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
 Labor, and tug, and strive;
 Yet we, who have a heav'n 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's own 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 lie so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts?
 Come, holy Dove! from th' heav'nly hill,
 And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
 Upward our souls shall rise:
 With hands of faith, and wings of love,
 We'll fly and take the prize.

363

Justice and equity.

Matt. 7: 12.

C. M.

COME, let us search our ways and see:
 Have they been just and right?
 Is the great rule of equity
 Our practice and delight?

- 2 What we would have our neighbor do,
 Have we still done the same?
 From others ne'er withheld the due
 Which we from others claim?

OBEDIENCE.

- 3 Do we, in all we sell or buy,
 Integrity maintain?
 And, knowing God is always nigh,
 Renounce unrighteous gain?
- 4 Then may we raise our modest pray'r
 To God, the just and kind;
 May humbly cast on him our care,
 And hope his grace to find.

364

Charity to the poor.

Psalm 41: 1-3.

L. M.

- B**LEST is the man whose bowels 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 the time of sighs and grief,
 Shall find the Lord has bowels 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 heav'n.

OBEDIENCE.

365

To obey is better than to sacrifice.

1 Sam. 15: 22.

C. M.

- T**H' importance of a sacred rite
 Depends upon the Lord;
 For he's a Being infinite,
 And awful is his word.
- 2 If he a trifle shall command
 His creatures to fulfill,
 'T is not a trifle to withstand
 Or counteract his will.

- 3 Adam might think the thing but small,
 And ventur'd to transgress;
 But it produced a dreadful fall
 To all the human race.
- 4 These may appear but little things
 To do, or not to do;
 But see what grievous evil springs
 When not attended to.
- 5 Our business is to learn to know
 Our great Redeemer's will,
 And with a willing heart to go
 His pleasure to fulfill.
- 6 Whether the thing be great or small,
 It matters not to us;
 He is the Potter, and we all
 Are vessels for his use.

366

The Christian character.

L. M.

- THE Christian knows his God aright,
 And worships him with strong delight;
 He's taught of God, and truly wise—
 Still sets the Lord before his eyes.
- 2 The Christian hates his every sin—
 Evils external or within;
 And with an humble, contrite heart,
 From all that's sinful doth depart.
- 3 The Christian has a faith divine,
 And doth to faith obedience join;
 Believes the truth, the truth obeys,
 And always walks in holy ways.
- 4 The Christian is a man of God—
 He takes the pure, the heavenly road;
 All his affections rise above,
 And all his heart is full of love.

WHEN we cannot see our way,
 Let us trust, and still obey ;
 He who bids us forward go,
 Can not fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
 Though a passage seem denied ;
 Fearless let us still proceed,
 Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it seems the gloom of night,
 Though we see no ray of light ;
 Since the Lord himself is there,
 'T is not meet that we should fear.

4 Night with him is never night,
 Where he is, there all is light ;
 When he calls us, why delay ?
 They are happy who obey.

368 *For entire subjection to the will of God.* L. M.

THOU! who hast at thy command
 The hearts of all men in thy hand !
 Our wayward, erring hearts incline,
 To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;
 Mould every purpose of the soul ;
 O'er all may we victorious be,
 That stands between ourselves and thee.

3 Twice blest will all our blessings be,
 When we can look through them to thee .
 When each glad heart its tribute pays,
 Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 Still make us, when temptation's near,
 As our worst foe ourselves to fear ;
 And each vain-glorious thought to quell ;
 Teach us how Peter vow'd and fell.

- 5 Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,
 Against our mightiest foes prevail;
 Thy word our safety from alarm,
 Our strength thine everlasting arm.
- 6 And while we to thy glory live,
 May we to thee all glory give,
 Until the joyful summons come,
 That calls thy willing servants home.

PERFECTION.

369 *Rooted and built up in him.* C. M.
 Col. 2: 7.

- T**EACH me yet more of thy blest ways,
 Thou holy Lamb of God;
 And fix and root me in the grace
 So dearly bought with blood.
- 2 O tell me often of each wound,
 Of ev'ry grief and pain;
 And let my heart with joy confess,
 From hence comes all my gain.
- 3 For this, O may I freely count
 Whate'er I have but loss;
 And ev'ry name, and ev'ry thing,
 Compar'd with thee, but dross.
- 4 Engrave this deeply on my heart
 With an eternal pen:
 That I may, in some small degree,
 Return thy love again.

370 *Be ye perfect as your Father, etc.* L. M.
 Matt. 5: 48.

- G**REAT Author of the immortal mind!
 For noblest tho'ts and views design'd,
 Make me ambitious to express
 The image of thy holiness.
- 2 While I thy boundless love admire,
 Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
 Thus shall my heav'nly birth be known,
 And for thy child thou wilt me own.

- 3 Father, I see thy sun arise
 To cheer thy friends and enemies ;
 And, when thy rain from heav'n descends,
 Thy bounty both alike befriends.
- 4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine ;
 My moral pow'rs by grace refine ;
 So shall I feel another's woe,
 And cheerful feed an hungry foe.
- 5 I hope for pardon, through thy Son,
 For all the crimes which I have done ;
 O may the grace that pardons me,
 Constrain me to forgive like thee!

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIMAGE.

371 *The heavenly mariner.* H. M. 6 & 8.

- T**HROUGH tribulations deep,
 The way to glory is,
 This stormy course I keep,
 On these tempestuous seas:
 By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driv'n,
 Freight'd with grace and bound to heav'n.
- 2 Sometimes temptations blow
 A dreadful hurricane,
 And high the waters flow,
 And o'er the sides break in :
 But still my little ship outbraves
 The blust'ring winds and surging waves.
- 3 When I in my distress,
 My anchor, hope, can cast,
 Within the promises,
 It holds my vessel fast ;
 Safely she then at anchor rides,
 'Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.
- 4 If a dead calm ensues,
 And heaven no breezes gives,
 The oar of prayer I use ;
 I tug, and toil, and strive ;

Through storms and calms, for many a day
I make but very little way.

- 5 But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale,
And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or two before.
- 6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
The sun doth not appear;
Nor can I in the night
Behold the moon or star;
Sometimes for days and weeks or more,
I cannot see the sky or shore.
- 7 The BIBLE is my chart,
By it the seas I know;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show;
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points forever true.
- 8 I keep aloof from pride,
Those rocks I pass with care;
I studiously avoid
The whirlpool of despair;
Presumption's quicksands, too, I shun;
Near them I do not choose to run.
- 9 My vessel would be lost
In spite of all my care,
But that the Holy Ghost
Himself vouchsafes to steer:
And I through all my voyage will
Depend upon my steersman's skill.
- 10 Ere I can reach heaven's coast,
I must a gulf pass through,
Which dreadful proves to most,
For all this passage go.

But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
For God himself is at my helm.

- 11 When through this gulf I get,
Though rough, it is but short,
The pilot angels meet,
To bring me into port;
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe for evermore.

372 *Christ our Guide.* 8,7,8,7,4,7.
Ps. 47: 14.

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy pow'rful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

- 2 Open, Lord, thy crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow,
Let thy fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through.
Strong deliv'rer,
Be thou still our strength and shield.

- 3 Feed us with the heav'nly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be our sword, and shield, and banner,
Be our robe of righteousness.
Fight and conquer
All our foes by sov'reign grace.

- 4 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
Land us safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises,
We will ever give to thee.

373

"Hinder me not."

C. M.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways
 My journey I'll pursue;
 "Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
 For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where he goes;
 "Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
 I'll go at his command;
 "Hinder me not;" for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be,—
 "Hinder me not;" come, welcome Lord;
 I'll gladly go with thee.

374

"As unknown, and yet well known."

2 Cor. 6: 9.

C. M.

WHAT poor, despised company
 Of travelers are these,
 Who walk in yonder narrow way,
 Along the rugged maze?

2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
 All children of a King;
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
 And, lo! for joy they sing.

3 Why do they, then, appear so mean,
 And why so much despis'd?
 Because of their rich robes, unseen,
 The world is not appris'd.

4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
 And lacking daily bread?
 O! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
 With hidden manna fed!

PRAYER.

- 5 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.
- 6 Why must they shun that pleasant path
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the way to death,
The open road to hell.
- 7 What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

375

Consolation in trials.

L. M.

- O** WHEN shall all these trials cease?
When shall we lay these burdens down?
When shall we reach that perfect peace?
When shall we wear the victor's crown?
- 2 All sorrows, conflicts, toils, and pains,
Which we in trials here endure,
But fit us more for heav'nly gains,
And make our minds and hearts more pure.
- 3 When death shall end these toilsome rounds,
And all our conflicts shall be o'er,
O may the Saviour take us home,
Where we can rest forever more.
- 4 There shall all sorrows, toils, and pain,
And conflicts cease, on that blest shore:
O! then, press onward, while 't is gain,—
Our foes will soon molest no more.

PRAYER.

376

The mercy-seat.

L. M.

FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place of all on earth most sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

377

Hindrances to prayer.

1 Peter 3: 7.

L. M.

- WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd clouds withdraw;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love—
Gives ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

378

What is prayer?

C. M.

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

- 2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
- 3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say—"Behold, he prays."
- 5 Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death;
He enters heav'n with pray'r.

379

Prayer in perplexity.

C. M.

THOU great First Cause! least under-
In ev'ry clime ador'd; [stood,
We all know this—that thou art good,
The universal Lord!

- 2 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.
- 3 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

380

Prayer answered by crosses.

L. M.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
 In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;
 Might more of his salvation know,
 And seek more earnestly his face:

- 2 I hoped that in some favor'd hour
 At once he'd answer my request;
 And, by his love's constraining pow'r,
 Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 3 Instead of this, he made me feel
 The hidden evils of my heart,
 And let the angry pow'rs of hell
 Assault my soul in every part.
- 4 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
 Intent to aggravate my woe;
 Cross'd all the fair designs I schemed,
 Blasted my hopes, and laid me low.
- 5 "Lord, why is this." I trembling cried—
 "Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
 "'T is in this way," the Lord replied,
 "I answer pray'r for grace and faith.
- 6 "These inward trials I employ,
 From self and pride to set thee free;
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

381

A prayer for submission.

S. M.

I WANT a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease;
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my suff'rings less.

- 2 This blessing above all,
 Always to pray, I want;
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.

- 3 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim—
 Unmoved by threat'ning or reward—
 To thee and thy great name.
- 4 A jealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.
- 5 I want with all my heart
 Thy pleasures to fulfill;
 To know myself, and what thou art,
 And what thy perfect will.
- 6 I want I know not what:
 I want my wants to see;
 I want, alas! what want I not,
 When thou art not in me?

382 *Short and fervent prayer the best.* C. M.
 Matt. 6: 7, 8.

- L ORD, in thy courts we now appear,
 And bow before thy throne;
 Before our lips begin to move,
 Our wants to thee are known.
- 2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,
 The meaning of a sigh;
 Dear Father, hear our humble pray'r,
 And bring thy blessing nigh.
- 3 Few be our words, and short our pray'rs,
 While we together meet;
 Short duties keep th' attention up
 And make devotion sweet.

383 *Pray with the understanding.* S. M.

- I OFTEN say my prayers,
 But do I ever pray?
 And do the wishes of my heart
 Call forth the words I say?

- 2 I may as well kneel down
 To worship gods of stone,
 As offer to the living God
 A prayer of words alone.
- 3 For words without the heart
 The Lord will never hear,
 Nor will he ever care for those
 Whose prayers are not sincere.
- 4 Lord, teach me what I want,
 And teach me how to pray,
 Nor let me e'er implore thy grace,
 Not feeling what I say.
- 5 Lord, keep me from the sin
 Of praying thee amiss ;
 In asking thee such humble things,
 Not willing to receive.

384 *Spare thy people, etc.* 8s, 7s & 4s.
 Joel 2 : 16.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;
 All will turn to desolation,
 Unless thou return again ;
 Lord, revive us !
 All our help must come from thee !

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thy assistance,
 Ev'ry plant should droop and die ;
 Lord, revive us !
 All our help must come from thee !

3 Let our mutual love be fervent ;
 Make us prevalent in pray'rs ;
 Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's alluring snares ;
 Lord, revive us !
 All our help must come from thee !

PRAYER.

- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh;
 Lord, revive us!
 All our help must come from thee!

385

Prayer divinely inspired.

Rom. 8: 26.

C. M.

- P**RAY'R is the breath of God in man,
 Returning whence it came;
 Love is the sacred fire within,
 And pray'r the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burden'd spirit ease,
 And soothes the troubled breast,
 Yields comfort to the mourner here,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
 He hath an ear to hear;
 To him there's music in a groan,
 And beauty in a tear.
- 4 The humble suppliant can not fail
 To have his wants supplied,
 Since he for sinners intercedes,
 Who once for sinners died.

386

Daily devotion.

S. M.

- L**ET sinners take their course,
 And choose the road 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 blessings 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 But I, with all my cares,
 Will lean upon the Lord;
 I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
 And rest upon his word.

387

Pray without ceasing.

L. M.

PRAY'R was appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give:
 Long as they live must Christians pray,
 For only while they pray they live.

- 2 The Christian's heart his pray'r indites,
 He speaks as prompted from within;
 The Spirit his petition writes,
 And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay,
 If guilt deject, or sins distress,
 In every case, still watch and pray.
- 4 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known;
 Fear not, his merits must prevail;
 Ask but in faith, it must be done.

THE RACE.

388

He being dead, yet speaketh.

Heb. 11: 4.

C. M.

RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
 By ancient worthies trod;
 Aspiring, view those holy men
 Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
 And in example live;
 Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
 Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious
 They conquer'd ev'ry foe; [blood
 To his almighty pow'r and grace
 Their crowns of life they owe.

- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
 The patterns thou hast given,
 And ne'er forsake the blessed road
 That led them safe to heav'n.

389

The Christian race.

Heb. 12: 1.

C. M.

A WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
 And press with vigor on;
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

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

- 3 'T is God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 'T is his own hand presents the prize
 To thine uplifted eye;—

- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
 Which shall new luster boast,
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
 Shall blend in common dust.

390

Prayer for help to win the prize.

S. M.

O LORD, help me to live,
 While here on earth I stay,
 That I the crown of life receive,
 When done with life's dark day.

- 2 Help me to win the prize
 That Christ has set before,
 And be with him in Paradise
 When time shall be no more.

- 3 Temptations oft arise,
 Here in this wilderness,
 And Satan, in his craft, oft tries
 To rob our heaven of bliss.

- 4 I put my trust below,
 My faith, my all in thee;
 For thou hast made a way for all,
 Hast made a way for me.
- 5 Strengthen my hope and faith
 To march along in love,
 And fit me out, in time of grace,
 To dwell with thee above.

REPROOF.

391 *“Admonish him as a brother.”* C. M.
 2 Thess. 3: 15.

- S**PEAK gently to the erring ones;—
 Ye know not all the pow'r
 With which the dark temptation came,
 In some unguarded hour.
- 2 Ye may not know how earnestly
 They struggled, or how well,
 Until the hour of weakness came,
 And sadly thus they fell.
- 3 Speak gently to the erring one:—
 O do not thou forget,
 However darkly stain'd by sin,
 He is thy brother yet.
- 4 Heir of the self-same heritage,
 Child of the self-same God,
 He hath but stumbled in the path
 Thou hast in weakness trod.
- 5 Speak gently to the erring ones:
 For is it not enough
 That innocence and peace are gone,
 Without our censure rough?
- 6 It surely is a weary lot
 That sin-crushed heart to bear;
 And they who share a happier fate
 Their chidings well may spare.

392

Duty to the erring.

James 5: 20. L. M

WOULDST thou an erring soul redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God?

Wouldst thou a guardian angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod?

2 Go kindly to him—take his hand,
With gentlest words, within thine own;
And by his side a brother stand
Till thou the demon, sin, dethrone.

3 Scorn not the guilty, then, but plead
With him in kindest, gentlest mood,
And back the lost one thou mayst lead
To God, humanity and good!

4 Thou art thyself but man, and thou
Art weak, perchance, to fall as he;
Then mercy to the fallen show,
That mercy may be shown to thee!

393

Reproof.

11s.

CHIDE mildly the erring, kind language endears;
Grief follows the sinful, add not to their tears;
Avoid with reproaches fresh pain to bestow,
The heart which is stricken needs never a blow.

2 Chide mildly the erring, jeer not at their fall;
If strength be but human, how weakly were all,
No marvel that footsteps should wander astray,
When tempests so shadow life's wearisome way.

3 Chide mildly the erring, entreat them with care;
Their natures are mortal, they need not despair.
We all have some frailty, we all are unwise, [skies
The grace which redeems us must come from the

SELF EXAMINATION.

394

The Christian's inquiry.

7s.

'TIS a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

- 2 If I love, why am I thus—
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Prayer a task and burden prove,
 Every trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 Lord, I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?
- 5 Could I joy the saints to meet,
 Choose the way I once abhorr'd,
 Find at times the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord?
- 6 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
 Thou, who art thy people's sun;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.
- 7 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray;
 If I have not loved before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

WATCHFULNESS.

395

Watching against evil talk.

Psalm 39: 1.

C. M.

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 And if I'm 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.

THE WARFARE.

- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
 The pious thoughts I feel,
 Lest scoffers should the occasion take
 To mock my holy zeal.
- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
 I'll not be overaw'd,
 But let the scoffing sinners hear
 That I can speak for God.

396

The watchful servant.

Matt. 24: 42.

S. M.

- Y**E servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait,
 Observant of his heav'nly word,
 And watchful at 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! 't is 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 crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
 With his own bounteous hand,
 And raise that fav'rite servant's head
 Amidst th' angelic band.

THE WARFARE.

397

If we suffer, we shall also reign, etc.

2 Tim. 2: 12.

C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross?
 A follow'r 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 flow'ry beds of ease,
 Whilst others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are their 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 view the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine,
 In robes of victory, through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

398

C. M.

ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!
 What snares beset my way!
 To heaven O let me lift mine eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.

- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears:
 My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
 How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid;
 Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Though trembling and afraid.

- 4 Increase my faith, confirm my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
 Or lure my feet aside,
 My God, thy pow'rful aid impart,
 My guardian and my guide.

399

The way to heaven.

7 & 6

- CALLED to a sense of duty,
 I would obey the call;
 And for the sake of Jesus,
 I freely give up all;
 My former vain enjoyments,
 Of pleasure, pride and gain,
 That I in Jesus' kingdom
 A mansion may obtain.
- 2 How often have I struggled,
 But held some foolish sin;
 Yet, to the heavenly kingdom
 I meant to enter in;
 But now I am persuaded
 That nothing else will do,
 But Jesus for my portion,
 And holy joys pursue.
- 3 Come, who will travel with me
 The way that leads to heaven?
 And follow none but Jesus
 The way which he hath given;
 And take his word for counsel,
 His spirit for a guide;
 And make a full surrender
 Of ev'rything beside?
- 4 What though the world reproach us,
 And say we're mean and poor;

No matter what we suffer,
 If we can reach the shore ;
 'T will make the glory sweeter,
 And raise our praises higher ;
 And we shall be completer,
 When purified by fire.

400

Christian watchfulness.

1 Cor. 16: 13.

S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard ;
 Ten thousand foes arise ;
 And 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 ;
 Thy 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,
 To his divine abode.

401

*Thou shalt remember all the way which
 the Lord thy God led thee.*

L. M.

Deut. 8: 2.

THUS far my God hath led me on,
 And made his truth and mercy known
 My hopes and fears alternate rise,
 And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
 Far distant from my blissful home ;
 Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
 And guard me in this dangerous way.

- 3 Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sin and snares my peace destroy ;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in this wilderness below?
- 6 'T is even so, thy faithful love
Doth thus thy children's graces prove ;
'T is thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in All.

402

Tribulation.

C. M.

- T**HE souls that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure,
That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be none exempt ;
'T is God's own wise decree,
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free.
- 3 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within ;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the sting of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often lift us up ;
And then how proud we grow ;
'Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And down we sink as low.

- 5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
 To catch the wand'ring heart,
 And seldom do we see the snares,
 Before we feel the smart.
- 6 But let not all this terrify,
 Pursue the narrow path:
 Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
 And fight with sin by faith.
- 7 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong,
 His promises are true,
 We shall be conq'rors all ere long,
 And more than conq'rors too.

403

Pride.

S. M.

- I NNUMERABLE foes
 Attack the child of God;
 He feels within the weight of sin,
 A grievous, galling load.
- 2 Temptations too, without,
 Of various kinds assault;
 Sly snares beset his trav'ling feet,
 And make him often halt.
- 3 From sinners and from saints,
 He meets with many a blow:
 His own bad heart creates a smart
 Which only God can know.
- 4 But, though the hosts of hell
 Be neither weak nor small,
 One mighty foe deals dangerous woe,
 And hurts beyond them all.
- 5 'T is *pride*, accursed pride,
 That fiend by God abhor'd;
 Do what we will, it haunts us still,
 And keeps us from the Lord.
- 6 It blows its pois'nous breath,
 And bloats the soul with air;

The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,
And makes e'en grace a snare.

7 Awake, yea, while we sleep,

In all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad,
Its hold we cannot break.

8 In other ills, we find

The hand of heaven not slack:
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back.

9 'T is hurtful when perceiv'd,

When not perceiv'd 't is worse;
Unseen or seen it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force.

10 Against its influence pray,

It mingles with the prayer;
Against it preach, it prompts the speech,
Be silent, still 't is there.

11 This moment, while I write,

I feel its power within;
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.

12 Thou meek and lowly Lamb,

This haughty *tyrant* kill,
That wounded thee, though thou wast free,
And grieves thy spirit still.

13 Our condescending God

To whom else should we go?
Remove our *pride* whate'er betide,
And lay and keep us low.

14 Thy *garden* is the place,

Where *pride* cannot intrude;
For should it dare to enter there,
'T would soon be drown'd in blood.

'T IS my happiness below,
 Not to live without the cross;
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss.
 Trials must and will befall;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain and toil;
 These spring up and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil:
 Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to pray'r,
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way;
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a-cast-away;
 Bastards may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
 But the true-born child of God,
 Must not, would not, if he might.

WHEN converts first begin to sing,
 Their happy souls are on the wing;
 Their theme is all redeeming love,
 Fain would they be with Christ above.

2 With admiration they behold
 The love of Christ, that can't be told;
 They view themselves upon the shore,
 And think the battle all is o'er.

- 3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain:
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is cast down to hell.
- 4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring;
Ring with melodious, joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.
- 5 But 't is not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel:
They think their former hopes are vain,
For they are bound in Satan's chain.
- 6 The morning, that did shine so bright,
Is turned to the shades of night;
Their hearts that did with music sing,
Are now untuned in ev'ry string.
- 7 O! foolish child, why didst thou boast
In the enlargement of thy coast?
Why didst thou think to fly away,
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay?
- 8 Come, take up arms, and face the field,
Come, gird on harness, sword, and shield;
Stand fast in faith, fight for your king,
And soon the vict'ry you shall win.

406

Christian warfare.

7s.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One who loves us to the end;
Forward then with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news shall come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

2 In the world a thousand snares
 Lie to take us unawares;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded heart;
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so apt to turn our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes we have within;
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these:
 Then the joyful news will come,
 Child your Father calls—come home.

407 *The Christian warfare.* M. 8s & 7s

CHRISTIAN soldiers, wake to glory!
 Hark, your Leader bids you rise;
 See the crown of life before you,
 March to seize the heavenly prize.

2 Let the hope of full salvation,
 Helmet-like, your head adorn;
 Be the gospel's preparation
 On your feet like sandals worn.

3 Let your loins around be girded
 By the truth your lips profess;
 From your breast be danger warded
 By the plate of righteousness.

4 Let your prayers ascend with fervor,
 Without ceasing to the Lord:
 Not an unconcerned observer,
 Timely succor he'll afford.

5 Faith and hope must never languish,
 All your cares upon him cast;
 He'll enable you to vanquish
 Every enemy at last.

DEATH.

408

Self-denial.

C. M.

- THE way of life in Christ doth lead
 Us all beneath the cross;
 We must, who future life would find,
 Of *self* sustain a loss.
- 2 If we the Saviour would obey,
 We must forsake the world,
 And choose the straight and narrow way
 He showeth in his word.
- 3 Ourselves we always must deny
 Of all our lust and pride,
 And pluck out the offending eye,
 Which with the world would side.
- 4 'T is death to *self*, thus to comply;
 But God we ne'er can praise
 Unless we do ourselves deny,
 From all our evil ways.
- 5 Then let us always earnest strive
 And willingly obey,
 That we may gain eternal life
 In that amazing day.

DEATH.

409

Death and the resurrection.

S. M

- AND must this body die?
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine,
 Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth and worms,
 Shall but refine my flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes,
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
 And often 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,
 Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesu's dying love;
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his pow'r above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
 With our immortal tongues.

410

Separations in time.

6s & 8s.

- F**RRIEND after friend departs:
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end;
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.
- 3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown;
 A whole eternity of love,
 Form'd for the good alone;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that happier sphere.

411

Here we have no continuing city.

L. M.

- “**W**E'VE no abiding city here:”
 Heb. 13: 14.
 This may distress the worldly mind,
 But should not cost a saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

- 2 "We've no abiding city here:"
 Sad truth, were this to be our home;
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 "We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here,"
 Then let us live as pilgrims do;
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here,"
 We seek a city out of sight:
 Zion its name—the Lord is there,
 It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O! sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are
 Had I the pinions of the dove, [blest;
 I'd fly to thee and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine,
 The time my God appoints is best:
 While here, to do his will be mine;
 And his to fix my time of rest.

412

Go to thy rest, fair child.

S. M.

- GO to thy rest, fair child!
 Go to thy dreamless bed,
 While yet so gentle, undefil'd,
 With blessings on thy head.
- 2 Before thy heart had learn'd
 In waywardness to stray;
 Before thy feet had ever turn'd
 The dark and downward way;
- 3 Ere sin had sear'd the breast,
 Or sorrow woke the tear;
 Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
 In yon celestial sphere!
- 4 Because thy smile was fair,
 Thy lip and eye so bright,
 Because thy loving cradle care
 Was such a dear delight;

5 Shall love, with weak embrace,
 Thy upward wing detain?
 No! gentle angel, seek thy place
 Amid the cherub train.

413 *Death of an infant.* L. M.

SO fades the lovely, blooming flow'r,
 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?
 Divine Redeemer, be thou nigh:
 Thy comforts were not made to die.

3 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
 And dying hope revives again;
 Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
 And faith points upward to the sky.

414 *The death of the righteous.* L. M.
 Num. 23: 10.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
 When sinks a weary soul to rest!
 How mildly beam the closing eyes!
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys;
 And naught disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
 How bright th' unchanging morn appears?
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies,
 While heav'n and earth combine to say,
 "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

415 *The promised land.* Rev. 21: 4. C. M.

- F**AR from these narrow scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns.
- 3 No clouds those blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.
- 4 There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
 But glory from the sacred throne
 Spreads everlasting day.
- 5 O, may the heav'nly prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire
 Bear ev'ry thought above!
- 6 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
 For thy bright courts on high;
 Then bid our spirits rise and join
 The chorus of the sky.

416 *Blessed are the dead, etc.* Rev. 14: 13. C. M.

- H**EAR what the voice from heav'n pro-
 For all the pious dead; [claims
 Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
 How kind their slumbers are!
 From suff'ring and from sin releas'd,
 And freed from every snare.

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

417 *Death the gate of heaven.* L. M.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

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.

418 *Christ blessing children.* C. M.
 Matt. 19: 15.

THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
 With transport all divine;
 Thine image trace in ev'ry word,
 Thy love in ev'ry 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 tender lambs," said he,
 "And lay them on 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 our love;
 Millions of infant souls compose
 'The family above.
- 5 "Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
 And mould with heav'nly skill:
 I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
 And hands to do my will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout, with joys divine,
 Dear Saviour, all we have and are
 Shall be forever thine.

419

The happy change.

L. M.

FROM his low bed of mortal dust,
 Escap'd the prison of his clay,
 The new inhabitant of bliss
 To heaven directs his upward way.

- 2 Ye fields! that witness'd once his tears,
 Ye winds! that wafted oft his sighs,
 Ye mountains, where he breath'd his pray'rs,
 Where sorrow's shadow vail'd his eyes—
- 3 No more the weary pilgrim mourns,
 No more affliction wrings his heart;
 Th' unfetter'd soul to God returns—
 Forever he and anguish part.
- 4 Receive, O earth, his faded form,
 In thy cold bosom let it lie;
 Safe let it rest from ev'ry storm—
 Soon must it rise, no more to die.

420

The Christian's parting hour.

L. M.

- HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
 When all is peaceful and serene,
 And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
 Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
 So peacefully he sinks to rest;
 When faith, endued from heaven with pow'r,
 Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
 That smile upon his wasted cheek!
 They tell us of his glory nigh,
 In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 A beam from heav'n is sent to cheer
 The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
 And angels are attending near,
 To bear him to their bright abode.
- 5 Who would not wish to die like those
 Whom God's own spirit deigns to bless?
 To sink into that soft repose,
 Then wake to perfect happiness?

421

On the death of a child.

C. M.

- WAKE up, my muse, condole the loss
 Of those who mourn this day;
 Let tears run down on every face,
 And every mourner pray.
- 2 The tyrant, death, came rushing in,
 And here, his pow'r to show,
 With icy hand he touched this child,
 And laid its visage low.
- 3 No more the pleasant child is seen,
 To please the parent's eye;
 The tender plant, so fresh and green,
 Is in eternity.

- 4 The golden bowl by death is broke,
The pitcher burst in twain;
The cistern wheel has felt the stroke,
The pleasant child is slain.
- 5 The winding-sheet enfolds its limbs,
The coffin holds it fast;
To-day 't is seen by all its friends,
But this must be the last—
- 6 Until the Lord doth come to judge
The nations great and small;
When you and I the test shall stand,
Or at his presence fall.

422 *Death of a pastor.* 8s & 7s.

PASTOR, thou art from us taken
In the glory of thy years,
As the oak, by tempest shaken,
Falls ere time its verdure sears.

- 2 Pale and cold we see thee lying
In God's temple, once so dear,
And the mourners' bitter sighing
Falls unheeded on thine ear.
- 5 May the cong'ring faith that cheer'd thee
When thy foot on Jordan press'd,
Guide our spirits while we leave thee
In the tomb that Jesus bless'd.

423 *The death of children.* C. M.

YE mourning saints, whose streaming
Flow o'er your children dead, [tears
Say not in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and rev'rence view
A heav'nly parent nigh.

DEATH.

- 3 Though, your young branches torn away,
 Like wither'd trunks ye stand,
 With fairer verdure shall ye bloom
 Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.
- 4 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
 Through which thy face we see, [hearts
 And bless those wounds which through our
 Prepare a way for thee.

424 *Adieu to the dying saint.* L. M

FAREWELL, bright soul, a short farewell,
 Till we shall meet again above;
 In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell
 And trees of life bear fruits of love.

- 2 There glory sits on every face,
 There friendship smiles in every eye;
 There shall our tongues relate the grace
 That leads us homeward to the sky.
- 3 O'er all the names of Christ, the King,
 Shall our harmonious voices rove;
 Our harps shall sound from every string
 The wonders of his bleeding love.
- 4 Come sov'reign Lord! dear Saviour, come!
 Remove these separating days;
 Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home,
 That golden hour, how long it stays!
- 5 Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest;
 Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
 Till we, from bands of clay released,
 Spring out and climb the shining road.

425 *Death of a minister in his prime.* Deut. 34: 7. 10s.

GO to thy grave in all thy glorious prime,
 In full activity of zeal and power:
 A Christian's always ready for his time;
 The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

DEATH.

- 2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest task is done.
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.
- 3 Go to the grave; for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
And all the ransom'd, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
- 4 Go to the grave?—no: take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou, for faith and hope, hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

426

The bereaved husband.

L. M.

- YES, she is gone—yet do not thou
The goodness of the Lord distrust;
But meekly to his wisdom bow,
Who lays thy lov'd one in the dust.
The form is there—but seek not there
The spirit born for light and love;
Look upward—free from sin and care,
It rests in joy with God above.
- 2 Through many checker'd scenes of life,
Ye hand in hand have journey'd on;
For her the labor and the strife
Are o'er—the peaceful goal is won.
The pleasant voice and cheering smile,
Which oft hath sooth'd thy harass'd mind,
Are gone but for a little while,
She hath not left thee far behind.
- 3 Then mourn not that an heir of grace
Has reach'd the goal of hope and faith;
Press onward in the Christian race;
Brief is your parting now by death.
Soon thou too wilt be called to leave
This earth, where sadly thou dost roam;
Soon joyfully wilt thou receive,
In heav'n, her gentle "Welcome Home."

427

The widow's God.

L. M.

- I**N this lone hour of deep distress,
 When heavy sorrows round me press,
 Encourag'd by thy gracious word,
 I trust thee as the widow's God.
- 2 A husband lies in death's embrace,
 The grave is now his resting-place;
 O, as I pass beneath thy rod,
 Reveal thyself the widow's God.
- 3 Assuage my grief, remove my fears,
 Suppress my murm'ring, dry my tears;
 Help me to own thee as my Lord,
 And bless thee as the widow's God.
- 4 Be thou my counsellor and stay,
 Protect by night, and guide by day;
 Then, as I travel life's rough road,
 I'll praise thee as the widow's God.

428

A funeral thought.

C. M.

- H**ARK! from the tomb 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 tow'rs!
 The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
 Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more?
- 4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

429 *Death of a mother.* L. M. Double.

THE time is short, the season nears,
That I must leave this vale of tears;
Dear friends, you need not mourn that I
Am called so early for to die.
I hope to rest in that abode,
Where my dear Saviour and my God
Together there in union are,
And angels sing the happy choir.

- 2 I leave you in God's care below,
My husband and my children too,
Now try to serve your Saviour here,
And travel through this vale with fear;
That, when you leave this world below,
That Christ to you may mercy show,
And to his Kingdom take you in,
No more to be defiled by sin.

430 *Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.* 8s & 7s.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of ev'ning,
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 't is 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.

431

Asleep in Jesus.

1 Thess. 4: 14.

L. M.

- A** SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep
 From which none ever wakes to weep;
 A calm and undisturb'd repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death has lost its venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest:
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be:
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
 Affects this precious hiding-place:
 On Indian plains or Lapland snows
 Believers find the same repose.

432

Ye are not your own.

1 Cor. 6: 19.

C. M.

- W**HY should our tears in sorrow flow,
 When God recalls his own;
 And bids them leave a world of woe
 For an immortal crown?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
 Whose life to God was giv'n?
 Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
 To open them in heav'n.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
 And they are fully blest:
 They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
 And enter'd into rest.

- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow—
 God has recall'd his own ;
 And let our hearts, in ev'ry woe,
 Still say—"Thy will be done!"

433

Death of a youth.

C. M.

- W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd 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, imprest
 With awful pow'r—I too must die—
 Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more ;
 Behold the gaping tomb !
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,
 May ev'ry heart obey ;
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose pow'rful arm can save ;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing pow'r ;
 This only can prepare the heart,
 For death's surprising hour.

434

Death disarmed.

C. M.

- W**HY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to his arms.

DEATH.

- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
 To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble, to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
 And softened ev'ry bed;
 Where shall the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose; ascended high,
 And show'd our feet the way;
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
 At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise;
 Awake, ye nations under ground,
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

435

Our mortality.

Psalm 90: 12. 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'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
 Like shadows o'er the plain,
 They rage and strive, desire and love,
 But all their noise is vain.

- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show ;
 Some dig for golden ore ;
 They toil for heirs they know not who,
 And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
 From creatures earth and dust ?
 They make our expectations vain,
 And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
 My fond desire recall ;
 I give my mortal int'rest up,
 And make my God my all.

436

Man's future destiny.

S. M.

- AND am I born to die ?
 To lay this body down ?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown ?
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me ?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be.
- 3 I must from God be driv'n,
 Or with my Saviour dwell :
 Must come at his command to heav'n,
 Or else—depart to hell.
- 4 Show me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe ;
 That when thou comest on thy throne,
 I may with joy appear.
- 5 Thou art thyself the way—
 Thyself to me reveal ;
 So shall I spend my life's short day
 Obedient to thy will.

437 *Death and immediate glory.* 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 'T is 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 'T is pleasant to believe thy grace,
 But we had rather see ;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

438 *Death of a mother.* C. M.

MY mother died, and is no more,
 Upon this vale of tears ;
 Her spirit's fled to that bright shore
 Where pleasures banish fears.

2 Her body 's lying in the ground,
 Her soul is with its God ;
 Nothing of her on earth is found ;
 She gained the rest she sought.

3 Released from all her fears and pains
 And all her tears below ;
 Forever on those brighter plains,
 Where living fountains flow.

- 4 She dwells secure from Satan's power,
 With Christ, her living Head ;
 She reaps reward from sorrow's hour,
 And joys for tears she shed.

439 *Sorrow turned to joy.* 8s & 7s.
 John 16: 20.

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 Struggling through the latest passion
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest;
 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear thy transitory pain;
 Die, to live a life of glory;
 Suffer, with the Lord to reign.

440 *Brevity and uncertainty of life.* C. M.
 Psalm 39: 4-7.

THREE we adore, eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we!

- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and months increase,
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.

- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Infinite joy, or wretched woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!
- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

441

Death of a child.

C. M.

- A**N early summons Jesus sends
To call a child above:
And whispers o'er the weeping friends,
'Tis all the fruit of love.
- 2 To save the darling child from woe,
And guard it from all harms,
From all the griefs you feel below,
I call'd it to my arms.
- 3 Ah, do not rashly with me strive,
Nor vainly fast or weep;
The child, though dead, is yet alive,
And only fall'n asleep.
- 4 'Tis on the Saviour's bosom laid,
And feels no sorrow there;
'Tis by a heavenly parent fed,
And needs no more your care.
- 5 To you the child was only lent,
While mortal it was thine;
But now, in robes immortal pent,
It lives forever mine.

442

Death of a mother.

L. M.

THE bosom where I oft have lain,
 And slept my infant hours away,
 Will never beat for me again,
 'T is still in death ! 'T is lifeless clay !

- 2 How many were the silent prayers
 My mother offered up for me !
 How many were the bitter cares
 She felt, when none but God could see !
- 3 Well, she is gone, and now in heaven
 She sings his praise, who died for her ;
 And to her hand a harp is given,
 And she's a heavenly worshiper.
- 4 O let me think of all she said,
 And all the kind advice she gave ;
 And let me do it now she's dead,
 And sleeping in her lowly grave.
- 5 And let me choose the path she chose,
 And her I soon again may see,
 Beyond this world of sin and woes,
 With Jesus, in eternity.

443

A thought of death and glory.

C. M

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 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
 The hollow, gaping tomb :
 This gloomy prison waits for you,
 Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 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.

- 4 Then should we see the saints above
 In their own glorious forms,
 And wonder why our souls should love
 To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 How should we scorn these clothes of flesh,
 These fetters, and this load,
 And long for evening, to undress,
 That we may rest with God.
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay,
 Before the summons come ;
 And pray, and wish our souls away
 To their eternal home.

444

Rest for the weary.

S. M.

- WHERE shall rest be found—
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'T is not the whole of life, to live,
 Nor all of death, to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath :—
 O, what eternal terrors hang
 Around the second death !
- 5 Lord, God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun ;
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 And evermore undone.

445

Death of a sister.

P. M. 8s

'T IS finished! the conflict is past,
 The heaven-born spirit is fled;
 Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
 A sister's entomb'd with the dead.
 The months of affliction are o'er,
 The days and the nights of distress;
 We see her in anguish no more—
 She's gain'd her soul's happy release.

2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
 Shall ever disquiet her now;
 For death to her spirit was gain,
 Since Christ was her life, here below.
 Her soul has now taken its flight
 To mansions of glory above,
 To mingle with angels of light,
 And dwell in the kingdom of love.

3 The victory now is obtain'd—
 She's gone her dear Saviour to see,
 Her wishes she fully has gain'd—
 She's gone where she long wish'd to be.
 Then let us forbear to complain,
 That she has now gone from our sight;
 We soon shall behold her again,
 With new and redoubled delight.

446 *Let me die the death of the righteous.* C. M.

WITH what a fix'd and peaceful mind,
 The righteous man expires!
 Behold him breathing out his soul,
 In hopes and blest desires!

2 No sin or fears disturb his soul,
 No terror from below;
 Nor worldly glory stops his flight,
 Or makes him loth to go.

3 Bright hosts of angels 'round his bed,
 With holy ardor stand;
 Ready to bear aloft his soul,
 At Jesus' high command.

4 How this bright hope, this blessed hope
 My longing spirit charms!
 O let me live and die like him,
 Enclos'd in Jesus' arms.

447 *Death of a young person.* C. M.

HOW short the race our friend has run,
 Cut down in all his bloom!—
 The course but yesterday begun,
 Now finish'd in the tomb.

2 Few are thy days, and full of woe,
 O man, of woman born!
 Thy doom is written—dust thou art,
 To dust thou shalt return.

3 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon
 Thy years may end their flight;
 Long, long before life's brilliant noon,
 May come death's gloomy night.

5 To serve thy God no longer wait,
 To-day his voice regard;
 To-morrow mercy's open gate
 May be forever barred.

5 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,
 Thy youthful love to gain—
 The soul that early seeks my face,
 Shall never seek in vain.

448 *Peaceful death of the righteous.* C. M.

I LOOKED upon the righteous man,
 And saw his parting breath,
 Without a struggle or a sigh,
 Serenely yield to death:

There was no anguish on his brow,
 Nor terror in his eye:
 The spoiler aimed a fatal dart,
 But lost the victory.

- 2 I looked upon the righteous man,
 And heard the holy prayer.
 Which rose above that breathless form,
 To soothe the mourners' care,
 And felt how precious was the gift
 He to his loved ones gave—
 The stainless memory of the just,
 The wealth beyond the grave.
- 3 I looked upon the righteous man;
 And all our earthly trust
 Of pleasure, vanity, or pride,
 Seemed lighter than the dust,
 Compared with his celestial gain—
 A home above the sky:
 O, grant us, Lord, his life to live,
 That we like him may die.

449 *Voice from the dead.* C. M.

MY youthful mates, both small and great
 Stand here and you shall see
 A solemn sight, which is a type
 Of what you soon must be.

- 2 I did appear once fresh and fair,
 Among the youthful crowd;
 But now behold me dead and cold,
 Wrapped in a sable shroud.
- 3 My cheeks, once red like roses spread,
 My sparkling eye so gay;
 But now you see how 't is with me,
 A lifeless lump of clay.
- 4 When you are dressed in all your best,
 In fashion so complete,
 You soon must be, as you see me,
 Wrapped in a winding-sheet.

THE RESURRECTION.

- 5 When you unto your frolics go,
Remember that I say,
In a short time, though in your prime,
You may be called away.
- 6 Now I am gone, I can't return,
And me no more you'll see;
But it is true that all of you
Must shortly follow me.
- 7 When you unto my grave do go,
The gloomy place to see;
I say to you who stand and view,
Prepare to follow me.

THE RESURRECTION.

450

Triumph over death.

Job 19: 25-27.

C. M.

- G**REAT God, I own thy sentence just,
That nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the graves,
And trample on the tombs,
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.
- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

451 *Exulting in the resurrection.* C. M.

WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,
When opening graves shall yield their charge
And dust to life awake,—

- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupt arise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfill'd;
And death yields up his ancient reign,
And, vanquish'd, quits the field.
- 4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And now in triumph sing:—
O grave, where is thy victory?
And where, O death, thy sting?

452 *The dead and living saints meeting.* C. M.
1 Thess. 4: 17.

THE time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heav'ns and earth shall rend.

- 2 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
While earth's foundations shake.
- 3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heav'nly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.
- 4 A few short years of exile past,
We reach the happy shore;
Where death-divided friends, at last,
Shall meet to part no more.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

453 *The last lovely morning.* 11s.

THE last lovely morning, all blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting, and soon will appear.
The Bridegroom from glory to earth shall descend,
And thousands of angels around him attend.

2 The graves will be opened, the dead will arise,
And with their Redeemer will meet in the skies.
The saints, then immortal, in glory shall reign,
The bride with the Bridegroom forever remain.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

454 *Importance of time.* Eph. 5: 16. L. M.

O TIME! how few thy value weigh!
How few will estimate a day!
Days, months and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone.

2 In painful cares, in empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys;
While death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.

3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this his thoughts design'd
The frame of your immortal mind?

4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashion'd all the sons of time;
Then let us ev'ry day give heed,
That we his servants be indeed.

455 *Time fleeting.* 7s & 6s.

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 will be
Enclos'd 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,
 Far beyond the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

456 *Rapidity and uncertainty of time.* C. P. M.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years
 Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
 Around the steady pole;
 Time, like a tide, its motion keeps,
 And I must launch through endless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen;
 How swift the moments pass between,
 And whisper as they fly:
 Unthinking man, remember this—
 Though fond of sublunary bliss—
 That thou must groan and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call!
 Thy earthly tent must shortly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight,
 Beyond the vast expansive blue,
 To sing above, as angels do,
 Or sink in gloomy night.

457 *Vanity of earthly enjoyments.* Eccl. 1: 2. C. M.

HOW vain are all things here below,
 How false, and yet how fair!
 Each pleasure has its poison, too,
 And ev'ry 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.

458 *Your fathers, where are they?* S. M.
Zech. 1: 5.

HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea;
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

459 *Value of a moment.* L. M.

AT every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death;
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

- 2 Moment by moment years are past,
 And one ere long will be our last;
 There is a point no eye can see,
 Yet on it hangs eternity.
- 3 This is that moment—who shall tell,
 Whether it leads to heaven or hell?
 This is that moment—as we choose,
 Th' immortal soul we save, or lose.
- 4 Time past and time to come are not—
 Time present is our only lot;
 O God! henceforth our hearts incline,
 To seek no other love than thine.

460 *Boast not thyself of to-morrow.* Prov. 27: 1. S. M.

TO-MORROW, Lord! is thine,
 Lodg'd in thy sov'reign 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 pow'r,
 The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
 O, be it still pursued!
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renew'd.

461 *Serious prospect of eternity.* C. P. M

LO! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
 Yet how insensible!
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtless heart
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And save me, ere it be too late:
 Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright 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?

4 Be this my one great business here,
 With holy trembling, holy fear,
 To make my calling sure;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

462

Our frailty.

1 Peter 1: 24.

C. M.

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

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

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

4 But 't is our God supports our frame,
 The God who form'd us first;
 Praise be to his almighty name,
 That rear'd us from the dust,

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

463° *Here we have no abiding city.* L. M.

WE are not here for earth—no, no!
 We soon must leave all here below,
 Our labors here shall soon be done,
 When we must leave for worlds unknown.

- 2 How should we then our time employ,
 To reach the place of endless joy?
 How should we live, so that we may,
 Secure the bliss of endless day?

- 3 Come, let us then go hand in hand,
 All joining in a loving band,
 To help each other from the snares
 Which lie to take us unawares.

- 4 And when our warfare here shall cease,
 We reach the land of perfect peace:
 There can we all forever sing,
 Hosanna to our God and King.

464 *Eternity.* L. M.

ETERNITY is just at hand!
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
 And careless view departing day?
 And throw my inch of time away?

- 2° Lo! an eternity there is,
 Of endless woe, or endless bliss:
 And, swift as time fulfils its round,
 We to eternity are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind
 Have left this fleeting world behind! [see:
 They're gone! but where? ah, pause and
 Gone to a long eternity!

- 4 Sinner, canst thou forever dwell
 In all the fiery deeps of hell?
 And is death nothing, then, to thee—
 Death and a dread eternity?

465

Time is short.

C. M.

- “THE time is short!” the season near,
 When death will us remove,
 To leave our friends, however dear,
 And all we fondly love.
- 2 “The time is short!” sinners, beware,
 Nor trifle time away;
 The word of your salvation hear,
 While it is call’d to-day.
- 3 “The time is short!” ye rebels, now
 To Christ, the Lord, submit;
 To mercy’s golden sceptre bow,
 And yield at Jesus’ feet.
- 4 “The time is short!” ye saints, rejoice,
 The Lord will quickly come;
 Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom’s voice
 To call you to your home.
- 5 “The time is short!” it swiftly flies;
 The hour is just at hand,
 When we shall mount above the skies.
 And reach the wished-for land.

166

Rejoicing in view of death.

C. M.

- AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it droop and die;
 My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high;—
- 2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest—
 That only bliss for which it pants—
 In my Redeemer’s breast.

- 3 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain;
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain.
- 4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet
 With that enraptured host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet?
- 5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away—
 But let me find them all again,
 In that eternal day.

467

Shortness of time.

M. 7s

- S**WIFT the moments fly away—
 First the hour, and then the day,
 Next the week, the month, the year,
 Steal away, and disappear.
- 2 Time is ever on the wing,
 While I speak, or think, or sing!
 Whether night, or whether day,
 Time is rolling fast away!
- 3 Think, my soul! awake and see
 What will soon become of thee!
 Whither tending, canst thou tell—
 Up to heaven, or down to hell?
- 4 Jesus, I would humbly pray,
 Guide and keep me in the way;
 Every gift and grace bestow;
 Wean my heart from things below.

JUDGMENT.

JUDGMENT.

468 *Christ coming to judgment.* 8s, 7s, & 4.

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favored sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah!
 Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught, and sold him,
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 That they now condemn'd must be.

3 Now the Saviour, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear:
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air:
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear.

469 *Wheat and tares, or last harvest.* L. M.

THIS is the field, the world below,
 In which the sowers came to sow;
 Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares—
 For so the word of truth declares:
*And soon the reaping time will come,
 And angels take the harvest home.*

2 To love my sins, a saint appear,
 To grow with wheat and be a tare—
 May serve me while on earth below,
 Where tares and wheat together grow:
But soon the reaping time will come, &c.

3 Most awful truth! and is it so?
 Must all mankind the harvest know?

Is every one a wheat or tare?
 Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare:
For soon the reaping time will come, &c.

4 Then all who truly righteous be,
 Their Father's kingdom there shall see;
 But tares in bundles shall be bound,
 And cast to hell—O, doleful sound!
For soon the reaping time will come, &c.

470 *Banishment from God dreadful.* C. M

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

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
 Thou sovereign of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the sound, Depart?

3 The thunder of that dismal word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.

4 What! to be banish'd from my life,
 And yet forbid to die!
 To linger in eternal pain,
 Yet death forever fly!

5 O wretched state of deep despair!
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station, where
 I cannot taste his love!

6 O tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on thy hands!
 Show me some promise in thy book,
 Where my salvation stands!

471

The solemn parting.

C. M.

BEHOLD that great and awful day
Of parting soon will come,
When sinners must be hurl'd away,
And Christians gather'd home.

2 Perhaps the parent sees the child
Sink down to endless flames,
With shrieks, and howls, and bitter cries,
Never to rise again.

3 "O father! see my blazing hands,
Mother! behold your child:
Against you now a witness stands
Amidst the flames confin'd!"

4 The child perhaps the parents view
Go headlong down to hell:
Gone with the rest of Satan's crew,
And bid the child farewell!

5 The husband sees his piteous wife,
With whom he once did dwell,
Depart with groans and bitter cries
My husband! fare you well!

6 But O! perhaps the wife may see
The man she once did love,
Sink down to endless misery,
Whilst she is crown'd above.

472

Day of Judgment.

8s, 7s & 4.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound—
Louder than a thousand thunders,—
Shakes the vast creation round!

How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!

You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine :"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken—
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
And with Satan
And his angels have thy part!"

5 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

473 *Behold he cometh with clouds.* 8,7,8,7,4,7.
Rev. 1:7.

SEE th' Eternal Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne;
Now, poor sinner, Christ will show thee
That he's with the Father one:
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear the awful doom.

2 Hear the sinner now lamenting,
At the sight of fiercer pain;
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he weeps and cries in vain;
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.

- 3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love:
 O that I had sought his favor,
 When I felt his Spirit move!
 Doom'd I'm justly,
 For I have against him strove.
- 4 All his wooing I have slighted,
 While he daily sought my soul,
 If my vows to him I plighted,
 Yet for sin I broke them all;
 Golden moments,
 How neglected did they roll!
- 5 There I see my godly neighbors,
 Who were once despised by me,
 Now they're clad in dazzling splendor,
 Waiting my sad fate to see:
 Farewell, neighbors—
 Dismal gulf, I'm bound for thee.

474

Reflection on the Judgment.

C. M.

- AND must I be to judgment brought,
 And answer, in that day,
 For every vain and idle thought,
 And every word I say?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
 Shall shortly be made known,
 And I receive my just desert
 For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live!
 With what religious fear!
 Who such a strict account must give
 For my behavior here.
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
 The watchful power bestow;
 So shall I to my ways take heed,
 To all I speak or do.

HELL.

- 5 If now thou standest at the door,
 O, let me feel thee near;
 And make my peace with God, before
 I at thy bar appear.

475

C. P. M.

WHEN thou my righteous Judge shalt come,
 To call thy ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?

- 2 I love to meet among them now—
 Before thy gracious throne to bow—
 Though weakest of them all.
 But can I bear the piercing thought,
 To have my worthless name left out,
 When thou for them shalt call?

- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace!
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
 In that expected day:
 Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear,
 To still each unbelieving fear;
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face;
 Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
 With shouts of boundless grace.

HELL.

476

Hell.

L. M.

HELL! 't is a word of dreadful sound!
 It chills the heart and shocks the ear,
 It spreads a sickly damp around,
 And makes the guilty quake with fear.

- 2 Far from the utmost verge of day,
 Its frightful, gloomy region lies!
 Fierce flames amidst the darkness play,
 And thick, sulphureous vapors rise.

HELL.

- 3 Conscience, the never-dying worm,
 With constant torture gnaws the heart;
 And woe and wrath, in every form,
 Inflammè the wounds, increase the smart.
- 4 The wretches rave, o'erwhelmèd with woe,
 And bite their everlasting chains;
 And with their rage, their torments grow;
 Resentment but augments their pains.
- 5 Sad world, indeed! what heart can bear
 Hopeless in all those pains to lie;
 Rack'd with vexation, grief, despair—
 And ever dying—never die?
- 6 "Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,
 Who seeks thy pard'ning, cleansing blood;
 O! let me in thy kingdom dwell,
 To praise my Saviour and my God."

477

Perdition.

C. M.

FAR from the utmost verge of day,
 Hell's gloomy regions lie;
 Where flames amid the darkness play,
 The worm shall never die.

- 2 The breath of God, his angry breath,
 Supplies and fans the fire;
 There sinners taste the second death,
 And would, but can't expire.
- 3 Conscience, the never-dying worm,
 With torture gnaws the heart;
 And woe and wrath, in every form,
 Is now the sinner's part.
- 4 Sad world, indeed; ah! who can bear
 Forever there to dwell,—
 Forever sinking to despair,
 In all the pains of hell?

478 *Where the worm dieth not.* M. 8s & 7s.

SINNER, can you slight the Saviour,
Press your downward way to hell,
Sink your priceless soul forever,
Where the lost in anguish dwell?

- 2 Conscience is a worm undying,
Guilt an everlasting fire ;
Hope, its blessed beam denying,
Must from that dark world retire.
- 3 In that prison, endless moanings,
Blasphemies and madness dwell ;
Chains of darkness, shrieks and groanings,
This, O sinner, this is hell.
- 4 Sinner, can you slight the Saviour,
Press your downward way to hell,
Sink your priceless soul forever,
Where the lost in anguish dwell?

479 *The rich man and Lazarus.* L. M.

I N what confusion earth appears—
God's dearest children bathed in tears !
While they who heaven itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

- 2 But patient let my soul attend,
And, ere I censure, view the end ;
That end how different ! who can tell
The wide extremes of heaven and hell ?
- 3 See the red flames around him twine
Who did in gold and purple shine ;
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
T' allay the scorching of his pain ;
- 4 While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow ;
On Abrah'm's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.

HEAVEN.

480

Longing for Heaven.

M. 11s.

- I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
 The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
 Are followed by gloom, or beclouded with fear.
- 2 I would not live alway, if fettered by sin—
 Temptation without and corruption within;
 And th' rapture of pardon be mingled with fears,
 And th' cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb:
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
 There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode, [plains,
 Where th' rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
- 5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And th' smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

481

Ever with the Lord.

1 Thess. 4: 17.

S. M.

- “FOR ever with the Lord!”
 Amen! so let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word—
 'T is immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from him, I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high—
 Home of my soul—how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
 The golden gates appear!
- 4 “Forever with the Lord!”
 Father, if 't is thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to me fulfill.

5 So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 In death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

6 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "For ever with the Lord!"

482

What must it be to be there?

8s.

WE speak of the realms of the blest—
 That country so bright and so fair;
 And oft are its glories confess'd:
 But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold—
 Its walls, deck'd with jewels so rare—
 Its wonders and pleasures untold:
 But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care—
 From trials without and within:
 But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its service of love—
 The robes which the glorified wear—
 The church of the first-born above:
 But what must it be to be there?

5 O Lord, amidst gladness or woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare;
 And shortly we also shall know,
 And feel what it is to be there.

483

No tears in heaven.

Rev. 21: 4. C. M.

WHAT, if our bark, o'er life's rough wave,
 By adverse winds be driv'n,
 And howling tempests 'round us rave?—
 There are no tears in heav'n.

- 2 What, though affliction be our lot,
Our hearts with anguish riv'n!
Still, let it never be forgot—
There are no tears in heav'n.
- 3 Our sweetest joys here vanish all,
And fade like hues at even;
Our brightest hopes like meteors fall—
There are no tears in heav'n.
- 4 The mourner sad, who, drown'd in grief,
Hath long in sorrow striv'n,
Shall find, at last, a sweet relief—
Tears wiped away in heav'n.
- 5 Thou, God, our joy and rest shalt be,
And sorrow far be driv'n;
And sin and death forever flee;
There are no tears in heav'n.
- 6 There, from the blooming tree of life
The healing fruit is giv'n;
There, there shall cease the painful strife;
There are no tears in heav'n.

484

A little while.

John 16: 16. S. M. D.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall lie with them that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;

And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5 A few more meetings here
Shall cheer us on our way ;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

485 *Termination of Christian warfare.* 8,7,8,7,7,7.
Rev. 2: 10.

WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the farther shore,
There's an end of war for ever ;
We shall see our foes no more :
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace.

2 After warfare, rest is pleasant :
O, how sweet the prospect is !
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this :
Toil, and pain, and conflict past,
All endear repose at last.

3 When we gain the heav'nly regions,
When we touch the heav'nly shore—
Blessed thought!—no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more :
Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4 O, that hope! how bright, how glorious!
'T is his people's blest reward ;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord :
In his kingdom they shall rest,
In his love be fully blest.

486

So great a cloud of witnesses.

Heb. 12: 1.

C. M.

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

3 I ask them whence their vic'try 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 inspir'd their breast;
 And, following their incarnate Lord,
 Possess the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern giv'n,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heav'n.

487

The Christian's home.

P. M.

AN alien from God and a stranger to grace,
 I wander through earth, its gay pleasures to
 In the pathway of sin I continue to roam, [trace;
 Unmindful, alas! that it leads me from home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O Saviour, direct me to heaven, my home.

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
 They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
 But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are giv'n—
 Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heav'n.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms,
 The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
 At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,

O there may I feast with his children at home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home!

4 Farewell, vain amusements—my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

O when shall I share the fruition of home?

488 — *My Father's home.* L. M.

John 14: 2.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
No pain nor death can enter there;
Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine,
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

I'm going home, I'm going home,

I'm going home, to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heav'nly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be—
This heav'nly mansion stands for me.

489 *There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.* C. M.

Heb. 4: 9.

THE happy shore, on Eden's plains,
The realms of endless day,
Are far removed from earthly pains,
Unseen by mortal clay.

- 2 O may we in that kingdom meet,
There from our toils to rest;
O may we there each other greet,
And be forever blest!
- 3 There will our evil passions cease;
Then is the conflict o'er;
There we can rest with God in peace,
Where sin will be no more.
- 4 O, then, how should we strive to be
Redeemed from all our fears,
And go where God himself will be,
And wipe away our tears.

490

A better country.

Heb. 11: 16. C. M.

- O WHAT a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see
No home of rest beyond it all,
No guide or help in thee!
- 2 But thou art near, and with us still,
To keep us on the way
That leads along this vale of tears,
To the bright world of day.
- 3 There shall thy glory, O our God!
Break fully on our view;
And we, thy saints, rejoice to find
That all thy word was true.
- 4 There Jesus, on his heav'nly throne,
Our wond'ring eyes shall see;
While we the blest associates there,
Of all his joy shall be.
- 5 Sweet hope! we leave without a sigh
A blighted world like this;
To bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss.

491

Your redemption draweth nigh.

Luke 21: 28.

C. M.

YE weary, heavy-laden souls,
 Who are oppressed sore,
 Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore;
 Through chilling winds, and beating rain,
 And waters deep and cold,
 And enemies surrounding you,
 Take courage and be bold!

2 For Canaan's land is just before,
 Sweet spring is coming on;
 A few more beating winds and rains,
 And winter will be gone.
 Methinks I now begin to see
 The borders of that land;
 The trees of life, with heav'nly fruit,
 In beauteous order stand.

3 O, what a glorious sight appears
 To my believing eyes;
 Methinks I see Jerusalem,
 A city in the skies:
 Bright angels whisp'ring me away—
 "O come, my brother, come!"
 And I am willing to be gone
 To my eternal home.

492

The shining shore.

8s & 7s.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly—
 Those hours of toil and danger.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And, just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
For ever! O, for ever!

493 *They shall walk with me in white.* L. M.
Rev. 3: 4.

O HAPPY saints, that dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus clothed in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more!

- 2 Releas'd from sorrow, sin and strife,
Death was the gate to endless life,
And now they range the heav'nly plains,
And sing his love in melting strains.
- 3 They gaze upon his beauteous face,
And tell the wonders of his grace;
Or, overwhelm'd with raptures sweet,
Sink down, adoring, at his feet.
- 4 Ah, Lord! with falt'ring steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
When shall I wake in heaven, to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love?

494 *A prospect of heaven, etc.* C. M.
Deut. 34: 5.

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 flow'rs;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 That heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea;
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove—
 These gloomy doubts that rise—
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unbeck'd eyes;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er— [flood,
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold
 Could fright us from the shore.

495

Prospect of heaven.

C. M.

- 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 vales,
 With milk and honey flow.

- 4 All o'er 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 sorrows, 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
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

496

A rest for God's people.

Heb. 4: 9. C. M.

- L ORD, 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 soul's desire
Is fix'd 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 thy pow'r 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.

- 5 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.
- 6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant !
This—only this be giv'n—
Nothing beside my God I want—
Nothing in earth or heav'n.
- 497 *The heavenly Jerusalem.* C. M.
- JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
My study long have been ;
Such sparkling light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus, O glorious Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 't is, that I should dread
To die, and go from hence.
- 498 *The peace and repose of heaven.* C. M.

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares opprest,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'T is then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy ;
Then they who oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

- 3 There is a home of sweet repose,
 Where storms assail no more;
 The stream of endless pleasure flows
 On that celestial shore.
- 4 There purity with love appears,
 And bliss without alloy;
 There they who oft had sown in tears
 Shall reap again in joy.

499

The spirit land.

C. M.

- O YES, there is a happier shore,
 A land of sweeter bliss!
 More radiant, bright and beautiful,
 And lovelier far than this.
- 2 Where stainless spirits wander free,
 In shining garments clad;
 And every eye is lit with joy,
 And every heart is glad.
- 3 No pain or sorrow ever can
 Enter this world so fair,
 No scenes of woe, oft felt below,
 Are ever witnessed there.
- 4 This blissful region ever was,
 And ever still shall be;
 And never will it pass away,
 Through all eternity.
- 5 It is the weary pilgrim's home,
 The rest to wand'ers given;
 The great reward of holy souls,
 The Christian's future heaven.

500

The glorified saints.

M. 7.

WHO are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun?
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne?

MEETING AND PARTING.

These are they who bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood ;
Suff'ers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying 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 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.

MEETING AND PARTING.

501 *A better country—a heavenly.* L. M.

THERE is a heav'n above the skies,
A heav'n where pleasure never dies
A heav'n I some time hope to see,
But fear again 't is not for me.

2 The way is difficult and strait,
And narrow is the gospel gate ;
Ten thousand dangers are therein,
Ten thousand snares to take me in.

3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes ;
The tempter cries,—I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.

MEETING AND PARTING.

4 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still ;
'Mid thickening toils, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

5 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Behold thy Saviour, Friend and King,
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries "press on and take the crown."

6 Prove faithful, then, a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race,
And then the kingdom thou shalt share ;
Thy head a crown of glory wear.

502 *It is good to be here.* C. M.
Matt. 17: 4.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 But, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O, may thy special presence still
With ev'ry one remain.

3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love ;
Till we, before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.

4 All sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then forever fly ;
Nor shall a thought that we must part
Once interrupt our joy.

503 *A farewell hymn.* L. M.

MY dearest friends, in bonds of love,
Our hearts in sweetest union prove ;
Your friendship's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

MEETING AND PARTING.

Your presence sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like chords around my heart.

- 2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
When we have met to sing and pray;
How loath I've been to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face!
O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my struggling mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.
- 3 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission all in one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.
Dear fellow-youth in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies;
Fight on, you'll win the happy shore,
Where parting hands are known no more.
- 4 How oft I've seen the flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
Ye mourning souls, in sad surprise,
Jesus remembers all your cries;
O taste his grace!—in all that land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

504 *Upon the closing of a series of services.* C. M.

NOW, brethren, to your homes repair;
And as you pass along,
Employ your hearts in humble pray'r,
And raise the cheerful song.

- 2 Praise God for what your ears have heard,
For what your eyes have seen;

Praise him for what has here occur'd—
For all you feel within.

3 Improve the strength you here have
To do God's holy will; [gain'd,
Improve the knowledge here attained,
To love and serve him still.

4 Let not the world have cause to say
You've serv'd your God for nought;
But grow in grace, from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

5 Farewell—and to your homes repair
And as you pass along,
Employ your hearts in humble pray'r,
And raise to God a song.

505

The parting prayer.

8s & 7s.

JESUS, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all go homeward praying,
And rejoicing in thy love!
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet above.

2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
While together we have been
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from ev'ry sin!
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home,
And the presence of our Jesus,
Rest upon us ev'ry one!
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

506 *Acknowledgment for preserving mercy.* S. M.

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 pass'd!
 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 pow'r,
 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.

507 *When shall we meet again.* 6s & 5s.

WHEN shall we meet again?
 Meet ne'er to sever?
 When will peace wreath her chain
 Round us for ever?
 Our hearts will ne'er repose
 Safe from each blast that blows
 In this dark vale of woes—
 Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
 Pure as life's river?

MEETING AND PARTING.

When shall sweet friendship glow
 Changeless for ever?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill—
 Never—no, never!

- 3 Up to that world of light
 Take us, dear Saviour;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy for ever:
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel,
 Never—no, never!

508

Parting of ministers.

S. M.

- NOW, brethren, though we part,
 And to our homes repair—
 May we be true, and join'd in heart,
 Like friends of Jesus are.
- 2 O let us still proceed
 In Jesus' work below;
 And, following our triumphant Head,
 To further conquests go.
- 3 The vineyard of the Lord
 Before his lab'ers lies;
 And, lo! we see the vast reward
 Which waits us in the skies.
- 4 O let our heart and mind
 With ev'ry day ascend,
 That haven of repose to find,
 Where all our labors end.
- 5 When all our toils are o'er,
 Our suff'ring and our pain:
 We'll meet on that celestial shore,
 And never part again.

509

The happy meeting.

L. M.

- O HAPPY day! when saints shall meet
 To part no more; the thought is sweet;
 No more to feel the rending smart,
 Oft felt below when Christians part.
- 2 O happy place, I still must say,
 Where all but love is done away;
 All cause of parting there is past;
 Their social feast will ever last.
- 3 Such union here is sought in vain,
 As there, in ev'ry heart will reign
 There separation can't compel
 The saints to bid the sad farewell.
- 4 On earth, when friends together meet,
 And find the passing moments sweet,
 Time's rapid motions soon compel,
 With grief to say—dear friends, farewell.
- 5 The happy season soon will come, [home;
 When saints shall meet in heaven, their
 Eternally with Christ to dwell,
 Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.

510

Hope of meeting again.

L. M.

- COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
 Join every voice and every heart:
 One solemn hymn to God we raise,
 One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Brethren, we here may meet no more;
 But there is yet a happier shore,
 And there, released from toil and pain,
 Dear brethren, we shall meet again.
- 3 And now, dear brethren, though we part,
 Which brings to us an inward smart,
 'T is joy to know there is a land
 Where none shall take the parting hand.

- 4 Then face the trials on the way;
 Be zealous, while 't is called to-day;
 For soon the conflict will be o'er,
 When we shall rest for evermore.

511

At parting.

P. M. 7s.

- F**OR a season call'd to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r!
 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:
 Give us, if we live, ere long,
 In thy peace to meet again.
- 4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
 Ebenezers shall be rear'd,
 And our souls shall praise the Lord,
 Who our poor petitions heard.

512

Parting, with a hope to meet again. C. M.

- N**OW, pilgrims, let us go in peace,
 While through this world we rove,
 Till all these parting moments cease,
 And we shall meet above.
- 2 Though trials here our souls annoy,
 And foes beset the road,
 We're hast'ning to eternal joys,
 Where we shall rest with God.
- 3 Let us rejoice in God our King,
 While pilgrims here we rove;
 And join with heart and voice to sing
 The wonders of his love.

- 4 Soon we shall reach the heavenly land
 And tread the peaceful shore;
 And there unite, a glorious band,
 Our Jesus to adore.

513

Meeting of friends.

L. M.

ONCE more a pleasant interview
 The Lord doth grant us, to renew
 Our social friendship, kind and dear;
 Our hearts to warm, our souls to cheer.

- 2 While we were absent far abroad,
 We saw the kindness of our God;
 Therefore his love let us adore,
 That we are here alive once more.
- 3 How many souls have launch'd away
 To everlasting night or day;
 In sickness many more remain,
 Whilst we our life and health retain.
- 4 Into his presence let us haste,
 And thank him for his favors past;
 Down on your knees devoutly all,
 Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

514

Blessed prospect of meeting again.

7s.

WHILE we sojourn here below,
 Toils we have, and troubles too;
 But the Saviour is our friend,
 He will help us to the end;
 He will guide us in the way,
 To the realms of endless day.

- 2 Let us all go hand in hand
 Through this bleak and barren land,
 Till our conflicts will be o'er,
 Till our trials are no more:
 Then on Canaan's shore we'll meet,
 Where the rest will be so sweet.

515 *He (man) fleeth also as a shadow, 7s. Double.
and continueth not.*

Job. 14: 2.

- WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted round the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.
- 2 If to three-score years and ten,
Death his fatal dart delay,
Still 't is sure to come, and then
We from earth must pass away.
May we, then, all strive to live
That our parting be in peace,
And the Lord to us may give
Joys that nevermore shall cease.

FAMILY WORSHIP—MORNING HYMNS.

516

Morning hymn.

C. M.

- L ORD, in the morning I will send
My prayer to reach thine ear;
Thou art my Father and my friend,
My help, forever near.
- 2 O lead me, keep me all this day
Near thee, in perfect peace;
Help me to watch—to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease.
- 3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide;—
Warn me of every foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.
- 4 Thus, while my moments smoothly run,
I'll sing my hours away,
Till evening shade and setting sun
Conclude in endless day.

517

A morning invocation.

L. M.

A WAKE, 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 misspent time that's past,
 And live this day as 't were thy last;
 T' improve thy talents take due care,
 'Gainst the great day thyself prepare!
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noonday clear!
 Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
 And every secret thought surveys.
- 4 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
 And hath refresh'd me while I slept,
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

518

A morning prayer.

Psalm 5: 3. C. M.

L ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my pray'r
 To thee lift up mine eye.

- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand:
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 O may thy spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness;
 Make every path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

519 *Prayer at evening, morning and noon.* S. M.
 Psalm 55: 17.

COME to the morning pray'r,
 Come let us kneel and pray;
 Pray'r is the Christian pilgrim's staff
 To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
 Of Ages rest and pray;
 Sweet is that shadow from the heat
 When the sun smites by day.

3 At eve, shut to the door,
 Round the home altar pray,
 And finding there "the house of God,"
 At "heav'n's gate" close the day.

4 When midnight seals our eyes,
 Let each in spirit say,
 "I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
 With thee to watch and pray."

520 *A morning hymn.* C. M.

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

2 How many souls from earth have fled
 Since the last setting sun!
 And yet God lengthens out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.

3 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
 While I enjoy the light;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a peaceful night.

521 *Begin with God.* S. M.
 Matt. 6: 33.

BEGIN the day with God!
 He is thy sun and day;
 His is the radiance of thy dawn,
 To him address thy lay.

MORNING HYMNS.

- 2 Look up, beyond these clouds!
 Thither thy pathway lies;
 Mount up, away, and linger not,
 Thy goal is yonder skies.
- 3 Cast ev'ry weight aside!
 Do battle with each sin;
 Fight with the faithless world without,
 The faithless heart within.
- 4 Take thy first meal with God!
 He is thy heav'nly food;
 Feed *with* and *on* him; he with thee
 Will feast in brotherhood.
- 5 Take thy first walk with God!
 Let him go forth with thee;
 By stream or sea or mountain-path,
 Seek still his company.
- 6 Thy first transaction be
 With God himself above;
 So shall thy business prosper well,
 And all the day be love.

522 *Morning reminding us of eternity.* 2 Cor. 5: 2. S. M.

THE night is past and gone,
 The evening shades are fled;
 O may each morning bring to mind
 Our rising from the dead!

- 2 We put our garments on,
 Our labor to pursue;
 So in the resurrection morn
 Saints shall be clothed anew.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this day,
 Support us by thine arm;
 May angels guard us on our way,
 Secure from ev'ry harm.
- 4 Now may we all as one
 The Christian course pursue;

And with new strength and courage run
To win the prize in view.

- 5 And when our nights are past,
And time bears us away,
May we possess a crown of life
In an eternal day.

523

Morning hymn.

C. M.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night
Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

- 2 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by thine arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou preserv'st from harm.

- 3 Let all our words and all our ways
Declare that we are thine;
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

- 4 Let us ne'er turn away from thee;
Blest Saviour, hold us fast,
Till, with immortal eyes, we see
Thy glorious face at last.

524

Morning tribute of praise.

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.

525 *Morning hymn.* C. M.

WHEN we, with welcome slumber press'd
Had clos'd our weary eyes,
A pow'r unseen secur'd our rest,
And made us joyful rise.

2 Numbers this night have doubtless met
Their long eternal doom,
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

3 But life to us its light prolongs—
Let warmest thanks arise;
Great God, accept our morning songs,
Our willing sacrifice.

526 *A morning song.* C. M.

GOD of my life! my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thy acts of love 't is good to sing,
And pleasant 't is to praise.

2 Preserved by thine almighty care
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 O, let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

527

Morning hymn.

M. 7s.

NOW the shades of night are gone,
 Now the morning light is come;
 Lord, we would be thine to-day;
 Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noon-day clear,
 Banish every doubt and fear;
 In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
 We would labor, watch and 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 heav'nly shore.

528

Morning thanks.

C. M.

A GAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
 I rise to hail the dawn;
 Again my waking eyes unclosed,
 To view the smiling morn.

2 Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing;
 For thou hast safely kept
 My soul beneath thy guardian wing,
 And watched me while I slept.

3 Glory to thee, eternal God;
 O teach my heart to pray,
 And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
 To guide me through the day.

529

Morning thanks.

M. 7s.

THOU who dost my life prolong!
 Kindly aid my morning song;
 Thankful, from my couch I rise,
 Praising God who rules the skies.

EVENING HYMNS.

- 2 Thou hast kept me through the night,—
 'T was thy hand restored the light;
 Lord! thy mercies still are new,
 Plenteous as the morning dew.
- 3 Gently, with the dawning ray,
 On my soul thy beams display;
 Sweeter than the smiling morn,
 Let thy cheering light return.

EVENING HYMNS.

530 *Thoughts suggested by evening.* S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
 The ev'ning shades appear,
 O may we all remember well,
 The night of death draws near.

- 2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest;
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
 And view th' unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run!
- 5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O may we in thy bosom rest—
 The bosom of thy love!

531 *Evening: numberless mercies.* C. M.

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.

532 *Cheerful confidence.* C. M.

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
 Through all the hours of night,
 And grant to me most graciously
 The safeguard of thy might.

- 2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
 Since thou wilt not remove:
 O, in the morning let me rise
 Rejoicing in thy love.
- 3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
 And end my transient days,
 Lord, take me to thy promis'd rest,
 Where I may sing thy praise.

533 *An evening hymn.* C. M.

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 ev'ning sacrifice,
 And when my work is done,
 Great God! my faith and hope rely
 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.

534 *Evening contemplation.* M. 7s.

SOFTLY, now, the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with thee.

- 2 Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall forever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

535 *Hide me under the shadow of thy wings.* L. M.
 Psalm 17: 8.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill which 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 thy judgment day.
- 4 O, let my soul on thee repose.
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
 Sleep which shall me more vigorous make
 To serve my God when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
 The bliss of thy paternal care;
 'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
 To see thy face and sing thy love.

536 *A review at the close of the day.* C. M.

THOU sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
 Like holy incense rise;
 Assist the off'ring of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.

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

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

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

537 *Self-examination.* C. M.

NOW, O my soul! the circling sun
 Has all his beams withdrawn;
 Once more his daily race is run,
 And gloomy night comes on.

2 Thus, one day more of life is gone,
 A doubtful few remain:
 Come, then, review what thou hast done
 Eternal life to gain.

3 Dost thou get forward in thy race,
 As time still posts away?
 And die to sin, and grow in grace,
 With ev'ry passing day?

EVENING HYMNS.

- 4 This day, what conquest hast thou gain'd?
 What sin is overcome?
 What fresh degree of grace obtain'd,
 To bring thee nearer home?
- 5 Thus let us still our course review,
 Our real state to learn;
 And, with redoubled zeal, pursue
 Our great and chief concern.

538

One day's journey less.

L. M.

- N**OW one day's journey less divides
 Me from the world where God resides;
 If I have walk'd by faith, in fear,
 A stranger and a pilgrim here,
- 2 I've one day less my watch to keep,
 My foes to fear, my falls to weep;
 I've one day less to see within
 Conflict, defeat, remorse and sin.
- 3 And O, reflect, my fainting soul,
 Thou'rt one stage nearer to the goal,
 Thou'rt one stage nearer to the shore,
 Where thou wilt grieve for sin no more.
- 4 If the sweet presence of thy God
 To-day has cheered and blest thy road,
 Think what must be that glorious place
 Where he will never hide his face.

539

Evening hymn.

L. M.

- T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
 And ev'ry ev'ning 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,
 He gives me strength for days to come.

FAMILY WORSHIP,

- 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.

540

C. M.

- I**N Jesus' name we come to thee,
 Thou God of holiness!
 For Jesus' sake, look down, and see
 Us at a throne of grace.
- 2 We thank thee, Lord, for every good
 Conferr'd on us and ours:
 For house, apparel, health and food,
 For all thy bounty pours.
- 3 O, take us in thy arms, and keep
 Us through the silent night;
 Give us refreshment in our sleep,
 And fit us for the light.

541

In Jesus' arms.

C. M.

- I**LAY me down in Jesus' arms,
 To sleep in his embrace;
 O, what has half the Saviour's charms?
 What's equal to his grace?
- 2 My Saviour and my dearest Friend,
 Wouldst thou my refuge be—
 Let angels guard me to the end,
 And bring me home to thee?
- 3 Then, in that better world on high,
 To thee all praise shall be,
 When gathered there, no more to die,
 In all eternity.

TABLE HYMNS.

TABLE HYMNS.

542 *Be content with such things as ye have.* L. M.
Heb. 13: 5.

IF peace and plenty crown my days,
 Then help me, Lord, to sing thy praise!
 If bread of sorrow be my food,
 Those sorrows work my real good.

2 Be present at our table, Lord!
 Be here, and ev'rywhere adored!
 Thy people bless, and grant that we
 May feast in Paradise with thee.

543 *Divine goodness.* S. M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name
 Whose favors are divine.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.

544 *Praise for daily food.* L. M.

WE bless the Lord, the Just and Good,
 Who kindly gives our daily food:
 Who pours his blessings from the skies,
 And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 O, let us, then, with joy record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord;
 How great his works! how kind his ways!
 Let every tongue pronounce his praise!

545 *Friendship of God.* H. M. 6s & 8s.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
 Your joyful thanks repeat;
 To him due praise afford,
 As good as he is great;

FAMILY WORSHIP,

For God doth prove our constant friend
His boundless love shall never end.

- 2 He does the food supply
On which all creatures live ;
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give ;
For God doth prove our constant friend :
His boundless love shall never end.

546 *Grace after meat.* L. M.

BLESSINGS to God, forever blest—
To God, the Master of the feast—
Who hath for us a table spread,
And from his hand us creatures fed.

- 2 O, give us all a thankful heart ;
Help us from evil to depart :
Our daily meat, Lord, let it be,
Thy will to do, and follow thee.

547 C. M.

WE praise thee, Lord of earth and skies,
The giver of all good,
For all thy kind and rich supplies—
For raiment, health and food.

- 2 Our wants supplied, our hunger stay'd,
Our mortal part restored—
O! that our inmost souls be made
To love and praise the Lord.

- 3 Then, when our earthly wants shall end,
And earthly toils are o'er,
We'll feast with Christ, our dearest Friend,
On Canaan's happy shore.

548 *God the fount of all good.* S. M.
James 1 : 17.

GOD is the fountain whence
Ten thousand blessings flow ;
To him my life, my health and friends,
And ev'ry good, I owe.

TABLE HYMNS.

2 The comforts he affords
 Are neither few nor small ;
 He is the source of fresh delights,
 My portion and my all.

549

Psalm 106.

L. M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
 The Fountain of eternal love,
 Whose mercy firm through ages past
 Has stood, and shall forever last. ●

2 Lord, give us all a thankful heart ;
 Help us from evil to depart ;
 Our daily meat, Lord, let it be,
 Thy will to do, and follow thee.

550

L. M.

WE thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
 But more because of Jesus' blood ;
 Let manna to our souls be given,
 The bread of life sent down from heaven.

551

L. M.

WE thank thee, Lord, for daily bread,
 Which from thy bounteous hand is giv'n,
 O may our souls through grace be fed,
 On Christ, the bread of life from heaven.

552

L. M.

FATHER, thy mercy hath supplied
 Our wants from thine unbounded store ;
 O may our souls, through Christ that died,
 Be fed, and never hunger more.

553

L. M.

TO God, who from the earth and skies,
 So kindly gives these rich supplies.
 Let praises rise from shore to shore,
 Till we shall praise him evermore.

FAMILY WORSHIP,
PARENTAL HYMNS.

554 *Parents' concern for their children.* C. M.

THOU, who a tender parent art,
 Regard a parent's plea ;
My offspring, with an anxious heart,
 I now commend to thee.

2 My children are my greatest care—
 A charge which thou hast giv'n ;
In all thy graces let them share,
 And all the joys of heav'n.

3 On me thou hast bestow'd thy grace,
 Be to my children kind ;
Among thy saints give them a place,
 And leave not one behind.

4 Happy we then shall live below,
 The remnant of our days ;
And when to brighter worlds we go,
 Shall all resound thy praise.

555 *Parental solicitude.* C. M.

HOW can we see the children, Lord,
 In love whom thou hast giv'n,
Remain regardless of thy word,
 Without a hope of heav'n ?

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 We ask not wealth, long life, or fame,
 Or aught the world can give ;
May they but glorify thy name,
 And to thy honor live.

4 This is the burden of our pray'r:—
 Then from our bosoms riv'n,
May they be objects of thy care,
 And heirs, at last, of heav'n.

556 *Parents' prayer for their children.* C. M.

THOUGH parents may in cov'nant be,
 And have their heav'n in view;
 They are unhappy till they see
 Their children happy too.

2 Their hearts with inward anguish bleed
 When all attempts prove vain,
 And they pursue those paths that lead
 To everlasting pain.

3 Till they can see victorious grace
 Their children's souls possess,
 The sparkling wit, the smiling face,
 But adds to their distress.

4 See the fond father clasp his child;
 With love his bowels move—
 Shalt thou, my offspring, be exil'd
 From God, my Father's love?

5 Shall cruel spirits drag thee down
 To darkness and despair,
 Beneath th' Almighty's angry frown,
 To dwell forever there?

9 Kind heav'n, the dreadful scene forbid!
 Look down, dear Lord, and bless;
 I'll wrestle hard as Abrah'm did,—
 May I obtain success.

557 *The happy home.* C. M.

HAPPY the home, when God is there,
 And love fills ev'ry breast;
 Where one their wish, and one their pray'r,
 And one their heav'nly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
 Is sweet to ev'ry ear;
 Where children early lisp his fame,
 And parents hold him dear.

FAMILY WORSHIP,

3 Happy the home where pray'r is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord! let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

558

The good resolve.

Josh. 24: 15.

C. P. M.

I AND my house will serve the Lord;
But first, obedient to his word,
I must myself appear;
By actions, words and temper show
That I my heav'nly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my presence 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 foll'wer of my God;
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive;
Work in me both to will and do,
And show them how believers true
And real Christians live.

YOUTH.

YOUTH.

559

Early instructions.

C. M.

HOW happy are the young who hear
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom make
Their early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the aged head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

560

Life transitory and passing.

11s.

LIKE mist on the mountain, like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years of our pilgrimage flee;
In the grave of our fathers how soon we shall lie!
Dear children, to-day to a Saviour then fly.

2 How sweet are the flow'rets of April and May!
But often the frost makes them wither away;
Like flow'rs you may fade!—are you ready to die?
While yet there is room, to a Saviour then fly.

3 When Samuel was young he first knew the Lord—
He slept in his smile and rejoic'd in his word;
So most of God's children are early brought nigh:
O, seek him in youth—to a Saviour then fly!

4 Do you ask me for pleasure? then lean on his breast
For there the sin-laden and weary find rest:
In the valley of death you will triumphing cry—
If this be called dying, 't is pleasant to die.

561

Scripture instruction.

Psalm 119: 9.

C. M.

- H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
 To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'T is like the sun, a heav'nly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
 How pure is ev'ry page!
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

562

Child's evening prayer.

8s & 7s.

- J**ESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me!
 Bless a little child to-night;
 Through the darkness be thou near me,
 Watch my sleep till morning light.
- 2 All this day thy hand has led me,
 And I thank thee for thy care;
 Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd me, fed me,
 Listen to my evening pray'r.
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
 Bless the friends I love so well;
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,
 Happy there with thee to dwell.

563

Little pilgrim.

C. M.

THERE is a path that leads to God—
 All others go astray;
 Narrow but pleasant is the road,
 And Christians love the way.

- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
 And dangers must be pass'd;
 But those who boldly walk therein,
 Will get to heaven at last.
- 3 How shall an infant pilgrim dare
 "This dangerous road to tread?
 For on the way is many a snare
 For youthful travelers spread:
- 4 While the broad road where thousands go,
 Lies near, and opens fair;
 And many turn aside, I know,
 To walk with sinners there.
- 5 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
 Or wander from thy way,
 Lord, condescend to be my guide,
 And I shall never stray.
- 6 Then I may go without alarm,
 And trust his word of old;—
 "The lambs he'll gather with his arm,
 And lead them to the fold."
- 7 Then I may safely venture through,
 Beneath my Shepherd's care;
 And keep the gate of heaven in view,
 Till I shall enter there.

564 *Youth the seed-time of life.* Gal. 6: 8. C. M.

THE bud will soon become a flower,
 The flower become a seed:—
 Then seize, O youth, the present hour;
 Of that thou hast most need.

- 2 Do thy best always—do it now;
 For in the present time,
 As in the furrows of a plow,
 Fall seeds of good or crime.
- 3 The sun and rain will ripen fast
 Each seed that thou hast sown,
 And ev'ry act and word at last
 By its own fruit be known.

4 And soon the harvest of thy toil,
 Rejoicing, thou shalt reap,
 Or o'er thy wild neglected soil,
 Go forth in shame to weep.

565

Benefits of early piety.

C. M.

HAPPY is he, whose early years
 Receive instruction well;
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.

2 'T is easier work, if we begin
 To serve the Lord betimes;
 While sinners who grow old in sin,
 Are harden'd by their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young:
 With joy it crowns succeeding years,
 And makes our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God! to thee
 Our hearts we now resign:
 'T will please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.

5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
 Employ our daily breath:
 Thus we're prepar'd for future days,
 Or fit for early death.

566

Prayer for young persons.

C. M.

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
 The gift of saving grace;
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
 Of pure and heav'nly root;
 But fairest in the youngest shows,
 And yields the sweetest fruit.

YOUTH.

3 We pray that you may early prove
 The Spirit's pow'r to teach:
 You can not be too young to love
 That Jesus whom we preach.

567 *Children praising the Lord.* 8s & 7s.
 Matt. 21: 15.

LORD, a little band, and lowly,
 We are come to sing to thee;
 Thou art great, and high, and holy—
 O, how solemn should we be!

2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
 And of heav'n where he is gone;
 And let nothing ever please us
 He would grieve to look upon.

3 For we know the Lord of glory
 Always sees what children do,
 And is writing now the story
 Of our thoughts and actions, too.

4 Let our sins be all forgiven;
 Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
 Lead us on our way to heaven,
 There to sing a sweeter song.

568 *Early instruction.* C. M.

HAPPY the child whose early years
 Receive instruction well;
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.

2 'T will save us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young;
 And fit us for declining years,
 And make our virtues strong.

3 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
 Our childhood we resign:
 'T will please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.

- 4 O, let the work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

569 *Children may pray to God.* M. 7s.

POOOR and needy though I be,
God, my Maker, cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

- 2 He will listen when I pray,
He is with me night and day;
When I sleep and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.
- 3 He who reigns above the sky,
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay his head!
- 4 Though I labor here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile,
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

570 *A warning to youth.* M. 7s

O YE young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear a shroud!
Time will rob you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to the tomb!

- 2 Will you go to heaven, or hell?
One you must, and there to dwell:
Christ will come, and quickly too:
I must meet him, so must you.
- 3 The white throne will soon appear,
All the world must then draw near:
Sinners will be driven down—
Saints will wear the starry crown.

571

Delay not.

C. M.

O 'T IS a folly and a crime
To put religion by;
For now is the accepted time,
To-morrow we may die.

2 Our hearts grow harder every day,
And more depraved the mind;
The longer we neglect to pray,
The less we feel inclined.

3 Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
Until the dying day;
Then they would give a world of gold,
To have an hour to pray.

4 O, then, lest we should perish thus,
We would no longer wait;
For time will soon be past with us,
And death will fix our state.

572

Expostulation with the young.

L. M.

Y E lovely bands of blooming youth,
Warned by the voice of heav'nly truth,
Now yield to Christ your youthful prime,
With all your talents and your time.

2 Think of your end, nor thoughtless say,
I'll put far off the evil day:
Ah! not a moment's in your pow'r,
And death stands ready at the door.

3 Eternity!—how near it rolls!
Count the vast value of your souls;
Beware, and count the awful cost,
What they have gained whose souls are lost!

4 Pride, sinful pleasures, lust and snares
Beset your hearts, your eyes, your ears;
Take the alarm—the danger fly:
“Lord, save me!” be your earnest cry.

FAMILY WORSHIP,
MARRIAGE HYMNS.

573

A wedding hymn.

C. M.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here
To make a wedding guest.

- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow—
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless; and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their hearts unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 O, may each soul assembled here
Be married, Lord, to thee;
Clad in the robes, made white and fair,
To spend eternity.

574

Marriage hymn.

L. M.

WITH cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and King;
For he alone can minds unite
In mutual love and pure delight.

- 2 O may this pair increasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind;
Happy in all things may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 3 So may they live, as truly one,
And, when their work on earth is done,
Rise hand in hand to heaven, and share
The joys of love forever there.

575

Marriage.
Gen. 2: 18.

L. M.

- I**T is not good, Jehovah said,
For man new formed to be alone;
Then of his rib an help-meet made,
And man and wife pronounc'd but one.
- 2 From near his heart this rib he took,
To show the favor should be priz'd;
Not from his head, to overlook,
Nor from his foot, to be despis'd.
- 3 Beneath his arm, to signify
Wives should authority disclaim,
And that protection and supply
Are from the husbands due to them.
- 4 Bless, Lord, this newly-married pair,
And make the match a blessing prove;
Their int'rest one, their joys, their care,
Made happy in each other's love.
- 5 Keep them, and lead them by thy hand;
Uphold them by thy mighty arm;
Till in thy courts they joyful stand,
"Called to the marriage of the Lamb."

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

576

National ingratitude.

L. M.

HOW long has God bestow'd his care
On this indulged, ungrateful land!
How oft, in times of danger near,
Preserv'd us by his sov'reign hand!

- 2 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone;
And oft our mightiest foes have felt
That God hath made our cause his own.
- 3 But, ah! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love;
We, whom like children he has rear'd,
For all his care unthankful prove.
- 4 See! he uplifts his chast'ning rod!
O, where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?
- 5 Lord, hear thy people ev'rywhere,
Who meet this day to weep and pray,
Our sinful land in mercy spare—
In mercy turn thy wrath away!

577 *Reflections at the end of the year.* C. M.

- 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 heav'n;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend ;
 With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

578

Spring.

C. M.

WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
 Proclaim the op'ning year,
 What various sounds of joy arise!
 What prospects bright appear!

- 2 Earth and her thousand voices give
 Their thousand notes of praise ;
 And all that by his mercy live
 To God their off'ring raise.
- 3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,
 Reflect the morning sky ;
 And there, with music in his flight,
 The wild bird soars on high.
- 4 Thus, like the morning calm and clear
 That saw the Saviour rise,
 The spring of heaven's eternal year
 Shall dawn on earth and skies.
- 5 No winter there, no shades of night,
 Obscure those mansions blest,
 Where, in the happy fields of light,
 The weary are at rest.

579

Summer : a harvest hymn.

Isaiah 9 : 3.

C. M.

TO praise Thee, ever-bounteous Lord,
 My soul, wake all thy pow'rs :
 He calls—and at his voice come forth
 The smiling harvest hours.

- 2 His covenant with earth he keeps ;
 My tongue, his goodness sing ;
 Summer and winter know their time ;
 His harvest crowns the spring.

- 3 Well pleas'd, the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sow'd in hope.

580

Autumn.

Eccl. 11: 9.

8s & 7s.

- SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound—
- 2 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.
- 3 "What though yet no losses grieve you—
Gay with health and many a grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives the autumn place."
- 4 On the tree of life eternal
Let our highest hopes be stay'd:
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

581

Winter.

C. M.

- STERN Winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How black, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

- 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.

582

During a pestilence.

C. M.

- L**ET the land mourn through all its coasts
 And humble all its state;
 Princes and rulers, at their posts,
 Awhile sit desolate.
- 2 Let all the people, high and low,
 Rich, poor, and great and small,
 Invoke, in fellowship of woe,
 The Maker of them all.
- 3 For God hath summon'd from his place
 Death in a direr form,
 To waken, warn, and scourge our race,
 Than earthquakes, fire, or storm.
- 4 Let churches weep within their place,
 And families apart;
 Let each in secrecy bewail
 The plague of his own heart.

- 5 So, while the land bemoans its sin,
The pestilence may cease,
And mercy, temp'ring wrath, bring in
God's blessed health and peace.

583

The new and flying year.

L. M.

RAPID my days and months run on;
How soon another year is gone!
How swift my golden moments roll,
How much neglected by my soul!

- 2 Let me begin, with holy fear,
This new, this fleeting, flying year;
Too many unimprov'd have pass'd,
This year, perhaps, may be my last.

- 3 I ask new wisdom for this year,
New fitness for my trials here;
Of every grace a richer store,
My God to love and honor more.

584

A new-year hymn.

M. 7s.

LO! another year is gone!
Quickly have the seasons pass'd:
This we enter now upon
Will to many prove the last.
Mercy hitherto has spared;
But have mercies been improv'd?
Let us ask: Am I prepared,
Should I be this year remov'd?

- 2 Some we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seem'd as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun:
Some—but who, God only knows—
That are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.

- 3 If from guilt and sin set free,
 By the knowledge of thy grace;
 Welcome then the call will be,
 To depart and see thy face.
 To thy saints, while here below,
 With new years new mercies come;
 But the happiest year they know,
 Is their last, which leads them home.

585

Seed-time and harvest.

Gen. 8: 22. C. M.

- F**OUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
 How rich thy bounties are!
 The changing 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
 The plants in beauty grew; [thine
 Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
 And soft, refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies, from above,
 Matured the swelling grain:
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
 Thy hand all nature hails:
 Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor winter fails.

MISCELLANEOUS.

586

The open gate.

8s & 7s

THERE is a gate stands open wide—
 And, through its portals gleaming,
 A radiance from the cross, afar
 The Saviour's love revealing.

O, depth of mercy, can it be
 That gate stands open wide for me?
 Stands open wide, both night and day,
 Stands open wide for me.

2 It open stands for old and young,
 Though filled with joy or sorrow;
 The Spirit woos your souls along,
 The gate may close to-morrow.

3 O sinner, waken from your guilt,
 Nor let your heart deceive you;
 For you the blood of Christ was spilt,
 He's waiting to receive you.

4 O blessed Spirit, lead me in,
 And let me falter never;
 Make me a victor over sin,
 I'll praise thee, then, forever.

587

The believer's safety.

1 Pet. 3: 13. L. M.

THAT man no guard nor weapon needs,
 Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;
 But safe may pass, if duty leads,
 Thro' burningsands, or mountain snows,

2 Releas'd from guilt, he feels no fear,
 Redemption is his shield and tow'r;
 He sees his Saviour always near,
 To help in ev'ry trying hour.

3 Though I am weak, and Satan strong,
 And often to assault me tries;

When Jesus is my shield and song,
Abash'd the wolf before me flies.

- 4 His love possessing, I am blest—
Secure whatever change may come;
Whether I go to east or west,
With him I still shall be at home.

588

Jesus crucified.

1 Cor. 2: 2.

P. M

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;
'T is all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain—
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atonng Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

- 3 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.

- 4 O that I could all invite
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height
And depth of Jesus' love!

Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

589 *Having a desire to depart.* Phil. 1: 23. L. P. M.

WHAT must it be to dwell above,
 At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
 Since the sweet earnest of his love
 O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains?
 No heart can think, no tongue explain,
 What bliss it is with Christ to reign!

2 When sin no more obscures the sight,
 And sorrow pains the heart no more,
 How shall we view the Prince of light,
 And all his works of grace explore?
 What heights, what depths of love divine
 Shall there through endless ages shine!

3 This is the heav'n I long to know,
 For this I would with patience wait;
 Till, wean'd from earth and all below,
 I mount to my celestial seat—
 And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
 And with the elders cast it down.

590 *How much we owe.* 7s.

WHEN we stand before the throne,
 Dress'd in beauty not our own,
 When we see thee as thou art,
 Love thee with unsinning heart;
 Then, Lord, shall we fully know—
 Not till then—how much we owe.

2 When the praise of heav'n we hear,
 Loud as thunder to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harps' melodious voice,

Then, Lord, shall we fully know—
Not till then—how much we owe.

- 3 Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy Spirit's help so meet;
Even on earth, Lord, make us know
Something of how much we owe.

591 *Love the proof of true piety.* L. M.
1 John 3: 14.

YE diff'rent sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ, or Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show us where the Christians *live!*

- 2 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
'Thou only, Lord, thine own canst know,
For sure thou hast a church below.
- 3 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.
- 4 For this the pleading spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banish'd ones:
Love, greatest of thy gifts, impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

592 *The house of the Lord.* 12s.
Psalm 84: 10.

YOU may sing of the beauties of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlets and flowers of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion, the house of the Lord.

- 2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion, the season of prayer.
- 3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.

- 4 You may talk of your prospects of fame, or of wealth,
 And the hopes that oft flatter the favorites of health,
 But the hope of bright glory, of heavenly bliss—
 Take away every other, and give me but this.
- 5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
 I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
 I will walk to thine altar with those that I love,
 And rejoice in the prospects revealed from above.

593

Weep for the lost.

Luke 19: 41.

C. M.

- W**EEP for the lost! Thy Saviour wept
 O'er Salem's hapless doom;
 He wept, to think their day was past,
 And come their night of gloom.
- 2 Weep for the lost! The prophets wept
 O'er Israel's gloomy fate,
 When vengeance had unsheath'd her sword
 Repentance came too late.
- 3 Weep for the lost! Apostles wept,
 That men should error choose;
 That dying men should Christ reject,
 And endless life refuse.
- 4 Weep for the lost! The lost will weep,
 In that long night of woe,
 On which no star of hope will rise,
 And tears in vain will flow.
- 5 Weep for the lost! Lord, make us weep,
 And toil with ceaseless care,
 To save our friends, ere yet they pass
 That point of deep despair.

594

The anchor within the veil.

Heb. 6: 19.

L. M.

- M**Y bark is on a troubled sea;
 The winds and waves may adverse be;
 But hope, my anchor's firmly cast
 Within the veil, for ever fast.
- 2 How oft, when tempest-toss'd at night,
 I watch in vain for dawning light,
 Yet think, when terrors would prevail,
 My anchor is within the veil.

- 3 Within the veil—where Jesus stands,
And shows to God his blood-stain'd hands;
Within the veil—he went to bear
My name upon the breast-plate there.
- 4 My hope must have his righteousness,
For it can rest on nothing less;
Within the veil—is still my pray'r,
O! may my anchor enter there.
- 5 Although the billows round me roll,
They never can o'erwhelm my soul;
Within the veil my anchor's cast,
Unshaken by the stormy blast.
- 6 Whene'er I quit this changing scene,
May I depart in hope serene;
And find, when heart and flesh shall fail,
My anchor cast within the veil.

595 *Now is our salvation nearer.* Rom. 13: 1. S. M

- A SWEETLY solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
To-day I 'm nearer to my home
Than e'er I've been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
And nearer to the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where falls my burden down;
Nearer to where I leave my cross,
And where I gain my crown.
- 4 Saviour, confirm my trust,
Complete my faith in thee;
And let me feel as if I stood
Close on eternity;—
- 5 Feel as if now my feet
Were slipping o'er the brink;
For I may now be nearer home,
Much nearer than I think.

596

The Rock higher than I.

Psalm 61: 2.

11s.

IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair, [care;
 When my heart's overwhelmed with sorrow and
 From the end of the earth unto thee will I cry,
 Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I—
 Higher than I—higher than I—
 Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

- 2 When Satan, my foe, cometh in like a flood,
 To drive my poor soul from the fountain of God,
 I'll pray to the Saviour who kindly did die,
 Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
 Higher than I, etc.
- 3 When tempted by Satan the Spirit to grieve,
 And th' service of Christ, my Redeemer, to leave,
 I'll claim my relation to Jesus, on high—
 The Rock of Salvation, that's higher than I.
 Higher than I, etc.
- 4 O Saviour of sinners, when faint and depress'd,
 With manifold trials and sorrows oppress'd,
 I'll bow at thy feet, and with confidence cry
 "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."
 Higher than I, etc.
- 5 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
 In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear;
 In the swelling of Jordan on thee I'll rely,
 And look to the Rock that is higher than I.
 Higher than I, etc.
- 6 And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the
 skies,
 And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise;
 With millions I'll join far above yonder sky,
 To praise the kind Rock that is higher than I.
 Higher than I, etc.

597

Looking to God in trouble.

C. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

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

- 3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No, still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's pray'r;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

598

A prayer of the Christian.

L. M.

- A**S pilgrims in this vale of tears,
We sigh to reach our heav'nly home:
That we, released from all our fears,
May tune our harps and cease to roam.
- 2 O God, protect us by thy pow'r,
And keep us safe within thy fold;
That we, in each unguarded hour,
May never lose on thee our hold.
- 3 O, wipe the tears from sorrow's eye,
And let us all rejoice in thee;
Give joy for ev'ry rising sigh,
Make us from ev'ry fetter free.
- 4 Help us to view our dying Lord,
And gaze upon his bleeding side;
That we may, faithful to his word,
Eternally in him abide.

5 Then, when we quit this mortal frame,
 O, may we soar away to thee;
 Raise hallelujahs to thy name,
 And our divine Redeemer see.

599

Stand for the right.

C. M.

BE firm, be bold, be strong, be true,
 "And dare to stand alone;"
 Strive for the right, whate'er you do,
 Though helpers there be none.

2 Nay—bend not to the swelling surge
 Of fashion's sneer and wrong;
 'T will bear thee on to ruin's verge,
 With current wild and strong.

3 Stand for the right: though falsehood rail,
 And proud lips coldly sneer;
 A poisoned arrow can not wound
 A conscience pure and clear.

4 Stand for the right, and with clean hands
 Exalt the truth on high;
 Thou 'lt find warm, sympathizing hearts
 Among the passers-by.

5 Stand for the right: proclaim it loud,
 Thou 'lt find an answering tone
 In honest hearts, and then no more
 Be doomed to stand alone.

600

*The presence of Christ affords delight.**Acts 16: 26.*

8s.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see! [flowers
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
 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 seasons or place
 Would make any change in my mind;
 While blessed 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 up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

601

Home in view.

Acts 7: 56. L. M.

- A**S when the weary trav'ler gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
 He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,
 He slights the space that lies between;
 His past fatigues are now forgot,
 Because his journey's end is seen.
- 3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
 By faith his mansion in the skies,

- The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers ;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 'T is there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day ;
Then shall I bid my cares farewell,
And he shall wipe my tears away.
- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode :
Assur'd our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

602

The longing flock, etc.

8s & 7s.

- LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come, and bid our jarring cease ;
Come, O come, and reign for ever,
God of love, and Prince of peace :
Visit now thy precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep ;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 2 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth :
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
That shall teach us all thy truth ;
On the gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep ;
Love's our bond, and Christ our center,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 3 Hear the Prince of your salvation,
Saying, " Fear not, little flock,
I myself am your foundation,
Ye are built upon this rock :

Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Near your Shepherd constant keep,
Look to me and be ye holy,
I delight to feed my sheep."

603 *Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath.* C. M.
Luke 14 : 33.

AND must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord! for thee?
This is my joy, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go ; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls! while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

604 *The ornament of a meek spirit.* L. M.
1 Peter 3 : 33.

HOW proud we are, how fond, to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new ;
When the poor sheep and silk-worms wore
That very clothing long before.

2 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I :
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flow'rs, exceed me still.

3 O, that my heart were set to find
Inward adornings of the mind!
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace—
These are the robes of richest dress.

- 4 Then, worms would not with me compare,
 For this is raiment angels wear;
 The Son of God, when here below,
 Put on this blest apparel too.
- 5 In this, on earth I should appear;
 Then go to heaven, and wear it there;
 God will approve it in his sight;
 'T is his own work, and his delight.

605 *The branch can not bear fruit itself.* S. M.
 John 15: 4.

- T**O keep the lamp alive
 With oil we fill the bowl;
 'T is water makes the willow thrive,
 And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
 Supplies the living stream;
 It is not at our own command,
 But still deriv'd from him.
- 3 Beware of Peter's words,
 Nor confidently say,
 "I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"
 But—"Grant I never *may*."
- 4 Man's wisdom is to seek
 His strength in God alone;
 And e'en an angel would be weak,
 Who trusted in his own.
- 5 Retreat beneath his wings,
 And in his grace confide;
 This more exalts the King of kings
 Than all your works beside.
- 6 In Jesus is our store,
 Grace issues from his throne.
 Whoever says, "I want no more,"
 Confesses he has none.

606

L. M.

THERE is a school on earth begun,
 Instructed by the Holy One ;
 He calls his pupils there, to prove
 The sweetness of redeeming love.

2 The school-book is the Scripture true ;
 The lessons are forever new ;
 In this the pupils are agreed,
 It is a blessed school indeed.

3 'Tis here the blind may learn to see ;
 Then come, ye blind, the school is free ;
 And here the lame may learn to walk ;
 The dumb may also learn to talk.

4 'T is here the deaf may learn to hear ;
 Then come, ye deaf, and lend an ear ;
 Listen to Jesus' pleasant voice,
 He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.

5 Come, brethren, you who are at school,
 Attention pay to ev'ry rule ;
 Here may we learn the happy art
 Of loving God with all our heart.

607

Desiring the divine presence.

Ex. 33: 15.

L. M.

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
 Teach me what thou wouldst have me
 Suggest whate'er I think or say, [do,
 Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Assist and teach me how to pray ;
 Incline my nature to obey :
 What thou abhor'st, that let me flee,
 And only love what pleases thee.

608

Comfort in affliction.

C. M.

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:
- 3 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 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the cov'nant of his grace
For all things to depend:
- 5 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be;
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
O Lord, direct from thee!

609 *The only foundation.* 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
Cor. 3: 11.

HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there giv'n
On which to place my hopes of heav'n,
But Christ, the corner-stone.

- 2 Possessing Christ, I all possess—
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
And holiness complete;
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

- 3 There is no path to heav'nly bliss,
 To solid joy or lasting peace,
 But Christ, th' appointed road ;
 O may we tread the sacred way,
 By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
 Till we sit down with God !

610

Thoughts on death.

C. P. M.

- A**ND 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 his 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 !

611

The harvest is past, etc.

Jer. 8: 20. 11s.

- THE harvest is past, and the reapers are gone;
 The summer is ended, I sorrow alone:
 God's mercies and judgments were slighted by me,
 And now for deliv'rance no hope I can see.
 The harvest is past, and the wheat all returned,
 And now with the chaff I am doomed to be burned;
 All warnings of danger I madly outbraved—
 The summer is ended, and I am not saved.
- 2 The harvest is past, and my soul, in despair,
 Must dwell with the lost, and their agonies share;
 In deep desolation I mourn at the last—
 All hopeless the future—the harvest is past.
 The harvest is past—I must part with my friends,
 Forever with them all my intercourse ends;
 With darkness around me, I feel the dread blast
 Of God's indignation—the harvest is past.
- 3 O, that I could now all my lifetime forget!
 'T will fill my poor soul with eternal regret,
 To think of the seasons of mercy and grace,
 When I with the people of God took my place—
 To think how the spirit oft strove with me then,
 And called me to Jesus, again and again:
 I think of the promises oft times I made,
 Alas! to fulfill them I always delayed.
- 4 To think of prayers offered, and tears which were
 shed,
 That I, in my youth, to the cross might be led:
 To think of the loved ones who pleaded with me,
 Whose faces no more I 'm permitted to see;
 To think of a heaven, and friends who are there—
 O! memory, why dost thou enhance my despair?
 If with those dear loved ones my lot I had cast,
 I now would be saved—but the harvest is past.
- 5 O! sorrow of sorrows, eternally great!
 I'd now accept mercy, but now 't is too late!
 God's justice on me is exerted at last—
 I have my reward, and the harvest is past. [dwell,
 Though banished from God, in this torment to
 If prayers for the erring could rise up from hell,
 I'd groan out petitions for ages to come,
 To save one poor sinner from this awful doom!

612

7s & 6s.

COME, all ye weary trav'lers,
 Come, let us join and sing
 The everlasting praises
 Of Jesus Christ, our King;

We've had a tedious journey,
 And tiresome, it is true,
 But see how many dangers
 The Lord has brought us through.

- 2 At first when Jesus found us,
 He called us unto him,
 And pointed out the danger
 Of falling into sin ;
 The world, the flesh, and Satan,
 Will prove a fatal snare,
 Unless we do reject them
 By faith and humble prayer.
- 3 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
 Give life, and joy, and peace,
 Revive our drooping spirits,
 And faith and love increase.
 Confess your Lord and Master,
 And run at his command ;
 And hasten on your journey
 Unto the promised land.
- 4 Sinners, why stand ye idle,
 While we do march along ?
 Has conscience never told you
 That you are going wrong ?
 Down the broad road to ruin,
 To bear an endless curse ?
 Oh, leave your ways of sinning,
 And come along with us.
- 5 But if you will refuse it,
 We bid you all farewell ;
 We're on the way to Canaan,
 And you the way to hell :
 We're sorry thus to leave you,
 We'd rather you would go :
 Come, try a bleeding Saviour,
 And feel salvation flow.

613

The soul.

C. M.

WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation 'round?
That, which was lost in Paradise,
That, which in Christ is found.

- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath!
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath, to work its death,
Heaven stoops, to give it life.
- 3 God, to reclaim it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in One.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthly vessels frail?
Teach us, O God, its worth to know,
Lest we its loss bewail.
- 5 Then let us gather 'round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain—
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

614

Presumption and despair.

C. M.

I HATE the tempter and his charms;
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.

- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, "How easy 't is
To walk the road to heav'n;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

4 He bids young sinners, "Yet forbear
To think of God or death;
For prayer and devotion are
But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "They must die,
And 't is too late to pray;
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day."

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne,
By mischief and deceit;
And drags the sons of Adam down,
To darkness and the pit.

615

C. M.

"**T**HOU shalt not covet," God hath said—
But be content with what
He, in his sovereign will, hath made
The portion of thy lot.

2 "Thou shalt not covet."—Yet how strong
Desire has sometimes grown;
Until, in earnestness, we long
For what is not our own.

3 "Thou shalt not covet."—O, how mean
To want another's good!
Ah! if these secret sins were seen,
How shame our face would cloud.

4 "Thou shalt not covet."—Each desire
For what another holds,
Is adding fuel to the fire
Of envy in our souls.

5 "Thou shalt not covet."—Every theft
In envy is begun:
Lord, leave us not of grace bereft;
Help us this sin to shun.

- W**HEN our Lord was crucified,
 Two transgressors with him died :
 One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
 Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 2 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
 In the very jaws of death ;
 Perished—as too many do—
 With the Saviour in his view.
- 3 But the other, moved by grace,
 Saw the danger of his case,
 And, by faith, embraced his Lord,
 Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.
- 4 “ Lord,” he prays, “ remember me,
 When in glory thou shalt be :”
 “ Soon with me,” the Lord replies,
 “ Thou shalt be in Paradise.”
- 5 This was wondrous grace indeed,
 Grace bestowed in time of need ;
 Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
 You will find him still the same.
- 6 O, beware of unbelief!
 Think upon the hardened thief ;
 If the gospel you disdain,
 Christ for you hath died in vain.

DOXOLOGIES.

8s & 7s.

- 1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Spirit's holy favor,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

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.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

C. M.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd, [known,
Where there are works to make him
Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

Give to the Father praise,
 Give glory to the Son,
 And to the Spirit of his grace
 Be equal honor done.

7s.

Praise the name of God most high ;
 Praise him, all below the sky ;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8s, 7s & 4.

Great Jehovah ! we adore thee—
 God, the Father—God, the Son,—
 God, the Spirit—joined in glory,
 On the same eternal throne:
 Endless praises,
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

P. M.

A Benediction.

7s & 6s

Now may grace and mercy rest
 On our congregation ;
 May thy saints be richly blest,
 With thy great salvation ;
 May thy word and spirit guide,
 All thy people in the way,
 Till, with all the sanctified,
 They shall reign in endless joy.

APPENDIX.

— YOUTH.

617 *Importance of early religion.* L. M.

NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God ;
Behold, the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again ;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy name ;
Teach me to know how frail I am ;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

618 *Early piety.* 7s & 6s.

GO thou in life's fair morning,
Go, in thy bloom of youth,
And seek, for thine adorning,
The precious pearl of truth ;
Secure the heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart ;
And let no earthly pleasure,
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
 Go, while thy heart is light,
 Go, ere thy strength declineth,
 While every sense is bright:
 Sell all thou hast and buy it;
 'T is worth all earthly things,—
 Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
 Sceptres and crowns of kings!

3 Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
 Steals o'er thy bloom of youth;
 Defer not till to-morrow;
 Go now, and buy the truth.
 Go, seek thy great Creator;
 Learn early to be wise;
 Go, place upon the altar
 A morning sacrifice.

619

The ways of wisdom.

C. M.

WHY should we spend our youthful days
 In folly and in sin,
 When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
 And bids us walk therein?

2 Folly and sin our peace destroy;
 They glitter, and are past;
 They yield us but a moment's joy,
 And end in death at last.

3 But, if true wisdom we possess,
 Our joys shall never cease;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

4 O, may we in our youthful days,
 Attend to wisdom's voice;
 And make these holy, happy ways,
 Our own delightful choice!

620

Remember now thy Creator.

C. M.

REMEMBER thy Creator now,
 In these thy youthful days;
 He will accept thine earliest vow
 He loves thine earliest praise.

- 2 Remember thy Creator now ;
 Seek him while he is near ;
 For evil days will come, when thou
 Shalt find no comfort here.
- 3 Remember thy Creator now ;
 His willing servant be ;
 Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
 He will remember thee.
- 4 Almighty God, our hearts incline
 Thy heavenly voice to hear ;
 Let all our future days be thine,
 Devoted to thy fear.

621

Counsel and advice to the young.

P. M.

REMEMBER, sinful youth,
 You must die—you must die
 Remember, sinful youth,
 You must die!
 Remember, sinful youth,
 Who hate the ways of truth,
 And in your pleasures boast,
 You must die—you must die!
 And in your pleasures boast,
 You must die!

- 2 Uncertain are your days,
 Here below—here below, &c.
 Uncertain are your days ;
 For God hath many ways
 To end your day of grace,
 Here below—here below, &c.

3 To the great judgment day
 You are bound—you are bound, &c.
 To the great judgment day,
 Be you whoe'er you may,—
 Nor will it long delay,—
 You are bound—you are bound, &c.

4 The God who built the sky,
 By his pow'r—by his pow'r, &c.
 The God who built the sky
 Hath said (and cannot lie:)
 "The soul that sins, shall die,"
 Evermore—evermore, &c.

5 Then O my friends, don't you,
 I entreat—I entreat, &c.
 Then O my friends, don't you
 Your carnal ways pursue,
 And thus your souls undo,—
 I entreat—I entreat, &c.

6 Now to the Saviour flee
 For your life—for your life, &c.
 Now to the Saviour flee,
 And be from sin set free;—
 Give praise eternally,
 For your life—for your life, &c.

622 *They shall go in and out and find* 8, 7 & 4.
pasture.—John. 10: 9.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us:
 Much we need thy tender care;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy folds prepare.
 Blessed Jesus!

Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine: do thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.

Blessed Jesus!

Hear us, children, when we pray.

- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 Blessed Jesus!
 Let us early turn to thee.
- 4 Early let us seek thy favor,
 Early let us do thy will ;
 Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
 With thy grace our bosom fill.
 Blessed Jesus!
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

623

Praise to the Saviour.

S. M.

- T**O praise the Saviour's name,
 Let little children try ;
 While saints and angels do the same
 In the bright world on high.
- 2 His love in heaven is sung,
 His name is there adored ;
 And children here, however young,
 May learn to praise the Lord.
- 3 The wonders of that love
 No earthly tongue can tell,
 Which brought the Saviour from above.
 To save our souls from hell.
- 4 For us he wept and bled,
 And suffer'd all his pain,
 For us was number'd with the dead,
 And rose to life again.
- 5 And still for us he prays,
 And makes our souls his care ;
 He loves to hear our feeble praise
 And listen to our prayer.
- 6 Lord Jesus! grant that we
 May know thy saving grace,
 On earth thy humble followers be,
 In heaven behold thy face.

- WHEN a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us, "It is sin,"
And entreats us to beware.
- 2 If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny,
Conscience says, "Your fault confess;
Do not dare to tell a lie."
- 3 In the morning, when we rise,
And would fain omit to pray,
"Child, consider," Conscience cries:
"Should not God be sought to-day?"
- 4 When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill,
"Now subdue it," Conscience cries,
"And command your temper still."
- 5 Thus, without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,
With a secret, gentle voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.
- 6 But if we should disregard,
While this friendly voice would call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard,
That it will not speak at all.

- IF you will turn away from sin
In childhood's early day,
The Lord will make you pure within,
And take your guilt away.
- 2 He'll show you all his matchless love,
He'll make you heirs of light,
And give you grace, that you may prove
Still faithful in his sight.

YOUTH.

- 3 He'll lead you in the pleasant way
Of holiness and peace,
And guide you thus to endless day,
Where sin and sorrow cease.
- 4 Oh, stay not in the road to death,
But to the Saviour come!
And when you lose life's fleeting breath
He'll send and take you home.

626

Go to the ant.

Prov. 6: 6, 10: 5.

C. M.

SEE how the little toiling ant
Improves the harvest hours;
While summer lasts, through all her cells
The choicest stores she pours.

- 2 While life remains, our harvest lasts;
But youth of life's the prime;
Best is this season for our work,
And this the accepted time.
- 3 To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice;
To-morrow, Folly cries;
And still to morrow 't is, when, oh!
To-day the sinner dies.
- 4 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
And seize the tender hour;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And God will give the power.

627

Come unto me, all ye that labor.

Matt. 11: 28.

7s & 5s.

COME to Jesus, little one,
Come to Jesus now;
Humbly at his gracious throne
In submission bow.
At his feet confess your sin,
Seek forgiveness there;
For his blood can make you clean:
He will hear your prayer.

- 2 Seek his face without delay ;
 Give him now your heart ;
 Tarry not, but, while you may,
 Choose the better part.
 Come to Jesus, little one,
 Come to Jesus now ;
 Humbly at his gracious throne
 In submission bow.

628

C. M.

SEE, the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands
 With all-engaging charms ;
 Hark, how he calls his tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.

- 2 Permit them, to approach, he cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name ;
 For 't was to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came.
- 3 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
 Where living waters flow,
 And guide us to the fruitful fields
 Where trees of knowledge grow.
- 4 The feeblest lamb amid the flock
 Shall be its Shepherd's care ;
 While folded in the Saviour's arms,
 We're safe from every snare.

629

The importance of educating youth. C. M.

FATHER, 't is ours in wisdom's way
 To guide untutor'd youth,
 And lead the mind that goes astray
 To virtue and to truth.

- 2 The young our kind protection claim,
 And God will well approve
 Efforts to teach the youth thy name
 And their dear Lord to love.

- 3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the deceitful paths of sin,
 To seek redeeming grace.
- 4 Almighty God, thine influence shed
 To aid this good design;
 O bless the means thy name to spread,
 And make all people thine.

630

Evil company.

C. M.

- WHY should I join with those in play
 In whom I've no delight;
 Who curse and swear, but never pray,
 Who call ill names, and fight?
- 2 I hate to hear a wanton song;
 Their words offend my ears;
 I would not dare defile my tongue
 With language such as theirs.
- 3 Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
 Nor with the scoffers go;
 I would be walking with the wise,
 That wiser I might grow.
- 4 I hate to walk, I hate to dwell
 With sinful children here;
 Then let me not be sent to hell,
 Where none but sinners are.

631

The orphan's hymn.

Psalm 10: 14.

C. M.

- WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
 A place for calm repose?
 Thou Father of the fatherless,
 Pity the orphan's woes.
- 2 What friend have I in heaven or earth
 What friend to trust, but thee?
 My father's dead; my mother's dead;
 My God, remember me.

- 3 Thy gracious promise now fulfill,
 And bid my troubles cease;
 In thee the fatherless shall find
 Pure mercy, grace, and peace.
- 4 I've not a secret care or pain
 But he that secret knows;
 Thou Father of the fatherless,
 Pity the orphan's woes.

632

Looking to Jesus.

11s.

YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
 Each victory will help us some other to win:
 Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
 Look ever to Jesus, he'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Saviour to help you, comfort, strengthen and keep
 He is willing to aid you, He'll carry you through. [you:

- 2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain:
 God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain:
 Be thoughtful and earnest, kind hearted and true,
 Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.—CHO.
- 3 To him that o'ercometh, God giveth a crown:
 Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down:
 He who is the Saviour our strength will renew,
 Look ever to Jesus, he'll carry you through.—CHO.

633

Because he loved me so.

7s & 6s.

- I LOVE to hear the story
 Which angel voices tell;
 How once the King of Glory
 Came down on earth to dwell.
 I am both weak and sinful,
 But this I surely know,
 The Lord came down to save me
 Because he loved me so.
- 2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
 Was once a child like me;
 To show how pure and holy
 His little ones should be;
 And if I try to follow
 His footsteps here below,

He never will forsake me,
Because he loves me so.

- 3 To sing his love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise ;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise.
For He has kindly promised,
That I shall surely go
To sing among His angels,
Because he loves me so.

634

What the Bible tells us.

L. M.

THIS is a precious book indeed ;
Happy the child that loves to read ;
'T is God's own word which he hath given
To show our souls the way to heaven !

- 2 It tells us how the world was made ;
And how good men the Lord obeyed ;
And his commands are in it too,
To teach us what we ought to do.
- 3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die ;
It points to heaven where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.
- 4 But what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us Jesus died ;
This is its first, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.
- 5 Let us be thankful that we may
Read this good Bible every day ;
'T is God's own word, which he has giv'n
To show our souls the way to heav'n.

635

Sincerity in prayer.

C. M.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

- 2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile:
 And when I pray or sing,
 I'm often thinking all the while
 About some other thing.
- 3 O let me never, never dare
 To act a trifler's part,
 Or think that God will hear a pray'r
 That comes not from the heart.
- 4 But if I make his ways my choice,
 As holy children do,
 Then, while I seek him with my voice,
 My heart will love him too.

636 *Rewards of early piety.* 8s, 7s & 4.

- G**OD has said, "Forever blessed
 Those who seek me in their youth;
 They shall find the path of wisdom,
 And the narrow way of truth;"
 Guide us, Saviour,
 In the narrow way of truth.
- 2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
 Be our wisdom and our guide;
 May we walk in love and meekness,
 Nearer to our Saviour's side:
 Naught can harm us,
 While we thus in thee abide.
- 3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather,
 We may turn our tearless eye
 To the dwelling of our Father,
 To our home beyond the sky—
 Gently passing
 To the happy land on high.

637 *Little things.* P. M. 6s & 5s.

LITTLE drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean,
 And the beauteous land.

- 2 And the little moments,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.
- 3 So, our little errors
 Lead the soul away
 From the paths of virtue,
 Oft in sin to stray.
- 4 Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden,
 Like the heav'n above.
- 5 Little seeds of mercy,
 Sown by youthful hands,
 Grow to bless the nations,
 Far in heathen lands.

638

The good child's song.

7s & 6s.

- I WANT to be an angel
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand;
 There, right before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'd wake the sweetest music,
 And praise him day and night.
- 2 I never would be weary,
 Nor ever shed a tear,
 Nor ever know a sorrow,
 Nor ever feel a fear:
 But, blessed, pure and holy,
 I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
 And with ten thousand thousands
 Praise him both day and night.
- 3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
 But Jesus well forgive;
 For many little children
 Have gone to heav'n to live.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

Dear Saviour, when I languish,
 And lay me down to die,
 O, send a shining angel,
 And bear me to the sky!

- 4 O, there I'll be an angel
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand;
 And there, before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'll join the heavenly music,
 And praise him day and night.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

639 *The Gospel jubilee.* H. M. 6s & 8s.

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 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atonng Lamb:
 Redemption in his blood
 Through all the world proclaim:
 The year of jubilee is come,—
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 3 Servants of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell;
 And blest in Jesus live:
 The year of jubilee is come,—
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning grace;
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold the Saviour's face:

The year of jubilee is come,—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come,—
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

640 *The Gospel's call.* 8s, 7s & 4.

SINNERS, hear, for God hath spoken;
'T is the God that reigns on high;
He, whose law the world has broken,
Sends you tidings of great joy:
Hear his message,
Hear it, sinners, lest ye die.

- 2 Hear the gospel, sinners, hear it,
Joyful news from heaven it brings;
Here's a fountain, O, draw near it!
Open'd by the King of kings:
Living water,
Thence in streams eternal springs.

- 3 Sinner, hear—why will you perish?
Death to life, O! why prefer?
Why your vain delusions cherish?
Why from truth persist to err?
Wisdom calls you:
Happy they who learn of her.

641 *Free will.* I. M.

KNOW, sinners, every one is free
To choose his course, and what he'll
For this eternal truth is giv'n: [be;
That God will force no man to heav'n.

- 2 He'll draw, persuade, direct aright,
Bless us with wisdom, love and light:
In nameless ways be good and kind;
But never force the human mind.

- 3 Freedom and reason make us men ;
 Take these away, what are we then ?
 Mere animals, and just as well,
 E'en brutes might think of heav'n or hell.
- 4 O, then, no more your pow'rs abuse,
 But ways of truth and goodness choose !
 Our God is pleas'd when we improve
 His grace, and seek the world above.
- 5 But if you take the downward road,
 And make in hell your last abode ;
 Our God is clear, and you shall know
 You plung'd yourselves in endless woe !

642

The sinner warned.

7s.

HASTE, O sinner, to be wise ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,
 All the paths of death to shun.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Thy probation may be o'er,
 Ere this evening's work is done.

3 Haste, O sinner, now return ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
 Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun :
 Death may thy poor soul arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.

643

The sinner exhorted.

L. M.

SINNER, oh, why so thoughtless grown ?
 Why in such dreadful haste to die ?
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown ;
 Heedless against thy God to fly.

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
 Urged on by sin's delusive dreams;
 Madly attempt the infernal gate
 And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner! on the gospel plains;
 Behold the Son of God unfold
 The glories of his dying pains,
 Forever telling, yet untold!

644 *The contrite sinner.* C. M.

O THOU! whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
 Thy word of promise cannot fail,
 My tower of safe retreat.

4 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine;
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

645 "Come." Rev. 22: 17. S. M.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
 Is whisp'ring "Sinner, come;"
 The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
 To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth, say,
 To all about him, "Come!"
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
 To Christ, the fountain, come.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;—
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so—I wait thy hour ;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

646 *And yet there is room.* Luke 14: 22. L. M.

YE weary, heavy laden, come!
With Jesus Christ there still is room ;
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If you will now on him believe.

2 The way to heaven is free for all—
For Jew and Gentile, great and small :
Make up your minds, give God your heart ;
With every sin and idol part.

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain ;
Repent, believe, be born again :
The Saviour gently says to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me."

4 O could I hear some sinner cry,
"I'll seek the Lord whilst he is nigh ;
I'll go to Jesus while I may
Secure the bliss of endless day."

647 *Disconsolate invited.* 11s & 10s.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel : [guish ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying.
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure

3 Here see the bread of life : see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love :
Come to the feast prepar'd ; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

648

Rest for the weary penitent.

L. M.

- COME, weary soul, with sin distress'd,
 Come, and accept the promised rest;
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
 Pardon and life, and endless peace,—
 How rich the gift, how free the grace!
- 3 Lord! we accept, with thankful heart,
 The hope thy gracious words impart;
 We come with trembling,—yet rejoice,
 And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 4 Dear Saviour! let thy pow'ful love
 Confirm our faith,—our fears remove;
 O, sweetly reign in every breast,
 And guide us to eternal rest.

649

Delay not.

11s.

- DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near!
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
 No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
 Redemption is purchas'd, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
 A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
 For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
 Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
 Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of grace,
 Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race—
 To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

650

The wanderer recalled.

L. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek an injured Father's face;
 Those warm desires that in thee burn
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And seek a Father's melting heart;
 His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
 His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
 Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe away the falling tear;
 'T is God who says, "No longer mourn,"
 'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

651 *Drooping souls encouraged.* 7s & 6s.

- D**ROOPING souls, no longer grieve,
 Heaven is propitious:—
 If you do in Christ believe,
 You will find him precious.
 Jesus now is passing by,
 And he calls you to him:
 He has died for you and me,—
 O! then come and view him.
- 2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
 Flows the healing lotion:
 See the purple swelling tide,
 Boundless as the ocean.
 See the living waters move,
 For the sick and dying;
 Now resolve to gain his love,
 Or to perish trying.
- 3 Gospel grace is always free,
 Drooping souls to gladden!
 Hence he says, "Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy laden."
 Though your sins like mountains rise,
 Rise and reach to heaven,
 Yet, if you on him believe,
 All shall be forgiven.

4 Now, methinks, I hear one say,
 I will go and prove him;
 If he takes my sins away,
 Surely I will love him.
 Come, my Saviour, come and smile,
 Smiling moves my burden;
 I am guilty, poor and vile,
 Yet thou canst me pardon.

5 Streams of mercy, how they flow!
 Surely now I feel it:
 Half has never yet been told—
 O, could I reveal it!
 Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,
 O, the wondrous story!
 I was lost, but now I'm found,
 Glory, glory, glory!

6 If no greater joys were known
 In the starry region,
 I would try to travel on,
 In this pure religion.
 Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
 Glory here and yonder!
 Brightest angels join with me,
 To adore and wonder.

652 *Behold, I stand at the door and knock.* L. M.
 Rev. 3: 20.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
 Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul—
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin
 And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice;
 It was the Spirit's gracious call;
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek, in Christ, thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
 Regard in time this warning kind;
 That call thou mayest not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.

- 4 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With harden'd, self-destroying man ;
 Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
 May never hear his voice again.
- 5 Sinner, perhaps this very day
 Thy last accepted time may be ;
 O, should'st thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

653

How shall we escape ?

Heb. 2: 3.

7s.

- W**HEN thy mortal life is fled, [spread,
 When the death-shades o'er thee
 When is finished thy career,
 Sinner, where wilt thou appear?
- 2 When the world has passed away,
 When draws near the judgment-day,
 When the awful trump shall sound,
 Say, O, where wilt thou be found?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
 Clothed in majesty and might,
 When the wicked quail with fear,
 Where, O, where wilt thou appear?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
 When the saints and thou must part?
 When the good with joy are crowned,
 Sinner, where wilt thou be found?
- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
 Quickly to the Saviour fly ;
 Then shall peace thy spirit cheer ;
 Then with Christ shalt thou appear.

654

Be reconciled to God.

L. M.

- O** WHY wilt thou so long delay,
 And spurn the mercy of the Lord ?
 Sinner, while it is called to-day,
 Obey the reconciling word.

- 2 Alas! thy day of grief draws nigh,
 When, haply, on a dying bed,
 Thou mayest for peace and pardon cry,
 When the last ray of hope is fled.
- 3 When through the clouds of wrath and gloom
 Shall shine the awful judgment throne,
 O, wilt thou burst the silent tomb
 To be eternally undone?
- 4 O, weary wanderer far from bliss,
 Wretched, and burdened, and forlorn;
 Return, and Christ shall give you peace,—
 His light shall be your endless morn.

655 *To-day, if ye hear his voice. harden not* L. M.
your hearts.—Heb. 3: 7, 8.

- O DO not let the word depart,
 And close thine eyes against the light.
 Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
 Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night?
- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
 To bless thy long-deluded sight:—
 This is the time; oh, then, be wise!
 Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night?
- 3 Our God in pity lingers still,
 And wilt thou thus his love requite?
 Renounce at once thy stubborn will;
 Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night?
- 4 The world has nothing left to give;
 It has no new, no pure delight.
 Oh, try the life which Christians live!
 Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night?
- 5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
 Who would to him their souls unite.
 Believe on him, the work is done;
 Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night?

656

Come now.

C. M.

- O** SAY not, "I will yet delay
To seek God's offer'd grace;"
When Jesus, with a voice of love,
Says now, "Seek thou my face."
- 2 Say not, "To-morrow I will turn:"
To thee it may not come;
For e'en this night thy soul may hear
Its everlasting doom.
- 3 Say not, "When sickness lays me low,
I will begin to pray;"
For swift disease, or sudden death,
May call thy soul away.
- 4 But say, with earnestness and faith,
"Jesus, I come to thee;
Now, from this moment, by thy grace,
Help me from sin to flee.
- 5 "Now, for thy tender mercy's sake,
Forgive my past delay,
And in thine own redeeming blood
Wash all my sins away.
- 6 "Now, by thy Holy Spirit's power,
Renew this heart of mine;
And may the life which thou hast spared
Be henceforth wholly thine."

657

P. M. 6s & 4s.

- C**HILD of sin and sorrow, fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow; yield thee to-day.
Heaven bids thee come, while yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow, hear and obey.
- 2 Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou eanst borrow help from on high:
Grieve not that love, which from above—
Child of sin and sorrow—would bring thee nigh.
- 3 Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee
Through that long to-morrow, eternity?
Exiled from home, darkly to roam,—
Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee?

- 4 Child of sin and sorrow, lift up thine eye!
 Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds on high!
 In that high home, graven thy name:
 Child of sin and sorrow, swift homeward fly!

658 *Surely, he hath borne all our griefs.* 7s.
 Isa. 53: 4.

WEeping soul, no longer mourn,
 Jesus all thy griefs hath borne;
 View him bleeding on the tree,
 Pouring out his life for thee;
 There thy every sin He bore,
 Weeping soul, lament no more.

- 2 All thy crimes on him were laid,
 See, upon his blameless head
 Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
 Due to my offence and yours;
 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
 On th' atoning sacrifice.

- 3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
 Find him mighty to redeem;
 At his feet thy burden lay,
 Cast thy doubts and fears away;
 Now by faith the Son embrace,
 Plead his promise, trust his grace.

659 *An appeal to the careless.* L. M.
 Isa. 32: 17.

WHY will ye lavish out your years,
 Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
 While, in the various range of thought,
 The one thing needful is forgot?

- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
 And famish an immortal mind;
 While angels with regret look down,
 To see you spurn a heav'nly crown?
- 3 Th' eternal God calls from above,
 And Jesus pleads his dying love,
 Awaken'd conscience gives you pain,
 And shall they join their pleas in vain?

- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which ye now pursue ;
Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God ! thine aid impart,
To fix conviction on the heart ;
Thy pow'r can clear the darkest eyes,
And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

660

Go to Jesus.

8s & 7s.

- G**O to Jesus with thy sorrows,
He thy burdened soul will ease ;
He will give thy troubled conscience
A sweet sense of pardoning peace.
- 2 Go to Jesus with thy trials,
Tell him all thy cares and woes ;
He has promised, if we ask him,
He will give us sweet repose.
- 3 Go to Jesus when the tempter
Seeks to lure thee from the right ;
When the wicked one assails thee,
Ever keep the cross in sight.
- 4 Go to Jesus when thy burdens
Are too hard for thee to bear ;
Tell him all thy cares and sorrows,
He will lend a listening ear.
- 5 Go to Jesus when death's shadows
Quickly gather round thy way ;
Ask of him to guide thy footsteps
To the realms of endless day.
- 6 Then, in that celestial city,
Thou shalt find a lasting rest
From earth's turmoil, cares, and sorrows,
With the saints forever blest.

661 *My yoke is easy.* L. M.

Matt. 11: 30.

COME, take my yoke, the Saviour said,
To follow me be not afraid;
For I in heart am lowly, meek,
And offer you the rest you seek.

- 2 The yoke of pleasure may allure,
And promise bliss that will endure;
But when it has thy youth despoil'd,
'T will cast thee off as garment soil'd.
- 3 Take not on thee the yoke of wealth;
'T will eat thy soul, destroy thy health;
And make thee feel how cheap the cost,
If worlds could buy the peace it lost.
- 4 Ambition, too, its yoke displays,
And hangs out its perennial bays:
Be not, poor soul, by it misled;
I offer thee a crown instead.
- 5 Then take my yoke—'t is soft and light,
'T will ne'er disturb thy rest at night;
But guide thee to that world above,
Where no restraint is known but love.

662 *The gospel invitation.* 8s & 7s.

HARK! the jubilee is sounding,
O, the joyful news has come!
Free salvation is proclaiming,
In and through God's own dear Son.
Now we have an invitation,
To the meek and lowly Lamb;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

- 2 Come, dear friends, and do n't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, do n't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time;

REPENTANCE.

Now the Saviour is beginning
 To revive his work again ;
 Glory, honor, and salvation,
 Christ the Lord has come to reign.

- 3 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
 Praise him, praise him evermore :
 May his boundless love constrain us,
 His great mercy to adore ;
 O then let us join together,
 Crowns of glory to obtain ;
 Glory, honor, and salvation,
 Christ the Lord has come to reign.

REPENTANCE.

663

Exhortation to repentance.

C. M.

REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
 Nor longer dare delay ;
 The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
 And meets a fiery day.

- 2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
 His heralds are despatch'd abroad,
 To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess ;
 Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar :
 For mercy knows th' appointed bound.
 And turns to vengeance there.
- 5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
 And yet prolong our days !
 Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
 And weep, and love, and praise.

664

Prepare to meet thy God.

S. M.

PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sov'reign love make known,
The Spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy pow'r,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

665

Wrestling with Christ.

P. M. 8.

COME, O thou Traveler 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 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable name?
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell:
 To know it now, resolv'd I am:
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 5 What tho' 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.

666 *An aged sinner awakened.* C. M.

O WHAT a wretched sinner, Lord!
 I now begin to see,
 The danger of the ways I've trod,
 But know not where to flee.

- 2 Long have I turn'd my back on thee,
 And slighted all thy grace;
 Yet pity, Lord, O pity me,
 And let me see thy face.
- 3 O, should I now yield up my breath,
 I must go down to dwell
 In chains of everlasting death,
 With sinners cast to hell.
- 4 Lord, change my heart, or I am gone;
 O give me life divine!
 Though I am old, may I be born
 A heav'nly child of thine.

667 *Longing for an interest in Christ.* 7s.

GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
 My requests vouchsafe to hear;
 Sore distress'd with guilt am I;
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

- 2 Wealth and honor I disdain,
 Earthly comforts all are vain:
 These can never satisfy;
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
 Only take away my guilt;
 Mourning, at thy feet I lie;
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,
 I am nothing else but sin;
 On thy mercy I rely;
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost:
 In thy grace alone I trust:
 With my earnest suit comply;
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 O, my God, what shall I say?
 Take, O take my sins away:
 Jesus' blood to me apply;
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

668

A broken heart, God's sacrifice.

Psalm 51: 17.

I. M

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

- 2 My soul is 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.
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
 Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
 And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

REPENTANCE.

4 O, may thy love inspire my tongue ;
 Salvation shall be all my song ;
 And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
 The Lord, my strength and right'ousness

669

S. M

GOD's holy law transgress'd,
 Speaks nothing but despair ;
 Convinced of guilt, with grief oppress'd,
 We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
 Nor works which we have done,
 Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
 Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
 In Jesus' precious blood :
 'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
 And reconciles to God.

4 This is salvation's source ;
 And all our hopes arise
 From Him who, hanging on the cross,
 A spotless victim dies.

670

The convicted sinner.

L. M

WITH aching heart and weeping eyes
 My guilty soul for mercy cries :
 What shall I do, or whither flee,
 T' escape that vengeance due to me ?

2 Till now I saw no danger nigh,
 I lived at ease, nor fear'd to die ;
 Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
 " I shall have peace at last," I cried.

3 But when, great God ! thy light divine
 Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
 Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
 The terrors of thy holy law.

REPENTANCE.

- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
 In childhood, youth and growing years ;
 Before thy pure discerning eye,
 Lord, what a filthy wretch am I !
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
 Death and destruction are my due :
 Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
 And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
 Salvation free in Jesus' name ?
 To him I look and anxious cry,
 "O, save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

671

Encouragement to prayer.

Matt. v : 7.

7s.

- COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 With my burden I begin,
 Lord, remove this load of sin ;
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast ;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
 As my guide, my guard, my friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.
- 5 Show me what I have to do,
 Every hour my strength renew ;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

672 *Mary hath chosen the good part.* L. M.
 Luke 10: 42.

THE one thing needful, that good part
 Which Mary chose with all her heart,
 I would pursue with heart and mind,
 And seek unwearied till I find.

2 But oh! I'm blind and ignorant,
 The Spirit of the Lord I want,
 To guide me in the narrow road,
 That leads to happiness and God.

3 O Lord my God, to thee I pray,
 Teach me to know and find the way,
 How I may have my sins forgiv'n,
 And safe and surely get to heav'n.

4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
 That I may understand aright
 The glorious gospel mystery,
 Which shows the way to heav'n and thee.

5 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
 That goodly pearl of so great price:
 No other way but Christ there is
 To endless happiness and bliss.

6 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God!
 Who hast redeem'd me by thy blood;
 Unite my heart so fast to thee,
 That we may never parted be.

673 *O that I knew where I might find Him.* C. M.
 Job 23: 3, 4.

O THAT I knew the secret place,
 Where I might find my God!
 I'd spread my wants before his face,
 And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
 What sorrows I sustain;
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,
 And leaves my heart in pain.

- 3 I'd say, how flesh and sense rebel,
 What inward foes combine
 With this vain world and pow'rs of hell,
 To vex this heart of mine.
- 4 He knows what arguments I'd take,
 To wrestle with my God;
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
 And for my Saviour's blood.
- 5 My God will pity my complaints,
 And heal my broken bones:
 He takes the meaning of his saints,
 The language of their groans.
- 6 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear;
 He calls thee to his throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there!

674

The prodigal.
 Luke 15.

C. M.

- B**EHOLD the wretch, whose lust and
 Have wasted his estate; [wine
 He begs a share among the swine
 To taste the husks they eat.
- 2 "I die with hunger, here," he cries,
 "I starve in foreign lands;
 My Father's house hath large supplies,
 And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 "I'll go and with a mournful tongue,
 Fall down before his face;
 Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
 Nor can deserve thy grace."
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
 To seek his Father's love;
 The Father saw the rebel come,
 And all his bowels move.

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

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

675 *Look again.* Jonah 2: 4. L. M.

SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encourag'd by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And there would look, and look again.

2 How oft, deceiv'd by self and pride,
Has my poor heart been turn'd aside!
And Jonah-like has fled from thee,
Till thou hast look'd again on me.

3 Ah! bring a wretched wand'rer home!
And to thy footstool let me come;
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait, and look, and look again.

4 Take courage then, my trembling soul,
One look from Christ will make thee whole;
Trust thou in him, 't is not in vain;
But wait, and look, and look again.

5 Do Satan's darts thy soul molest?
Does dark desertion fill thy breast?
Art thou almost with sorrow slain?
Yet wait, and look, and look again.

6 Do fears and doubts thy soul annoy,
And thund'ring tempests drown thy joy?
And canst thou not one smile obtain?
Yet wait, and look, and look again.

7 Look to the Lord, his word, his throne;
Look to his grace, and not your own;

JUSTIFICATION.

There wait, and look, and look again,
You shall not wait and look in vain.

- 8 Ere long that happy day will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home;
And when to glory I attain,
O then I'll look, and look again.

JUSTIFICATION.

676 *Justification and sanctification.* L. M.

BLESSED is the man, forever bless'd,
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 will 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
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

677 *Joy of a remarkable conversion.* C. M.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

JUSTIFICATION.

- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
 And owned thy power divine;
 "Great is the work," my heart replied,
 "And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
 Till the fair harvest come;
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 And shout the blessings home.

678 *By grace are ye saved.* Eph. 2 : 8. C. M.

- T**HE gospel comes with welcome news
 To sinners lost like me:
 Their various schemes let others choose,
 Saviour, I come to thee!
- 2 Of sinners sure I am the chief,
 But grace is rich and free:
 This lovely truth affords relief
 To *sinners*, even to *me*.
- 3 Of merit now let others speak,
 But merit I have none;
 I'm justified for Jesus' sake,
 I'm saved by grace alone.
- 4 'T was grace my stubborn heart first won,
 'T is grace that holds me fast:
 Grace will complete the work begun,
 And save me at the last.

679 *Praise for conversion.* 8s & 7s.

HAIL, my ever-blessed Jesus!
 Only thee I wish to sing;
 To my soul thy name is precious.
 Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.

JUSTIFICATION.

O, what mercy flows from heaven!
 O, what joy and happiness!
 Love I much?—I'm much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way.
 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness;
 Love I much?—I'm much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
 Whilst astonished I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love.
 That blest moment I received him,
 Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much?—I'm much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

680 *Born not of blood but of God.* L. M.

ASSIST my soul, my heavenly King,
 Thine everlasting love to sing:
 And joyful spread thy praise abroad,
 As one, through grace, that's born of God.

2 No, it was not the will of man,
 My soul's new heav'nly birth began;
 Nor will, nor pow'r of flesh and blood,
 That turn'd my heart from sin to God.

3 Herein let self be all abas'd.
 And heavenly love alone confess'd;
 This be my song through all the road,
 That born I am, and born of God.

4 O, may this love my soul constrain,
 To make returns of love again,

That I, while earth is my abode,
 May live like one that's born of God.

- 5 And when th' appointed hour shall come,
 And thou wilt call me to my home ;
 Joyful I'll pass the chilling flood,
 And sing, and say, I'm born of God.

681 *Need of regeneration.* C. P. M. 8s & 6s.

A WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
 Exposed to endless woe ;
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or else to ruin go.

- 2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
 Which way to shun the gates of hell ;
 For death and hell drew near.
 I strove, indeed, but strove in vain—
 The sinner must be born again,
 Still sounded in my ear.

- 3 The saints I heard with rapture tell
 How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare ;
 Yet when I found this truth remain,—
 The sinner must be born again,—
 I sunk in deep despair.

- 4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,—
 I felt his pity move :
 The sinner, by his justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

682 *Conversion affords joy.* L. M.

WHENE'ER a sinner turns to God,
 With contrite heart and flowing eyes,
 The happy news makes angels smile,
 And tell their joys above the skies.

- 2 Well may the church below rejoice,
 And echo back the heav'nly sound:
 This soul was dead, but now's alive:
 This sheep was lost, but now is found.
- 3 Glory to God on high be giv'n,
 For this unbounded love to men;
 Let saints below and saints above
 In concert shout the loud amen!

683 *Pearl of great price.* 7s, 8s & 6s.

THE pearl that worldlings covet,
 Is not the pearl for me;
 Its beauty fades as quickly
 As sunshine on the sea:
 But there's a pearl, sought by the wise,
 It's called the pearl of greatest price,
 Though few its value see—
 O, that's the pearl for me!

- 2 The crown that decks the monarch,
 Is not the crown for me;
 It dazzles but a moment,
 Its brightness soon will flee:
 But there's a crown prepared above,
 For all who walk in humble love;
 Forever bright 't will be—
 O, that's the crown for me!

- 3 The road that many travel,
 Is not the road for me;
 It leads to death and sorrow,
 And endless misery:
 But there's a road that leads to God,
 It's mark'd by Christ's most precious blood;
 The passage here is free—
 O, that's the road for me!

- 4 The hope that sinners cherish,
 Is not the hope for me:
 Most surely will they perish,
 Unless from sin set free;

JUSTIFICATION.

But there's a hope fixed in the Lord,
It leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee—
O, that's the hope for me.

684 *The convert setting out for glory.* 7s&6s.

WHEN I set out for glory,
I left the world behind;
Determin'd for a city
That's out of sight to find.

2 I left my worldly honors;
I left my worldly fame;
I left my young companions,
And with them my good name.

3 Some said I'd better tarry,
They thought I was too young,
For to prepare for dying,
But that was all my song.

4 Come, all my loving brethren,
And listen to my cry;
All you that are backsliders,
Must either beg or die.

5 The Lord he loves the beggar,
Who truly begs indeed;
He always will relieve him,
Whene'er he stands in need.

685 *Subdued by the Cross.* C. M.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

JUSTIFICATION.

- 3 O! never till my latest breath,
 Shall I forget that look!
 It seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
 It plunged me in despair;
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 A second look he gave, which said
 "I freely all forgive;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid:
 I die that thou may'st live."
- 6 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
 My spirit now is fill'd;
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I kill'd.

686 *In life and death I belong to Christ.* L. M.

- LET thoughtless thousands choose the road
 That leads the soul away from God:
 This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
 To live and die entirely thine.
- 2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
 From him my life, my all receive:
 To him devote my fleeting hours;
 Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.
- 3 Christ is my everlasting all,
 To him I look, on him I call;
 He every want will well supply,
 In time, and through eternity.
- 4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear;
 Soon shall I end my trials here;
 Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain:
 To live is Christ—to die is gain.

687

The young convert. P. M. 7s & 6s.

WHEN souls are first converted,
 They mount on wings above ;
 The world thinks they 're distracted,
 Because they 're filled with love.
 They fly from ev'ry evil,
 They trust in God alone ;
 They long to get to heaven,
 Their most desired home.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan,
 Beset them on each hand ;
 Bestrew their path with evil,
 To bar them from that land.
 But Jesus still invites them,
 Saying: "Follow, follow me ;
 And I will fight your battles,
 And gain your liberty."

3 "O why are you dismayed?"
 'T is thus the Saviour cries ;
 While some are getting ready,
 And just a going to rise ;
 To rise above triumphant
 In the bright world of joy,
 Where all things are rejoicing,
 There's nothing to annoy.

688

Experimental.

11s

COME, brethren and sisters, assist me to sing
 The wonders of Jesus, my heavenly King ;
 Great things for my soul, yea, he surely has done,
 All glory to God for the gift of his Son.

2 I wandered in darkness, a stranger to God,
 Neglected his calls and despised his word ;
 In romance and novels I thought I should gain
 Some knowledge of pleasure, and honor obtain.

3 At length the gospel trumpet did sound in my ears,
 And thund'ring from heaven awaken'd my fears,
 The tears of repentance then freely did run,
 For slighting the Saviour, I cry'd "I'm undone."

JUSTIFICATION.

- 4 My sins were arrang'd and before me appear'd,
The justice of God I then awfully fear'd,
I fell on my knees and for mercy did cry,
Dear Lord, have *compassion—appear or I die.*
- 5 One evening while musing, these words came with
"O do not be troubled, nor doubt any more; [pow'r,
"Believe in your God, believe also in me;
"In my father's house there's a mansion for thee."
- 6 'T is the voice of my Saviour, my soul then did cry
On Calv'ry he suffer'd, and for me did die;
His five bleeding wounds are now pleading for me,
He 's given me pardon, who hung on the tree!

639 *Regeneration by the Spirit.* C. M.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

690 *The new birth.* C. M.

WHILE Jesus dwelt on earth below,
Among the sons of men,
He spared no pains to let them know,
They must be born again.

- 2 We all have broke Jehovah's laws,
And guilty must remain;
Condemn'd to all the pains of hell,
Till we are born again.

JUSTIFICATION.

- 3 Alas! whate'er good works we do,
His favor to obtain,
They can't our sinful hearts renew,
We must be born again.
- 4 Were we baptized a thousand times,
It would be all in vain;
This cannot wash away our crimes;
We must be born again.
- 5 The word of God is firm and sure,
And always will remain;
Eternal wrath we must endure,
Unless we're born again.
- 6 There 's but one way for our escape
From everlasting pain;
And that is through the narrow gate
Of being born again.

691 *They desire a better country.* 10s & 11s.
Heb. II: 16.

- 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, do n'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, aid and comfort—go after him, go:
Lo, onward I move, to a city above: [prove.
None guesses how wondrous my journey will
- 4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin;
'Midst outward afflictions, I feel Christ within:
And when I 'm to die, receive me, I 'll cry;
For Jesus has loved 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.

692

Privileges of adoption.

7s.

- B**LESSED are the sons of God,
 They are bought with Jesus' blood :
 They are ransom'd from the grave—
 Life eternal they shall have ;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.
- 2 They are justified by grace ;
 They enjoy the Saviour's peace ;
 All their sins are wash'd away ;
 They shall stand in God's great day ;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.
- 3 They produce the fruits of grace
 In the works of righteousness ;
 They are harmless, meek and mild,
 Holy, blameless, undefil'd ;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.
- 4 They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of a heav'nly birth ;
 One with God, with Jesus one ;
 Glory is with them begun ;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

693

Redeeming love.

Isa. 63 : 9.

7s.

- N**OW begin the heavenly theme ;
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
 Ye who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.

- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears ;
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Canceled by redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to his sacred rest,
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

694 *The roads to hell and heaven.* C. M.

- W**IDE is the gate, and broad the way,
 Which leads to endless woe !
 My soul, behold what multitudes
 Down to perdition go !
- 2 But yonder see that narrow path,
 Which leads to endless bliss—
 There see a happy, chosen few
 Redeem'd by sov'reign grace.
- 3 They from destruction's city came—
 To Zion upward tend :
 The Bible is their precious map,
 And God himself their friend.
- 4 Dear Lord, I would a pilgrim be ;
 Guide thou my feet aright ;
 I would not, for ten thousand worlds,
 Be banish'd from thy sight.
- 5 'T is heav'n to see thy blissful face—
 I long to dwell above,
 To feast on thy unbounding stores,
 And praise redeeming love.

695 8s & 7s.

- B**Y the thoughtless world derided,
 Still I love the word of God ;
 'T is the crook by which I 'm guided,
 Often 't is a chast'ning rod.

'T is a sword that cuts asunder
 All my pride and vanity,
 When abased, I lie and wonder
 That he spares a wretch like me.

2 This confirms me when I waver,
 Sets my trembling judgment right;
 When I stray, how much soever,
 This is my restoring light.
 Satan oft, and sin, assail me,
 With temptations ever new;
 Then there's nothing can avail me,
 Till my bleeding Lord I view.

3 Faith I need; O Lord, bestow it,
 Give my lab'ring mind relief;
 Oft, alas! I doubt, I know it,
 Help, O help my unbelief.
 Dearest Saviour, by thy merit,
 May I gain the heavenly crown;
 Guide, O guide me by thy Spirit,
 Till these storms are over blown.

696

The wandering pilgrims.

8s & 7s.

WANDERING pilgrims, mourning
 Christians,
 Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
 Who endure great tribulation,
 And with sins are much distress'd;
 Christ has sent me to invite you
 To a rich and costly feast;
 Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
 Come, the sweet provision taste.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,
 And bemoan your wretched case,
 Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
 He will give you gospel grace.
 If you want a heart to fear him,
 Love and serve him all your days,

Only come to Christ and ask him,
He will guide your feet always.

- 3 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,
Lie hard by Bethesda waiting,
Till the troubled waters move.
If no man appears to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk:
Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you,
Rise, take up your bed and walk.

697 *Power and benefits of religion.* C. M.

RELIGION is the balm of life,—
Its healing virtues feel;
It calms the soul, and quells all strife;
It melts the heart of steel.

- 2 Religion can the leper cure,
It gives the blind his sight;
The lame it makes to walk secure,
And darkness turns to light.
- 3 Religion makes the dumb to speak,
The deaf may hear its voice;
The man his withered hand may reach,
The broken heart rejoice.
- 4 Religion breaks the bonds of death,
It bids the sleeper rise;
It gives the palsied sinner health,
And all his wants supplies.
- 5 Religion will the passions chide,
The stubborn will control:
It calms our fears, expels our pride,
And sanctifies the soul.
- 6 Religion will through life sustain;
And after death has given
Its ling'ring gasp and latest pang,
Will take us home to heaven.

698

P. M. 6s & 4s

HOW precious is the name!
 Brethren sing, brethren sing,
 How precious is the name
 Brethren sing,
 How precious is the name!
 Of Christ, the paschal Lamb,
 Who bore our guilt and shame,
 On the tree.

- 2 I've given all for Christ,
 He's my all, he's my all; ::
 I've given all for Christ,
 And my spirit cannot rest,
 Unless he's in my breast,
 Reigning there, reigning there. ::
- 3 His easy yoke I'll bear
 With delight, with delight; ::
 His easy yoke I'll bear
 And his cross I will not fear;
 His name I will declare,
 Ever more, ever more. ::
- 4 And when we all get home
 We will sing, we will sing; ::
 And when we all get home,
 Around our Father's throne,
 And myriads join the theme,
 We'll sing on, we'll sing on. ::

699

Joy in God.
 Ps. 73: 25.

C. M

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 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health
Or all my friends to me?
- 4 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.

700 *These things I command you that ye love one another.—John 15: 17.* L. M.

AM I indeed born from above?
Do I partake of Jesus' love?
Then let me all my duty know,
And love by my obedience show.

- 2 Fain would I love His person more,
And God in all His works adore;
O may his love my heart inflame,
With love to all that love His name.
- 3 Wherever I his image see,
O let those souls be dear to me!
Dear as the purchase of his blood,
Dear as the favorites of God.
- 4 Jesus to us his love doth shew,
And bids us love each other, too;
But O how little love sincere,
Is found in great professors here!
- 5 What anger, pride and malice swell
Those breasts where love alone should
O why should Satan thus devour [dwell!
Religious glory and its power?

701 *Teach us to pray.* L. M.

TEACH us, O Lord, to sing and pray,
Whilst in these tenements of clay;
And never be asham'd of thee,
Who bled and died on Calvary.

2 And when to glory we attain,
We'll shout aloud the Saviour's name,
Who bought our souls with precious blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

702 *Sweet home.* 11s.
Phil. 3: 20.

'MID scenes of confusion, and creature complaints,

How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not
cease!

Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

5 What'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face,
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

703 *The heavenly treasure.* P. M. 9s & 8s.
Matt. 13: 44.

RELIGION! 't is a glorious treasure,
The purchase of a Saviour's blood,
It fills the soul with consolation,
It lifts the thoughts to things above.

It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows
 It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea,
 'Tis mixed with goodness, meek humble pa-
 This heav'nly portion mine shall be. [tience,

2 How fleeting—vain—how transitory,
 This world with all its pomp and show;
 Its vain delights, and short-lived pleasure—
 I'll gladly leave them all below.
 But love and grace shall be my story,
 While I in Christ such beauties see;
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heav'ny portion mine shall be.

3 This earthly house must be dissolved,
 And mortal life will soon be o'er;
 All earthly care, and earthly sorrow
 Shall pain my eyes and heart no more;
 Religion pure will stand for ever,
 And my glad heart shall strengthen'd be,
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heav'nly portion mine shall be,

4 While journeying here through tribulation,
 In Christian love we'll march along;
 And while strife severs the ambitious—
 In Jesus Christ we'll all be one;
 Religion pure unites together
 In bonds of love, and makes us free:
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

704

Rejoicing in hope.

Rom. 12: 12.

10s.

JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move,
 Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
 Angelic choristers sing as I come—
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
 Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
 Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam:
 Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherished, but passed on before;
 Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
 Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home. [gloom:
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome—
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

705

Strengthen thy brethren.

Luke 22: 32.

8s & 7s.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream;
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

2 Life is real! life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul!

3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,

Is our destined end and way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us further than to-day.

4 Lives of true men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;

5 Footprints which perhaps another,

Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

6 Let us, then, be up and doing,

With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

706

The Christian's peace permanent.

John 14: 27.

C. M.

THE world can neither give nor take,
 Nor can they comprehend,
 The peace of God, which Christ has bought,
 The peace which knows no end.

2 The burning bush was not consum'd

While God remained there;
 The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
 Found fire as soft as air.

- 3 God's furnace doth in Zion stand ;
 But Zion's God sits by,
 As the refiner views his gold,
 With an observant eye.
- 4 His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
 His wounds a cure intend ;
 And though he does not always smile,
 He loves unto the end.

707

Trust in Jesus.

7s.

- S AVIOUR, happy would I be,
 If I could but trust in thee!
 Trust thy wisdom me to guide,
 Trust thy goodness to provide.
- 2 Trust thy saving love and pow'r,
 Trust thee ev'ry day and hour ;
 Trust in sickness, trust in health,
 Trust in poverty and wealth.
- 3 Trust in joy, and trust in grief,
 Trust thy promise for relief ;
 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul,
 Trust thy grace to make me whole.
- 4 Trust thee living, dying too,
 Trust thee all my journey through ;
 Trust thee, till my feet shall be
 Planted on the crystal sea.
- 5 Trust thee, ever blessed Lamb,
 Till I wear the victor's palm ;
 Trust thee, till my soul shall be
 Wholly swallowed up in thee.

708

Desiring divine communion.

C. M.

- A LAS! my God, that thou should'st be
 To me so much unknown :
 I long to walk and talk with thee,
 And dwell before thy throne.

- 2 Thou know'st, my soul doth dearly love
The place of thine abode :
No music gives so sweet a sound
As these two words—my God.
- 3 I long not for the fruit that grows
Within these gardens here :
I find no sweetness in the rose,
When Jesus is not near.
- 4 Thy gracious presence, O my Christ,
Can make a paradise.
Ah, what are all the goodly pearls
Unto this pearl of price ?
- 5 Give me that sweet communion, Lord !
Thy people have with thee ;
Thy spirit daily talks with them,
O, let it talk with me !
- 6 Like Enoch, let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my day,
Attended with the heav'nly guards,
Upon the King's highway.

709

Complaint under temptation.

Psalm 13.

C. M.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face ?
My God, how long delay ?
When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
That drive my fears away ?

- 2 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts ;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.
- 3 Be thou my sun and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep ;
Make haste, before my eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

- 4 How would the tempter boast aloud,
If I became his prey !
Behold, the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay !
- 5 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head ;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

710

Family of earth and heaven.

C. M.

- COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth, are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in him ;
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are passing now.
- 5 How many to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
- 6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

711 *The name of Jesus precious.* C. M.

JESUS! I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear:
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold but sordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
 In thee doth richly meet;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

712 *Light in darkness.* C. M.

○ THERE'S a better world on high;
 Hope on, thou pious breast;
 Faint not, thou trav'ler; on the sky
 Thy weary feet shall rest.

2 Anguish may rend each vital part;
 Poor man, thy strength how frail! [heart,
 Yet heaven's own strength shall shield thy
 When flesh and heart shall fail.

3 Thro' death's dark vale of deepest shade
 Thy feet must surely go;
 Yet there, e'en there, walk undismayed;
 'Tis thy last scene of woe.

4 Thy God—and with the tenderest hand—
 Shall guard the trav'ler through;
 "Hail!" shalt thou cry; "hail! promised land!
 And wilderness, adieu!"

713

The latter day glory.

C. M.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
 In latter days, shall rise
 Above the mountains and the hills,
 And draw the wond'ring 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 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
 Or mar the peaceful years ; [swords,
 To plougshares men shall beat their
 To pruning hooks their spears.

4 Come, then—O come from every land,
 To worship at his shrine :
 And, walking in the light of God,
 With holy beauties shine.

714

Receiving members.

C. M.

COME in, ye blessed of the Lord,
 O come in Jesus' name ;
 We welcome you with one accord,
 In Christ we're all the same.

2 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
 Thy portion shall be ours ;
 Christians their mutual burdens bear ;
 They lend their mutual pow'rs.

3 Come with us ; we will do thee good,
 As God to us hath done :
 Stand but in him, as those have stood,
 Whose faith the victory won.

4 And when, by turns, we pass away,
 As star by star grows dim,
 May each, translated into day,
 Be lost, and found in him.

715 *Entering into Church covenant.* C. M.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
 And all with one accord,
 In a perpetual cov'nant, join
 Ourselves to Christ, the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves through Jesus pow'r,
 His name to glorify :
 And promise, in this sacred hour,
 For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
 Be ever kept in mind !
 We will no more our God forsake,
 Or cast his word behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
 Who hears our solemn vow ;
 And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
 Come down and meet us now.

5 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
 Which takes our sins away,
 And register our names on high,
 And keep us to that day.

716 *The Christian's looking-glass.* P. M. 7 & 6.

COME, all ye mourning pilgrims,
 Who feel your need of Christ,
 Surrounded by temptation,
 And by the world despis'd ;
 Attend to what I tell you,
 My exercise I'll show ;
 And then you may inform me
 If it's been so with you.

2 Long time I liv'd in darkness,
 Nor saw my dismal state,
 And when I was awaken'd,
 I thought I was too late.

A lost and hopeless sinner,
 Myself I plainly saw,
 Exposed to God's displeasure,
 Condemned by the law.

3 I thought the brute creation
 Were better off than me ;
 I spent my days in anguish,
 No pleasure could I see.
 Through deep distress and sorrow
 My Saviour led me on,
 Then shewed his love unto me,
 When all my hope was gone.

4 But when I was deliver'd,
 I scarcely could believe,
 To think so vile a sinner
 A pardon could receive ;
 And when the solemn praises
 Were flowing from my tongue,
 Yet fears were often rising,
 That I might still be wrong.

5 But when these fears were banish'd,
 My tears began to flow,
 To think so vile a sinner
 Should be beloved so ;
 I thought my trials over,
 And all my troubles gone,
 That peace, and joy, and pleasure,
 Would be my lot alone.

6 But now I find a warfare,
 Which often brings me low,
 The world, the flesh and Satan,
 They do beset me so ;
 Can one that is converted
 Have such a heart as mine ?
 Can one whose sins are pardoned,
 Not feel more love divine ?

- 7 Do others feel so wretched,
 As oft is felt by me?
 Such trials and temptations,
 Perhaps they never see;
 For I'm the chief of sinners,
 I freely own with Paul;
 And if I am a Christian,
 I am the least of all.

717 *The happy Christian.* C. M.

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 heav'ns around me shine,
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 If Jesus shows his mercy mine
 And whispers I am his.

718 *Asking Christ's grace.* C. M.

JESUS, the Saviour of my soul,
 Be thou my heart's delight;
 Ever the same to me remain—
 My joy by day and night.

- 2 Hungry and thirsty after thee
 May I be found each hour;
 Humble in heart, and happy kept
 By thine almighty pow'r.
- 3 O may I never once forget,
 What a poor worm I am;
 From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
 The blood of God's dear Lamb.

- 4 May thy blest Spirit, in my heart,
Most sweetly shed abroad
The love of my incarnate God,
Who bought me with his blood.
- 5 The mystery of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;
And may the flesh and blood of Christ
My daily manna be.

719

Wrestling with God.

7s.

- L**ORD, I cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow.
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Thou did'st once a wretch behold,
In rebellion, blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy—
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 3 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 4 Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet I've been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?
- 5 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Help, O help me to the last.

720

Thy will be done.

C. M.

- S**EARCHER of hearts! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee.

2 Hearer of prayer! O, guide aright
 Each word and deed of mine;
 Life's battle teach me how to fight,
 And be the victory thine.

3 Giver of all—for every good
 In the Redeemer came—
 For shelter, raiment, and for food,
 I thank thee in His name.

4 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost!
 Thou glorious Three in One!
 Thou knowest best what I need most,
 And let thy will be done.

721 *The Christian's glory and fortitude.* L. M.

JESUS, my Saviour, and my God,
 Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood;
 By ties both natural and divine,
 I am, and ever will be thine.

2 But ah! should my inconstant heart,
 Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
 What dire reproach would fall on me,
 For such ingratitude to thee!

3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate;
 The guilt, the shame I deprecate;
 And yet, so mighty are my foes,
 I dare not trust my warmest vows.

4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord,
 Grace in the needful hour afford:
 O, steel this tim'rous heart of mine
 With fortitude and love divine:

5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
 And gather joys from all my tears;
 So shall I to the world proclaim
 The honors of the Christian name.

722

Holiness and grace.

L. M.

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.

723

Christian submission.

C. M.

HOW sweet to be allowed to pray
 To God, the Holy One;
 With filial love and trust to say,
 O God, thy will be done!

- 2 We in these sacred words can find
 A cure for every ill,
 They calm and soothe the troubled mind
 And bid all care be still.
- 3 O, may that will that gave me birth,
 And an immortal soul,
 In joy or grief, in life or death,
 My every wish control.
- 4 O could my heart thus ever pray,—
 Thus imitate thy Son!
 Teach me, O God, in truth to say,
 Thy will, not mine, be done.

724

The golden rule.

7s.

THUS said Jesus:—"Go and do
As thou wouldst be done unto:"
Here thy perfect duty see,
All that God requires of thee.

2 Wouldst thou, when thy faults are known,
Wish that pardon should be shown?
Be forgiving, then, and do
As thou wouldst be done unto.

3 Shouldst thou helpless be and poor,
Wouldst thou not for aid implore?
Think of others, then, and be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

4 Dost thou for compassion call?
Be compassionate to all;
If thou wouldst affection find—
Be affectionate and kind.

5 If thou wouldst obtain the love
Of thy gracious God above,
Then to all his children be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

725

Christian submission.

C. M.

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which shall ever run,
With waters sweet and clear.

- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee:
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 5 O! that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

726

Seeking refuge in God.

C. M.

- D**EAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.
- 3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O let thy kind and gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.
- 4 O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

727

At evening time it shall be light.

C. M.

- W**E journey through a vale of tears
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares, and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last.
- 2 Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright,—
Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head;
At eve it shall be light!

- 3 Though earth-born shadows now may
 Thy thorny path awhile, [shroud
 God's blessed word can part each cloud,
 And bid the sunshine smile.
- 4 Only believe, in living faith,
 His love and power divine ;
 And ere thy sun shall set in death,
 His light shall round thee shine.
- 5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
 His bow of love and peace
 Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,—
 A pledge that storms shall cease.
- 6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchill'd,
 By faith and not by sight,
 And thou shalt own his word fulfill'd,—
 At eve it shall be light.

728

Meekness in distress.

C. M.

- TEACH us, in time of deep distress,
 To own thy hand, O God,
 And in submissive silence learn
 The lessons of thy rod.
- 2 In every changing scene of life,
 Whate'er that scene may be,
 Give us a meek and humble mind,
 A mind at peace with thee.
- 3 Do thou direct our steps aright ;
 Help us thy name to fear ;
 And give us grace to watch and pray,
 And strength to persevere.
- 4 Then may we close our eyes in death,
 Without a fear or care ;
 For death is life, and labor rest,
 For thou art with us there.

729

Happy in eternity.

7s.

HAIL, my partners in distress,
Pilgrims through this wilderness
Though in sorrow here you roam,
Destitute and far from home ;

2 Do not then your fate deplore,
Though despised, cast out and poor ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home !"

3 Cruel death, with rudest hands,
May divide the Christian bands ;
But, in brighter worlds above,
Friends shall meet with friends they love.

4 Just beyond this vale of tears,
Lo, a fruitful land appears ;
Pilgrim, lift your eyes and see—
There's the home prepar'd for thee.

730

The pilgrimage of the saints.

C. M.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply ;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy !

2 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land ;
Lord, we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

3 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget the troubles of the ways,
And aim for Zion's hill.

4 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come ;
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits
To welcome travelers home.

731

The whole armor.

C. M.

- O** SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,
 And to thy armor cling;
 With girded loins the call obey
 That grace and mercy bring.
- 2 There is a battle to be fought,
 An upward race to run,
 A crown of glory to be sought,
 A victory to be won.
- 3 The shield of faith repels the dart
 That Satan's hand may throw;
 His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
 If Christ control the bow.
- 4 O faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
 Are heard before his throne;
 The race must come before the prize,
 The cross before the crown.

732

The mind that was in Christ.

S. M.

- E**QUIP me for the war,
 And teach my hands to fight;
 My simple, upright heart prepare,
 And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my every thought;
 My whole of sin remove:
 Let all my works in thee be wrought;
 Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 O, arm me with the mind,
 Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
 And let my knowing zeal be join'd
 With perfect charity.
- 4 With calm and temper'd zeal
 Let me enforce thy call;
 And vindicate thy gracious will,
 Which offers life to all.

5 O, may I love like thee,—
 In all thy footsteps tread ;
 Thou hatest all iniquity,
 But nothing thou hast made.

6 O, may I learn the art,
 With meekness to reprove ;
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 But still the sinner love.

733

The Shepherd of Israel.

8s.

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 O show me that happiest place,
 That place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
 And lean on a merciful God.
 '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.

734

Perfect love.

C.P.M.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my longing 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 God only knows the love of God ;—
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In my poor longing heart!
 For love I sigh, for love I pine ;

This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

3 O that I may forever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:—
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 O that I may, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

35 *Christian fellowship.* S. M.

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 pray'rs;
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 From sin, and toil, and pain,
Soon shall our souls be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

36 *Union and peace.* S. M.

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
 Make their communion sweet. [vow]
- 3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
 They pour'd the rich perfume,
 The oil through all his raiment spread
 And fragrance fill'd the room.
- 4 Thus, on the heav'nly hills,
 The saints are blest above;
 Where joy like morning dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

737

It is well.

2 Kings 4: 26.

C. M.

IT shall be well, let sinners know,
 With those who love the Lord;
 His saints have always found it so,
 When resting on his word.

- 2 Peace, then, ye chastened sons of God
 Why let your sorrows swell?
 Wisdom directs your Father's rod,
 His word says, it is well.
- 3 Though you may trials sharp endure,
 From sin, or death, or hell;
 Your heavenly Father's love is sure,
 And, therefore, it is well.
- 4 Soon will your sorrows all be o'er,
 And you shall sweetly tell,
 On Canaan's calm and pleasant shore,
 That all at last is well.

738

Ye have the poor always with you.

Matt. 26: 11.

C. M.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
 By lane and cell obscure,
 And let our treasures still be spent,
 Like his, upon the poor.

- 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
 Who bore the world's sad weight,
 We, in their gloomy loneliness,
 Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For thou hast placed us side by side
 In this wide world of ill ;
 And, that thy follow'rs may be tried,
 The poor are with us still.
- 4 Small are the off'rings we can make ;
 Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
 If given for the Saviour's sake,
 They lose not their reward.

39

Holy love.

S. M.

LOVE is the strongest tie
 That can our souls unite ;
 Love makes our service liberty,
 Our every burden light.

- 2 We run in God's commands
 When love directs the way ;
 With willing hearts and active hands
 Our Master's will obey.
- 3 Love softens all our toil,
 And makes our bondage blest ;
 The gloomy desert wears a smile,
 When love inspires the breast.
- 4 When we ascend the skies
 And see the Saviour's face,
 Love will to full perfection rise,
 And reign through all the place.

40

Glory in the cross.

8s & 7s.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me:
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

741

Christian courage.

8s & 7s

- COME, Christian brethren, courage take
 Though foes and fiends assail you,
 Although despised for Jesus' sake,
 Let not your courage fail you.
 The path our glorious Saviour trod
 Was mark'd through tribulation;
 Then, for his sake, fresh courage take,
 And fight for your salvation.
- 2 How many saints have gone before,
 Disdaining to surrender;
 Laid down their lives for Jesus' sake,
 And died his bold defender.
 And shall we then expect the prize,
 For which our souls are waiting,
 Without our share of sorrows here,
 Those worldly follies hating?
- 3 What have we here, to render dear
 This life, unknown to pleasure;
 Since Jesus' love, warm from above,
 Unfolds a boundless treasure.
 The shining worlds of pure delight
 Are waiting to receive us: [bring
 And death (grim king!) shall pleasure
 By coming to relieve us.

- 4 That peace that reigns within our hearts,
 (Though men may cry delusion)
 To us sweet happiness imparts,
 In spite of persecution.
 Though Satan rage and men engage,
 His friends as one assail you,
 Still boldly fight, in love unite,
 And vict'ry ne'er will fail you.
- 5 A few more days of sorrow here
 Those mortal bands will sever;
 And we before the Lord appear,
 To reign with him forever.
 Then why should we distracted be,
 Since nothing here can harm us?
 If heart and hand we valiant stand,
 Worldlings cannot alarm us.

742

The good old way.

L. M.

- L**IFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
 And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;
 Let nothing cause you to delay,
 But hasten on the good old way.
- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
 Shall not prevent our victory,
 If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
 Like soldiers in the good old way.
- 3 O, good old way, how sweet thou art!
 May none of us from thee depart;
 But may our actions always say,
 We're marching in the good old way.
- 4 Though Satan may his power employ,
 Our peace and comfort to destroy;
 Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
 And triumph in the good old way.
- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
 And view by faith the promised land,
 Then we may sing, exult and pray,
 And march along the good old way.

- 6 Ye valiant souls, for heav'n contend;
Remember, glory's at the end:
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

743

Faith and works.

L. M.

- I**N vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death;
When they indulge some sinful view
In all they say, and all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears' the Lord,
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word;
Commits his work to God alone,
And seeks his will before his own.
- 3 A barren tree that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to its root;
When on its boughs rich fruit we see,
'T is then we cry, "a goodly tree."
- 4 Never did men, by faith divine,
To selfishness and sloth incline;
The Christian works with all his pow'r.
And grieves that he can work no more.

744

C.P.M.

- H**ELP, 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 prepared and fitted here,
By perfect holiness t' appear
Before thy glorious face.

745

Choosing the better part.

L. M.

- B**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uneven path I stand :
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

746

Always with us.

Matt. 28 : 20.

8s & 7s.

- A**LWAYS with us, always with us—
 Words of cheer and words of love;
 Thus the risen Saviour whispers
 From his dwelling-place above.
- 2 With us when we toil in sadness,
 Sowing much and reaping none,
 Telling us that in the future
 Golden harvests shall be won;
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping
 O'er our pathway dark and drear;
 Waking hope within our bosoms,
 Stilling ev'ry anxious fear;
- 4 With us in the lonely valley,
 When we cross the chilling stream,
 Lighting up the steps to glory
 With salvation's radiant beam.

747

Set your affection on things above.

Col. 3 : 2.

7s & 6s.

- R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Toward heaven, thy native place.
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above!
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source:
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon your Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

718

C. M.

- UNCERTAIN how the way to find,
 Which to salvation led,
 I listen'd long, with anxious mind,
 To hear what others said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,
 I fear'd that I was wrong ;
 For I was stupid, dead and cold,
 Had neither joy nor song.
- 3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd
 And made my burden light ;
 Then for a moment I believ'd,
 Supposing all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talked,
 Of anguish and dismay,
 Through what distresses they had walked,
 Before they found the way.
- 5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
 For I had liv'd at ease ;
 I wished for all my fears again,
 To make me more like these.
- 6 I had my wish, the Lord disclosed
 The evils of my heart ;
 And left my naked soul exposed
 To Satan's fiery dart.

7 Alas! "I now must give it up,"
I cried, in deep despair;
How could I dream of drawing hope
From what I cannot bear!"

8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
"Trust simply on my word," he said,
"And leave the rest to me."

749

Be perfectly joined together.
1 Cor. 1: 10.

C. M.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
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 ev'ry 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 The kiss of peace to each we give—
A pledge of Christian love;
In love, while here on earth, we'll live,
In love we'll dwell above.

6 Love is the golden chain that binds
Believers all in one;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

750

All is vanity.

Eccl. 20: 2. 8s & 7s.

VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures;
 Mixed with dross the purest gold;
 Seek we then for heavenly treasures,
 Treasures never waxing old.
 Let our best affections centre
 On the things around the throne:
 There no thief can ever enter;
 Moth and rust are there unknown.

2 Earthly joys no longer please us;
 Here would we renounce them all;
 Seek our only rest in Jesus,—
 Him our Lord and Master call.
 Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
 Points to brighter things above;
 Bids us look for his appearing;
 Bids us triumph in his love.

3 May our lights be always burning,
 And our loins be girded round,
 Waiting for our Lord's returning,—
 Longing for the welcome sound.
 Thus the Christian life adorning,
 Never need we be afraid,
 Should he come at night or morning,
 Early dawn, or even shade.

751 *How shall he not also with him give us all things.—Rom. 8: 32.* 7s & 6s.

WHAT, my soul, should bow thee
 Perils or temptation? [down?
 Is not Christ upon the throne
 Still thy strong salvation?

2 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
 Thy Almighty Saviour;
 He, who death for thee endured,
 Surely will deliver.

- 3 Mention to him every want,
 Yea, whate'er may grieve thee;
 If for comfort thou dost pant,
 Jesus will relieve thee.
- 4 Turn, my soul, unto thy rest;
 Quickly turn to Jesus;
 In his presence thou art blest,
 He to thee is gracious.
- 5 Mourn whene'er thou hast forgot
 Him whose great compassion
 Never fails, whose blood hath bought
 Thy complete salvation.
- 6 Earthly things do not regard;
 Trust in Jesus' favor;
 He will be thy great reward,
 And thy shield forever.

752 *God is our refuge and strength.* C. M.
 Psalm 46: 1, 2.

- WHENE'ER the clouds of sorrow roll
 And trials whelm the mind,—
 When, faint with grief, thy wearied soul
 No joys on earth can find,—
 Then lift thy voice to God on high,
 Dry up the trembling tear,
 And hush the low, complaining sigh;
 "Fear not;" thy God is near.
- 2 When dark temptations spread their snares
 And earth with charms allures,
 And when thy soul, oppressed with fears,
 The world's assault endures,
 Then let thy Father's friendly voice
 Thy fainting spirit cheer,
 And bid thy trembling heart rejoice:
 "Fear not;" thy God is near.
- 3 And when the final hour shall come,
 That calls thee to thy rest—

To dwell within thy heavenly home,
 A welcome, joyful guest,—
 Be calm; though Jordan's waves may roll,
 No ills shall meet thee there;
 Angels shall whisper to thy soul,
 "Fear not;" thy God is near.

753 *Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.—Isa. 49: 15.* 7s.

WHEN, along life's thorny road,
 Faints the soul beneath the load;
 When, by cares and sin oppressed,
 Earth affords no peace or rest;
 When the wily tempter's near,
 Filling us with doubt and fear;—
 Jesus, to thy feet we flee,
 Jesus, we will look to thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
 Listenest to thy people's moan;
 Thou, the living Head, dost share
 Every pang thy members bear.
 Full of tenderness thou art;
 Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
 Full of power, thine arm shall quell
 All the rage and might of hell!

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
 Thou hast overcome the grave;
 Thou the bars of death hast riven,
 Opened wide the gates of heaven.
 Soon in glory thou shalt come,
 Taking thy poor pilgrims home.
 Jesus, then we all shall be
 Ever, ever, Lord, with thee.

754 *God our only refuge.* C. M.

FATHER of all our mercies, thou
 In whom we move and live,—
 Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
 And answer, and forgive.

- 2 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal!
- 3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
In storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.
- 4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

755 *For he is like a refiner's fire.* Mal. 3: 2. 7s.

- T**HROUGH the furnace, through the heat,
There, beneath the hammer's beat,
Through temptations manifold,
Comes my soul like burnished gold.
- 2 Through the fires that purge the dross,
Through the anguish to the cross,
Buried with my Saviour slain,
So with him I live again.
- 3 Through the warfare and the strife,
Through the toils and tears of life,
Then my weary feet shall stand
Safe within the goodly land.
- 4 Sick and faint beneath thy rod,
Trembling at thy stroke, O God;
Yet I know thou thus dost make
Me thy holiness partake.
- 5 Lord, through furnace or through flood
Still I come to thee, my God;
'Mid affliction's burning flame,
Yet I glory in thy name.
- 6 When my soul is purified,
Saviour, take me to thy side;
There, from every trial free,
May I sweetly rest with thee.

756

Trust in Jesus.

8s & 7s.

TRUST in Jesus, weeping mourner !
 Fear not ! he is guiding thee ;
 By the stream of living waters
 He is leading tenderly.

2 All thy tearful supplications
 Fall upon his list'ning ear ;
 He will grant relief in anguish,
 And have pity on thy prayer.

3 Though thy path be rough and lonely,
 He will never lead astray :
 He is guiding thee with wisdom,
 By a straight, though painful way.

- 4 Every step he takes before thee,
 Whispering comfort all the while ;
 He will brighten thy sad spirit,
 And thine hours of grief beguile.

5 By the waters so refreshing
 Thou shalt never fainting be ;
 For the loving arms of Jesus
 Are around to shelter thee.

6 All along thy pathway flowing
 Is this stream of life divine ;
 Thou art passing on to glory,
 And a Father's care is thine.

757

L. M.

I COME to thee, I come to thee !
 Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,
 I rest confiding on thy word,
 And " cast my burden on the Lord."

2 I come to thee with all my grief ;
 Dear Saviour, help my unbelief ;
 Thy blessed name my only plea—
 With this, O Lord, I come to thee !

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 I come to thee, whose sovereign power
Can cheer me in the darkest hour;
I come to thee, through storm and shade,
For thou hast said—"Be not afraid."
- 4 I come to thee with all my tears,
My pain and sorrow, doubts and fears;
Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,
I come to thee, I come to thee!
- 5 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
When faith grows weak, and comfort dies
I bow adoring at thy feet,
And hold with thee communion sweet.
- 6 O, wondrous love! O, joy divine!
To feel thee near and call thee mine!
Thou precious Lamb, who died for me,
I come to thee, I come to thee!

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

758

God's paternal love and care.

C. M.

- O** GOD, on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care;
Thou wilt the Father and the Friend
In ev'ry act appear.
- 2 With open hand and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply;
The needful blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.
- 3 Our Father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love;
To thine appointments we submit,
And ev'ry choice approve.
- 4 In thy paternal love and care,
With cheerful hearts we trust;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.

5 We can not want while God provides;
 What he ordains, is best;
 And heav'n, whate'er we want besides,
 Will give eternal rest.

759 *Sower and reaper rejoicing in the end.* L. M.
 John. 4: 36.

GREAT Husbandman, at thy command,
 We sow thy seed with liberal hand,—
 And mindful of thy heavenly call,
 Onward we go, forsaking all.

- 2 On, through the sad and weary years,
 We sow the precious seed with tears;
 And stay our hearts in faith sublime,
 With prospects of the harvest time.
- 3 Not long shall we in sorrow go,
 Not long endure earth's toil and woe;
 For he who bids us sow and weep,
 Shall call us then in joy to reap.
- 4 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
 And bind his sheaves and bear them home;
 The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
 Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.
- 5 Thick on the hills of light shall stand
 The gathered sheaves from every land;
 While they that sow, and they that reap,
 The "Harvest Home" in glory keep.

760 *The universal King.* S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.

- 2 He formed the deeps unknown,
 He gave the seas their bound;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the children of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

761

For public worship.

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

3 Within these walls, let holy peace
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
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 pray'rs;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken sinners all around
To come and fill the place.

762 *Before baptism or the communion.* C. M.

HOW great, how solemn is the work
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.

- 2 O may we feel as once we felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd our ev'ry smart.
- 3 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy;
Vain world, begone; let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 4 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heav'n our passions raise;
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

763 *Acceptable worship.* John 4: 23. C. M.

THE off'rings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and pray'r.
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart is there.

- 2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere—
The tribute of the good.
- 3 My off'rings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee—
If thy pure Spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.
- 4 O, may that Spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heav'n above.

764

The increase of God.

1 Cor. 3: 6.

C. M.

- O** GOD, by whom the seed is giv'n,
 By whom the harvest blest; [heav'n,
 Whose word, like manna shower'd from
 Is planted in our breast.
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
 And plund'ers of the air;
 The sultry sun's intenser heat,
 And weeds of worldly care!
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
 Do thou thy grace supply;
 The hope in earthly furrows sown
 Shall ripen in the sky.

765

Met for worship.

C. M.

- H**ERE, in the presence of our God,
 We've met to seek thy face;
 O, let us feel th' eternal word,
 And feast upon thy grace.
- 2 O, may this be a happy hour,
 To ev'ry mourning soul;
 Display thy love, make known thy pow'r,
 And make the wounded whole.
- 3 O, may a spark of heav'nly fire
 Each stupid soul inflame,
 And sacred love our tongues inspire,
 To praise thy worthy name.
- 4 Let ev'ry soul the Saviour see,
 And taste his love divine;
 And ev'ry heart forever be
 United, Lord, with thine.

766 .

C. M.

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

- 2 Is there a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his need of thee,
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?
- 3 Convince him now of unbelief:
His desp'rate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief
And penitential pain.
- 4 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

767 *In whom we have redemption through his blood.—Eph. 1, 7.* 11s.

- COME, children of Zion, and help us to sing
Loud anthems of praise to our Saviour and King;
Whose life once was given our souls to redeem.
And bring us to heaven to reign there with him.
- 2 In regions of darkness, and sorrow, and pains,
We all lay in ruin, in prison and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with his precious blood—
The ransom provided to bring us to God.
- 3 O come to the Saviour and take up the cross.
Seek treasure in heaven, count all else but dross;
His merey invites us, then let us comply.
O, why should we linger when he is so nigh?
- 4 We'll fear not the dangers that lie in our way,
His arm will protect us, by night and by day;
All this we must suffer, and love him the more,
Till Jesus will take us where sufferings are o'er.

768 *Before sermon.* C. M.

- THE saints appear, to tread the courts
Of their dear God below;
Behold, the multitude resorts,
To hear the trumpet blow.
- 2 Lord God! appear for our relief,
What can we do alone?
Come, Saviour, banish unbelief,
And take us for thine own.
- 3 Our eyes, O Lord, are unto thee,
Assist us, Lord, we pray:

O, may thy Spirit present be;
O Lord, thy power display.

- 4 Jesus, let us thy gospel hear,
Teach us to know thy voice;
Make ev'ry stubborn sinner fear,
And all thy saints rejoice.
- 5 Come, Lord, nor let us be dismay'd;
Lord, hear thy people pray;
And let thy mercy be display'd
Amongst us here this day.
- 6 May sinners hear thy pow'rful call,
And thy salvation see;
So shall our hearts, both one and all,
Sing songs of praise to thee.

769

Before preaching.

S. M.

LORD, at thy sacred feet,
Joyful would we appear;
Within thy earthly temple meet,
To see thy glory here.

- 2 We come to worship thee,
For thou art God alone;
In humble pray'r to bend the knee
Before thy holy throne.
- 3 Thy word is our delight,
Thy truth will make us free;
'Tis from thyself a heavenly light,
It leads our souls to thee.
- 4 Thy goodness we behold,
While in thy presence, Lord;
Thy wondrous truth and love unfold,
The treasures of thy word.

770 *This is my body which is broken for you.* C. M.
1 Cor. 11: 24.

TODAY Emmanuel feeds his sheep,
The purchase of his blood;
To-day Jehovah keeps a feast,
For all the sons of God.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

- 2 The bread of God is freely given,
 The food of saints above—
 That blessed bread sent down from heaven,
 The food of pardoning love.
- 3 O let us all this love adore,
 And raise our final song
 Until we shall, forevermore,
 To him our praise prolong.

771 *Resignation, and blissful hope.* L. M.

- M**Y dearest Lord, in love appear,
 And banish every guilty fear;
 Increase my faith, confirm my hope,
 And lift my drooping spirit up.
- 2 Should all forsake, my God is kind!
 Make me to all thy will resigned;
 And when disease my frame decays,
 Thy promise can my comforts raise.
- 3 And when my earthly house breaks down,
 O bear me to thy blissful throne,
 To view the Lamb that once was slain,
 My life, my portion and my gain.
- 4 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 What God hath for his saints prepared:
 There sin and sorrow never come;
 I long for that eternal home.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

772 *Sweet prayer.* 11s.

- W**HEN torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
 Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
 It comforts, it softens, subdues, yet sustains,
 Bids hope rise exulting, and passion restrains;
 Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
 Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.
- 2 When far from the friends that are dearest we part,
 What fond recollections still cling to the heart;
 Past scenes and enjoyments live painfully there;
 And restless we languish till peace comes in prayer,
 Prayer, prayer, &c.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

3 When earthly delusions would lead us astray
In folly's gay mazes, or sin's treach'rous way,
How strong the enchantment, how fatal the snare !
But, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, &c.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss:
The world has no refuge, no solace like this ;
And till we the seraph's full ecstacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, &c.

773

"Enter into thy closet."

7s & 6s.

GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

774

Another day.

C. M.

CONSIDER, man, another day
Has joined the many past,
Which brings us further on the way,
Where all the living haste.

2 Unceasing we must journey on,
In life there is no stay :
As many have before us gone,
So we must pass away.

775

Prayer the balm for sorrow. 7s & 6s.

O WHEN the tear is gushing
 From sorrow's faded eye,
 When gathering storms are rushing
 Across the gloomy sky,
 When the full heart is breaking,
 And hope is far away,
 How sweet, the world forsaking,
 Alone with God, to pray!

2 The mourner, lowly bending,
 Flies to the Saviour's feet,
 And healing balm, descending
 From Mercy's holy seat,
 The joy that earth gives never,
 Sheds o'er the troubled breast;
 And peace that lasts for ever
 Lulls every care to rest.

3 O, weary child of sadness,
 Pilgrim bereft and lone,
 Behold the fount of gladness,
 Springing from heaven's throne;
 Each want and sin confessing,
 On Christ thy burden lay,
 And learn how rich the blessing,
 Alone with God, to pray!

776

Morning prayer.

C. M.

O MAY I love, at early day
 To rise, when all is still,
 And hear my Saviour kindly say,
 "Come, ask me what ye will."

2 O may I love to search his law,
 To hear his words of love,
 And feel his Spirit sweetly draw
 My soul to "things above."

- 3 O may I love to ask, in prayer,
 His Spirit's guiding ray—
 Through every scene of anxious care,
 Through life's bewildered way.
- 4 Thus let me spend each rising hour,
 Thus close my latest days,
 Till I shall wake, to sleep no more,
 Where prayer is changed to praise.

777

While I was musing.

Psalm 39 : 3.

8s & 7s.

SILENTLY the shades of evening
 Gather round my lowly door ;
 Silently they bring before me
 Faces I shall see no more.

- 2 O! the lost, the unforgotten,
 Though the world be oft forgot ;
 O! the shrouded and the lonely—
 In our hearts they perish not.
- 3 Living in the silent hours,
 Where our spirits only blend,
 They, unlik'd with earthly trouble ;
 We, still hoping for its end.
- 4 How such holy mem'ries cluster.
 Like the stars when storms are past ;
 Pointing up to that far heaven
 We may hope to gain at last.

778

Morning hymn.

8s & 7s.

WHEN the joyous day is dawning,
 And the happy light we see,
 We, who live in life's pure morning,
 Father, would remember thee.

- 2 While in quiet we were sleeping,
 Kindly, though we knew it not,
 Thou a guardian watch wert keeping:
 Never is thy child forgot.

PRAYER MEETING.

779 *Opening of a prayer-meeting.* C. M.

WE'RE met, O Lord, before thy throne,
 To worship and adore—
 And now to thee we raise our hearts,
 Thy mercy to implore.

- 2 Mercy and grace is what we want,
 To fit us for the skies;
 And grace we need, whene'er we bring
 Our humble sacrifice.
- 3 Without it, Lord, we cannot sing;
 Nor know we how to pray,
 Except by it we're truly taught
 Both how, and what to say.
- 4 Then bow thine ear, and hear our pray'r,
 Thy grace on us bestow;
 So we will love and serve thee more,
 While pilgrims here below.

780 *Invocation.* C. M.

COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
 Our humble tribute own,
 While, with our praises and complaints,
 We bow before thy throne.

- 2 How should our songs, like those above,
 With warm devotion rise!
 How should our souls, on wings of love,
 Mount upward to the skies!
- 3 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine
 And fill thy dwellings here;
 Till life, and love, and joy divine,
 A heaven on earth appear.
- 4 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say,
 Come, great Redeemer, come,
 And bring the bright, the glorious day
 That calls thy children home.

781

Come, let us pray.

8s & 6s.

COME, let us pray:—'t is sweet to feel
That God himself is near;
That, while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear;
Though sorrows crowd life's dreary way,
This is our solace—let us pray.

2 Come, let us pray:—the burning brow,
The heart opprest with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by pray'r:
Jesus will smile our griefs away;
O, glorious thought!—come, let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray:—the sin-sick soul
Her weight of guilt must feel;
But hark! the glorious tidings roll,
Whilst here we humbly kneel:
Jesus will wash that guilt away,
And pardon grant;—then let us pray.

4 Come, let us pray:—the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent pray'r;
And Jesus ready stands to greet
The contrite spirit there:
O loiter not, nor longer stay
From him who loves us;—let us pray!

782 *O my God, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to thee.—Ezra ix. 6.* C. M.

LET me lie prostrate on the ground,
And veil my blushing face;
So deep, so dreadful is my wound,
I seek a hiding-place.

2 'T was sin that made this wound in me,
Then let me hate its name;
'T was sin—O, whither shall I flee?
I lie consum'd in shame.

PRAYER MEETING.

- 3 Well may I tremble at his pow'r,
 He's holy, just and wise:
 Why has he spared me to this hour,
 Whose guilt for vengeance cries?
- 4 Jesus yet stands before the throne,
 And pleads for sinners there;
 Then let me lean on him alone,
 Till he subdues my fear.
- 5 By faith in him I now will come,
 And lift my eyes to heav'n;
 He will my secret groans perfume,
 And shew my sins forgiv'n.

783

Throne of grace.

C. M.

- O** LORD, to us, assembled here,
 Reveal thy smiling face;
 While we, by faith, with love and fear,
 Approach a throne of grace.
- 2 With holy boldness may we come,
 Though of a sinful race;
 Thankful to find there yet is room
 Before the throne of grace.
- 3 Thy tender pity and thy love
 Our every fear can chase;
 And all our help, we then shall prove,
 Comes from the throne of grace.
- 4 We bless thee for thy word and laws;
 We bless thee for thy peace;
 And O, we bless thee, Lord, because
 There is a throne of grace.

784

Close of a Prayer Meeting.

M. 7s.

IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
 Christians meet for social prayer;
 If 'tis sweet with them to raise
 Songs of holy joy and praise—
 Passing sweet that state must be,
 Where they meet eternally.

PRAYER MEETING.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Antepasts to that above;
While we worship in this place,
May we grow from grace to grace.
Till we each, in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

785

Morning Prayer Meeting.

S. M.

HOW sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in pray'r.

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light—
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

786

Noon-day worship.

L. M.

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
That we, by faith, may view thy face:
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place!

787 *Opening an experience meeting.* L. M.

NOW we are met in holy fear,
To hear the happy saints declare
The free compassion of a God,
The virtue of a Saviour's blood.

- 2 Jesus, assist them now to tell
What they have felt, and what they feel;
O Saviour, help them to express
The wonders of triumphant grace.
- 3 While to the church they freely own
What for their souls the Lord hath done,
We'd join to praise eternal love,
And heighten all the joys above.

788 *Seeking God early.* C. M.

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

- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power,
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
I'll bless my God and King:
Thus will I lift my hands to pray
And tune my lips to sing.

789 *Behold the Lamb of God.* C. M.

BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God!
That takes away our guilt;
Behold th' atoning, precious blood,
That for our sins was spilt.

PRAYER MEETING.

2 O sinner, now to Christ draw near,
Invited by his word—
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God!

3 In every state, and time, and place,
Nought plead but Jesus' blood,
However wretched be your state,
Behold the Lamb of God!

790 *Christ's presence.* 8s & 6s.

“WHERE two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat,
And tell what I have done,
There will I be,” said God, “to bless,
And every burden'd soul redress,
Who worships at my throne.”

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word
To set the spirit free;
Impart a kind, celestial show'r,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

791 *Close of an experience meeting.* L. M.

WE now have heard our brethren tell
How they escap'd the snares of hell:
They all relate that conqu'ring grace,
Which gives them in the church a place.

2 The testimony they have giv'n,
Now proves that they are heirs of heav'n;
Like angels may they shine at last,
When all this storm of life is past.

792 *Union with Christ.* 8s & 7s.

COME, saints and sinners, hear me tell,
The wonders of Immanuel:
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,

And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heav'nly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he pass'd by,
With God you have no union.

3 Then I began to pray and cry ;
I look'd this way and that to fly ;
It grieved me sore that I must die ;
I sought salvation for to buy ;
But still I found no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean ;
And, O ! what seasons I have seen,
E'er since I felt this union.

5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
I went from house to house to pray ;
And if I met one on the way,
I always something found to say
About this heav'nly union.

6 Almighty God, teach heart and tongue
To thee to raise a grateful song :
All praises to thy name belong ;
Let Zion sing, " Thy kingdom come,"
And fill the world with union.

793

The soul given up to Christ.

S. M.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give—
To tear my soul from earth away,
My 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.

PRAYER MEETING.

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.

794

Self-dedication.

C. M.

WELCOME, O Saviour, to my heart;
 Possess thy humble throne;
 Bid every rival hence depart,
 And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake,—
 To thee I all resign;
 My longing heart, O Jesus, take,
 And fill with love divine.

3 O, may I never turn aside,
 Nor from thy bosom flee;
 Let nothing here my heart divide,—
 I give it all to thee.

795

Burdened souls invited.

C. M.

YE burdened souls, to Jesus come;
 You need not be afraid;
 He loves to hear poor sinners cry—
 He loves to hear them plead.

2 Ye humble souls, to Jesus come;
 'T is he who made you see
 Your wretched, ruin'd, helpless state,
 Your guilt and misery.

3 Christ is a friend to mourning souls—
 Then why should you despair,
 Since Saul and Mary Madgalene
 Found grace and mercy there?

796

Burdened sinners invited.

M. 7s.

COME, ye weary souls oppressed ;
 Find in Christ the promised rest ;
 On him all your burdens roll,—
 He can wound, and he make whole.

2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,
 Come, and wash in Jesus' blood ;
 To the Son of David cry :—
 In his word he's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor and blind,
 All your wants in Jesus find ;
 This the day of mercy is :
 Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

797

Wilt thou revive us again ?

S. M.

LORD! thy work revive
 In Zion's gloomy hour ;
 And let our dying graces live
 By thy restoring pow'r.

2 O, let thy chosen few
 Awake to earnest pray'r ;
 Their solemn vows again renew
 And walk in filial fear!

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
 Through lips of humble clay,
 Till hearts of adamant shall break,
 Till rebels shall obey.

3 Now lend thy gracious ear,
 Now listen to our cry ;
 O, come and bring salvation near!—
 Our souls on thee rely.

798

Thanks rendered, etc.

C. M.

COME, let us strike our harps afresh
 To great Jehovah's name ;
 Sweet be the accents of our tongues,
 When we his love proclaim.

PRAYER MEETING.

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798 *Thanks rendered, etc.* C. M.

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 To great Jehovah's name ;
 Sweet be the accents of our tongues,
 When we his love proclaim.

- 2 'T was by his bidding we were call'd
 In pain awhile to part ;
 'T is by his care we meet again,
 And gladness fills our heart.
- 2 Blest be the hand that has preserv'd
 Our feet from every snare,
 And blest the goodness of the Lord,
 Which to this hour we share.
- 4 O, may the Spirit's quick'ning pow'r
 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 wand'rings cease ;
 Then with our Father we shall dwell,
 A family of peace.

799

Christian fellowship.

L. M.

- K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.
- 2 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.
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When Christians meet together thus ;
 We only wish to speak of him
 Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
 And suffer'd for us here below :
 The path he marked for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.

5 Thus—as the moments pass away—
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
 And hasten on that glorious day
 When we shall meet to part no more.

800 *Grateful acknowledgments.* C. M.
 Psalm 116: 12.

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 that fill thine house
 My off'ring shall be paid;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.

3 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.

4 Now I am thine—for ever thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move;
 Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.

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

801 "Look to Jesus." 7s.

"LOOK to Jesus!" See, he stands
 Holding forth his bleeding hands,
 Saying, "Come to me for rest,
 And be sav'd among the blest!"

2 "Look to Jesus!" Sinner, come!
 Without Christ, behold your doom;
 Present pain and endless hell!
 Come, and all may yet be well!

- 3 "Look to Jesus!" Mourner, hear
 Mercy whisp'ring in your ear;
 "Though your sins as scarlet be,
 I can cleanse, and set you free."
- 4 "Look to Jesus!" weeping one!
 Hope, for thou art not undone:
 Those are blest who shed such tears;
 He will hush thy doubts and fears.
- 5 "Look to Jesus!" Christian, look!
 Thy dear name is in his book;
 Read it there, and with delight,
 Humbly seek perfection's height.
- 6 "Look to Jesus!" Joy in life,
 Cure for sin, and end of strife;
 Life in death, and endless bliss
 Where the blessed Saviour is!

802

He forgetteth not.

Isa. 49: 15.

H. M.

- O THOU that hearest prayer!
 Attend our humble cry;
 And let thy servants share
 Thy blessing from on high;
 We plead the promise of thy word,
 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!
- 2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry;
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their children's wants supply;
 Much more wilt thou thy love display
 And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father, THOU;
 We, children of thy grace:
 Oh, let thy Spirit now
 Descend and fill the place,
 That all may feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name.

803

All his paths are peace.

8s.

WE go the way that leads to God,
The way that saints have ever trod ;
So let us leave this sinful shore,
For realms where we shall die no more.

2 The ways of God are ways of bliss,
And all his paths are happiness ;
Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er,
We're going home, to die no more.

3 Come, sinners, come—oh ! come along,
And join our happy pilgrim throng !
Farewell, vain world, and all your store,
We're going home, to die no more.

804

Joys of the Christian.

L. M.

PRESERVED by thy almighty pow'r,
O Lord, our Maker, Saviour, King,
And brought to see this happy hour,
We come thy praises here to sing.

2 We praise thee for thy constant care,
For life preserved, for mercies given ;
O may we still those mercies share ;
And taste the joys of sins forgiven.

3 We praise thee for the joyful news
Of pardon through a Saviour's blood :
O Lord, incline our hearts to choose
The way to happiness and God.

4 And when our work on earth is done,
Grant, Lord, that we in heaven may see
Each other faces 'round thy throne,
And there forever happy be.

805

We shall meet again.

L. M.

ONCE more we press the hand and part,
For we must say farewell again ;
Yet still we mingle heart with heart,
Linked by a never-broken chain.

MISSIONARY.

Still one in life, and one in death,
 One in our hope laid up above,
 One in our joy, our trust, our faith,
 One in each other's steadfast love.

- 2 Yet we must part, and, parting, weep;
 What else has earth for us in store
 But farewell pangs so sharp and deep,
 And farewell words so sad and sore?
 But we shall meet again in peace,
 To sing the song of festal joy,
 Where none shall bid our gladness cease,
 And naught our fellowship destroy.

806

A hiding-place.

L. M.

HAIL, wondrous love, that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man!
 Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That made for me a hiding-place!

- 2 Against that God who rules on high,
 The purpose of my heart did lie;
 I fought the councils of his grace—
 Too proud to seek a hiding-place!
- 3 Encompass'd with a fearful night,
 And fond of darkness more than light,
 Madly I ran a sinful race,
 Despising mercy's hiding-place!
- 4 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
 And Jesus to my soul appeared,
 And offered me his saving grace,
 And thus became my hiding-place!

MISSIONARY.

807

The appeal

7s & 6s.

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 ev'ry 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 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of light deny ?
 Salvation, O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learn'd 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 ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

808

Missionary's farewell.

8s, 7s & 4.

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 Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
 From the scenes I love so well:
 Far away, ye billows, bear me:
 Lovely native land, farewell:
 Pleased I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 4 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.
- 5 Bear me on, thou reckless 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!

819 *Missionaries commended to God.* C. M

- F**ATHER of mercies, condescend
 To hear our fervent pray'r,
 While these our brethren we commend
 To thy paternal care.
- 2 Before them set an open door;
 Their faithful labors bless;
 On them thy Holy Spirit pour,
 And crown them with success.
- 3 Endow them with a heavenly mind;
 Supply their every need;
 Make them in spirit meek, resign'd,
 But bold in word and deed.

- 4 In every tempting, trying hour,
 Uphold them by thy grace;
 And guard them by thy mighty pow'r,
 Till they shall end their race.
- 5 Then, follow'd by a numerous train,
 Gather'd from heathen lands,
 A crown of life may they obtain
 From their Redeemer's hands.

810

As ye go, preach.

Matt. 10:7.

S. M.

- Y**E messengers of Christ,
 His sov'reign voice obey;
 Arise and follow where he leads—
 And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve
 Will needful strength bestow;
 Depending on his promis'd aid,
 With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
 And hell in vain oppose;
 The cause is God's, and must prevail
 In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
 And tell his matchless grace
 To the most guilty and deprav'd
 Of Adam's num'rous race.
- 5 We wish you, in his name,
 The most divine success;
 Assur'd that he who sends you forth
 Will your endeavors bless.

811

7s & 6s.

HO, reapers of life's harvest!
 Why stand with rusted blade,
 Until the night draws round you,
 And day begins to fade?
 Why stand ye idle, waiting
 For reapers more to come?

SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

- The golden morn is passing,
 Why sit ye idle, dumb?
- 2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
 And gather in the grain;
 The night is fast approaching,
 And soon will come again.
 Thy Master calls for reapers,
 And shall he call in vain?
 Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
 And waste upon the plain?
- 3 Come down from hill and mountain,
 In morning's ruddy glow;
 Nor wait until the dial
 Points to the noon below;
 And come with the strong sinew,
 Nor faint in heat and cold;
 And pause not till the evening
 Draws round its wealth of gold.
- 4 Mount up the heights of wisdom,
 And crush each error low;
 Keep back no words of knowledge
 That human hearts should know.
 Be faithful to thy mission—
 The service of the Lord;
 And then a golden chaplet
 Shall be thy just reward.

SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

812 *O, that I were as in months past!* C. M.

- S**WEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the light the morn renew'd,
 His praises tun'd my tongue;
 And when the evening shades prevail'd
 His love was all my song.

- 3 In pray'r 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 Then to his saints I often spoke
 Of what his love had done;
 But now my heart is almost broke,
 For all my joys are gone.
- 5 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns;
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.
- 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.

813

Remember Lot's wife.

11s.

- YE careless professors, who rest on your lees,
 Amidst your vain pleasures, your profit and
 ease,
 Now God says, "Arise and escape for your life,"
 And look not behind you;—"Remember Lot's wife."
- 2 Awake from your slumber, the warning receive;
 'T is Jesus that warns you, the message believe;
 While dangers are pending, "Escape for your life,
 And look not behind you; remember Lot's wife."
- 3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stray,
 And tell you no dangers are found in the way:
 He means to deceive you; "Escape for your life,
 And look not behind you; remember Lot's wife."
- 4 How many poor souls has the serpent beguil'd,
 With specious temptations how many defil'd;
 Then be not deluded; "Escape for your life,
 And look not behind you; remember Lot's wife."
- 5 The ways of religion true pleasures afford;
 No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;
 Forsake then the world, and "Escape for your life,
 And look not behind you; remember Lot's wife."
- 6 But if you determine the call to refuse,
 And venture the way of destruction to choose,
 For hell you must part with the blessings of life,
 And then, if not now, you'll remember Lot's wife.

814

Loss of first love.

C. M.

- O** THAT I were as heretofore,
 When warm in my first love;
 I only lived 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 soared 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's 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 how regain?

815

The barren fig tree.

7s.

- B**ARREN still this tree is found,
 Lo! it cumpers still the ground;
 Culture it has had for years,
 But as yet no fruit appears.
 Cut it down,—why all this toil?
 It no more shall curse the soil.
- 2 But the dresser cries, "Forbear!
 Let it stand another year:
 Still it shall my care employ;
 Then, if fruit appears, with joy
 At thy feet it shall be laid,
 And my care be well repaid."
- 3 Lord, this parable's for me;
 I'm that dead and fruitless tree;

SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

I within the vineyard stand,
Planted by thy gracious hand ;
Yet with all the dresser's care,
Scarcely any fruit I bear.

4 I have peaceful Sabbath days,
I have hours of pray'r and praise :
Faithful sermons, they are mine,
Threat'nings, promises divine,
All that wisdom could devise,
Lent in mercy from the skies.

5 Yet my heart is cold and dead,
Like a branch that's withered ;
Yet my hands inactive prove,
To promote the cause I love ;
Blessed Jesus ! can there be
Life in such a barren tree ?

6 O ! for grace this year to be
All that God delights to see ;
O ! for wisdom from above,
Every moment to improve ;
And when time has pass'd away,
O, for mercy in that day !

816

Returning to God.
Mal. 3 : 7.

C. M.

HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return !"
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
O, take the wanderer home !

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardoned rebel live.
To speak thy wondrous love ?

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 4 Almighty grace! thy healing pow'r,
 How glorious—how divine!
 That can to life and bliss restore
 A heart so vile as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love—so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour, I adore;
 O keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

817

Returning to God's people.

7s.

- PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns—a fugitive unblest;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 O, receive me into rest!
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the clouds, the wind, the wave;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore—
 Your Redeemer shall be mine:
 Earth can fill my soul no more—
 Every idol I resign.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

818

Pardon implored in danger. 8s & 7s.

- DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
 From thy temple in the skies,
 Hear thy people's supplications;
 Now for their deliv'rance rise.
- 2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
 In thy holy place we bend:
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.

- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding—
 Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 4 Let that mercy veil transgression;
 Let that blood our guilt efface;
 Save thy people from oppression;
 Save from spoil thy holy place.

819 *Praise for national blessings.* L. M.

- A**LMIGHTY Sov'reign of the skies
 To thee let songs of gladness rise,
 Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
 And every voice thy goodness sing.
- 2 From thee our choicest blessings flow;
 Life, health and strength thy hands bestow:
 The daily good thy creatures share,
 Springs from thy providential care.
- 3 The rich profusion nature yields,
 The harvest waving o'er the fields,
 The cheering light, refreshing show'r,
 Are gifts from thy exhaustless store;
- 4 From thee proceed domestic ties;
 Connubial bliss, parental joys;
 On thy support the nations stand,
 Obedient to thy high command.
- 5 Let every pow'r of heart and tongue,
 Unite to swell the grateful song;
 While age and youth in chorus join,
 To praise the majesty divine.

820 *The joy in harvest.* L. M.

- G**REAT God, as seasons disappear,
 And changes mark the rolling year,
 Thy favor still doth crown our days,
 And we would celebrate thy praise.
- 2 The harvest song we would repeat:—
 "Thou givest us the finest wheat;"

"The joy of harvest," we have known:
The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.

- 3 Our tables spread, our garner stor'd,
O give us hearts to bless the Lord!
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
Our hearts and lives should barren prove.
- 4 Another harvest comes apace:
Mature our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to us below.
- 5 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.

821

The God of harvest.

6s & 4s.

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

- 2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth
- 3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices, raise
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

822 *Travler's melody.* 8s, 7s & 4.

THOU who art the ever present
 And all-seeing gracious God,
 Make our journey useful, pleasant,
 Guard and bless us on the road ;
 As we travel—
 Trav'ling still to thine abode.

- 2 In this journey, and life's travel,
 Go with us—thy love display ;
 May we see a bright to-morrow
 Through the storm-clouds of to-day ;
 Give thine angels
 Charge to keep us on the way.

823 *The Christian voyage.* Heb. 6 : 19. 8s & 4

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
 And seas are calm, and skies are
 And faith, in lively exercise, [clear,
 Sees distant fields of Canaan rise,
 The soul for joy then spreads her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 Vain world, adieu.

- 2 With cheerful hope, her eyes explore
 Each land-mark on the distant shore,
 The trees of life, the pastures green,
 The golden streets, the crystal stream :
 Again for joy she spreads her wings.
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 I'm going home.
- 3 The nearer still she draws to land,
 More eager all her powers expand ;
 With steady helm, and free-bent sail,
 Her anchor drops within the vail—
 And now for joy she folds her wings,
 And her celestial sonnet sings,
 I'm safe at home.

824

Reign of intemperance.

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.

825

The fast-revolving year.

C. M.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift revolving year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.
- 4 Arrest, O Lord, my wand'ring heart,
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise ;
 Or this shall bear my waiting soul
 To joys beyond the skies.

826

Autumn.

C. M.

- N**OW let us raise our voices high,
 And bless the liberal hand
 Of him who rules above the sky,
 And smiles upon the land.
- 2 He gives us fruitful trees and fields,—
 The autumn's ample store ;
 With all the comforts nature yields,
 To bless both rich and poor.
- 3 But autumn does not lessons teach
 Of gratitude alone :
 It brings its warning voice, to reach
 Our hearts, so thoughtless grown.
- 4 It warns us, by each chilly eve,
 And every shortening day—
 By every fading, dropping leaf—
 We, too, must pass away.
- 5 May holy love and fear combine,
 Our conduct to control ;
 And rich supplies of grace divine,
 Renew and save each soul.

827

Prayer of the aged.

C. M.

- E**TERNAL God, enthroned on high,
 Whom angel hosts adore—
 Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh ;
 Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O, guide me down the steep of age,
 And keep my passions cool ;
 Teach me to scan the sacred page,
 And practice every rule.

- 3 My flying years time urges on ;
 What's human must decay ;
 My friends, my young companions gone,
 Can I expect to stay ?
- 4 Ah, no! then smooth the mortal hour ;
 On thee my hope depends ;
 Support me with almighty pow'r,
 While dust to dust descends.

828

Sick-bed hymn.

C. M.

DISEASES are thy servants, Lord ;
 They come at thy command ;
 I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
 Against thy chast'ning hand.

- 2 I'm but a sojourner below,
 As all my fathers were ;
 May I be well prepared to go,
 When I the summons hear.
- 3 But if my life be spared awhile,
 Before my last remove,
 Thy praise shall be my business still,
 And I'll declare thy love.

829

A birth-day hymn.

C. M.

LORD of my life, whose word and pow'r
 Did first inspire my breath,
 Thy hand has kept me, to this hour,
 From danger and from death.

- 2 Spared to commence another year,
 The past I now review :
 How num'rous do my sins appear,
 How great thy mercies, too!
- 3 I thank thee for thy tender care
 Through all my earlier days,
 And for each privilege I share,
 That still thy love displays.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 4 For Jesus' sake, my sins forgive,
 And strengthen me in grace;
 That to thy glory I may live,
 And run the Christian race.
- 5 How long or short my course may be,
 'T is not for me to know;
 But may I yield my heart to thee,
 And in thy favor grow.

830 *New Year's Day.* C. M.

- N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known,
 Now, let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne
 And plead a Saviour's name;
 For all that we can call our own,
 Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin,
 May mercy set us free,
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.
- 4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more,
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never lov'd before.

831 *Recovery from sickness.* C. M.

- I** LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
 And pitied ev'ry groan;
 Long as I live, when troubles rise,
 I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
 And chased my grief away;
 O, let my heart no more despair,
 While I have breath to pray!

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 3 My flesh declined, my spirit fell,
 And I drew near the dead;
 While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
 Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 "My God," I cried, "thy servant save,
 Thou ever good and just;
 Thy power can rescue from the grave,
 Thy power is all my trust."
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd;
 He bade my pains remove;
 Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
 For thou hast known his love.
- 6 My God has saved my soul from death,
 And dried my falling tears;
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 And my remaining years.

832 *A prayer for an increase of laborers.* S. M.
 Matt. 9: 38.

- LORD of the harvest, hear
 Thy needy servants' cry;
 Answer our faith's effectual pray'r,
 And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait,
 Our wants are in thy view;
 The harvest, Lord, is truly great
 The laborers are few.
- 3 Anoint and send forth more
 Into thy church abroad;
 Thy Spirit on their spirits pour,
 And make them strong for God.
- 4 O, let them spread thy name,
 Their mission fully prove;
 Thy universal grace proclaim,
 Thine all-redeeming love.

833

Sabbath morning. H. M. 6s & 8s.

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 quickening word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quickening pow'rs;
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless these sacred hours:
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

834

Pilgrims' farewell.

L. M.

FAREWELL, my friends, time rolls along,
 Nor waits for mortal care or bliss:
 I leave you here to travel on,
 Till I arrive where Jesus is.

2 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
 To you I'm bound in cords of love;
 Yet we believe his gracious word,
 That we ere long shall meet above.

3 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross:
 You've struggled long and hard for heav'n;
 You've counted all things here but dross;
 Fight on—the crown will soon be given.

4 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too;
 It grieves my soul to leave you here:
 Eternal sorrow waits for you;
 O! turn, and find salvation near.

PARENTAL HYMNS.

PARENTAL HYMNS.

835

Parental entreaty.

S. M.

MY son, know thou the Lord;
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found;
O, seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

4 Yield, then, to love divine,
Break off your sins to-day;
Accept the Saviour's pardoning grace,
Believe, repent, and pray.

836

Prayer for children's conversion.

C. M.

O LORD, behold us at thy feet,
A small paternal band;
As suppliants 'round thy mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring thou hast giv'n;
Where shall we go, in time of need,
But to the God of heav'n?

3 We ask not for them wealth and fame,
Amid the worldly-strife;
But, in thy all-prevailing name,
We ask eternal life.

4 We seek the Spirit's quick'ning grace,
To make them pure in heart.
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

837 *Gentleness the fruit of the Spirit.* C. M.

SPEAK gently! it is better far
 To rule by love than fear;
 Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
 The good we might do here.

2 Speak gently to the little child
 Its love be sure to gain;
 Teach it in accents soft and mild:
 It may not long remain.

3 Speak gently to the young; for they
 Will have enough to bear;
 Pass through this life as best they may,
 'T is full of anxious care.

4 Speak gently! 'tis a little thing,
 Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
 The good, the joy which it may bring
 Eternity shall tell.

838 *Love at home.* 7s & 5s.

THERE is beauty all around,
 When there's love at home;
 There is joy in every sound,
 When there's love at home.
 Peace and plenty here abide,
 Smiling sweet on every side,
 Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
 When there's love at home.

Love at home,
 Love at home,
 Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
 When there's love at home.

2 In the cottage there is joy,
 When there's love at home;
 Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
 When there's love at home.
 Roses blossom 'neath our feet,

PARENTAL HYMNS.

All the earth's a garden sweet,
 Making life a bliss complete,
 When there's love at home.

- 3 Kindly heaven smiles above,
 When there's love at home;
 All the earth is filled with love,
 Where there's love at home.
 Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
 Brighter beams the azure sky;
 O, there's One who smiles on high,
 When there's love at home.
- 4 Jesus, make me wholly thine,
 Then there's love at home;
 May thy sacrifice be mine,
 Then there's love at home.
 Safely from all harm I'll rest,
 With no sinful care distressed,
 Thro' thy tender mercy blessed,
 With thy love at home.—

839 *God's works recounted to posterity.* C. M.

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.

840

Maternal association.

C. M.

GREAT God, we would to thee make
 Each fond maternal care; [known
 For this we gather 'round thy throne,
 And bring our children there.

2 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
 And save our children dear;
 Now send thy Spirit from on high,
 And fill them with thy fear.

3 O make them love thy holy law,
 And joyful walk therein;
 Their hearts to new obedience draw,
 Save them from every sin.

841

Parents' prayer.

S. M.

SAVE all my children, Lord!
 For less I dare not ask:
 I know thou wilt fulfil thy word,
 If I fulfil my task.

2 Thy word is, "Work and pray;
 Toil on, 'mid hopes and fears;
 The sowing brings the reaping day,
 The harvest follows tears."

3 O, let me strive to be
 The laborer thou wilt bless,
 And hourly offer unto thee
 The works of righteousness.

4 Yet, when my best is done,
 'Tis sin and folly still;
 My only plea is that thy Son
 Wrought out thy perfect will.

5 Then hear me while I ask,
 "Save all my children, Lord!"
 While I, in faith, fulfil my task,
 Do thou fulfil thy word.

FRAILTY, SICKNESS AND DEATH.

842

Life passing away.

7s & 6s.

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 forever
 The ruin of thy soul.

843

For sundry occasions.

C. M.

COME, let us now forget our mirth,
 And think that we must die;
 What are our best delights on earth,
 Compared with those on high?

2 Our pleasures here will soon be past,
 Our brightest joys decay;
 But pleasures there forever last,
 And cannot fade away.

FRAILITY, SICKNESS AND DEATH.

- 3 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
 With many cares distressed;
 But there the mourners weep no more,
 And there the weary rest.
- 4 Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
 At once must hence depart;
 But there we hope to meet them all,
 And never, never part.
- 5 Then let us love and serve the Lord,
 With all our ransomed pow'rs;
 And we shall gain this great reward,
 This glory shall be ours.

844

Dying Christian.

P. M.

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon my
 W Is it death?—Is it death? [frame?
 That soon will quench—will quench this mortal
 Is it death?—Is it death? [flame?
 If this be death, I soon shall be
 From every pain and sorrow free:
 I shall the King of glory see;—
 All is well!—All is well!

- 2 Weep not, my friends—my friends, weep not for me;
 All is well!—All is well!
 My sins are pardon'd, pardon'd—I am free;
 All is well!—All is well!
 There's not a cloud that doth arise,
 To hide my Saviour from my eyes:
 I soon shall mount the upper skies;—
 All is well!—All is well!

- 3 Tune, tune your harps—your harps, ye saints above;
 All is well!—All is well!
 I will rehearse—rehearse redeeming love;
 All is well!—All is well!
 Bright angels are from glory come;
 They're 'round my bed, they're in my room:
 They wait to waft my spirit home;—
 All is well!—All is well!

- 4 Hark! hark! my Lord and Master calls for me;
 All is well!—All is well!
 I soon his face, in glory bright, shall see;
 All is well!—All is well!
 Farewell, dear friends,—adieu—adieu;
 I can no longer stay with you:
 My glittering crown appears in view;—
 All is well!—All is well!

845 *Serious thoughts under affliction.* C. M.

MY life declines, my strength is gone,
Disease and pains prevail ;
Death threatens to arrest me soon,
My heart and flesh do fail.

2 Soon I must leave this body here,
Soon must my soul away ;
O, awful thought ! my soul, prepare
For that tremendous day !

3 But how shall I prepare my heart,
Eternal life to gain ?
Jesus, thy grace, thy strength impart,
For all I do is vain.

4 Renew'd and justified by grace,
Complete I then shall stand
Before th' almighty Father's face,
When he'll my life demand.

846 *A lively hope.* C. M.

SWEET to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover 'round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disembodied soul
View Jesus, and adore ;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

6 Soon, too, my slumb'ring dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound,
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

If such the views which grace unfolds,
Faint as they are below,
What rapture must the church above
In Jesus' presence know !

847

Death of a child.

C. M.

LIFE is a span—a fleeting hour :
 How soon the vapor flies !
 Man is a tender, transient flow'r,
 That e'en in blooming dies.

- 2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs ;
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And withered all her joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
 When what we now deplore
 Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears ;
 Thy Saviour dwells on high ;
 There everlasting spring appears ;
 There joys shall never die.

848

Weep not.

P. M.

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
 When I am gone—when I am gone ;
 Smile, if the slow-tolling bell you should hear,
 When I am gone—I am gone.

Weep not for me, when you stand 'round my
 Think who has died his beloved to save ; [grave,
 Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,
 When I am gone—I am gone.

- 2 Shed not a tear, when you stand 'round my grave,
 When I am gone—when I am gone ;

Sing a sweet song unto him who doth save,
 When I am gone—I am gone.

Sing to the Lamb, who on earth once was slain ;
 Sing to the Lamb, who in heaven doth reign ;
 Sing, till the world shall be fill'd with his name,
 When I am gone—I am gone.

- 3 Plant ye a tree, which may wave over me,
 When I am gone—when I am gone ;

Sing ye a song, if my grave you should see,
 When I am gone—I am gone.

Come, at the close of a bright summer day ;
 Come, when the sun sheds its last ling'ring ray ;
 Come, and rejoice that I thus pass'd away,
 When I am gone—I am gone.

849 *The righteous have peace in death.* 6s & 8s

GO to thy rest in peace;
 And soft be thy repose:
 Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease;
 From earthly cares, in sweet release,
 Thine eye-lids gently close.

2 Go to thy peaceful rest,
 For thee we need not weep;
 Since thou art now among the blest,
 No more by sin and sorrow pressed,
 But hushed in quiet sleep.

3 Go to thy rest; and while
 Thy absence we deplore,
 One thought our sorrow shall beguile,
 For soon with a celestial smile,
 We'll meet to part no more.

850 *Meditation on the tomb.* C. M.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave,
 Where, life's vain tumults past,
 Th' appointed place, by heaven's decree,
 Receives us all at last.

2 There servants, masters, small and great,
 Partake the same repose;
 And there in peace the ashes mix
 Of those who once were foes.

3 All, level'd by the hand of death,
 Lie sleeping in the tomb,
 Till God in judgment calls them forth,
 To meet their final doom.

4 O may I stand before the Lamb,
 When earth and seas are fled,
 And hear the judge pronounce my name,
 With blessings on my head.

851

Sing to me of Heaven.

S. M.

O SING to me of heaven,
 When I am call'd to die.
 Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
 To waft my soul on high!

2 When cold and sluggish drops
 Roll off my pallid brow,
 Burst forth in strains of joyfulness:
 Let heaven begin below!

3 When the last moment comes,
 O, watch my dying face,
 And catch the bright, seraphic gleam,
 Which o'er each feature plays.

4 Then, to my raptur'd ears,
 Let one sweet song be given—
 Let music charm me last on earth,
 And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
 And lay me down to rest,
 And clasp my pale and icy hands,
 Upon my lifeless breast:—

6 Then 'round my senseless clay
 Assemble those I love,
 And sing of heaven, delightful heav'n,
 My glorious home above.

852

The uncertainty of life

C. M.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
 Is equal warning given;
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,
 Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
 And lurks in every flow'r;
 Each season has its own disease,
 Its peril every hour.

- 3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly at the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?
- 5 Turn, mortal, turn—thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.
- 6 Turn, sinner, turn: thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The forms which underneath thee lie
Shall live, in hell or heaven.

853 *Moses dying in the embraces of God.* C. M.

- D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through the darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

854

To a departed saint.

C. M.

DEAR as thou wast, and justly dear,
 We will not weep for thee:
 One thought shall check the starting tear:
 It is, that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling pow'r
 The tears of love restrain:

O, who that saw thy parting hour
 Could wish thee here again?

3 Triumphant in thy closing eye
 The hope of glory shone;
 Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
 To think the race was run.

4 The passing spirit gently fled,
 Sustain'd by grace divine;
 O, may such grace on us be shed,
 And make our end like thine.

855

Brevity of life.

Gen. 48: 9.

C. M.

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

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,
 That heav'n allows to men;
 And pains and sins run thro' the round
 Of three score years and ten.

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

856

7, 6s & 8.

BROTHER, thou art gone to rest!
 We will not weep for thee,
 For thou art now where oft on earth
 Thy spirit longed to be.

- 2 Brother, thou art gone to rest!
 Thine is an earthly tomb;
 But Jesus summoned thee away—
 Thy Saviour called thee home.
- 3 Brother, thou art gone to rest!
 Thy toils and cares are o'er;
 And sorrow, pain and suffering,
 Shall ne'er distress thee more.
- 4 Brother, thou art gone to rest!
 Thy sins are all forgiv'n;
 And saints in light have welcomed thee
 To share the joys of heav'n.

857

The summons of death.

8s, 8l.

- H**OW solemn the signal I hear!
 The summons that calls me away,
 In regions unknown to appear:
 How shall I the summons obey?
 What scenes in that world shall arise,
 When life's latest sigh shall be fled,
 And darkness has seal'd up mine eyes,
 And deep in the dust I am laid?
- 2 No longer the world can I view,
 The scenes which so long I have known;
 My friends, I must bid you adieu,
 For here I must travel alone:
 Yet here my Redeemer has trod,
 His hallowed footsteps I know;
 I'll trust for defence to his rod,
 And lean on his staff as I go.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Israel, lead on,
 My soul follows hard after thee;
 The phantoms of death are all down,
 When Jesus my Shepherd I see.
 Dear brethren and sisters, I go
 To wait your arrival above;
 Be faithful, and soon you shall know
 The triumphs and joys of his love.

858

Death of an infant.

C. M

WE lay thee in the silent tomb,
Sweet blossom of a day;
We just began to view thy bloom,
When thou wert call'd away.

- 2 Friendship and love have done their last
And now can do no more;
The bitterness of death is past,
And all thy sufferings o'er.
- 3 Thy gentle spirit passed away
'Mid pain the most severe;
So great we could not wish thy stay
A moment longer here.
- 4 O, who could wish thy longer stay
In such a world as this,
Since thou hast gain'd the realms of day
And pure, undying bliss?

859

Death of a sister.

C. M

DEATH has been here, and borne away
A sister from our side:
Just in the morning of *her* day,
As young as we, *she* died.

- 2 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!
- 3 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first—O, may we all
Prepare to meet our God!
- 4 All needful help is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

860

Death of an aged saint.

L. M.

GO to thy rest, with sorrow worn,
 With burdens bowed, with woes oppressed
 By storms and tempests tossed and torn,
 All now is calm; go to thy rest.

2 Go to thy rest; thy pains are past;
 Thy groans and sighs and tears are o'er;
 Thy soft repose has come at last:
 Go, rest in hope, and weep no more.

3 Go to thy rest; in Jesus sleep,
 With heaven's own blessing on thee shed;
 For thee we have no tears to weep;
 Rest, with the holy, blessed dead.

4 Go to thy rest; thy Lord shall come,
 And vanquished death shall lose his sting;
 Then, rising from the rending tomb,
 Behold thy God, and wake and sing.

5 Go to thy slumbers; close thine eyes;
 This brief repose no terror brings;
 Thy Sun of righteousness shall rise
 On thee, with healing in his wings.

861

The dying saint's farewell.

C. M.

DEAR friends, farewell, I go to dwell
 With Jesus Christ on high;
 There for to sing praise to my King
 To all eternity.

2 While I've been here, you have been dear
 I've always found you kind;
 But now thro' grace I quit this place,
 And leave you all behind.

3 Weep not for me, for here you see
 My trials have been great;
 But now ('tis true) I bid adieu,
 And change my mournful state.

4 'T will not be long before the throng
 Will all together be;
 And you that know the Lord below,
 Shall then your Saviour see.

HEAVEN.

- 5 There we shall join in songs divine,
 God's holy name shall praise,
 And view Christ's smiles, forget the toils
 Of these few evil days.
- 6 There we shall stand at his right hand,
 And in his presence dwell,
 And him adore forever more,
 So, brethren, now farewell.

HEAVEN.

862

Christian's home.

6s & 4s.

- I'M but a stranger here—
 Heaven is my home;
 Earth is a desert drear—
 Heaven is my home:
 Danger and sorrow stand
 'Round me on every hand—
 Heaven is my father-land,
 Heaven is my home.
- 2 What, though the tempests rage?
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage—
 Heaven is my home:
 And time's wild, wintry blast
 Soon will be overpassed;
 I shall reach home at last—
 Heaven is my home.
- 3 There, at my Saviour's side,—
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,—
 Heaven is my home:
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I love most and best;
 There, too, I soon shall rest,—
 Heaven is my home.

- 4 Therefore, I murmur not—
 Heaven is my home;
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 Heaven is my home;
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand—
 Heaven is my father-land;
 Heaven is my home.

863 *Believer's hope and portion.* C. M.

WHAT have I in this barren land,
 When Jesus is not here?
 My soul is never bless'd, until
 My Jesus doth appear.

- 2 My Jesus has gone up to heav'n,
 To fix a place for me:
 For 't is his will, that where he is,
 His followers should be.

- 3 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top;
 Of Canaan's grapes I taste;
 My Lord, who sends them to me here,
 Will send for me at last.

- 4 I have a God who changeth not;
 Why should I be perplex'd?
 My God, who owns me in this world,
 Will own me in the next.

864 *Heaven, the pilgrim's home.* C. M.

WHILE through this changing world we
 From infancy to age, [roam,
 Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
 His rest at every stage.

- 2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
 Eternal joys to share;
 There his adoring spirit bends,
 While here he kneels in pray'r.

- 3 From earth his freed affections rise,
 To fix on things above,
 Where all his hope of glory lies—
 Where all is perfect love.
- 4 There, too, may we our treasure place,
 There let our hearts be found ;
 That still, where sin abounded, grace
 May more and more abound.
- 5 Henceforth our conversation be
 With Christ before the throne ;
 Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
 And know as we are known.

865

The heavenly rest.

8s & 7s.

- T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To weary wanderers given ;
 There is relief for souls distressed ;
 A balm for every wounded breast ;
 'Tis found above, in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven—
 Who 're toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear ;—'t is heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye
 To brighter prospects given ;
 It views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene, in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;—
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

866

11s.

MY home is in heaven, my rest is not here ;
 Then why should I murmur when trials appear ?
 Be hush'd, my dark spirit, the worst that can come
 But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
 And building my hopes in a region like this :
 I look for a city which hands have not piled,
 I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow
 I would not recline upon roses below ;
 I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
 Until I arrive in the home of the blest.

867

Rest for the weary.

8s & 7s.

IN the Christian's home in glory,
 There remains a land of rest ;
 There my Saviour's gone before me,
 To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you—
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand ;
 For my stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
 But in that celestial centre,
 I a crown of life shall wear.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd ;
 And his sting shall be withdrawn ;
 Shout for gladness, O ye ransom'd !
 Hail with joy the rising morn.

868

Home of the soul.

12s & 8s.

- I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
 The far away home of the soul, [strand,
 Where no storms ever beat, on that glittering
 While the years of eternity roll.
- 2 O, the home of the soul! in my visions and dreams,
 Its bright jasper walls I can see,
 Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes,
 Between that fair city and me.
- 3 There the great trees of life in their beauty do
 And the river of life flows near by; [grow;
 No death ever enters that city, nor woe,
 And nothing that maketh a lie.
- 4 O! how sweet it will be, in that beautiful land,
 So free from all sorrow and pain; [hands,
 With songs on our lips, and with harps in our
 To meet one another again.

869

The saint's home.

C. M.

- THERE is a land of glorious light,
 Beyond this vale of tears,
 Where all the blood-washed saints unite,
 Redeemed from all their fears.
- 2 In heaven is that happy place,
 Where all the ransomed rest;
 Where saints can sing of pardoning grace,
 And be forever blest.
- 3 O! were we, on those shores of bliss,
 To view our Saviour's face,
 We'd leave a world of woe like this,
 And sing redeeming grace.
- 870 *He shall give his angels charge over thee.* C. M.
 Psalm 91.
- O MAY the Lord our footsteps guide,
 In all the ways of right;
 And fit us for that happy bride,
 In mansions of delight.
- 2 Then, when our spirits shall be free
 From all we've done amiss,
 Then can we there together be,
 In that sweet land of bliss.

- 3 O, there we can forever sing
Of all the Lord has done;
Then we our sheaves with joy can bring,
When once the victory's won.

871 *There is rest for all in heaven.* C. M.

SHOULD sombre clouds of sorrow rise,
And shadows o'er us fling,
And hopes that once have taken root
Die in the early spring;—
Should every joy and bliss of life
Fade like the hues of even,
We still have this sweet solace left—
There's rest for all in heaven.

- 2 If life's pathway should seem to us
A dull and beaten track,
And all our deep and holy love
By grief be driven back;
If we are like the wearied dove,
O'er shoreless ocean driv'n;
O! let us raise our eyes above—
There's rest for all in heaven.

- 3 Should sickness pale the rosy cheek,
And dim the radiant eye,
And every pulse that faintly throbs
Tell of a time to die;—
O, then, indeed, unto the world
Our thoughts should not be giv'n,
For we must ne'er forget the truth—
There's rest for all in heaven.

872 *Our journeying to Canaan.* C. M.

WE'RE marching to the promis'd land,
A land all fair and bright;
Come, join our happy pilgrim band,
And seek the plains of light.

- 2 The Saviour feeds his little flock,
His grace is richly giv'n :

HEAVEN.

The living water from the rock,
And daily bread from heav'n.

3 Come with us, we will do thee good,
Here is our heart and hand,
To meet you over Jordan's flood,
And share the promis'd land.

4 There in that land no tears are shed,
No sighs escape the heart;
To joy's full fountain all are led,
And there they never part.

873

What is heaven?

P. M.

HEAV'N is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
The blissful clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more;
And not a shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.

2 Heaven is the place where Jesus dwells,
And pleads his flowing blood,
While to his pray'rs his Father gives
An unknown multitude, [days,
Whose harps and tongues, through endless
Shall crown his head with songs of praise.

3 Heaven is the dwelling-place of joy,
The home of light and love,
Where faith and hope in rapture die,
And ransomed souls above
Enjoy, before their Father's throne,
Bliss everlasting and unknown.

874

Heaven invisible.

1 Cor. 2: 9.

C. M.

NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love the Son.

- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord,
Reveals a heav'n to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found :
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

875

The happy land.

P. M.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away—
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day :
O, how they sweetly sing—
Worthy is the Saviour King !
Loud let his praises ring
For evermore.

- 2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand ?
Why still delay ?
O, we shall happy be !
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.
- 3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.

O, then to glory run ;
 Be a crown and kingdom won ;
 And, bright above the sun,
 Reign evermore.

876 *When shall we greet them, etc.* 10s & 8s.

- W**E shall greet them at home, we shall greet them,
 When the sorrow of life shall be o'er ;
 Our lov'd ones, we hope soon to meet them,
 On Eden's fair, beautiful shore :
 The glorious thought, how consoling,
 To know that the time is so nigh,
 When Jesus, the world, shall, controlling,
 Permit us to join them on high.
- 2 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them,
 Though now they are hid from our sight,
 We think of the time we shall meet them,
 And it oft fills our hearts with delight ;
 We have laid them away in deep sadness,
 Yet not without hope in our breast :
 For again they will join us with gladness,
 And enter the heavenly rest.
- 3 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them,
 Where nothing can ever divide ;
 Where sickness, or death, can not harm them,
 Nor tear them again from our side ;
 There we'll range beside life's cooling river,
 'Neath the tree of life's shade we shall roam,
 With the glory of God shining ever,
 We'll greet them, we'll greet them at home.

877 *The holy Jerusalem.* C. M.
 Rev. 21 : 10.

- J**ERUSALEM, my glorious home !
 Name ever dear to me ;
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 O, when, thou, city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths never end ?
- 3 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know : [scenes
 Blest seats ! through rude and stormy
 I onward press to you.

- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

878

A home in heaven.

8s & 7s.

- F**AR beyond these sea-girt islands,
Far beyond time's stormy shore,—
Rise the glad celestial highlands,
Where the woes of earth are o'er.
- 2 Though my bark, at anchor lying,
Feels the storms that round me blow,
Yet my home-sick heart is sighing—
Loose the cable; let me go!
- 3 Crested waves are dashing near me,
Howling winds around me wail;
But, to comfort me and cheer me,
I've a hope within the veil.
- 4 One by one earth's ties dividing,
Part me from this scene of woe;
From the shore I'll soon be gliding—
Loose the cable; let me go!
- 5 When the stormy voyage's ended,
With what peace I shall be blest;
Christ, with angel hosts attended,
Shall appear to give me rest.
- 6 O, to reach that land of gladness,
Free from sorrow, sin, and woe,
Glad I quit earth's scenes of sadness—
Loose the cable; let me go!

879

Desiring to be clothed upon, &c.

2 Cor. 5: 2.

10s

LONELY and weary, by sorrows oppressed,
 Onward we hasten with longings for rest;
 Bidding adieu to the world with its pride,
 Longing to dwell by Immanuel's side.
 But, 'mid our pilgrimage, lo! on our eyes
 Visions of beauty and glory arise;
 Visions of crowns which we hope soon to wear,
 Visions of heaven—O! we long to be there.

2 Rivers are gliding 'mid unfading trees;
 Songs of the blessed are borne on the breeze;
 Glory-gilt mountains resplendent are seen,
 Valleys and hills clad in Eden-like green;
 There shall the glory of God ever be,
 Filling the earth as the waves fill the sea:
 There shall the ransomed, immortal and fair,
 Evermore dwell—O! we long to be there!

3 There is the home of the pure and the blest;
 There shall the weary be ever at rest;
 There shall life's trials and sorrows be o'er;
 There shall the gathered ones part nevermore;
 There shall the blest be from death ever free;
 There, their Redeemer in beauty they'll see;
 Crowns of bright glory forever they'll wear;
 O, to be with them!—we long to be there!

880

The happy expectation.

7s & 6s.

THOUGH my flesh and heart may fail,
 Fail and fleet forever,
 Yet my fears shall not prevail,
 Christ shall leave me never.
 He shall journey by my side,
 Through the silent river,
 And with him, beyond the tide,
 I shall live forever.

2 When time's stormy tempest-roar
 Is forever closing,
 I shall on the other shore
 With him be reposing.
 Loving eyes shall on me shine,
 Hands shall stretch to meet me,
 Loving arms shall round me twine,
 Loving voices greet me.

- 3 There my little ones, I know,
 Round me shall be clinging;
 There the loved of long ago
 With me shall be singing.
 O! that land I long to see,
 Where the weary-hearted
 Shall with Christ in glory be,
 Never to be parted.
- 4 Saviour, come and bring the day—
 Day of endless gladness;
 Drive our tears and gloom away,
 Banish all our sadness;
 Let us see the light of home,
 Hear its music swelling;
 Bring us through the conquered tomb,
 To that heavenly dwelling.

881

The hope of a rest.

L. M.

- A**S on the sea of life we sail,
 Oppressed with storms and dangers
 We sing, amidst each warring gale, [sore,
 There's sunshine on the other shore.
 The other shore, the heavenly shore,
 The happy, bright, eternal shore;
 The land of rest, where storms are o'er—
 There's sunshine on the other shore.
- 2 Though fiercely howls the stormy blast,
 And wild the angry billows roar,
 Though life with clouds is overcast,
 There's sunshine on the other shore.
- 3 O! home of hope, and peace, and rest—
 I sigh for thee, where woes are o'er;
 To dwell with all the pure and blest,
 In glory on the other shore.
- 4 Thou Saviour of the lone and lost,
 Who hast our sinful burdens bore,
 Thy blood shall save the tempest-tost,
 In glory on the other shore.

SHALL we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges cease to roll?
 Where in all the bright forever,
 Sorrows ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet with those departed,
 Who have bowed beneath death's wave?
 Shall we meet the holy myriads,
 Who are ransomed from the grave?

Shall we meet?

Shall we meet?

Say, brother, shall we meet?

- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
 When our stormy voyage 's o'er?
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor,
 By the fair celestial shore?
 Shall we rest from all our labors,
 'Mid the swelling of the tide?
 Shall we meet and rest forever,
 By our blessed Saviour's side?
- 3 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
 When he comes to claim his own?
 Shall we know his blessed favor,
 And sit down upon his throne?
 Will he bid us share his glory,
 Where no shame shall ever be?
 Will he bid us sing his praises,
 On that radiant crystal sea?
- 4 Shall we meet, my wandering brother?
 Say, O will you meet me there?
 When earth's glory shall be darkness,
 And its joy shall be despair?
 When before the throne of judgment
 We shall all together stand?
 Will you pray and strive to meet me
 With the blest at Christ's right hand?

883

The beautiful shore.

12s & 9s.

- T**HERE's a home for the blest on the beautiful shore,
 Where our trials and cares all shall cease;
 Sorrows never shall enter that blissful abode
 Ever there shall abide perfect peace.
 On that beautiful shore, where the bright angels stay
 All our sorrow and pain will be o'er:
 O! we long to go home to that beautiful land,
 There to rest, sweetly rest, evermore.
- 2 The bright streets of the city are paved with pure gold,
 And its flowers are fragrant and fair;
 Its inhabitants never grow weary nor old,
 For the Lord reigns eternally there.
- 3 There will be no more parting from those that we love,
 No more sighing or shedding of tears,
 For no discords shall ruffle that peaceful repose,
 Which flows through eternity's year.
- 4 O! we soon shall be called to that beautiful land,
 There to dwell with the just evermore;
 There to join in sweet songs with the friends that we love
 Safe at home on the beautiful shore.

MISCELLANEOUS.

884

All things become new.

C. M.

- S**INCE man, by sin, has lost his God,
 He seeks creation through,
 And vainly hopes for solid good,
 In finding something new.
- 2 The new possess'd, like fading flow'rs,
 Soon loses its gay hue;
 The gilded, too, no longer charms,
 We still want something new.
- 3 The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flattering light;
 We should suspect some danger nigh
 Where we possess delight.
- 4 Our dearest joys, our nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood—
 How they divide our wavering minds,
 And leave but half for God!

- 5 The fondness of a creature's love,
 How strong it strikes the sense!
 Thither the strong affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.

885

Tokens of the latter days.

L. M.

- H**ARK! don't you hear the turtle dove,
 The tokens of redeeming love?
 From hill to hill, we hear the sound,
 The neighboring valleys echo 'round!
 O Zion! hear the turtle dove,
 The tokens of redeeming love:
 They're come the barren land to cheer,
 And welcome in the jubile year.
- 2 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
 We feel the chilling winds no more;
 Sweet spring is come, and summer too,
 All things appear divinely new;
 On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
 The resurrection's drawing nigh;
 Behold! the nations from abroad
 Are flocking to the mount of God.
- 3 The latter days have now come on,
 And fugitives are flocking home;
 Behold them crowd the gospel road,
 All pressing for the mount of God.
 O yes! and I will join the band—
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand;
 With Satan's bands no more I'll be,
 But fight for Christ and liberty.
- 4 His banner soon shall be unfurl'd,
 And he will come to judge the world;
 On Zion's mountain we will stand,
 Surrounded by fair Canaan's land.
 The sun and moon shall darken'd be,
 The flames consume the land and sea;
 When worlds on worlds together blaze,
 We'll sing God's everlasting praise.

WELCOME, welcome, day of rest,
 To the world in kindness given,
 Welcome to this humble breast,
 As the beaming light from heaven.

2 Day of soft and sweet repose,
 Gently now thy moments run,
 As the peaceful streamlet flows,
 Radiant with a summer's sun.

3 Day of tidings from the skies,
 Day of solemn praise and prayer,
 Day to make the simple wise—
 O, how great thy blessings are!

4 Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
 With thy influence all divine,
 May thy hallow'd hours be blest
 To this feeble heart of mine!

887 *How beautiful upon the mountains.* 8s, 7s & 4
 Isaiah 52 : 7.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—
 Zion, long in hostile lands :
 Mourning captive,
 God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
 Cease thy mourning ;
 Zion still is well-belov'd.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee :
 He himself appears thy Friend ;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end.
 Great deliv'rance
 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.

888 *The complainer reformed.* C. P. M.

- I SET^r myself against the Lord,
 Despisd his Spirit and his word,
 And wish'd to take his place ;
 It vex'd me sore that I must die,
 And perish too, eternally,
 Or else be sav'd by grace.
- 2 Of ev'ry preacher I'd complain,
 One spoke thro' pride, and one for gain,
 Another's learning small:
 This spoke too fast, and that too slow ;
 One pray'd too loud, and one too low,
 The other had no call.
- 3 With no professors could I join,
 Some dress'd too mean, and some too fine,
 And others talked too long ;
 Some had a tone, some had no gift,
 Some talk'd so weak, and some so swift,
 That all of them were wrong.
- 4 I thought they'd better keep at home,
 Than to exhort where'er they come,
 And tell us of their joys ;
 They'd better keep their gardens free
 From weeds, than to examine me,
 And vex me with their noise.
- 5 Kindred and neighbors all were bad,
 And no true friends were to be had—
 My rulers, too, were vile ;
 At length I was brought clear to see,
 The fault did mostly lie in me,
 And had done all the while.

- 6 My horrid load of guilt and shame,
 (Being conscious, too, I was to blame,)
 Did wound my frightened soul;
 I've sinned so much against my God,
 I'm crush'd so low beneath his rod,
 How can I be made whole?
- 7 But there's a balm in Gilead,
 And a Physician to be had,
 A balsam, too, most free;
 Only believe on God's dear Son,
 Through him the victory is won;
 Christ Jesus died for thee.

889

The Beggar's Prayer.

H. M.

- E**NCOURAGED by thy word
 Of promise to the poor,
 Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy's door:
 No hand, nor heart, dear Lord, but thine,
 Can help, or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
 Relief from men to gain,
 If offered unto thee,
 I know thou wouldst disdain;
 But those which move thy gracious ear,
 Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
 That though I now am poor,
 Yet once there was a day
 When I possessed more.
 Thou knowest from my very birth,
 I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor dare I to profess,
 As beggars often do,
 Though great is my distress,
 My faults have been but few;
 If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
 It would be what I well deserve.

- 5 Nor dare I to pretend
 I never begged before,
 And if thou now befriend,
 I'll trouble thee no more ;
 Thou often hast relieved my pain,
 And often I must come again.
- 6 Though crumbs are much too good
 For such a worm as I,
 No less than children's food,
 My soul can satisfy ;
 O, do not frown and bid me go,
 I must have all thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be
 The bounty to conceal,
 From others, who, like me,
 Their wants and mis'ry feel ;
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
 And try to send a thousand more.

890

Rejoice in the Lord.

Phil. 3:1.

H. M.

- R**EJOICE, the Lord is King,
 Your God and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore ;
 Lift up your heart, 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 can not fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n ;
 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 ev'ry 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 th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!

891 *An old sinner dying in despair.* C. M

- B**EHOLD the man, three-score and ten,
Upon a dying bed,
Has run his race, and got no grace,
An awful sight indeed!
- 2 Poor man, he lies in sad surprise,
And thus he doth complain:
No grace I've got, and I cannot
Recall my time again.
- 3 This is the truth—I spent my youth
In sinful sports and mirth;
Put far away the evil day,
And scarcely thought on death.
- 4 My conscience then could not refrain,
But gave me many a check;
But willingly I put him by,
His voice I did reject.

- 5 God's Spirit came once and again
 To me from realms above ;
 Alas ! but I would not comply ;
 I grieved the heavenly Dove.
- 6 In middle age, I did engage
 In the affairs of life,
 Some wealth to gain, that might sustain
 My children and my wife.
- 7 This worldly care did prove a snare,
 The devil led me on ;
 And now, alas ! this is the case,
 My day of grace is gone.
- 8 My sins are all, both great and small,
 Before my fixed eye,
 And I must go to dismal woe,
 To groan, to gasp, to die.
- 9 O dreadful hell, what tongue can tell
 The wrath that reigneth there !
 O second death ! I yield my breath,
 In horror and despair.
- 10 My race is run, and I'm undone,
 No mercy can I find !
 And instantly the man doth die,
 And leave no hope behind !
- 11 An awful sight ! God grant it might
 A warning be to all,
 To seek his face for saving grace,
 . And hearken to his call.

892

The meal and cruise of oil.

C. M.

BY the poor widòw's oil and meal,
 Elijah was sustain'd ;
 Though small the stock, it lasted well,
 For God the store maintain'd.

- 2 It seem'd as if, from day to day,
They were to eat and die;
But still, though in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.
- 3 Thus to his poor he still will give,
Just for the present hour;
But for to-morrow they must live
Upon his word and pow'r.
- 4 No barn or store-house they possess,
On which they can depend;
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their friend.
- 5 Then let no doubts your mind assail:
Remember, God has said,
"The cruse and barrel shall not fail,
My people shall be fed."
- 6 And thus, though faint it often seems,
He keeps their grace alive;
Supplied by his refreshing streams,
Their dying hopes revive.
- 7 Though in ourselves we have no stock,
The Lord is nigh to save;
His door flies open when we knock,
And 'tis but ask and have.

893

Pure religion.

C. P. M.

OF all religions that are found,
Whose forms do lead their subjects round,
In all this earthly region,
There is one better than the rest,
Which properly is call'd the best—
And that is *pure Religion*.

- 2 To visit widows with relief,
And save the fatherless from grief
In time of their affliction;
And then, against temptations hurl'd,
To keep unspotted from the world,
Is *real, pure Religion*.

- 3 There's many people who profess
 To have religion more or less,
 And talk of sins forgiven;
 Who say they walk the heav'nly road,
 And say they feel the love of God,
 And think they're heirs of heaven :
- 4 But if they gratify their pride,
 And will be covetous beside,
 And pattern after sinners—
 To set their hearts on things below,
 And talk as other worldlings do,
 'Tis only *vain religion*.
- 5 But thanks to God, I find a few,
 Who good sincerity do shew,
 To follow after Jesus :
 They joyfully forsake their pride,
 And lay their vanities aside,
 For the sake of *pure Religion*.
- 6 And now if they have earthly store,
 Which God has lent them, less or more,
 They give it up with freedom :
 Like ancient Paul, who suffer'd loss,
 They gladly now endure the cross,
 For the sake of *pure Religion*.
- 7 They bring their thoughts to judgment now
 And thus they make their actions bow
 To Jesus, their Redeemer ;
 They know, if they're defil'd with sin,
 And if they have not Christ within,
 'Twill not be *pure Religion*.
- 8 All those who count all things as loss,
 And willingly take up the cross,
 To gain a heav'nly mansion —
 Although by sinners they're despised
 They're precious in the Saviour's eye,
 For they have *pure Religion*.
- 9 My precious friends, let us be strong,
 And take the cross, and run along,
 And leave the world's confusion :
 That we may gain the heav'nly prize,
 And see the Saviour with our eyes—
 The end of *pure Religion*.
- 10 Professors say we are too strict,
 And some good things they contradict,
 Which strikes against the worldling
 And now, because we live to God,
 There's many call us very odd,
 Despising *pure Religion*.

11 But, while we walk this heav'nly road,
 This way of truth which leads to God,
 In which we find such freedom ;
 We'll bear reproach for Jesus' name,
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,
 For the sake of *pure Religion*.

12 Although for Christ we suffer loss,
 We find such virtue in his cross,
 The beauty of his Kingdom—
 O, let us count all things as loss,
 And like the dung, or as the dross,
 For the sake of *pure Religion*.

394

All is vanity. Eccl. 1: 2. 8s & 7s.

I AM weary, I am weary
 Of the cares and toils of life ;
 I am weary of its sorrows
 I am weary of its strife ;
 I am weary of its flowers,
 That are blooming soon to die ;
 And th' immortal spirit pineth
 For its home beyond the sky.

2 I am weary of the trifles
 That consume away my days ;
 I am weary of the longing
 For mere human love and praise.
 I am weary of the thoughts that turn
 So constantly to earth ;
 Fain would my spirit rise above
 Its transient joy and mirth.

3 I have seen the flowers wither ;
 I have seen the lov'd ones die ;
 I have seen the clouds of sorrow
 Overcast youth's summer sky.
 I am pining, I am pining
 For my home among the blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

895

Excellence of faith

6s & 8s.

FAITH is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean;
It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen;
It is the anchor of his soul,
When tempests rage and billows roll.

- 2 Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wand'rings from afar,
To realms of endless day;
It points the course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.
- 3 Faith is the rainbow's form,
Hung on the brow of heaven,
A shelter from the passing storm,
A pledge of mercy given;
It is the bright triumphal arch,
Thro' which the saints to glory march.
- 4 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart;
It bears us through this earthly strife,
And triumphs in immortal life.

896

The way of the cross.

7s, 6s & 8s.

WHYY will you not, O Chrisian,
Your wicked self deny?
Why will you run such hazard,
Yourself to gratify?
To hold the worldly spirit fast,
Against the truth's instruction,
Will shut you out of heaven at last,
And land you in destruction.

- 2 Think not, it is too little
 To wear a modest dress ;
 Consider what is needful,
 And lay aside the rest :
 And take the rule of Jesus Christ,
 By which yourself to measure ;
 And always choose to help the poor,
 Before an earthly treasure.
- 3 Lay by all carnal weapons,
 By which men are destroy'd ;
 For safety and protection
 Trust wholly in the Lord ;
 And never lift your hands to swear,
 Lest God should be offended :
 In tender conscience now forbear,
 Whatever is pretended.
- 4 Refuse all worldly honors,
 Which ever man bestow ;
 Thou canst not be a worldling,
 And Christ's disciple too :
 Come out and leave the wicked throng,
 In political confusion ;
 O, come ye out from Babylon,
 From Egypt, and from Sodom.

897

Unity.

S. M.

LET strife forever cease,
 And envy quit the field ;
 Come join and live in love and peace,
 And to the Gospel yield.

- 2 Let bitter words no more
 Among the saints remain ;
 Let ev'ry member, ev'ry hour,
 Submit to Jesus' reign.
- 3 When bitter words arise,
 Then Satan has his ends ;
 We wound the heart and hands of Christ,
 Amidst his chosen friends.

- 4 Then why should we contend
 For meat, and drink, and dress,
 And crucify the Lord again,
 And pierce his wounds afresh?
- 5 No more we'll feed the flame,
 Nor judge ourselves too wise;
 But search with care to find the beam
 That lurks within our eyes.
- 6 Unto the world we'll prove
 That we disciples are;
 They shall behold us walk in love,
 And say the Lord is there.

898 *No man can come to me except the Father L. M*
draw him.—John. 6: 44.

THE Father, in his boundless love,
 Invites the sinner to the Son!
 And in his mercy from above,
 Wills not that he should be undone.

- 2 The Son the penitent receives,
 And, in his boundless love and grace,
 Forgives his sins, when he believes,
 And fills his heart with heav'nly rays.
- 3 The Holy Ghost is sent in love,
 To lead and guide us on the way;
 Until we all shall meet above,
 In realms of bliss and endless day.
- 4 So we in baptism also show,
 God's order toward the fallen race—
 How we're reclaimed from sin and woe,
 And find in him a hiding-place.

899 *Joseph made known to his brethren. 8s.*

WHEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
 Afflicted and trembling with fear,
 His heart with compassion was fill'd;
 From weeping he could not forbear.

A while his behaviour was rough,
 To bring their past sin to their mind ;
 But when they were humbled enough,
 He hasten'd to show himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he,
 Whom they had ill-treated and sold !
 How great their confusion must be,
 As soon as his name he had told !
 I'm Jo. eph, your brother, (he said,)
 And still to my heart you are dear ;
 You sold me, and thought I was dead ;
 But God for your good sent me here.

3 Though greatly distressed before,
 When charged with purloining the cup,
 They now were confounded much more—
 Not one of them durst to look up :
 Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
 Forgive us the evil we did ?
 And will he our household maintain ?
 O, this is a brother indeed !

4 Thus, pierc'd by my conscience, I came
 (And laden with guilt) to the Lord ;
 Surrounded with terror and shame,
 Unable to utter a word :
 At first he look'd stern and severe ;
 What anguish then pierc'd my poor
 Expecting each moment to hear [heart !
 The sentence, "Thou cursed, depart."

5 But O ! what surprise, when he spoke,
 While tenderness beam'd in his face,
 My heart then to pieces was broke,
 O'erwhelm'd and confounded with grace.
 "Poor sinner, I know thee full well ;
 By thee I was wounded and slain ;
 I died to redeem thee from hell,
 And raise thee in glory to reign.

- 6 "I'm Jesus, whom thou hast blasphem'd,
 And crucified often afresh ;
 But let me henceforth be esteem'd
 Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh.
 My pardon I freely bestow,
 Thy wants I will fully supply ;
 I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
 And soon will remove thee on high.
- 7 "Go, publish to sinners around,
 (That they may be willing to come)
 The mercy which now thou hast found,
 And tell them that yet there is room."
 O ! sinner, the message obey :
 No more vain excuses pretend ;
 But come without further delay,
 To Jesus, our brother and friend.

900

Strength from heaven.

H. M

- B**Y whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low ?
 No sword or spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'T was Israel's God and King
 Who sent him to the fight,
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
 Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
 To storm th' invader's camp,
 With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp ?
 The trumpet made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.

- 4 O! I have seen the day,
 When with a single word—
 God helping me to say,
 My trust is in the Lord—
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness and pride,
 How often do they steal
 My weapon from my side!
 Yet David's Lord and Gideon's friend,
 Will help his servant to the end.

901 *The tender-hearted.* 9s, 8s & 7.

COME, all ye tender-hearted Christians,
 O! come, and help us now to mourn!
 Behold! the Son of God lies bleeding;
 And view his precious body torn!
 Behold him, praying in the garden,
 While his soul in grief is bound;
 And the bloody sweat is running
 In crimson drops upon the ground

- 2 He was a man of constant sorrow
 And went a mourner all his days;
 With sore distress was well acquainted,
 But never went in sinful ways
 The foxes have their holes provided,
 And the birds they have their nest,
 But the Son of man had nowhere
 To lay his weary head to rest.
- 3 Behold him, when the soldiers took him,
 And led him unto Pilate's bar!
 O! come, ye tender-hearted Christians,
 And view your dear Redeemer there!
 Behold him, when he was condemned,
 Wearing of a thorny crown,

And his tender temples pierced,
 Until the blood came running down.

- 4 And then behold the soldiers take him,
 And nail him to a shameful tree:
 O! see him on the cross a-bleeding,
 His soul in mortal agony;
 Hark, how the legal thunders smite him,
 Lo, his burden'd bosom heave!
 Look how deep your sins have stung him,
 O! dying sinners, look and live!

902

Precious Bible.

Rom. 15: 4.

8s & 7s.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford;
 All-I want, for life or pleasure,
 Food and medicine, shield and sword.
 Let the world account me poor—
 Having this, I need no more.

- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
 Here my hungry soul enjoys;
 Of excess there is no danger,
 Though it fills, it never cloy;
 On a dying Christ I feed,
 He is meat and drink indeed.

- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,
 Cordials to revive me quickly,
 Healing medicines here I find;
 To the promises I flee,
 Each affords a remedy.

- 4 In the hour of dark temptation,
 Satan can not make me yield;
 For the word of consolation
 Is to me a mighty shield;
 While the Scripture-truths are sure,
 From his malice I'm secure.

903

Jesus wept.

John 11: 35.

8s & 7s

JESUS wept! those tears are over,
 But his heart is still the same:
 Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
 Is his everlasting name.

Saviour, who can love like thee?
 Gracious one of Bethany!

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
 When the waves of sorrow roll,
 I will lay my head on Jesus—
 Pillow of the troubled soul.

Truly, none can feel like thee,
 Weeping one of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept, and still, in glory
 He can mark each mourner's tear—
 Living to retrace the story
 Of the hearts he solaced here.

Lord, when I am called to die,
 Let me think of Bethany!

904

Adherence to duty.

Acts. 4: 19.

7s.

DARE to think, though bigots frown;
 Dare in words your thoughts express
 Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
 Dare the wrong'd and scorn'd to bless.

2 Dare from custom to depart;
 Dare the priceless pearl possess;
 Dare to wear it next your heart;
 Dare, when sinners curse, to bless.

3 Dare forsake what you deem wrong,
 Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
 Dare to give where gifts belong;
 Dare God's precepts to obey.

4 Do what conscience says is right;
 Do what reason says is best;
 Do with willing mind and heart;
 Do your duty and be blest.

905 *Forgiveness of others.* C. M. double.
Matt. 6: 12-15.

O GOD! my sins are manifold,
Against my life they cry,
And, all my guilty deeds foregone,
Up to thy temple fly:
Wilt thou release my trembling soul,
Which to despair is driven?—
“Forgive!” a blessed voice replied,
“And thou shalt be forgiven!”

2 My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell,
They spurn me in their pride;
They render evil for my good,
My patience they deride:
Arise, O King! and be the proud
To righteous ruin driven!—
“Forgive!” an awful answer came,
“As thou wouldst be forgiven!”

3 Seven times, O Lord, I pardon'd them;
Seven times they sinn'd again;
They practice still to work my woe,
They triumph in my pain;
But let them dread my vengeance now,
To just resentment driven!—
“Forgive!” the voice of thunder spake,
“Or never be forgiven!”

906 *The church in trouble.* Rev. 12. L. M.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep.

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high and guide us through.
Turn us to thee, thy love restore—
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray.

And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

- 4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore—
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

907

Christ in Gethsemane.

C. M.

BEYOND where Kedron's waters flow
So brightly and so free,
Behold the loving Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane.

Go to Gethsemane,
Hear that mournful sound,
See the Saviour weeping—
Weeping on the cold, damp ground.

- 2 His countenance is all divine,
His heavenly bearing see!
Yet grief appears in every line,
While in Gethsemane.
Go to Gethsemane, &c.
- 3 He bows beneath the sins of men,
Whilst they are filled with glee;
He cries to God and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane.
Go to Gethsemane, &c.
- 4 He lifts his mournful eyes above,
And cries, "O Father, may
This cup, this bitter cup remove."
O, sad Gethsemane!
Go to Gethsemane, &c.
- 5 With gentle resignation still,
For thee, my soul, for thee!
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane.
Go to Gethsemane, &c.

908

Thou hast left thy first love.

Rev. 2: 4.

L. M.

GOD named Love, whose fount thou art,
Thy crownless church before thee stands,
With too much hating in her heart,
And too much striving in her hands.

- 2 "Love as I loved you"—was the sound
That on thy lips expiring sat!
Sweet words in bitter strivings drown'd!
We hated as the worldly hate.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy wronged love fulfill,
Thy church, tho' fall'n, before thee stands;
Behold, the voice is Jacob's still,
Albeit the hands are Esau's hands.
- 4 Hast thou no tears, like those be-spent
Upon thy Zion's ancient part?
No moving looks, like those which sent
Their softness through a traitor's heart?
- 5 No touching tale of anguish dear,
Whereby like children we may creep,
All trembling, to each other near,
And view each other's face, and weep?

909

Love one another.

12s & 11s.

LET us love one another. Not long may we stay
In this brief world of mourning, so brief is life's day;
Some fade ere 't is noon, and few linger till eve;
There breaks not a heart, but leaves some one to grieve.

- 2 And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met,
Have found there was need to forgive and forget;
Then, O, though the hopes that we nourish'd decay,
Let us love one another as long as we may.
- 3 Thus we'll love one another 'midst sorrow the worst,
Unalter'd and fond as we loved at the first;
Though the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,
And the bright urn of wealth into particles break.
- 4 There are some sweet affections that earth cannot buy,
That cling but the closer when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet, though all else pass away:
Yes, we'll love one another as long as we stay.

910 *And I saw the dead, great and small, stand before God.*—Rev. 20: 12. 8s & 7s.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear?

The end of things created:

The Judge of man I see appear,

On clouds of glory seated!

The trumpet sounds; the graves restore

The dead which they contained before;

Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,

At the last trumpet's sounding;

Caught up to meet him in the skies,

With joy their Lord surrounding:

No gloomy fears their souls dismay;

His presence sheds eternal day

On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,

Behold his wrath prevailing;

For they shall rise, and find their tears

And sighs are unavailing;

The day of grace is past and gone;

Trembling they stand before the throne,

All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear?

The end of things created;

The Judge of man I see appear,

On clouds of glory seated.

Before his cross I view the day

When heaven and earth shall pass away,

And thus prepare to meet him.

911

Crucify him, crucify him!

John 19: 6.

C. M

ISEE the crowd in Pilate's hall;

I mark their wrathful mien;

Their shouts of "crucify" appall,

With blasphemy between.

- 2 And of that shouting multitude
 I feel that I am one ;
 And in that din of voices rude,
 I recognize my own.
- 3 I see the scourges tear his back,
 I see the piercing crown ;
 And of that crowd who smite and mock
 I feel that I am one.
- 4 Around yon cross the throng I see,
 Mocking the sufferer's groan ;
 Yet still my voice it seems to be,
 As if I mocked alone.
- 5 'T was I that shed the sacred blood ;
 I nailed him to the tree ;
 I crucified the Christ of God ;
 I joined the mockery !
- 6 Yet not the less that blood avails
 To cleanse away my sin !
 And not the less that cross prevails
 To give me peace within !

912 *Let us love him, for he first loved us.* L. M.
 1 John 4: 19.

O THOU, my soul, forget no more
 The Friend who all thy sorrows bore :
 Let every idol be forgot ;
 But O, my soul, forget him not !

- 2 Jesus for thee a body takes,
 Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
 Discharging all thy dreadful debt ;
 And canst thou e'er such love forget ?
- 3 Renounce thy ways and works with grief,
 And fly to this most sure relief ;
 Nor him forget, who left his throne,
 And for thy life gave up his own.

4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
 In him, and he himself is thine:
 And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
 Such love, such matchless love, forget?

5 O, no! till time itself depart,
 His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
 And lisping this, from earth I'll rise
 To join the chorus of the skies.

913

L. M.

SINNERS, perhaps this news to you
 May have no weight, although so true;
 The carnal pleasures of the earth
 Cast off the thoughts and fears of death.

2 The aged sinner will not turn—
 His heart's so hard, he cannot mourn:
 Much harder than a flinty rock—
 He will not turn, though Jesus knock.

3 The blooming youths, in all their prime,
 Are counting out their length of time;
 They oftentimes say 't is their intent,
 When they get old, they will repent.

4 But O! the sad and awful state
 Of those who stay, and come too late:
 The foolish virgins—they begin
 To knock, but can not enter in.

5 When Christ the Lord shall come again,
 In clouds of heaven and a flame,
 And Gabriel shall proclaim the sound,
 "Awake, ye nations under ground"—

6 O! how will parents tremble there,
 Who raise their children without prayer!
 Methinks they'll hear their children say,
 "I never heard my parents pray."

7 Good Lord! what groans, what bitter cries,
 What thunder rolling through the skies!
 Poor sinners sink in dark despair,
 While saints are caught up in the air.

914 *Farewell.* C. M.

BRETHREN and sisters, we must part,
 And to our callings go;
 But let us all keep one in heart,
 Whilst we remain below.

2 We may but meet a few times more,
 Till we shall meet above,
 Where pain and parting are no more,
 In that bright world of love.

3 We shall with Christ, in Paradise,
 To endless ages dwell;
 Then let us instant watch and pray,
 So now, dear friends, farewell.

4 And when we meet in heaven above,
 Where saints and angels dwell,
 We'll sing of his redeeming love,
 And never say farewell.

915 *The Lost Sheep.* P. M.

THERE were ninety-and-nine that safely lay
 In the shelter of the fold;
 And one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold;
 Away on the mountains wild and bare—
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, thou hast here the ninety-and-nine—
 Are they not enough for thee?"
 But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine
 Has wandered away from me;
 And, although the road be rough and steep,
 I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed;
 Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed through
 Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
 Out in the desert he heard its cry,
 Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way
 That mark out the mountain's track?"
 "They were shed for one who had gone astray
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."

Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
 "They were pierced to-night by many a thorn."

- 5 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep
 There rose a cry to the gates of heaven
 "Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
 And the angels echoed around the throne,
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

916

M. 6s. & 4s.

MY faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary;
 Saviour divine;
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 O, let me from this day
 Be wholly thine.

- 2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart:
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to thee,
 Pure, warm and changeless be—
 A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day;
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream;
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
 Blest Saviour, then in love,
 Fear and distress remove;
 O bear me safe above—
 A ransom'd soul.

917

L. M.

- OF him who did salvation bring,
 I could forever 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 thy soul,
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood;
 He closed his eyes to show us God;
 Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love; for thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my moan;
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry;
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof;
 Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

918

8s. & 7s.

- WHAT a friend we have in Jesus.
 All our sins and griefs to bear;
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

- Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer:
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

919

Built Upon a Rock.

M. 8s.

- MY anchor is within the veil,
 Whatever may my soul betide
 Against me nothing can prevail,
 For God the Lord is on my side:
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
 My trust shall still unshaken stay.
- 2 The Rock of truth I now have found,
 Here shall I ever stand secure:
 I safely anchor in the ground,
 That shall for ever more endure.
 When all the things of earth are fled,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 3 Nor waves nor storms can bring me harm.
 While on this Rock I place my trust;
 My strength is the Almighty arm—
 The shield and refuge of the just;
 Here shall I dwell, and dwell serene,
 Amid life's every checkered scene.
- 4 Though fiends of hell against me rise,
 Their looks of wrath I will not fear;
 While on the Lord my soul relies,
 He shall for my defence appear:
 He is my fortress and high tower,
 My helper in the evil hour.
- 5 My house I built upon this Rock,
 Which shall for ever be my stay;
 To fire, nor flood, nor tempest shock,
 Shall its foundation e'er give way;
 But here shall stand for ever fast,
 Long as eternity shall last.

920

One Step More.

C. M.

WHAT though before me all is dark,
 Why should I long to see?
 If God gives light for one step more
 'Tis quite enough for me.

2 I find each onward step I take,
 The gloom clears from the next,
 And though 'tis very dark beyond,
 Why should I be perplexed?

3 If mercy veils my fate from me
 Why should I murmuring go?
 My present lot might harder be
 Did I the future know.

4 With childish faith I'll walk along
 My path while here I dwell,
 And trust my future lot to him
 Who doeth all things well.

5 Thus step by step I'll travel on,
 Not looking far before;
 Trusting that I shall always have
 Just light for one step more.

921

O that I had Wings like a Dove

M. 8s.

O ZION! when I think on thee,
 I long for pinions like the dove.
 And mourn to think that I should be
 So distant from the place I love.

2 A captive here, and far from home,
 For Zion's sacred walls I sigh;
 To Zion all the ransomed come,
 And see the Saviour eye to eye.

3 While here I walk on hostile ground,
 The few that I can call my friends
 Are, like myself, with fetters bound,
 And weariness our steps attends.

4 But yet we shall behold the day,
 When Zion's children shall return;
 Our sorrows then shall flee away,
 And we shall never, never mourn.

5 The hope that such a day will come,
 Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet;
 Though now we wander far from home,
 In Zion soon we all shall meet.

922

Alone with Jesus. M. 8, 8, 8, 6.

ALONE with Jesus ! Blessed place,
Where I behold him face to face,
And every line of beauty trace,—
Companionship divine.

- 2 Alone with Jesus, while without
Are care and danger, fear and doubt ;
But while with him, the world shut out,
The joys of heaven are mine.
- 3 Alone with him, on bended knee,
No ear to hear, no eye to see,
The Saviour deigns to meet with me,
And to my prayer incline.
- 4 Alone with Jesus—oh, the bliss
Of holding converse such as this,
All anxious care I now dismiss,
And all of earth resign.
- 5 Alone with Jesus—oh, how blest !
Close folded to my Saviour's breast,
Be thou, dear Lord, my constant guest,
And keep me wholly thine.

923

S. M.

FIGHT on, my soul, fight on,
Till all thy foes must yield ;
Thou canst not wear the victor's crown,
Till thou hast gained the field.

- 2 Follow thy Saviour on,
Where'er he leads the way :
Through fiery trials and through scorn,
He leads to endless day.
- 3 Though all thy friends turn foes,
And Satan threats and storms,
He gently guards, and always knows,
To keep you safe from harm.

924

Last Farewell.

M. 7s.

EARTHLY home, adieu, adieu,
Earthly friends, farewell to you:
Softly breathe your last good-bye,
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