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GOSPEL
HYMN BOOK

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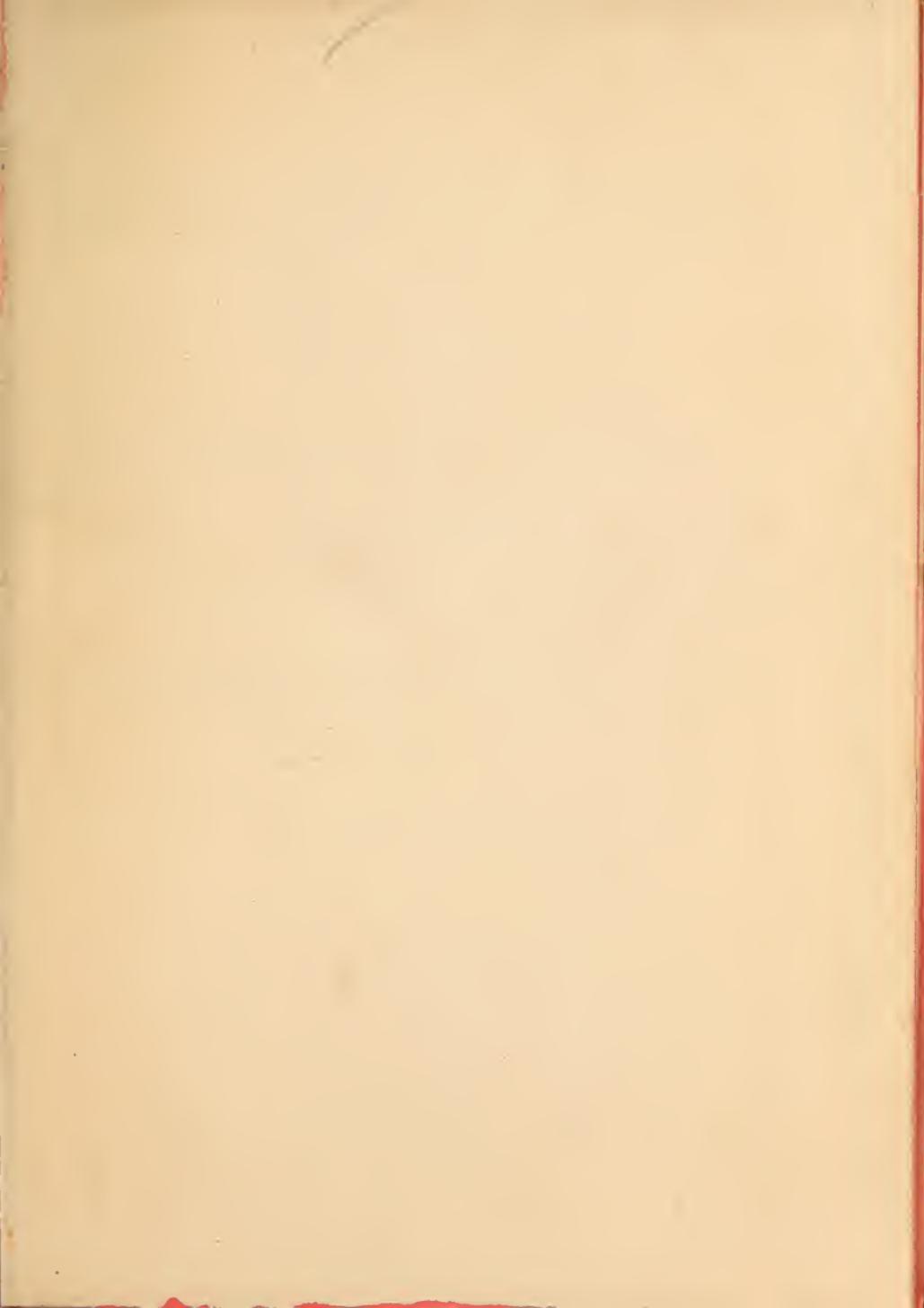
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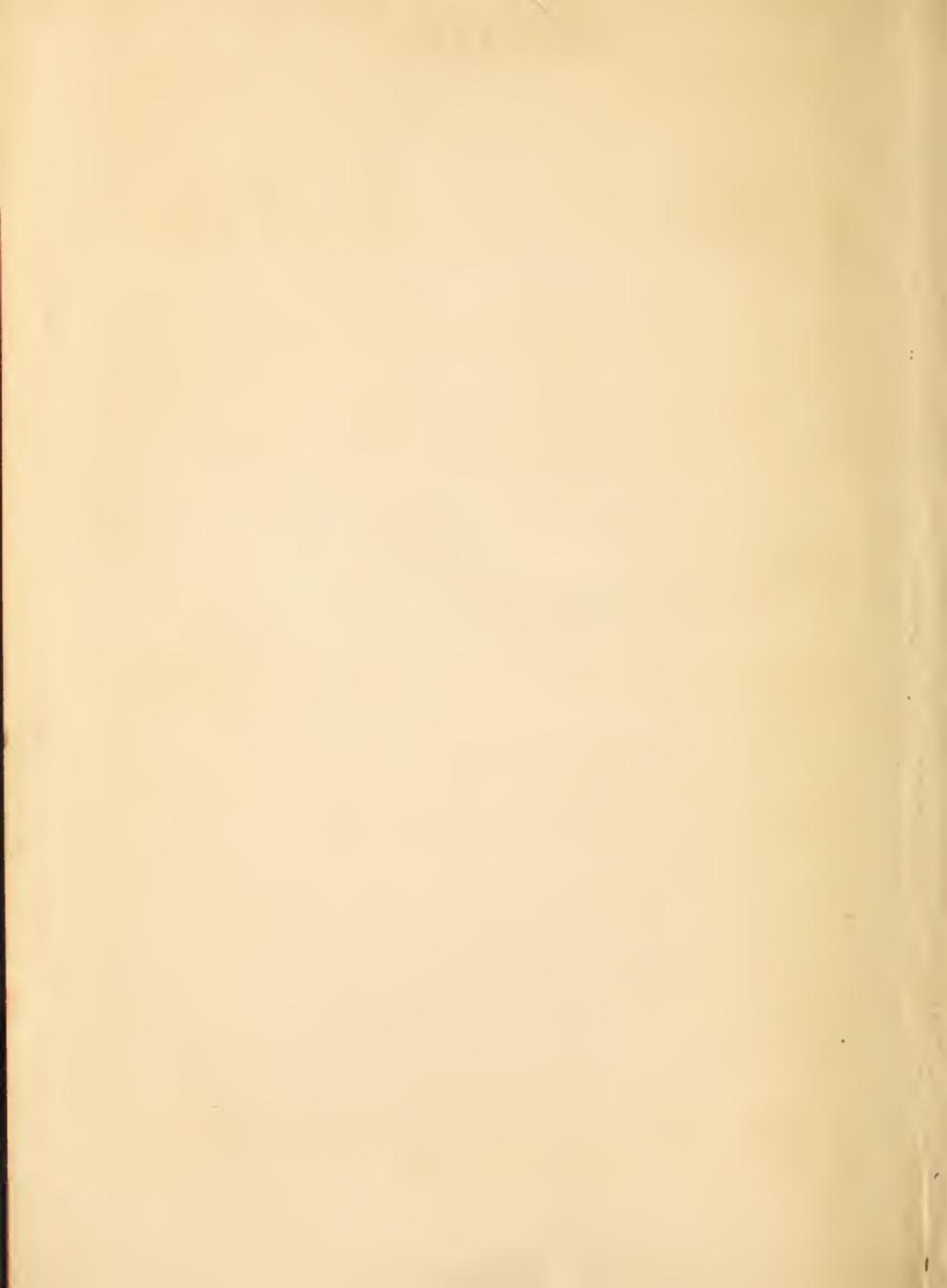
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GOSPEL

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK:

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

Hymns and Music,

OLD AND NEW.

FOR USE IN

PRAYER MEETINGS, FAMILY CIRCLES,

AND

CHURCH SERVICE.

Robert L. Lovell & William Howard Doane
1877

Philadelphia:

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY,

1420 Chestnut Street.

GREETING.

THE Devotional Hymn and Tune Book was issued in 1864. It was one of the best of collections, and has done excellent service. But books are only instruments, and wear out with use. Many good tunes cease to be useful because they are sung to excess. Many superior hymns lose their value because they become too familiar. Inferior compositions often maintain a permanent place, for the reason that they have not enough character to invite more than an occasional use of them. Hymns and tunes whose real merit keeps them incessantly on the lips of singers, will, in time, be set aside as overworked servants, and their places be filled by equally worthy successors. In the last score of years a great wealth of sacred song has been added to the store bequeathed to us by our fathers. It is proposed to utilize a portion of this wealth and give it to the churches. Hence this GOSPEL HYMN AND TUNE BOOK.

The standard hymns in this work are mostly from the Baptist Hymn and Tune Book, and consist mainly of hymns familiar to all Christians. They were selected by a Committee of the Publication Board, and submitted to the Editors for adaptation to music. All the favorites will not be found in these pages, but an unusually large proportion of old devotional hymns will gladden the eyes of the worshiper.

Some of the best of the popular religious songs that have been produced within the last ten years are incorporated in this volume.

A number of old melodies which stirred the hearts of our fathers, and which do not ordinarily appear in church Hymnals, are here brought forward as valuable additions to the modern service of song.

Several new compositions, which are believed to contain elements of merit, are sent forth to take their place with the melodies that are already familiar.

The contents of the book are so thoroughly classified, that the pastor, or leader, will be able to perceive, almost at a glance, the cluster of hymns from which to make his selection.

The Index of Subjects is intended to be so far exhaustive as to indicate hymns that express all the common forms of doctrinal truth and religious experience.

In carrying out the plan of topical classification, it has sometimes been found necessary to detach a hymn from the tune to which it belongs. In such cases, organists and choristers will find themselves aided by the insertion of a strain of music, or by the name of the tune with a reference to the page on which the music may be found. More regard has been had to the retention of the best hymns, of whatever metre, than to the metrical uniformity of a page.

PRaise YE THE LORD!

April 15, 1879.

ROBERT LOWRY.

W. HOWARD DOANE.

GOSPEL HYMN AND TUNE BOOK.

1 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANCOIS

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.

2 The Sovereign Jehovah. L. M.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow, with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we
strayed,
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 Father, to Thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thank-
ful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to
move.

3 Praise to the Great Jehovah. L. M.

- 1 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.
- 2 O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Invited to Praise God. L. M.
 - 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' every land, by every tongue.
 - 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

BROWN. C. M.

T. M. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove,

And smile to see our Father there, Up - on a throne of love.

5 *Let us draw near.* C. M.

- 2 Come, let us bow before His feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards His seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th'almighty throne.
- 4 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th'eternal King,
Who lays His anger by.

6 *The Lord's Day Morning.* C. M.

- 1 When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!
- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first the soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!
- 3 Sweet day! thine hour too soon will cease;
Yet while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

7 *The Lord my Portion.* C. M.

- 1 Eternal Source of joys divine,
To Thee my soul aspires;
O could I say the Lord is mine!
'Tis all my soul desires.
- 2 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of Thy love;
O speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove!
- 3 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread Thy praise abroad.

8 *Delight in Evening Devotions.* C. M.

- 1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 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 heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. While Thee I seek, pro- tect- ing Power, Be my vain wish- es stilled;

And may this con- se - crat - ed hour With bet- ter hopes be filled.

9 *Habitual Devotion.* c. m.

2 Thy love the power of thought be-
stowed;

To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored
hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on Thee.

10 *Light at Evening Time.* c. m.

1 God of the sunlight hours, how sad
Would evening shadows be,
Or night, in deeper sable clad,
If aught were dark to Thee.

2 But though the gathering gloom
may hide

Those gentle rays awhile,
Yet they who in Thy house abide,
Shall ever share Thy smile.

3 Then see creation's volume close,
Though every page be bright;
On Thine, still open, we repose
With more intense delight.

11 *God in Providence.* c. m.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessing on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

FLEMMING. 11, 5.

FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING.

1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for His lov - ing kindness!

Tender - ly cares He for His err - ing children; Praise Him, ye

an - gels, praise Him in the heavens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!

12 *Praise.* 11, 5.
 2 Praise ye the Saviour! great is His
 compassion,
 Graciously cares He for His chosen
 people;
 Young men and maidens, ye old men
 and children,
 Praise ye the Saviour!

3 Praise ye the Spirit! Comforter of
 Israel,
 Sent of the Father and the Son to
 bless us;
 Praise ye the Father, Son, and Holy
 Spirit,
 Praise ye the Triune God!

13 *Welcome, sweet Day of Rest.*
 MORNINGTON. S. M. p. 157.

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

2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts His saints to-day;
 Here we may sit and see Him here,
 And love and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
 Where my dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit, and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

14 *Joyful worship.*
 LABAN. S. M. p. 45.

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

2 Before Thy throne we bow,
 O Thou Almighty King;
 Here we present the solemn vow,
 And hymns of praise we sing.

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

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

SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing;

Je - ho - vah is the sovereign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

15 *Exhortation to Praise.* s. m.

2 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His work, and not our own;
He formed us by His word.

3 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

16 *Bless the Lord.* s. m.

1 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 He clothes thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth;
And, like the eagle, He renews
The vigor of thy youth.

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

17 *The Mercy of God.* s. m.

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

18 *Call to Praise.* s. m.

1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

3 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours:
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. Ye humble souls, approach your God With songs of sacred praise;

For He is good, supremely good, And kind are all His ways.

19 *Loving-kindness of the Lord.* C. M.

2 He gave His well-beloved Son
To save our souls from sin;
'Tis here He makes His goodness known,
And proves it all divine.

3 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

4 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in Thee;
Their humble hope Thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

20 *Gratitude.* C. M.

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

2 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

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

4 Through all eternity, to Thee

A grateful song I'll raise:
But, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

21 *Divine Protection.* C. M.

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

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

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

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

O WORSHIP THE LORD.

R. L., by per.

Earnestly.

1. O worship the Lord in the beauty of ho - li-ness, in the

beau-ty of ho - li-ness, in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness.

Glo-ry to the Father, a - bounding in mercy! Be joyful, all ye

CHORUS.

people, and magni - fy Je - hovah. O glory, halle - lu-jah! Hal-le-

lujah, halle - lu-jah! O come before His presence and glori - fy His name.

22 2 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, &c.
 Glory be to Jesus, our gracious Redeemer!
 We praise Him, for He loved us, and brought a great salvation.

3 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, &c.
 Glory to the Spirit, the Holy Revealer!
 We praise Him, with the Father and with the Son, our Saviour.

SICILY. 8, 7, 4.

W. A. MOZART.

1. In Thy name, O Lord, assembling, We, Thy peo-ple, now draw near;

Teach us to rejoice with trembling; Speak, and let Thy servants hear—

Hear with meekness, Hear with meekness, Hear Thy word with godly fear.

23 *Spiritual Improvement.* 8, 7, 4.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
 ened,

May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 ened,

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.

24 *Prayer for the Spirit.* 8, 7, 4.

1 Come, Thou soul-transforming
 Spirit,

Bless the sower and the seed;
 Let each heart Thy grace inherit;
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
 From the gospel
 Now supply Thy people's need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
 Which Thy word's designed to give;
 Let us all, Thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive,
 And for ever
 To Thy praise and glory live.

25 *Dismission.* 8, 7, 4.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace:

Oh, refresh us,
 Traveling 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;
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

3 Then, when'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,—
 Glad the summons to obey,—
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

WORTHING. 8, 7.

JOHANN A. P. SHULZ.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing Ere repose our spir - its seal;

Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

26 *Confidence in God's Protection.* 8, 7.

2 Tho' destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Tho' the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'er-
take us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

27 *God of our Salvation.* 8, 7.

1 Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator;
Praise be Thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is Thine;
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise Him for His love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,

Sound His praise through earth and
heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

28 *Praise from all Creatures.* 8, 7.

1 Praise the Lord; ye heavens, adore
Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify His name.

ROLLAND. L. M.

W. M. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. How pleasant, how di - vinely fair, O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings

are! With long de - sire my spir - it faints, To

meet th' assemblies of Thy saints, To meet th' assemblies of Thy saints.

29 *Worshipping God in His Temple.* L. M.

2 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.

3 Cheerful they walk, with growing
strength,

Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

30 *Aspirations for eternal Rest.* L. M.

1 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 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.

31 *A Morning Invocation.* L. M.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Lord, I to Thee my vows renew;
Dispel my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design or do or say,
That all my powers, with true delight,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

32 *Evening Prayer.* L. M.

1 Again as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek re-
lease
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and
prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

HENDON. 7.

REV. C. H. A. MALAN.

1. 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? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

37 *Blessing Sought.* 7

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thy own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
'Till a blessing Thou bestow.

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

38 *God's Holiness praised.* 7.

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored!
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way,

Till we come to dwell with Thee,
Till we all Thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps, again
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

39 *Songs of Praise.* 7.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

LISCHER. H. M.

FRED. SCHNEIDER.

1. { Wel-come, delight-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest! }
 { We hail thy kind re-turn; Lord, make these moments blest; }

From low delights and mor-tal joys We soar to reach im-

mor-tal joys, We soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.

40

Lord's Day. H. M.

2 Now may the King descend,
 And fill His throne of grace;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address Thy face;
 Let sinners feel Thy quick'ning word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning powers,
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless these sacred hours;
 Then shall our souls new life obtain,
 Nor sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

41

Universal Praise. H. M.

1 Let every creature join
 To bless Jehovah's name,
 And every power unite

To swell th'exalted theme;
 Let nature raise, From every tongue,
 A general song Of grateful praise.

2 But oh, from human tongues
 Should nobler praises flow,
 And every thankful heart
 With warm devotion glow;
 Your voices raise, Ye highly blest;
 Above the rest Declare His praise.

3 Assist me, gracious God;
 My heart, my voice, inspire;
 Then shall I humbly join
 The universal choir;
 Thy grace can raise My heart and
 tongue,
 And tune my song To lively praise.

TO GOD BE THE GLORY.

W. H. D., by per.

1. To God be the glory! great things He hath done; So loved He the

world that He gave us His Son, Who yield-ed His life an a -
d. s. O come to the Fa - ther, thro'

FINE.
tonement for sin, And opened the Life Gate that all may go in.
Je - sus the Son, And give Him the glory; great things He hath done.

CHORUS.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice;

D. S.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo - ple re - joice;

42

Praise the Lord.

2 O perfect redemption, the purchase
of blood,
To every believer, the promise of God;
The vilest offender who truly be-
lieves,
That moment from Jesus a pardon
receives.

3 Great things He hath taught us,
great things He hath done,
And great our rejoicing thro' Jesus
the Son;
But purer, and higher, and greater will
be
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus
we see.

WARD. L. M.

Att. by DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. God is the refuge of His saints, When storms of sharp distress invade;

Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Behold Him present with His aid.

43 *God our Refuge. L. M.*

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled

Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding thro',
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

44 *God's Glory Praised. L. M.*

1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But oh, what tongue can speak His
fame?

What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous
frame

Declare the glory of His name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;
And let His praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

45 *The Hour of Prayer. L. M.*

1 Blest hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven 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 pleased 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 given,
And mortals find His earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

46 *Delight in the Lord's Day. L. M.*

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 care shall fill my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

RATHBUN. 8, 7.

ITHAMAR CONKEY, by per.

1. God is love; His mer-cy brightens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens: God is wisdom, God is love.

47 *God is Love.* 8, 7.

2 Death and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness
streameth:

God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes that thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land His power confess;
Let all the earth adore His grace;
My heart and tongue with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

FEDERAL ST. L. M. p. 13.

ROLLAND. L. M. p. 12.

48 *Bless the Lord, O my Soul.* L. M.

1 Bless, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Let not the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

49 *Love on the Cross.* L. M.

1 Incribed upon the cross we see,
In glowing letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

2 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;—

3 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. The pit - y of the Lord, To those that fear His name,

Is such as ten - der parents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.

50 *Divine Compassion.* S. M.

- 2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the
field,
It withers in an hour.
- 4 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

51 *Attractions of God's House.* S. M.

- 1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauty of His face,
And sheds His love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds His court.
- 3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,

Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

52 *The Lord is my Shepherd.* S. M.

- 1 The Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in His own right way,
For His most holy name.
- 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through 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.

53 *Doxology.* S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

GRACE. C. M.

R. L., by per.

1. The Lord our God is just and true, His promise cannot fail; He gives us grace to

will and do, He gives us grace to will and do, Thro' Him we must prevail.

54 *God Just and True.* C. M.

2 He knows how feeble is our frame,
Remembers we are dust;
Our only help is in His name,
And in that name we trust.

3 When trembling nature dreads the strife,
And bitter foes appall,
The Lord becomes our strength and life,
And He our "All in all."

4 While in ourselves no good we see,
And human will is vain,
In Christ our Life is victory,
And death itself is gain.

55 *God protects his People.* C. M.

1 Thro' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection He affords to all
Who make His name their trust.

3 O make but trial of His love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His love confide.

4 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

56 *Eternity of God.* C. M.

1 Thro' endless years Thou art the same,
O Thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know Thy name,
And tell Thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by Thee were laid;
By Thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by Thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at Thy command.

4 But Thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as Thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

57 *Praise for God's Goodness.* C. M.

1 Sweet is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' all the earth His bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord,
How slow Thy tender anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word,
To cheer the souls He loves.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with

radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

58 *Altogether lovely.* C. M.

- 2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer He is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich profusion flow
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The mighty Former of the skies
Descends to our abode,
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

59 *The Man of Sorrows.* C. M.

- 1 A pilgrim thro' this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.
- 2 That tender heart which felt for all,
For us its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting place,
Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreath'd His brow with thorn?
- 4 No; facing all its frowns and smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press, thro' storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

61 *Praise to the Saviour.* C. M.

1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

2 When in His earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise;
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

60 *Precious to Believers.* C. M.

- 1 The Saviour! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

4 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, their raptured lay
To celebrate Thy praise.

OLD, OLD STORY. 7, 6.

W. H. D., by per.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,

Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

Tell me the sto - ry simply, As to a lit - tle child; For I am weak and

CHORUS.
weary, And helpless and de - filed. Tell me the old, old story, Tell me the old, old

sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

62

Old, Old Story. 7, 6.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in —
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7, 6.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the

sto - ry, Because I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings As

nothing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

63

Telling the Story. 7, 6.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story;
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard,
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long!

I LOVE TO HEAR OF JESUS. 7, 6.

R. L., by per.

1. Come, talk to me of Je - sus, That lov - ing friend di - vine; For

what on earth so pre - cious To this lone heart of mine? And if amid the

careless My feet be - gin to rove, Then talk to me of Je - sus, And

REFRAIN.

tell me of His love. I love to hear of Jesus, I love to hear of

Je - sus, I love to hear of Je - sus, Of Je - sus and His love.

64 *Hearing of Jesus.* 7, 6.

2 Come, sing to me of Jesus,
When life is ebbing fast,
And all its joys and sorrows
Will soon be overpast;
When, with their beams of glory,
The heav'n's shall glow above,
Then sing to me of Jesus,
And tell me of His love.

3 Before the throne of Jesus,
Where saints in glory stand,
To tell redemption's story
I'll join the choral band;
And with the sweetest music
That ever heart can move,
Oh, then I'll sing of Jesus,
And praise Him for His love.

TALMAR. 8, 7.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY, by per.

1. Hail, Thou long expected Je-sus, Born to set Thy people free!

From our sins and fears re-lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee.

65 *Object of Christ's coming.* 8, 7.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, Thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart. | Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring. |
| 3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child,—yet God our King,— | 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. |

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Not to condemn the sons of men, Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;

No weapons in His hands are seen, No flaming sword nor thunder there.

66 *Object of Christ's Advent.* L. M.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent His Son to bear our load
Of sin, and save our souls from hell. | 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in His mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys His lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give. |
|---|---|

HENRY. C. M.

SYLVANUS B. POND:

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King;

Let every heart prepare Him room, And heaven and nature sing.

67 *The Blessings which Christ Brings.* C.M.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns; 4 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Let men their songs employ; Accept Thine offered grace;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, We bless the great Redeemer's love,
and plains, And give the Father praise.
Repeat the sounding joy.

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.

68 *Christ's Commission.* C.M.

1 Come, happy souls, approach your
God,
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Here, sinners, you may heal your
wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

69 *Design of Christ's Advent.* C.M.

1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes long closed in night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of His grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

ABLINGTON. C. M.

DR. THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Thou art the Way,—to Thee a-lone From sin and death we flee;

And he who would the Father seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

70 *The true and living Way.* C. M.

2 Thou art the Truth,—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the
Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

71 *Imitation of Christ.* C. M.

1 In duties and in suffering too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
As Thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on Thy grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas Thy de-
light

To do Thy Father's will;
O may that zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Unsullied meekness, truth, and love
Thro' all Thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

WELTON. L. M.

REV. C. H. A. MALAN.

1. { My dear Redeem-er and my Lord, I read my du-ty in Thy word; }
{ Bat in Thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv-(Omit.)... ing characters. }

72 *Following Christ's Example.* L. M.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy
zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them
mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;

The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my
name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

PRECIOUS NAME. 8, 7.

W. H. D., by per.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe—

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then where'er you go.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n; Precious
Precious name, O how sweet!

name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

73

Christ Precious. 8. 7.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations 'round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,

When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown
Him,
When our journey is complete.

PRAISE, GIVE PRAISE. 12, 10.

CHESTER G. ALLEN, M. D., by per.

1. { Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer; Sing, O earth, His
Hail Him, hail Him, highest archangels in glo-ry; Strength *Omit*
D. C.—O ye saints that dwell on the mountain of Zion, Praise *Omit*

2d. FINE.
wonderful love proclaim; }
..... } and hon-or give to His ho-ly name.
..... } Him, praise Him ever in joyful song.

Like a shep-herd Je-sus will guard His chil-dren,

D. C.
In His arms He car-ries them all day long;

74

Praise to Jesus. 12, 10.

- 2 Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer;
For our sins He suffered and bled and died;
He, our rock, our hope of eternal salvation—
Hail Him, hail Him, Jesus, the Crucified.
Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow;
Once for us rejected, despised, and forsaken,
Prince of Glory, He is triumphant now.
- 3 Praise Him, praise Him—Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
Heavenly portals, loud with hosannas ring;
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;
Crown Him, crown Him—Prophet and Priest and King.
Death is vanquished; tell it with joy, ye faithful;
Where is now thy victory, boasting grave?
Jesus lives! no longer thy portals are cheerless;
Jesus lives, the mighty and strong to save.

WHAT A FRIEND, 8, 7.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE, by per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-erything to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we often for-feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—

All because we do not car-ry Ev-erything to God in prayer!

75 *Jesus a Friend.* 8, 7.

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.

NETTLETON. 8, 7. With Chorus.

Arr. by w. B. B.

1. { 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. }

CHORUS.

I love Jesus, Hal-le - lujah; I love Jesus, yes, I do, I do love

Je - sus, He's my Saviour; Je - sus smiles, and loves me too.

76 *The Sinner's Friend.* 8, 7.

- 2 Which of all our friends to save us, 3 O for grace our hearts to soften!
 Could or would have shed His blood? Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 But our Jesus died to have us We, alas! forget too often
 Reconciled in Him to God. What a Friend we have above.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Like sheep we went a - stray, And broke the fold of God;

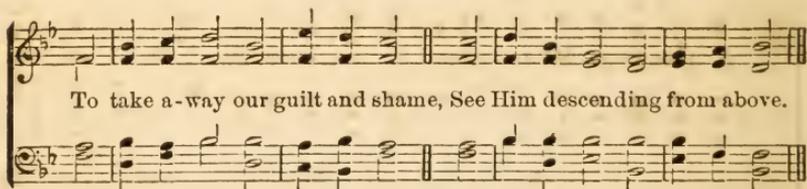
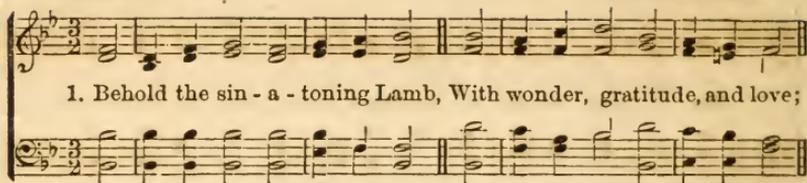
Each wandering in a different way, But all the downward road.

77 *Christ's Life for the Sheep.* S. M.

- 2 How dreadful was the hour
 When God our wanderings laid,
 And did at once His vengeance pour
 Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
 When Christ sustained the stroke!
 His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
 A ransom for the flock.

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

**78** *Salvation by Christ* L. M.

2 Oursins and griefs on Him werelaid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price He fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world, He dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb;
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in His name.

4 Pardon and peace thro' Him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in His name is found;
He bids the dying sinner live.

79 *Sufferings of Christ.* L. M.

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

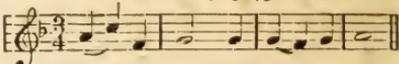
2 Yet, gracious God, Thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of Thy Son
Atoned for sins that we had done.

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

4 Oh, for His sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;

The Lord will hear us in His name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

ALETTA. 7. P. 73.

**80** *Sufficiency of Grace in Christ.*

1 Weeping saint, no longer mourn;
Surely Christ Thy griefs hath borne;
Jesus, best of friends, for thee,
Numbered with transgressors, see!

2 He the wine-press trod alone;
Hear the Man of sorrows groan;
Mocked and bruised, and crowned
with thorns,

He His Father's absence mourns.

3 All thy sins, when Jesus bled,
Met on His devoted head;
All thy hope on Jesus place;
Plead His promise, trust His grace.

It is Finished. 7.

NUREMBURG. p. 36.

81

1 "It is finished!" shall we raise
Songs of sorrow, or of praise?
Mourn to see the Saviour die,
Or proclaim His victory?

2 Lamb of God! Thy death hath given
Pardon, peace, and hope of heaven;
"It is finished!" let us raise
Songs of thankfulness and praise.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died,

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

82 *Glorying only in the Cross.* L. M.

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

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

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

83 *A dying Saviour.* L. M.

1 Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark! His expiring groans arise;
See, from His hands, His feet, His side,
Descends the sacred, crimson tide.

2 And didst Thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain,
Unmoved by either 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.

84 *Looking unto Jesus.* L. M.

1 Saviour, I think upon that hour,
When Thou, the Shepherd of the flock,
The Prince of peace, the Lord of power,
Wert the priests' scorn, the soldiers' mock.

2 And bleeding from the Roman rod,
And scoffed at by the heartless Jew,
I hear Thee plead for them to God,—
"Father, they know not what they do."

3 And then I lift my trembling eyes
To that bright seat, where, placed on high,
The great, the atoning sacrifice,
For me, for all, is ever nigh.

4 Be Thou my guard on peril's brink;
Be Thou my guide thro' weal or woe;
And teach me of Thy cup to drink;
And make me in Thy path to go.

85 *Christ in Gethsemane.* L. M.

1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

HARP. C. M.

STEPHEN JENKS, 1800.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?

Would He de-vote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

86 *Bleeding Saviour.* C. M.

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

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

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

87 *Christ's great Love.* C. M.

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

2 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.

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

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

88 *Humiliation of Christ.* C. M.

1 And did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left His throne,
His radiant throne on high,—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man,—oh, wondrous grace!—
For sinful man He bled.

4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders
dwell
In Thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

CHRIST AROSE. 6, 5, 4.

R. L., by per.

1. Low in the grave He lay—Jesus, my Saviour; Waiting the coming day—

CHORUS. *faster.*

Jesus, my Lord. Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
He a - rose,

mighty triumph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
He arose,

dark domain, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -

rose, He a - rose, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose.
He arose,

89 *He Lives Again.* 6, 5, 4.

2 Vainly they watch His bed—
Jesus, my Saviour;
Vainly they seal the dead—
Jesus, my Lord.

3 Death cannot keep His prey—
Jesus, my Saviour;
He tore the bars away—
Jesus, my Lord.

NUREMBURG. 7.

JOHANN RUDOLF AHLE.

1. Angels, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up thy mighty prey;

See! He ris - es from the tomb, — Ris - es with im - mor - tal bloom.

90 *Praise for the Resurrection.* 7.

2 'Tis the Saviour; seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise,
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy inspiring sound.

3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see Him rise;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise Him with your golden lyres;
Praise Him in your noblest songs;
Praise Him from ten thousand tongues.

Mary at the Saviour's tomb. 7.

MARTYN. P. 92.

91

1 Mary to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spices he brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.

2 For a while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

3 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now He bids her heart rejoice.

4 What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day!

Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

92 *The Conqueror of Death.* 7.

1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

93 *Christ is Risen.* 7.

1 Christ, the Lord, is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, the angels shout for joy,
Singing evermore on high.

2 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven.

CLARENDON. C. M.

ISAAC TUCKER.

1. O for a shout of sacred joy To God, the sovereign King!

Let ev - ery land their tongues employ, And hymns of triumph sing.

94 *Let all the Earth praise Christ.* C. M.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him rising thro' the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angel's shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth His honors sing;
O'er all the earth He reigns.

4 Speak forth His praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

95 *Risen with Him.* C. M.

1 Now we Thy conquering banner ware
O'er hearts Thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenward to Thee.

2 We die with Thee; O let us live
Henceforth to Thee aright;
The blessings Thou hast died to give
Be daily in our sight.

3 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If Thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.

GLORIA.

REV. MARTIN MADAN.

96 Glory, honor, praise, and power Be unto the Lamb for ever; Jesus Christ is

our Redeemer; Halle - lujah, Halle - lu - jah, Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

ZEBULON. H. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Th'a-ton-ing work is done, The Vic-tim's blood is shed, And Je-sus now is gone His

peo-ple's cause to plead; He stands in heaven, their great High Priest, And bears their names upon His breast.

97 *A great High Priest in the Heavens.* H. M.

2 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His;
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

3 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again;
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

WILMOT. 8, 7.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

1. Yes, for me, for me He car-eth With a brother's ten-der care;

Yes, with me, with me He shareth Ev-ery bur-den, ev-ery fear.

98 *The Elder Brother.* 8, 7.

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.

All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

99 *Jesus exalted to the Throne.* 8, 7.

1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;

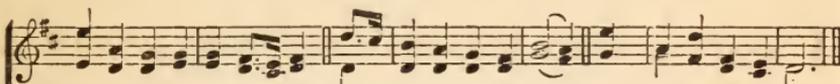
3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



1. Now let our cheerful eyes survey Our great High Priest above, And



celebrate His constant care And sympathizing love, And sympathizing love.

**100** *High Priest.* C. M.

2 Though raised to heaven's exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crowned,—

3 The names of all His saints He bears
Deep graven on His heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he has lost his part.

4 So, gracious Saviour, on our breasts
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

101 *A merciful High Priest.* C. M.

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is full 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 has 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 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

102 *A Name above every Name.* C. M.

1 Jesus, in Thy transporting name
What glories meet our eyes!
Thou art the seraphs' lofty theme,
The wonder of the skies.

2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as Thine;
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

3 And didst Thou, Saviour, leave the sky,
To sink beneath our woes?
Didst Thou descend to bleed and die
For Thy rebellious foes?

4 Oh, may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, Thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of Thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

PORTUGAL, L. M.

THOMAS THORLEY.

1. He lives! the great Redeemer lives! What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives!

And now, be-fore His Fa-ther, God, He pleads the merits of His blood.

103 *Peace and Hope.* L. M.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye dark, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On Thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Thou dost plead, and must prevail.

104 *Our Advocate.* L. M.

1 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands;
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in His hands.

2 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on Him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

3 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call Thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
"My Father, God," with joy divine.

105 *The enthroned High Priest.* L. M.

1 Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,

A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends to earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling for our pains,
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

4 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

106 *Faithfulness.* L. M.

1 He lives! He lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from His love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

2 Shall persecution, or distress,
Shall famine, sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears us thro',
And makes us more than conquerors too.

3 Faith hath an overcoming power;
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

GUIDANCE. 8, 7, 4.

FLOTOW, art. by HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. { Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of sorrows now; }
 { From the fight returned vic-to-rious, (Omit.....) }

2d.
 Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow; Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him;

Crowns become the Vic-tor's brow; Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him;

Crowns become the Vic-tor's brow, Crowns become the Vic-tor's brow.

107 *Coronation of the King of kings.* 8, 7, 4.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
 In the seat of power enthroned Him,
 While the heavenly concave rings:
 Crown Him, crown Him;
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name:
 Crown Him, crown Him;
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 Oh, what joy the sight affords!

Crown Him, crown Him,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

108 *On the Throne.* 8, 7, D.

1 Christ, above all glory seated,
 King eternal, strong to save,
 To Thee, Death, by death defeated,
 Triumph high and glory gave.
 Thou art gone where now is given
 What no mortal might could gain,—
 On th'eternal throne of heaven,
 In Thy Father's power to reign.

2 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
 Follow Thee above the sky;
 Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
 Lift our souls to Thee on high.
 So when Thou again in glory
 On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
 We, Thy flock, shall stand before Thee,
 Owned for evermore as Thine.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

109 *Christ's Coronation.* c. m.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

110 *Perfect through Sufferings.* c. m.

1 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
"The King of kings, and Lord of
lords,"
And heaven's eternal light.

2 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

3 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

111 *The resurrection and ascension of
Christ.* c. m.

1 Hosanna to the Prince of light,
Who clothed Himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

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

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

MELODY. C. M.

I. P. COLE.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

112 *One Song in Heaven and Earth.* C. M. Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they And we shall reign with Thee.
 cry,

"To be exalted thus;"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For He was slain for us."

LENOX. H. M. P. 77.

114 *Christ a Prophet, Priest, and King.*

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

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

1 Join all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 Or angels ever bore;
 All are too mean To speak His worth,
 Too mean to set The Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
 Our tongue shall bless Thy name;
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came,
 The joyful news Of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, And peace with heaven.

113 *The Lamb on the Throne.* C. M.

1 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 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 For ever on Thy head!

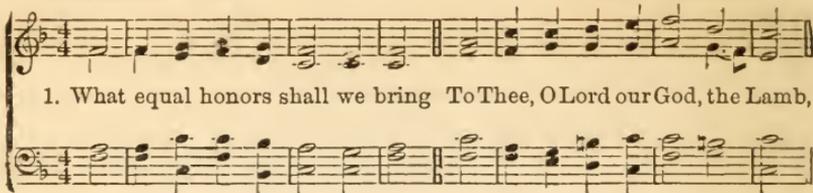
4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with
 blood,
 Hast set the prisoners free,

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has shed His blood and died;
 Our guilty conscience needs
 No sacrifice beside;
 His precious blood Did once atone,
 And now it pleads Before the throne.

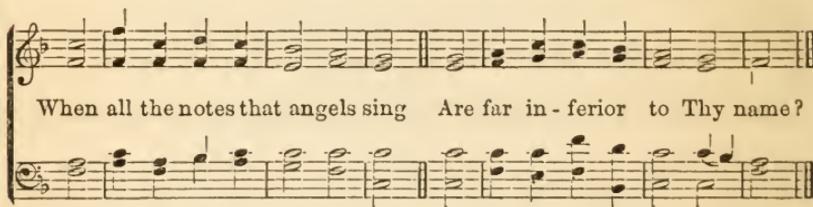
4 O Thou almighty Lord,
 Our Conqueror and our King,
 Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace we sing;
 Thine is the power; O make us sit
 In willing bonds Beneath Thy feet.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. What equal honors shall we bring To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,



When all the notes that angels sing Are far in - ferior to Thy name?

115 *Honor to the Lamb.* L. M.

2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of life that groaned and
died;

Worthy to rise, to live and reign
At His almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
He wears a crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched
men!

Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, "Amen."

116 *Christ exalted.* L. M.

1 Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders He hath done.

2 Sing how He left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes He wore above;
How swift and joyful was His flight
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoethro' the heavenly plains.

117 *All for us.* L. M.

1 O love, how deep, how broad, how
high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

2 For us he was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptation sharp He knew,
For us the tempter overthrew.

3 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought
By words and signs and actions, thus
Still seeking, not Himself, but us.

4 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe ar-
rayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death;
For us at length gave up His breath.

5 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

LABAN. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;

Wake, ev - ery heart and ev - ery tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.

118 *Song of Moses and the Lamb.* S. M.

- 2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say, —
“Ye blessed children, come;”
Soon will He call us hence away,
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

119 *Jesus Enthroned.* S. M.

- 1 Enthroned is Jesus now
Upon His heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on His brow,
The saints are at His feet.
- 2 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, thro' whose anointing blood,
Each wears his diadem.
- 3 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,

That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

120 *Gone into Heaven.* S. M.

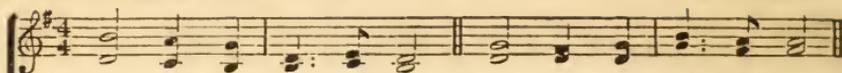
- 1 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
- 2 O by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high.

121 *The Conqueror reigns.* S. M.

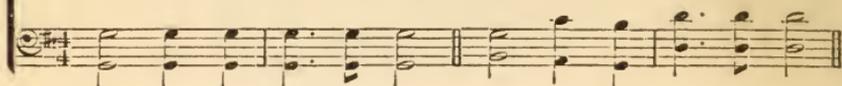
- 1 Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
- 2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.
- 3 Extol His kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on His Father's throne.
- 4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads thro' all the earth abroad,
The victory of His cross.

THY KINGDOM COME. 6, 4.

R. L., by per.



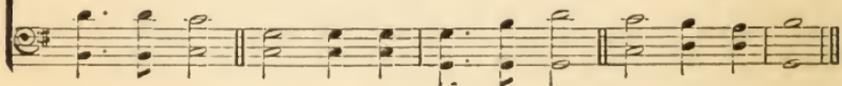
1. Lord, on this heart of mine Thy Spir-it cause to shine—



Thy kingdom come: For this rich grace I pray; O send me



not a way, But seal me Thine to-day— Thy kingdom come.



122 *God's Kingdom within you.* 6, 4.

2 In love and mercy, now
Thy ear to hear me, bow—
Thy kingdom come:
O Holy Spirit, shine
On this poor heart of mine,
And tell me I am Thine—
Thy kingdom come.

Visit us in Thy compassion;
Guide our minds and fill our hearts.
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Thou canst bring us from above;
Lord, we seek that heavenly treasure,
Wisdom, holiness, and love.

NETTLETON. 8, 7. p. 146.



123 *The Spirit Invoked.*

1 Holy Source of consolation,
Light and life Thy grace imparts;

2 Dwell within us, blessed Spirit;
Where Thou art no ill can come;
Bless us now through Jesus' merit;
Reign in every heart and home.
Saviour, lead us to adore Thee,
While Thou dost prolong our days;
Then, with angel hosts before Thee,
May we worship, love, and praise.

GUIDE. 7, D.

M. M. WELLS, by per.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faithful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land; }
 D. C. Whisp'ring softly, Wanderer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home.

D. C.
 Wea-ry souls for e'er re-joyce, While they hear that sweetest voice,

124 *The Holy Spirit our Guide.* 7, D.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give
 o'er—
 Whisper softly, Wanderer, come!
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood—
 Whisper softly, Wanderer, come!
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

125 *Earnest of Eternal Rest.* 7, D.

1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine,
 Let Thy light within me shine;
 All my guilty fears remove,
 Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
 Set the burdened sinner free;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,
 Wash me in His precious blood.

2 Life and peace to me impart,
 Seal salvation on my heart;
 Breathe Thyself into my breast—
 Earnest of immortal rest.
 Let me never from Thee stray,
 Keep me in the narrow way;
 Fill my soul with joy divine,
 Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

126 *Prayer for the Spirit.* 7, D.

1 Holy Spirit, from on high,
 Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
 Now refresh the drooping heart;
 Bid the power of sin depart.
 Light up every dark recess
 Of our hearts' ungodliness;
 Show us every devious way
 Where our steps have gone astray.

2 Teach us with repentant grief,
 Humbly to implore relief;
 Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
 And our broken spirits heal.
 May we daily grow in grace,
 And pursue the heavenly race,
 Trained in wisdom, led by love,
 Till we reach our rest above.

ROCKINGHAM, L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, we confess And sing the wonders of Thy grace;

Thy power conveys our blessings down From God the Father and the Son.

127 *The Spirit Enlightening and Renewing.* L. M.

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

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

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

128 *Our Guardian and Guide.* L. M.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there.

129 *The Spirit entreated not to Depart.* L. M.

1 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done Thee such despise;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Tho' I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved,—

3 Yet, oh, 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 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with Thy gracious hand;
Oh, guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

130 *The Spirit Striving.* L. M.

1 O sinner, hear the heavenly voice!
O hear the Spirit's gracious call!
It bids thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

2 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.

3 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O shouldst thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee!

DEVOTION. C. M.

w. H. D., by per.

1. 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.

131 *Regeneration by the Spirit.* C. M.

- 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.

132 *Prayer for the Spirit.* C. M.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred 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?

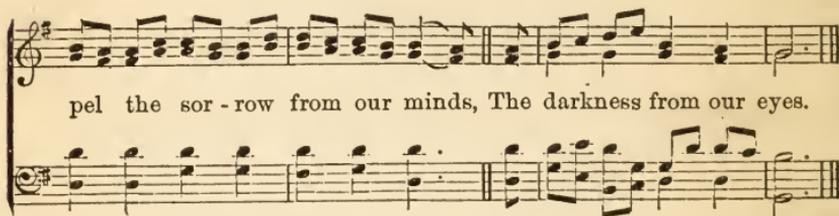
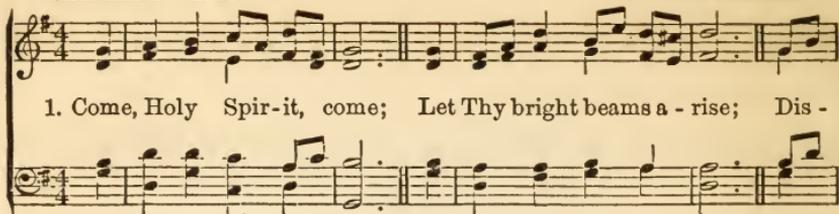
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

133 *Spirit of Holiness.* C. M.

- 1 Spirit of holiness, descend;
Thy people wait for Thee;
Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend;
Let us Thy mercy see.
- 2 Behold, Thy weary churches wait
With wishful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
Oh, bid Thy light arise.
- 3 Thy light, that on our souls hath
shone,
Leads us in hope to Thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone,
Alone Thy people be.
- 4 Oh, bring our dearest friends to God,
Remember those we love;
Fit them on earth for Thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.
- 5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis Thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come, for we wait Thy power divine,
Let us Thy mercy share.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

**134** *Sanctifying Power.* S. M.

- 2 Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and
love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

135 *The Holy Ghost present.* S. M.

- 1 The Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree,
As Jesus' parting gift He's near
Each pleading company.
- 2 He dwells within our soul,
An ever welcome guest;
He reigns with absolute control,
As monarch in the breast.

- 3 Our bodies are His shrine,
And He th' indwelling Lord;
All hail, Thou Comforter divine,
Be evermore adored.

- 4 Obedient to Thy will,
We wait to feel Thy power;
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,
And bless this hallowed hour!

136 *The urgent Invitation.* S. M.

- 1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the Church of Christ, pro-
claims
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.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; we wait Thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come.

COMFORTER. 8, 6.

R. L., by per.

1. My heart, that was heavy and sad, Was made to rejoice and be glad,

And peace without measure I had, When the Comforter came.

REFRAIN.

Peace, sweet peace, Peace when the Com - fort - er came!

My heart, that was heavy and sad, Was made to rejoice and be glad,

And peace without measure I had, When the Comforter came.

137 *Another Comforter.* 8, 6.

2 To sin and to evil inclined,
With darkness pervading my mind,
No rest could I anywhere find,
Till the Comforter came.

3 The voice of thanksgiving I raised,
The Lord, my Redeemer, I praised;
I was at His mercy amazed,
When the Comforter came.

REVIVE US AGAIN. 11.

REV. JOHN J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who

CHORUS.

died, and is now gone a - bove. { Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the

glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. {
glo - ry; (*Omit*.....) } Re - vive us a - gain.

138 *Revive us.* 11.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light, | 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace, |
| Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night. | Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways. |
| 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, | 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love; |
| Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain. | May each soul be rekindled with fire from above. |

GLORIA PATRI.

THOMAS TALLIS.

A - men.

139

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,||
And | to the | Holy | Ghost:||

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever...shall | be,||
World without | end. A - | men, A - | men.||

ITALIAN HYMN, 6, 4.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise;

{ Father all glo - rious, }
{ O'er all vic - to - rious, } Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days.

140 *Presence of the Trinity desired.* 6, 4.

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;

Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness, On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;

Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of
power.

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity Love and adore.

EVEN ME, 8, 7, 3.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free— }
{ Show'rs, the thirsty land refreshing; Let some droppings fall on me— }

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

141 *Longing for Divine Favor.* 8, 7, 3.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to Thee;

For I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me—
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me—
Even me.

BIBLE SONG. 5, 8.

W. H. D., by per.

1. Guard the Bi- ble well, All its foes re- pel, The sweet sto- ry tell

of the Lord; Guard what God revealed, As our sun and shield; Never,

CHORUS.

nev-er yield His ho- ly word. Rouse then, Christians, Rally for the

Bi- ble! Work on, pray on, spread the truth abroad; Stand then, like men,

In the cause triumphant, For the Bi- ble is the Word of God.

142 "Thy Word is Truth." 5, 8.

2 Book of love divine,
Precious word of Thine,
Let it ever shine all abroad;
In the Spirit's might,
We must win the fight
For this Gospel light, the truth of God.

3 Shout the Bible song,
Swell the mighty throng,
In the cause be strong, of the right;

Look to God in prayer,
When the foe you dare,
And for ever wear His armor bright.

4 O ye Christian band,
For this Bible stand,
By the Lord's command ne'er give o'er;
Lead the army on,
Till the strife is done,
And the cause is won for evermore.

HORTON. 7.

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treasure, thou art mine;

Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to teach me what I am;

143 *Scriptures Precious. 7.*

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine thou art to guide and guard,
Mine to punish or reward;

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;

Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

ST MARTINS. C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR.

1. Hail, sa - cred truth, whose pierc - ing rays Dispel the shades of night—

Dif - fus - ing o'er the men - tal world The heal - ing beams of light.

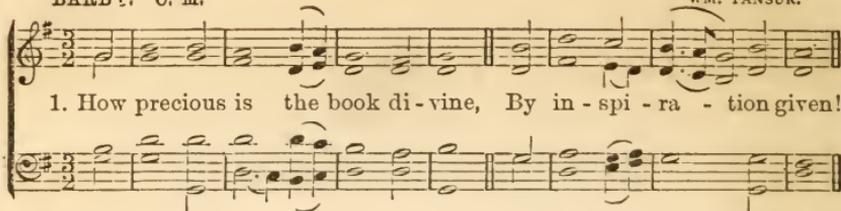
144 *The Scriptures, a Light. C. M.*

2 Jesus, Thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

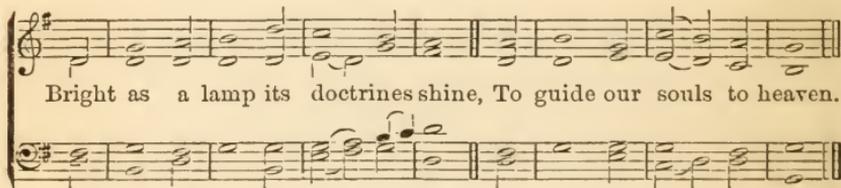
3 O send Thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze,
And bid th'admiring world adore
The glories of Thy grace.

BARBY. C. M.

WM. TANSUR.



Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

**145** *Worth of the Bible.* C. M.

- 2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.
- 3 Its sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 4 This lamp, thro' all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

146 *The Bible suited to our Wants.* C. M.

- 1 Father of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 3 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever-dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

147 *The Bible a Light.* C. M.

- 1 What glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

148 *Sufficiency of the Scripture.* C. M.

- 1 Great God, with wonder and with praise
On all Thy works I look;
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in Thy book.
- 2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied;
And here my hopes arise.
- 3 Lord, make me understand Thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from Thy gospel let me draw
The pardon of my sin.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Awaked by Sinai's awful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And

knew not where to go; { Eternal truth did loud proclaim, }
 { "The sinner must be born again, } Or sink in endless woe."

149 *Necessity of Regeneration.* C. P. M.

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 When to the law I trembling fled,
 It poured its curses on my head;
 I no relief could find:

This fearful truth increased my pain;
 "The sinner must be born again"
 O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Naz'reth passed that way,
 And felt His pity move:

The sinner, by His justice slain,
 Now by His grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

DOWNS. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Vain are the hopes the sons of men On their own works have built;

Their hearts by na-ture all unclean, And all their actions guilt.

150 *Self-righteousness Renounced.* C. M.

2 Let Jew and Gentile silent bow,
 Without a murmuring word;
 Let all the race of man confess
 Their guilt before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
 To justify us now;

Since to convince and to condemn
 Is all the law can do.

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

THE MASTER CALLETH THEE. 9, 8.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. O sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing, In

love He in - vites you to come; Turn not from the

ark of sal - va - tion, But en - ter while yet there is room.

REFRAIN.

Then haste, for the storm is dark'ning! For refuge to Cal - vary flee;

Escape from the danger that threatens, For the Master calleth thee.

151 *The Master Calling.* 9, 8.

- 2 The Spirit, so earnestly pleading, Why sport on the brink of perdition,
 Now bids thee no longer delay; Inviting the judgments of God?
 With strivings and groans interceding, 4 'There's only one way of salvation,
 Would bring thee to Jesus to-day. One power to redeem from the grave,
 3 Why longer refuse gracious pardon, In Jesus alone is redemption,
 And scorn to be saved by the blood? He only is "mighty to save."

EXPOSTULATION. 11.

REV. JOSIAH HOPKINS.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, { When God, in great
Now Je - sus in

mercy, is coming so nigh? }
vites you, the Spirit says, Come! } And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

152*Entreaty. 11.*

2 How vain the delusion, that, while
you delay,
Your hearts may grow better, your
chains melt away!

Come guilty, come wretched, come
just as you are;
All helpless and dying to Jesus re-
pair.

3 The contrite in heart He will free-
ly receive,
O why will ye not the glad message
believe?

If sin be your burden, why will ye
not come?

'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids
you come home.

153*Acquaint Thyself Quickly. 11.*

1 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner,
with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam
on thy road,

And peace, like the dew-drops, shall
fall on thy head;
And sleep like an angel shall visit
thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner,
with God,
And He shall be with Thee when fears
are abroad;

Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten
thy path;
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of
death.

154 *Sinners warned against Delay. 11.*

1 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 purchased, 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 cleansed in His par-
doning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of
grace,

Long grieved and resisted, may take
His sad flight,

And leave thee in darkness to finish
thy race,

To sink in the gloom of eternity's
light.

SILENT WATCHES. 8, 5.

HUBERT F. MAIN, by per.

1. In the si - lent midnight watches, List—thy bosom's door!

How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev - er - more!

Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating; 'Tis thy heart of sin;

'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and cri-eth, "Rise, and let me in!"

155 *Christ Knocking.* 8, 5.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Death comes down with reckless footsteps
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will stand a-knocking,
When the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;
But thy door is fast;
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth;
Death breaks in at last.</p> | <p>3 Then 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou guilty creature,
Hast thou, then, forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
Now He knows thee not!</p> |
|---|---|

SHERWIN. 7.

w. H. D., by per.

1. Sin - ner, what hast thou to show Like the joys be - liev - ers know?

Is thy path, of fad - ing flowers, Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

156 *Important Questions.* 7.

2 Doth a skilful, healing friend
On thy daily path attend,
And, where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?

3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, oh, can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?

4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

157 *Delay Deprecated.* 7.

1 Haste, O sinner; now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

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, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

158 *Pleading with the Sinner.* 7.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
Will ye not in Him believe?
He has died that ye might live.

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
Often with you has He strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love.

4 Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

159 *Judgment.* 7.

1 When thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 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?

3 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Why will ye waste on trifling cares That life which God's compassion spares:

While, in the various range of thought, The one thing needful is for-got?

160 *Unity of Pleas.* L. M.

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge His dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which Thy compassion spares.

161 *The Sinner urged.* L. M.

1 Haste, traveler, haste; the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou far off from home and rest.

2 Oh, yet a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain,
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come!

3 Then linger not in all the plain;
Flee for thy life; the mountain gain;
Look not behind; make no delay;
Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way!

TO-DAY. 6, 4.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

162 *The Call to-day.* 6, 4.

1 To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wanderers, come;
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

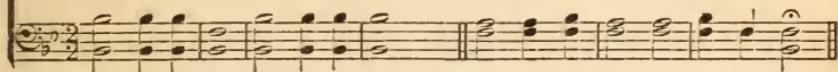
4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

SESSIONS. L. M.

LUTHER ORLANDO EMERSON.



1. Oh, do not let God's word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;



Poor sinner, harden not thy heart; Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

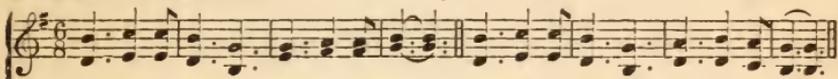


- 163** *Why not to-night?* L. M.
 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
 To bless thy long deluded sight;
 This is the time; oh, then be wise!
 Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-
 night?
 3 Our God in pity lingers still;
 And wilt thou thus His love requite?

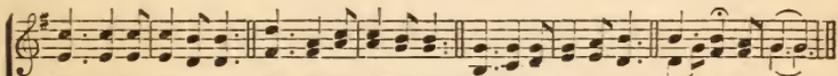
- Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
 Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-
 night?
 4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
 Who would to Him their souls unite;
 Then be the work of grace begun:
 Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-
 night?

ALMOST PERSUADED.

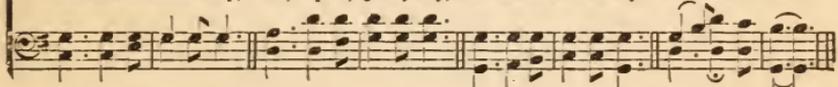
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. "Almost persuaded" now to believe; "Almost persuaded" Christ to receive;



Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spirit, go Thy way, Some more convenient day On Thee I'll call.



- 164** *Almost Persuaded.*
 2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
 "Almost persuaded," turn not away;
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are ling'ring near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
 O wand'rer, come!

- 3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past;
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at
 last!
 "Almost," can not avail;
 "Almost," is but to fail!
 Sad, sad the bitter wail,
 "Almost, but lost!"

STILL WITHOUT JESUS. 5, 4, 6.

W. H. D., by per.

Gently.

1. Still without Je-sus, Far, far from home, Still without Je-sus,

Why wilt thou roam? Think of His love for thee, Think now of Calvary,

REFRAIN.

Think of His ag-o-ny; O sin-ner, turn. Still without Je-sus,

Far, far from home, Think of His love for thee; O sinner, come.

165 *Without Jesus.* 5, 4, 6.

2 Still without Jesus,
Barring thy heart,
Still without Jesus,
Wretched thou art;
O what a fearful state,
If, to the narrow gate,
Thy soul shall come too late,
And thou be lost!

3 Still without Jesus,
Hark, hark the cry;
Now there is mercy;
Why wilt thou die?
This hour may be thy last;
Come ere its light is past;
Thy sins on Jesus cast,
He'll save thee now.

STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN CALL WOODMAN.

1. Now is th'ac - cept - ed time; Now is the day of grace;

Now, sinners, come, without de - lay, And seek the Saviour's face.

166 *The accepted Time.* s. m.

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 will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

167 *Life and Death.* s. m.

1 Oh, where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to
sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis 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;
Oh, what eternal horrors 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.

168 *Do not Delay.* s. m.

1 And canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till He thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

WHY WEEPEST THOU? 4, 7.

R. L., by per.

With expression.

1. "Why weepst thou? Whom seekest thou?" O wouldst thou see our Jesus?

Behold Him near, He marks each tear, Our blessed, loving Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

O believe Him; O receive Him—There is none like Je - sus;

He is near thee; He will cheer thee—On-ly trust in Je - sus.

169 *O Believe Him.* 4, 7.

2 Why weepst thou,
Why seekest thou,
With doubting and repining?
O lift thine eye!
Thou shalt desery
His raiment near thee shining.

3 Believe Him now;
Receive Him now;
Look up, with faith and meekness,

To Jesus' blood,
Which freely flowed
For all thy sin and weakness.

4 Believest thou?
Cease weeping now—
Thy soul He will deliver;
The cross He bore;
Our sins He wore,
And nailed them there forever.

GIVE THY HEART TO ME. 6, 5, 4.

W. H. D., by per.

1. Hark! there comes a whisper Steal - ing on thine ear;

'Tis the Sav - iour call - ing, Soft, soft and clear.

REFRAIN.

Give thy heart to me, Once I died for thee;

Just now, O Come,

Ritard.

Hark! hark! thy Sav - iour calls, Come, sin - ner, come.

170 Give me Thine Heart. 6, 5, 4.

- 2 With that voice so gentle,
Dost thou hear Him say:
Tell me all thy sorrows,
Come, come away?
- 3 Wouldst thou find a refuge
For thy soul oppressed?

Jesus kindly answers,
I am thy rest.

4 At the cross of Jesus
Let thy burden fall,
While He gently whispers,
I'll bear it all.

WANDERER, COME. 7, 6, Pec.

HUBERT F. MAIN, by per.

Gently.

1. Wand'rer, come, there's room for thee At the cross of Je - sus;

Come and taste sal - va - tion free At the cross of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed cross! pre - cious cross! There my hopes are twin - ing;

There I see a Fa - ther's love Thro' a Sav - iour shin - ing.

171 *Room at the Cross.* 7, 6, PEC.

2 Come and bring thy burden now
To the cross of Jesus;
Lay thy burning, throbbing brow
At the cross of Jesus.

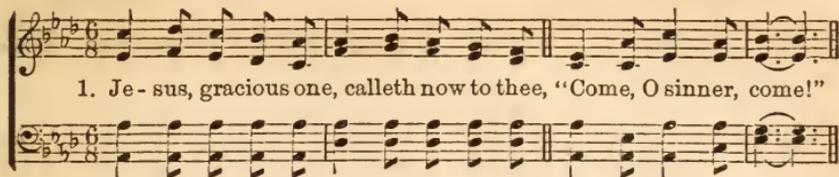
3 O what comfort thou wilt find
At the cross of Jesus;

Love thy broken heart will bind
At the cross of Jesus.

4 See the crimson waters flow
At the cross of Jesus;
Come and tell thy every woe
At the cross of Jesus.

JESUS CALLS THEE. 10, 5, 6.

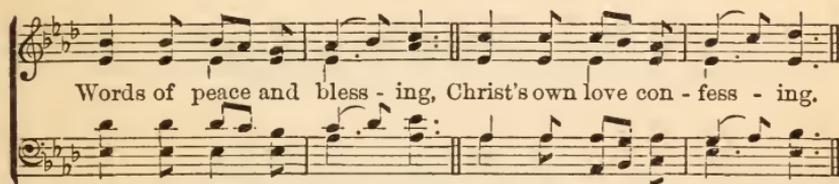
W. H. D., by per.



1. Je - sus, gracious one, calleth now to thee, "Come, O sinner, come!"

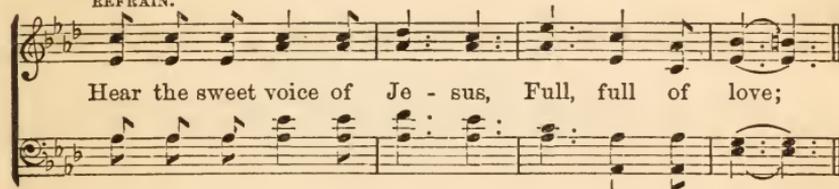


Calls so tender-ly, calls so lov-ing-ly, "Now, O sin-ner, come;"



Words of peace and bless - ing, Christ's own love con - fess - ing.

REFRAIN.



Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus, Full, full of love;



Call-ing tender-ly, call-ing lov-ing-ly, "Come, O sin-ner, come."

172 *The Sinner Called.* 10, 5, 6.

2 Still He waits for thee, pleading	3 Weary, sin-sick soul, called so gra-
patiently,	ciously,
"Come, O come to Me!	Canst thou dare refuse?
Heavy laden one, I thy grief have borne,	Mercy offered thee, freely, tenderly,
Come and rest in Me;"	Wilt thou still abuse?
Words with love o'erflowing,	Come, for time is flying;
Life and bliss bestowing.— <i>Ref.</i>	Haste, thy lamp is dying.— <i>Ref.</i>

OVERFLOWING EVER.

R. L., by per.

1. Lo! a fountain full and free, O - verflowing ev - er; Fainting

heart, it is for thee, O - verflowing ev - er; Gushing, sparkling,

REFRAIN.
nev - er still, Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill. O - ver - flowing,

o - verflowing ev - er, O - ver - flowing, Flowing now for thee.

173 *A Fountain opened.*

2 List the murmur that it speaks,
Overflowing ever;
On the soul in song it breaks,
Overflowing ever;
Singing, soothing souls to ease,
Music of all melodies.

3 Blessed fount! the purest known,
Overflowing ever;
Stream of life from out God's throne,
Overflowing ever;
Sacred blood for sinners spilt,
This can cleanse away thy guilt.

WHY WAITEST THOU ?

w. H. D., by per.

1. One there is who loves thee, Waiting still for thee; Canst thou yet re-

ject Him? None so kind as He. Do not grieve Him longer,

Come and trust Him now; He has waited all thy days, Why waitest thou?

REFRAIN.

Still His love would save thee, O re - ceive Him now;

He has wait - ed all the day, Why wait - est thou?

174 *Waiting to be Gracious.*

2 Tenderly He woos thee,
Do not slight His call;
Tho' thy sins are many,
He'll forgive them all.
Turn to Him repenting,
He will cleanse thee now;
He is waiting at thy heart,
Why waitest thou?

3 Jesus still is waiting;
Sinner, why delay?
To His arms of mercy
Rise and haste away.
Only come believing,
He will save thee now;
He is waiting at the door,
Why waitest thou?

WHO'LL BE THE NEXT?

R. L., by per.

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next His

cross to bear? Some one is read - y, some one is waiting;

REFRAIN.
Who'll be the next a crown to wear? Who'll be the next?

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?

Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Follow Je - sus now.

175

Following Jesus.

- 2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—
Follow His weary, bleeding feet?
Who'll be the next to lay every burden
Down at the Father's mercy-seat?
- 3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise His
name?

- Who'll swell the chorus of free redemp-
tion—
Sing, Hallelujah! praise the Lamb?
- 4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus
Down thro' the Jordan's rolling tide?
Who'll be the next to join with the ran-
somed,
Singing upon the other side?

ALETTA. 7. 61.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. { Weeping soul, no long - er mourn, Je - sus all thy griefs hath borne; }
 { View Him bleeding on the tree, Pouring out His life for thee; }

There thy ev - ery sin He bore; Weeping soul, la - ment no more.

176 *Look to Christ.* 7. 61.

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 the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
 Find Him mighty to redeem;
 At His feet Thy burden lay,
 Look thy doubts and fears away;
 Now by faith the Son embrace,
 Plead His promise, trust His grace.

177 *The Penitent's Inquiry.* 7.

1 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.

178 *Confession of Sin.* 7.

1 God of mercy, God of grace,
 Hear our sad, repentant songs;
 Oh, restore Thy suppliant race,
 Thou, to whom our praise belongs.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted, time misspent;
 Hearts debased by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent;—

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain;
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain;—

4 These, and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame, we own;
 Humbled at Thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from Thy throne.

COME, GREAT DELIVERER, COME. 10. 6,

W. H. D., by per.

1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliv - 'rer,

come; My soul bowed down is long-ing now for Thee,

REFRAIN.

Come, Great De-liv - 'rer, come. I've wandered far a - way o'er

mountains cold, I've wandered far a - way from home; O

take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

179 *Cry for Help.* 10. 6.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 I have no place, no shelter from
the night,
Come, Great Deliverer, come; | Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile
to meet,
Come, Great Deliverer, come. |
| One look from Thee would give me
life and light,
Come, Great Deliverer, come. | 4 Thou wilt not spurn contrition's
broken sigh,
Come, Great Deliverer, come; |
| 3 My path is lone, and weary are my
feet,
Come, Great Deliverer, come; | Regard my prayer, and hear my hum-
ble cry,
Come, Great Deliverer, come. |

FOREST. L. M.

AARON CHAPIN.

1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last submit,

At Je-sus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet!

180 *Seeking Rest in Christ.* L. M.

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 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of Thy dying love.

4 I would, but Thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release:
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

181 *Returning to God.* L. M.

1 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 condemned to die.

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

4 Oh, may Thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;

And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

182 *Pardon Penitently Implored.* L. M.

1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My crimes, tho' great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace:
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound;
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

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

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

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 hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

WEEPING WILL NOT SAVE ME.

R. L., by per.

1. Weeping will not save me— Tho' my face were bathed in tears,

That could not al - lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years—

REFRAIN.

Weeping will not save me. Jesus wept and died for me; Jesus suffered

on the tree; Jesus waits to make me free: He a - lone can save me.

183 *Saved through Faith.*

2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holiest thoughts and feelings too,
Cannot form my soul anew—
Working will not save me.

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;

In my ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust Thy weeping Son,
Trust the work that He has done;
To His arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.

LENOX, H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations

know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re -

turn, ye ransomed sinners, home, Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

184 *The Jubilee Proclaimed.* H. M.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonement Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

185 *The finished Work.* H. M.

1 Done is the work that saves—
Once and for ever done;
Finished the righteousness
That clothes the unrighteous one;
The love that blesses us below
Is flowing freely to us now.

2 The sacrifice is o'er;
The veil is rent in twain;
The mercy-seat is red
With blood of victim slain;
Why stand we then without, in fear?
The blood divine invites us near.

3 Upon the mercy-seat
The High Priest sits within;
The blood is in His hand
Which makes and keeps us clean;
With boldness let us now draw near,
That blood has banished every fear.

RETREAT, L. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Be-hold a Stranger at the door; He gently knocks, has knocked before;

Has waited long, is waiting still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.

186 *Christ Knocking.* L. M.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and open hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine;
Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

4 Oh, welcome Him, the Prince of peace!
Now may His gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be His empire all mankind.

187 *The Saviour's Invitation.* L. M.

1 "Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to the neck;
My graces shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at Thy command;
With faith and hope and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to Thy hand,
To mould and guide us to Thy will.

188 "Come to Me." L. M.

1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, come to me."

4 O voice of mercy, voice of love,
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above;
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

189 *Gospel Grace.* L. M.

1 Come, weary souls, with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy cares away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
Oh, come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all that painful load remove.

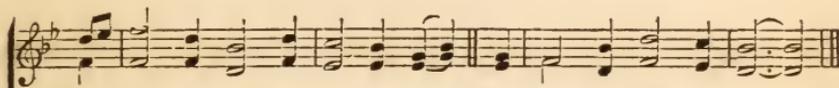
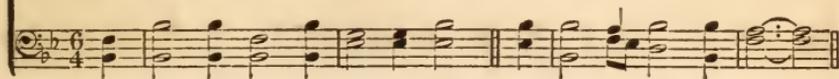
3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon and life and endless peace,—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

MAITLAND, C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?



No; there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.

**190** *The Cross and the Crown.* C. M.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

191 *All Things are ready.* C. M.

1 The Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life and health and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Yesinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

192 *The last Resolve.* C. M.

1 Come, weary sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

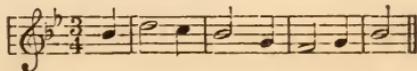
3 "I'll prostrate lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives:
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

BALERMA. C. M. p. 144.



O COME TO CHRIST. C. M.

R. L., by per. ◦

1. O come to Christ! a sin - gle glance Would melt your doubts away;

One glance would flood you with His light, In an e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

O come without de - lay, O come... to - day; O
O come, O come without de - lay, O come, O come with - out de - lay.

come to Christ! a sin - gle glance Would melt your doubts a - way.

193 *The Sinner Invited.* C. M.

- 2 O come to Christ! He waits for you; Thou canst not trust what always fails
 Long has He waiting stood; In times of sorest need.
- He stoops to ask you for your heart;
 He yearns to do you good.
- 4 O come to Christ for peace, for rest,
 For all thy heart can crave;
 For triumph over pain and loss,
 The death-bed and the grave.
- 3 O come to Christ! the world has proved
 To thee a broken reed;

GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.

J. J. ROUSSEAU. FINE.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
D. C.—He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing; doubt no more.

Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r:
D. C.

194 *Jesus Ready to Save.* 8, 7, 4.

2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

195 *Glad Tidings.* 8, 7, 4.

1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, oh, 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:

"Pardon to each rebel sinner,
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 Who hath our report believ'd?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it,
Offered to you by the Lord?

196 *The Sinner Entreated.* 8, 7, 4.

1 Hear, O sinner; Mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus;
'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour;
Seek His mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away;
Haste to Jesus;
You must perish if you stay.'

I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE. S. M.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH,

1. I hear Thy welome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For

cleans - ing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to Thee;

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

By per. of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

197*Christ Heard.* S. M.

2 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

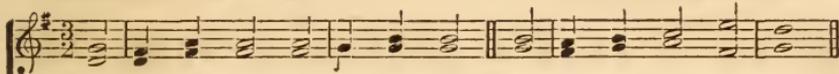
3 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,

That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

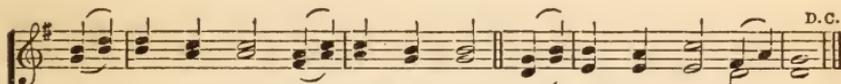
4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

BELIEVE. C. M.

OLD MELODY.



1. Father, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
 CHO. — I do be - lieve, I now believe, That Je - sus died for me;



If Thou withdraw Thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
 And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

**198** *Faith the Gift of God.* C. M.

2 What did Thine only Son endure
 Before I drew my breath!
 What pain, what labor, to secure
 My soul from endless death!

3 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes;
 Oh, may I now receive that gift;
 My soul, without it, dies.

199 "Lord, remember me!" C. M.

1 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's Friend;
 As such I look to Thee;
 Now, in the fulness of Thy love,
 O Lord, remember me.

CHORUS.

Remember me, my gracious Lord,
 Remember Calvary;
 Now, in the fulness 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! 5
 I yield myself to Thee;
 While Thou art sitting on Thy throne, That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Dear Lord, remember me. Might plead Thy gracious name.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
 Yet Thy salvation's free;
 Then, in Thy all-abounding grace,
 Dear Lord, remember me.

200 *The Burdened Soul.* C. M.

1 Lord, I approach the mercy-seat,
 Where Thou dost answer prayer;
 There humbly fall before Thy feet,
 For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
 With this I venture nigh;
 Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely pressed,
 By wars without, and fears within,
 I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-
 place,
 That, sheltered near Thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell Him Thou hast died.

HEM OF HIS GARMENT.

R. L., by per.

1. Weak and weary, poor and sinful, Vainly I cry; Bow'd and crush'd with

REFRAIN.

years of sor - row, What help is nigh? Let me touch the hem of His

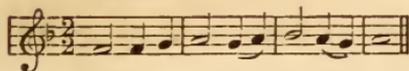
garment, Let me touch the hem of His garment, Let me

touch the hem of His garment, And the touch will make me whole.

201 *The Touch of Faith.*

- 2 Here is one with power of healing— Surely I may share the blessing;
Saviour divine; I too believe.
If my trembling steps can reach Him, His grace is mine. 4 Long my heart has borne its burden,
Seeking for peace;
3 How the people press around Him, Now at last I find in Jesus
His word receive! My sweet release.

HAMBURG. L. M. P. 33.

**202** *Just as I am.* L. M.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st 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, tho' tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

6 Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

203 *Look unto Jesus.* L. M.

1 See a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encouraged by Thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And then would look—and look again.

2 Ah! bring a wretched wanderer
home,
Now to Thy footstool let me come,
And tell Thee all my grief and pain,
And wait and look—and look again.

3 Take courage, then, my trembling
soul;
One look from Christ will make thee
whole;
Trust thou in Him, 'tis not in vain,
But wait and look—and look again.

4 Look to the Lord, His word, His
throne;

Look to His grace, and not your own;
There wait and look, and look again;
You shall not wait nor look in vain.

5 Ere long that happy day will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home;
And when to glory I attain,
Oh, then I'll look—and look again!

204 *The only Plea.* L. M.

1 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Wearied of earth, myself, and sin,
Open Thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and save my ruined soul;
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me Thine image shine,
And lost I am till Thou art mine.

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

4 What can I say Thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but Thou art love:
I give up every plea beside;
Lord, I am lost,—but Thou hast died!

205 *Coming to Christ.* L. M.

1 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my all,
Prostrate before Thy throne I fall;
Fain would my soul look up, and see
My hope, my heaven, my all, in Thee.

2 Here, in this world of sin and woe,
I'm filled with tossings to and fro,
Burdened with sin, with fear oppressed;
And nothing here can give me rest.

3 In vain from creatures help I seek;
Thou, only Thou, the word canst speak,
To heal my wounds, and calm my grief,
Or give my mournful soul relief.

4 Oh, speak and bid my soul rejoice!
I long to hear Thy pardoning voice;
Say, "Peace, be still! look up and live;
Life, peace, and heaven are mine to
give."

ZEPHYR. L. M. P. 25.



PASS ME NOT. 8, 5.

W. H. D., by per.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry;

While on oth - ers Thou art smiling, Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;

While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

206 *Pass Me Not.* 8, 5.

2 Let me at Thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merits,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou, the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me—
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

My only refuge is Thy cross;
Here at Thy feet I lie.

2 Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, O my God, this heart of stone,
And melt it by Thy love.

3 Thy blood can cleanse my heart,
Thy hand can wipe my tears;
O send Thy blessed Spirit down
To banish all my fears.

4 Then shall my soul arise,
From sin and Satan free;
Redeemed from hell and every foe,
I'll trust alone in Thee.

207*The only Refuge.*

BOYLSTON. S. M. p. 19.

1 Jesus, I come to Thee,
A sinner doomed to die;

COMING OUT TO MEET US.

CHESTER G. ALLEN, M. D., by per.

1. When we return to God and leave the path of sin, When the heart repenting

feels the need of Him, -- Then our gentle, loving Father, full of pardoning grace,

CHORUS.
Comes to meet us with a kind embrace. Coming out to meet us on the way,

Coming out to meet us, coming out to meet us, Oh, the joyful welcome!

see the Fa - ther now, Com - ing out to meet us on the way.

208

Coming out to Meet us.

- 2 He will guide our feet where quiet waters flow,
He will lead us onward through the vale below;
With His presence and His blessing cheer us day by day;
He will come to meet us on the way.
- 3 At the cold, dark stream of Jordan when we stand,
He will bear us safely to the promised land;
With His loving arm around us we shall hear Him say,
I have come to meet you on the way.

REST IN THEE. 8, 7.

R. L., by per.

1. Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou who gav'st Thyself for me,

Leave me not in sin to wander; Bid me come and rest in Thee.

REFRAIN.

Rest in Thee, rest in Thee, Bid me come and rest in Thee;

Rest in Thee, rest in Thee, Bid me come and rest in Thee.

209 *Resting in Christ.* 8, 7.

2 Hope of all the meek and lowly,
Thou my hope and joy shalt be;
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Bid me come and rest in Thee.

Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Bid me come and rest in Thee.

3 Draw me from each sinful striving;
From myself, O set me free;

4 Highest, purest, sweetest pleasure,
Shall Thy service bring to me;
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Bid me come and rest in Thee.

HALLE. 7. 61.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. { Am I called? and can it be? Has my Sav-iour chos-en me? }
 { Guilty, wretched as I am, Has He named my worthless name? }

Vil - est of the vile am I; Dare I raise my hopes so high?

210 *Invitation Accepted.* 7. 61.

2 Am I called? I dare not stay,
 May not, must not disobey;
 Here I lay me at Thy feet,
 Clinging to the mercy-seat:
 Thine I am, and Thine alone;
 Lord, with me Thy will be done.

3 Am I called? an heir of God?
 Wash'd, redeem'd, by precious blood?
 Father, lead me by Thy hand?
 Guide me to that better land,
 Where my soul shall be at rest,
 Pillowed on my Saviour's breast.

211 *The Throne of Grace.* 7.

1 They who seek the throne of grace
 Find that throne in every place;
 If we live a life of prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,
 In our want or in our wealth,
 If we look to God in prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

3 Then, my soul, in every strait,
 To thy Father come, and wait;
 He will answer every prayer:
 God is present everywhere.

212 *The Finished Work.* 7. 61.

1 From the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds we hear,
 Bursting on the ravished ear!
 "Love's redeeming work is done;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the
 throne,
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?
 On my piercèd body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid;
 Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
 See, with richest dainties stored;
 To thy Father's bosom pressed,
 Yet again a child confessed,
 Never from His house to roam,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
 Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
 Safe your spirits to convey
 To the realms of endless day,
 Up to My eternal home;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come."

TRUSTING JESUS. 7.

W. H. D., by per

1. Simply trust-ing all the way, Taking Je - sus at His word;

Simply trust-ing, when I pray, Every prom-ise of my Lord.

REFRAIN.

Simply trusting, simply trusting, Trusting Je - sus, that is all;

At the cross of Christ I fall, Simply trusting, that is all.

213

Simply Trusting. 7.

2 Trusting when my sky is bright,
Trusting when my heart is glad;
Trusting in the gloom of night,
When my every thought is sad.

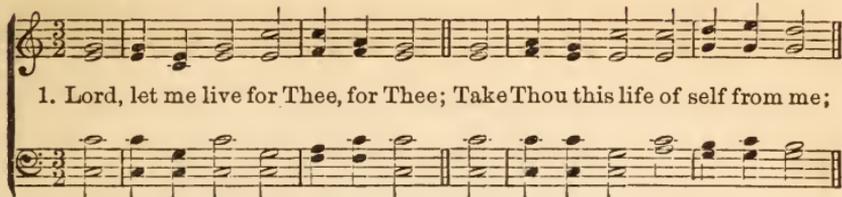
3 Trusting when 'tis well with me,
Trusting whatsoe'er befall;
Trusting Jesus' love for me,
Simply trusting, that is all.

4 Trusting, tho' my strength may fail,
Trusting when the light is dim;
Trusting till, within the vale,
I shall anchor safe with Him.

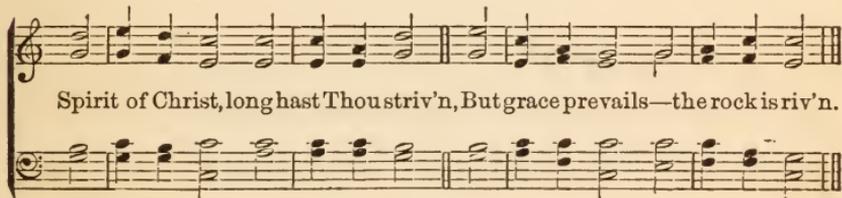
5 Trusting when my sky is bright,
Trusting when the clouds descend—
Trusting in the gloom of night—
Simply trusting to the end.

SHERWOOD. L. M.

F. L., by per.



1. Lord, let me live for Thee, for Thee; Take Thou this life of self from me;



Spirit of Christ, long hast Thou striv'n, But grace prevails—the rock is riv'n.

214 "To live is Christ." L. M.

2 O cleansing tide, flow in, flow in,
And separate my soul from sin!
The vail is rent; Lord, now I see
Thy precious blood avails for me.

3 O wondrous Light, shine on, shine on,
Till all this night of life is gone!
Rise, blessed Sun of Righteousness,
With healing wings my life to bless.

4 O Lamb of God, for me, for me,
Thy blood was shed on Calvary!
So all my gain I count but loss,
And hide myself beneath the cross.

215 *Security in the Cross.* L. M.

1 Here at Thy cross, incarnate God,
I lay my soul beneath Thy love,
Beneath the droppings of Thy blood,
Nor shall it, Jesus, e'er remove.

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

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

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

216 *Completeness.* L. M.

1 Complete in Thee,—no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of Thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in Thee.

2 Complete in Thee,—no more shall
sin,
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in Thee.

3 Complete in Thee,—each want sup-
plied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since Thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more,—complete in Thee.

4 Dear Saviour, when, before Thy bar,
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among Thy chosen may I be
At Thy right hand,—complete in Thee.

217 *Doxology.* 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.

MARTYN. 7, D.

SIMEON B. MARSH.

1. { Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high. }
 D.C.—Safe in - to the haven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;

218 *Refuge in Christ.* 7, D.

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 All in all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

219 *Converting Grace.* 7, D.

1 Saved by grace, I live to tell
 What the love of Christ has done;
 He redeemed my soul from hell;
 Of a rebel made a son.
 Oh, I tremble still to think
 How secure I lived in sin,
 Sportng on destruction's brink,
 Yet preserved from falling in.

2 Come, my fellow-sinners, try
 Jesus' heart is full of love;
 O that you, as well as I,
 May His wondrous mercy prove!
 He has sent me to declare
 All is ready, all is free:
 Why should any soul despair,
 When He saved a wretch like me?

220 *Christ, the Ground of Hope.* 7, D.

1 Christ, of all my hopes the ground—
 Christ, the spring of all my joy!
 Still in Thee let me be found,
 Still for Thee my powers employ.
 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
 Freely from Thy fulness give;
 Till I close my earthly race,
 Be it, "Christ for me to live!"

2 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
 Nothing shall my heart confound;
 Safely I shall pass the flood,
 Safely reach Immanuel's ground.
 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
 To the land of cloudless sky;
 Having known it, "Christ to live,"
 Let me know it, "gain to die."

TOPLADY. 7, 61.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thyside a healing flood,

221 *Hidden in Christ.* 7, 61.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

222 *Only Thee.* 7, 61.

1 Blessed Saviour, Thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in Thee abide,
Thou my Hope, and naught beside;
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,
Clouds they are that hide my day;
Hence, vain shadows, let me see
Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Blessed Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

223*Only the Crucified.*

HENDON. 7, p. 14.

1 Ask ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who is Life in life to me?
Who the Death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right,
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

WATCH AS WELL AS PRAY. 8, 7.

W. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. If you want the love of Je-sus, Growing sweeter in the soul,

Dai-ly liv-ing as His wit-ness, As the gold-en moments roll—

Don't for-get the Mas-ter's warn-ing, But His pre-cious word o - bey;

While the Chris-tian life a - dorn-ing, You must watch as well as pray.

REFRAIN.

{ You must watch, You must watch, You must watch as well as pray; }
 { You must watch, You must watch, You must watch. Omit..... } as well as pray.

1st. 2d.

224 Watch and Pray. 8, 7.

2 Like the birds of early morning,
 Give to Him your sweetest song,
 And rehearse the notes at evening;
 Life at longest is not long;
 If you would be more like Jesus,
 Doing good along the way,
 Don't forget His precious message,
 You must watch as well as pray.

3 Watch until the dawn of heaven
 Breaks in glory on your sight;
 Pray until the crown is given,
 And the robe of peerless white;
 Till you reach the golden mansions,
 Where all tears are wiped away,—
 Till you join the angel-anthems—
 You must watch as well as pray

WEAR THE CROSS. 7, 6, Pec.

w. H. D., by per

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross; There a pre - cious fountain,

Free to all — a heal - ing stream — Flows from Calvary's mountain.

REFRAIN.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,

Till my raptured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

225 *Near the Cross.* 7, 6, PEC.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the cross, O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;

Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

SOLID ROCK. L. M. 61.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; }
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name: }

On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

226 *The Solid Rock.* L. M. 61.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
 I rest on His unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale,
 My anchor holds within the veil:
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

2 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Tho' heart should fail, and flesh decay;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

3 His oath, His covenant and blood,
 Support me in the whelming flood;
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay:
 On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

228 *He died for Me.* L. M. 61.**227** *Steadfast Faith.* L. M. 61.

1 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone;
 Tho' joys be withered all, and dead,
 Tho' every comfort be withdrawn;
 On this my steadfast soul relies,—
 Father, Thy mercy never dies.

1 When time seems short, and death is near,
 And I am pressed with doubt and fear,
 And sins, an overflowing tide,
 Assail my peace on every side,
 This thought my refuge still shall be,—
 I know the Saviour died for me.

2 If grace were bought, I could not buy;
 If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
 By grace alone I draw my breath,
 Held up from everlasting death;
 Yet since I know His grace is free,
 I know the Saviour died for me.

NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. L., by per.

1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No other fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

229 "Cleanseth from all Sin."

2 For my cleansing this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my pardon this my plea—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

5 Now by this I'll overcome—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Now by this I'll reach my home—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
All my praise for this I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

w. H. D., by per.

Slowly.

1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to

Thee; Let Thy precious blood applied Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REFRAIN.

Ev-ery day, ev-ery hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing

Ev-ery day and hour, ev-ery day and hour,

power; May Thy tender love to me Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

230

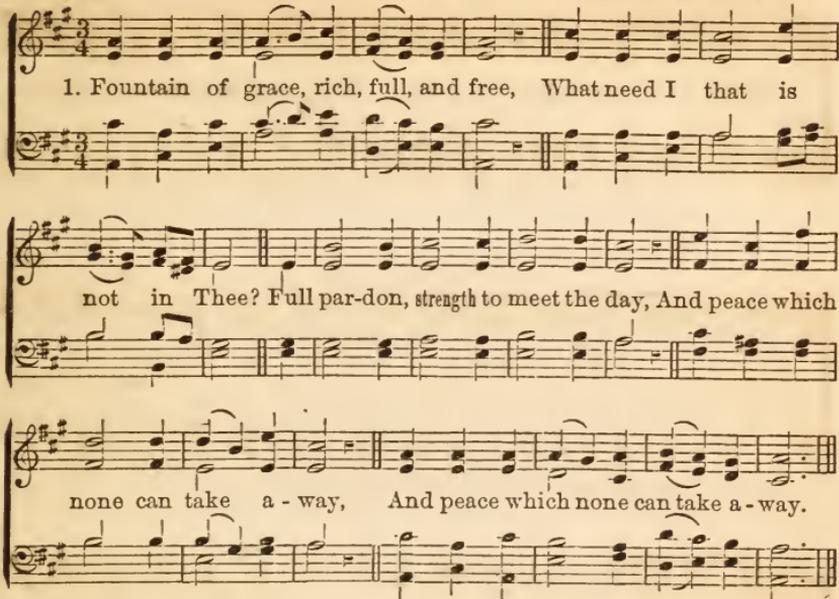
Christ All in All.

2 Thro' this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

PARK STREET. L. M.

FREDERICK M. A. VENUA.



1. Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free, What need I that is
not in Thee? Full par-don, strength to meet the day, And peace which
none can take a-way, And peace which none can take a-way.

231 *All things in Christ.* L. M.

2 Doth sickness fill the heart with fear?
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.

3 In life, Thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

4 O all-sufficient Saviour, be
This all-sufficiency to me;
Nor pain nor sin nor death can harm
The weakest, shielded by Thine arm.

232 *Necessity of Faith.* L. M.

1 Faith is a living power from heaven,
Which grasps the promise God has given;
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown,
Securely fixed on Christ alone.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need,
To save and strengthen, guide and feed;
Strong in His grace, it joys to share
His cross, in hope His crown to wear.

3 Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath,
In hope and love that conquer death;

Faith brings us to delight in God,
And blesses e'en His smiting rod.

4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers Thy favor grant,
In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,
Who is our Fount of health alone.

233 *Security of the Believer.* L. M.

1 How oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from Thee, my God!
But everlasting is Thy love,
And Jesus seals it with His blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths and promises and blood.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

w. H. D., by per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—

d. c.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,

D. C. CHORUS.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.

234

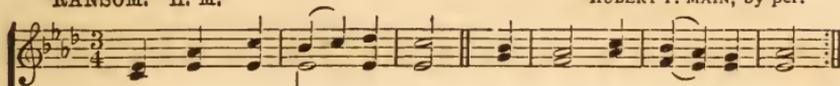
Safe with Jesus.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care;
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin can not harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

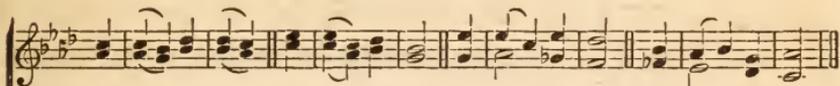
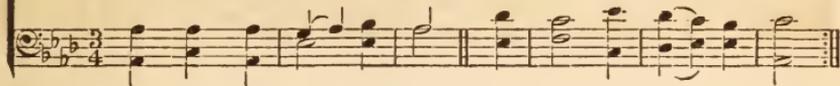
3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

RANSOM. H. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



1. { Thy works, not mine, O Christ, Speak gladness to this heart; }
 { They tell me all is done; They bid my fear de-part: }



To whom, save Thee, Who canst alone For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?



235 *Thine, O Christ, not mine.* H. M.

- 2 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
 Can heal my bruised soul;
 Thy stripes, not mine, contain
 The balm that makes me whole:

To whom, save Thee,
 Who canst alone
 For sin atone,
 Lord, shall I flee?

- 3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
 Has borne the awful load
 Of sins that none could bear
 But the incarnate God:

To whom, save Thee,
 Who canst alone
 For sin atone,
 Lord, shall I flee?

- 4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
 Has paid the ransom due;
 Ten thousand deaths like mine
 Would have been all too few:

To whom, save Thee,
 Who canst alone
 For sin atone,
 Lord, shall I flee?

236 *The sufficient Sacrifice.*
 LENOX. H. M. p. 77.

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

- 2 The bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary,
 Now pour effectual prayers,
 And strongly speak for me:
 "Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry;
 "Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

- 3 The Father hears Him pray,
 The dear Anointed One;
 He cannot turn away
 The pleading of His Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

- 4 To God I'm reconciled;
 His pardoning voice I hear;
 He owns me for His child;
 I can no longer fear:
 With filial trust I now draw nigh,
 And "Father, Abba Father," cry.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. G. M.

OLD MELODY.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

REFRAIN.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

237 *A Fountain Opened.* C. M.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.</p> | <p>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.</p> |
| <p>3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.</p> | <p>5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save.</p> |

AMAZING GRACE. C. M.

R. L., by per.

1. A - mazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.

CHORUS.

Oh, the grace, the precious grace, The grace that rescued me— That

wrote my par - don in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

238 *Saved by Grace.* C. M.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

239 *Trust in Christ.* C. M.

1 O Jesus, when I think of Thee,
Thy manger, cross, and throne,

My spirit trusts exultingly
In Thee, and Thee alone.

2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from Thy shame,
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest name.

3 For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

4 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin;
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

HALLELUJAH, 'TIS DONE! 12.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. 'Tis the promise of God, full sal - va - tion to give

Un - to him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the Son; I am

saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; ^{1st.} cru - ci - fied One. ^{2d.}

240

Full Salvation. 12.

- 2 Though the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
- 3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
- 4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
- 5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold,
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
- 6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises for ever will be:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

MY FAITH STILL CLINGS. C. M.

W. H. D., by per.

1. My sin is great, my strength is weak, My path be - set with

snares; But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me, And Thou wilt hear my pray'rs.

REFRAIN.

To Thee, to Thee, the Cru - ci - fied, The sin - ner's on - ly

plea, Re - ly - ing on Thy promised grace, My faith still clings to Thee.

241 *Clinging to Christ.* C. M.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 The world is dark without Thee, Lord,
I turn me from its strife,
To find Thy love a sweet relief;
Thou art the Light of life. | But precious are Thy promises,
And they new strength impart. |
| 3 Temptations lure and fears assail
My frail, inconstant heart; | 4 Unfold Thy precepts to my mind,
And cleanse my blinded eyes;
Grant me to work for Thee on earth,
Then praise Thee in the skies. |

JESUS IS MINE. 6, 4.

THEODORE E. PERKINS., by per.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je-sus is mine; Break every tender tie,
D. S.—Je - sus a-lone can bless;

FINE. D. S.

Je - sus is mine; Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting-place,
Je - sus is mine.

242 *All for Christ.* 6, 4.

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine;

Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine;

All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

TRUST IN GOD.

R. L., by per.

1. Trust in God, my brother, All the days to come; Let your simple

REF.—Trust Him as a Father, Trust Him as a Friend, Trust Him as a

| 1st. | 2d.

faith in Him Guide you to His home.

Refuge sure, Trust Him to the (Omit.) end.

243 *Trusting to the End.*

2 Trust in God, my brother,
In the time of grief ;

While He bids your sorrow flow,
He will send relief.

3 Trust in God, my brother,
With a spirit true;
All His ways are just and right,
And He cares for you.

4 Trust in God, my brother,
'Till He bring you home,
Till your trials all shall cease
In the life to come.

TRUSTING. 7.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

CHO. —I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, O Thou Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

244 *Trusting in Christ. 7.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find. | 3 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified. |
| 2 Here I give my all to Thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine—for ever more. | 4 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfect in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb! |

REDEEMING WORK. 6.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

1. Re - deem-ing work is done; The debt of sin is paid; The

CHORUS.
precious Lamb of God, My sac - ri - fice is made. Je - sus paid it all;

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

245 *The Debt Paid. 6.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 I'll bow at Jesus' feet,
And plead His grace so free;
I'll wash me in His blood,
That blood was shed for me. | 3 Yes, Jesus paid it all;
To Him the glory be;
His love my pardon speaks,
And grace has set me free. |
|---|---|

OLIVET. 6, 4.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Sav-iour di-vine;

{ Now hear me while I pray; }
 { Take all my guilt a-way; } O let me, from this day, Be wholly Thine.

246 *Breathing after Christ.* 6, 4.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart
 My zeal inspire;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 Oh, 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;
 Oh, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul!

247 *Saviour, I look to Thee.* 6, 4.

1 Saviour, I look to Thee,
 Be Thou not far from me,
 'Mid storms that lower:

On me Thy care bestow,
 Thy loving kindness show,
 Thine arms around me throw,
 'This trying hour.

2 Saviour, I look to Thee,
 Feeble as infancy,
 Gird up my heart:
 Author of life and light,
 Thou hast an arm of might,
 Thine is the sovereign right,
 Thy strength impart.

3 Saviour, I look to Thee,
 Let me Thy fullness see,
 Save me from fear:
 While at Thy cross I kneel,
 All my backslidings heal,
 And a free pardon seal,
 My soul to cheer.

4 Saviour, I look to Thee,
 Thine shall the glory be,
 Hearer of prayer:
 Thou art my only aid,
 On Thee my soul is stayed,
 Naught can my heart invade
 While Thou art near.

MANOAH. C. M.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. I love the Lord; He heard my cries, And pitied ev - ery groan;

Long as I live, when troubles rise, I'll hast-en to His throne.

248 *Love to the Lord declared.* C. M.

2 I love the Lord; He bowed His ear,
And chased my grief away;
Oh, let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 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.

249 *Christ Precious.* C. M.

1 Jesus, delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength;
In Him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

3 The thickest clouds are soon dis-
persed,
If Jesus shows His face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.

4 When storms arise and tempests
blow,
He speaks the stilling word;

The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.

250 *Name of Jesus praised.* 6, 4.
OLIVET. 6, 4. p. 103.

1 Jesus, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord;
Oh, Thou art all to me;
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord.

2 Thou, blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord;
Oh, wondrous is Thy love,
All other loves above,—
Love that I daily prove;
Jesus, my Lord.

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord;
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord.

MORE LOVE TO THEE, 6, 4.

W. H. D., by per.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the

prayer I make, On bended knee; This is my earnest plea,

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

251 *More Love to Thee, O Christ.* 6, 4.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek;
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;

Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise—
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M.

CRANE.

1. O Lovedivine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my willing heart

All taken up by Thee? I thirst, I faint, I die, to prove

The greatness of redeeming love, The love of Christ to me.

252 *Fullness of Christ's Love.* C. P. M.
 2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
 No mortal can its riches tell,
 Nor first-born sons of light:
 In vain they long its depths to see;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, the breadth, the height.

3 O that I could for ever sit
 In transport at my Saviour's feet!
 Be this my happy choice;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear my Saviour's voice.

253 *The Love of God.* C. P. M.
 1 Oh, wondrous, vast, surpassing love,
 The theme of heavenly hosts above,
 And of the saints below!
 We only know in part while here;

But when in glory we appear,
 Then shall we fully know.
 2 It is a mystery divine
 Where justice, mercy, truth, combine
 God's glory to display;
 His righteousness is satisfied,
 Since Christ for us in love hath died,
 And borne our curse away.
 3 'Midst all the changing scenes around,
 In this no change can e'er be found,
 For God Himself is love;
 Though earthly things shall all decay,
 And heaven and earth shall pass away,
 Yet this shall ne'er remove.
 4 Once loved in Christ, for ever loved!
 God's counsel'd purpose stands unmov'd,
 Eternally the same:
 And when we change this house of clay,
 We shall, throughout eternal day,
 God's endless love proclaim.

THANE. C. M.

W. H. D., by per.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Thane'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and the word 'FINE.' written above the treble staff.

1. { There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth; }
 { It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth. }
 D. C.—No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart conceive how dear!

Musical notation for the chorus of 'Thane'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and the initials 'D. C.' written above the treble staff.

Je - sus! the name I love so well, The name I love to hear!

254 *The Name I Love.* C. M.

- 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 deepest woe,
 Who in my sorrow bears a part
 That none can bear below.
- 4 It bids my trembling heart rejoice,
 It dries each rising tear;
 It tells me, in a "still, small voice,"
 To trust, and never fear.

- For me didst suffer pains unknown,
 Blood-sweat and agony,
 Yea, death itself,—all, all for me,
 For me, Thine enemy.
- 3 Then shall I not, O Saviour mine!
 Shall I not love Thee well?
 Not with the hope of winning heaven,
 Nor of escaping hell;
 Nor with the hope of earning aught,
 Nor seeking a reward,
 But freely, fully, as Thyself
 Hast loved me, O Lord!

255 *Gratitude to Christ.* C. M.

- 1 I love Thee, O my God, but not
 For what I hope thereby;
 Nor yet because who love Thee not
 Must die eternally;
 I love Thee, O my God, and still
 I ever will love Thee,
 Solely because my God Thou art,
 Who first hast loved me.
- 2 For me, to lowest depths of woe
 Thou didst Thyself abase;
 For me didst bear the cross, the shame,
 And manifold disgrace;

256 *The Name of Jesus Precious.* C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes His sorrows, heals His wounds,
 And drives away His fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 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.
- 4 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

VARINA. C. M. D.

JOHANN C. H. RINK.

1. { I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; }
 { Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast." }

I came to Je - sus as I was, Weary and worn and sad;

I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad.

257 *All Things in Christ.* C. M. D.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold I freely give
 The living water, thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
 vived,
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 So in that Light of life I'll walk
 Till traveling days are done.

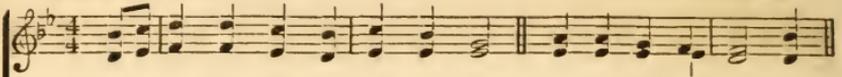
258 *Christ above All.* C. M. D.

1 Let worldly mind the world pursue -
 It has no charms for me;
 Once I admired its trifles too,
 But grace hath set me free.
 Its joys can now no longer please,
 Nor e'en content afford;
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 For I have seen the Lord.

2 Creatures no more divide my choice -
 I bid them all depart;
 His name, His love, His gracious voice,
 Have fixed my roving heart.
 And may I hope that Thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me?
 Dear Lord, I would be Thine alone,
 And wholly live to Thee.

JESUS IS MY SAVIOUR.

R. L., by per.



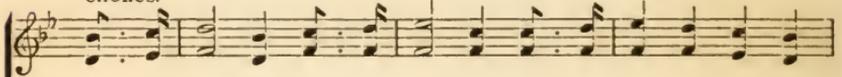
1. My soul is hap-py all day long— Je-sus is my Saviour;



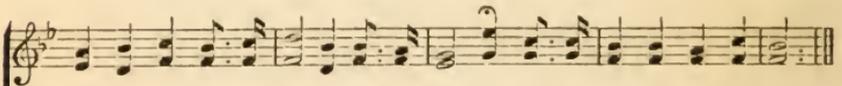
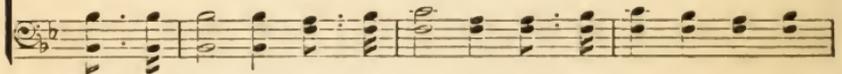
And all my life is full of song— Je-sus died for me.



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah To the lov - ing Lamb for



sinnersslain! Hal-le-lujah, hal-le-lu-jah To the Lamb who lives again!



259

Happy in Christ.

2 My heavy load of sin is gone—
Jesus is my Saviour;
At His dear cross I laid it down—
Jesus died for me.

3 I heard the voice of mercy call—
Jesus is my Saviour;

I simply trusted, that was all—
Jesus died for me.

4 Now will I tell it all around—
Jesus is my Saviour;
How sweet a blessing I have found—
Jesus died for me.

O WHO'S LIKE JESUS? C. M.

OLD MELODY.

1. Je - sus, I love Thy charming name, 'Tis music to my ear;

Fain would I sound it out so loud, That heav'n and earth might hear.

CHORUS.

O who's like Jesus? O hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord! There's

none like Je - sus; O hal - le - lu - jah! Love and serve the Lord.

260 *None like Jesus.* C. M.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust. | Not to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet. |
| 3 All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet; | 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care. |

DE FLEURY. 8. D.

LEWIS EDSON, ARR. BY H. P. M.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!

S: Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'ra. Have all lost their sweetness with me:
D. S.—But when I am happy in Him, De - cember's as pleasant as May.

FINE.

D. S.
The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

261 *No Joy without Christ.* 8. D.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;

Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. p. 39.

262 *Christ our only Joy.* C. M.

1 Jesus the very thought of Thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

4 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

TELL IT WITH JOY.

W. H. D., by per.

1. Tell it with joy, tell it with joy; Love in my bosom is glowing;

Je-sus' blood has cleans'd me, Je-sus makes me free; Tell it a-gain,

tell it a-gain; O the sweet rapture of pardon! Grace divine has sav'd me,

FINE.
And Jesus my all shall be. Wea-ry and lonely, Seeking in vain for

D. S.
pleas-ure, Far from the fold my spir-it had gone a - stray;

263*Rejoice in the Lord.*

2 Tell it with joy, tell it with joy;
Wonderful, wonderful story!
I was lost till mercy
Gently came down from heaven:
Tell it with joy, tell it with joy;
Now I am happy in Jesus;
All is calm and peaceful,
And all of my sins forgiven.
I will adore Him,
Jesus, my dear Redeemer;
Yes, I will give Him glory from day
to day.—Tell it again, &c.

3 Come unto Him, come unto Him;
Mercy is tenderly pleading;
Weary, heavy laden,
Still there's room for thee:
Only believe, only believe;
Jesus is ready and willing;
All may come and welcome,
Salvation for all is free.
Why will ye linger?
Mercy is still entreating;
Come and be happy, come and with
rapture say:—Tell it again, &c.

CONVERT. 6, 9.

R. L., by per..

1. Oh, how happy are they Who their Saviour o - bey, And have

laid up their treasures above! Tongue can nev-er express The sweet

comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

264 *Joy of a Convert.* 6, 9.

2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I had found in the blood of the Lamb;
When at first I believed,
What true joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name!

3 'Twas 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 loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died
To redeem even rebels like me."

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

LEVEL'S HYMN. 7.

265 *Value of Religion.*

1 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.

FROM MARECHIO.

1. 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.
D. s.—Never shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive and fears annoy,

266 *Glory in the Cross.* 8, 7. D.

2 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.
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

267 *Rejoicing in Hope.* 8, 7. D.

1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
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?

268 *Joy at the Cross.* 8, 7. D.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in His blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING ?

R. L., by per.

1. My life flows on in endless song; A - bove Earth's lamentation,

I catch the sweet, tho' far-off, hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion;

Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife, I hear the mu - sic ringing;

It finds an ech - o in my soul—How can I keep from singing ?

269 *Christian Life a Song.*

2 What tho' my joys and comfort die?

The Lord my Saviour liveth;

What tho' the darkness gather round?

Songs in the night He giveth;

No storm can shake my inmost calm,

While to that refuge clinging;

Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,

How can I keep from singing ?

3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows

thin;

I see the blue above it;

And day by day this pathway smooths,

Since first I learned to love it;

The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,

A fountain ever springing;

All things are mine since I am His—

How can I keep from singing ?

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS' CELL.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;

Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

270 *Heavenly Joy on Earth.* S. M.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

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

271 *The Sons of God.* S. M.

1 Behold, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. p. 21.

272 *God's Presence.* C. M.

1 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 He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me
shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His love is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror through.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

OLD AMERICAN MELODY.

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;

He justly claims a song from me; His lov-ing kindness, oh, how free!

His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, oh, how free!

273 *Christ's loving Kindness.* L. M.

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

4 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;

And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. p. 48.

274 *I desire none but Thee.* L. M.

1 Jesus, my Lord, 'tis sweet to rest
Upon Thy tender, loving breast;
Thy love, my Saviour, dries my tears,
Expels my griefs, and calms my fears.

2 Blest foretaste this of joys to come,
In Thy eternal, heavenly home,
Where I shall see Thy smiling face,
And know Thy rich, unfathom'd grace.

3 Help me to praise Thee day by day,
Till earth's dark scenes are passed
away,
Till, in Thine own unclouded light,
Thy glory satisfies my sight.

LEBANON. S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-trolled;

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,

I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a-far to roam.

275 *Christ sought me.* S. M. D.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
He found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold;
'Tis He that still doth keep.

276 *Salvation by Grace.* S. M. D.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

2 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

AMBOY. 7. D.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

1. { Children of the heav'nly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing; }
 { Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways; }
 d. c.—They are hap-py now, and ye Soon their happiness shall see.

D. C.
 Ye are traveling home to God, In the way the fathers trod;

277 *Singing Christians.* 7. D.

2 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
 There your seat is now prepared,
 There your kingdom and reward.
 Lord, submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only 'Thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

CORONATION. C. M. p. 42.

278 *Delight in praising Christ.* C. M.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear 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 thro' all the earth abroad
 The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms my fears,
 That bids my sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
 'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
 He sets the prisoner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood availed for me.

279 *The Believer safe.* 8. D.

1 A debtor to mercy alone,
 Of covenant mercy I sing;
 Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
 My person and offering to bring.
 The terrors of law and of God,
 With me can have nothing to do;
 My Saviour's obedience and blood
 Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which His goodness began,
 The arm of His strength will complete;
 His promise is yea and amen,
 And never was forfeited yet.
 Things future, nor things that are now,
 Not all things, below nor above,
 Can make Him His purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from His love.

3 My name from the palms of His hands
 Eternity will not erase;
 Impressed on His heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace.
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorified spirits in heaven.

DE FLEURY. 8. p. 116.

DRAW ME NEAREER. 10, 7.

W. H. D., by per.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near-er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me
nearer, nearer,

nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side.

280 *Drawing Near.* 10, 7.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Consecrate me now to Thy service,
Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast
hope,
And my will be lost in Thine. | When I kneel in prayer, and with
Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend! |
| 3 O the pure delight of a single
hour
That before Thy throne I spend, | 4 There are depths of love that I can-
not know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may
not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee. |

DISCIPLE. 8, 7. D.

MOZART. ARR. BY HUBERT F. MAIN.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and fol-low Thee;

Na-ked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
D. s. — Yet, how rich is my con-dition! God and heaven are still my own.

Per-ish ev-ery fond am-bition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

281 "We have left all." 8, 7. D.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks 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 may shun me;
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

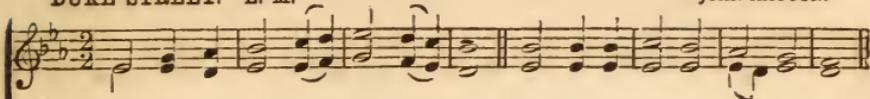
282 Consecrating our Substance. 8, 7. D.

1 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise Him all ye host above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love;
Be His kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to Him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.

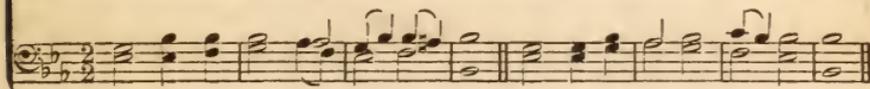
2 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to His word;
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let His friends of every station
Gladly join to spread His fame.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

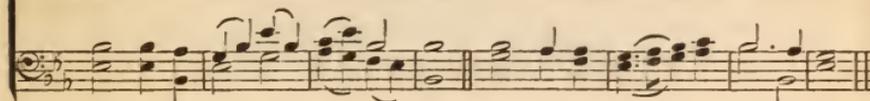
JOHN HATTON.



1. My gracious Lord, I own Thy right To every service I can pay,



And call it my supreme delight To hear Thy dictates and obey.



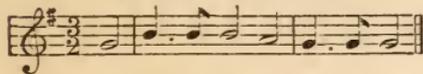
283 *Living to Christ.* L. M.

2 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, His glorious power.

ARLINGTON. C. M. p. 27.



284 *Surrendering all for Christ.* C. M.

1 And must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for Thee?
It is but right, 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 honor, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand
lives,

How worthless they appear,
Compared with Thee,—supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Saviour of souls, could I from Thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear,
And glory in my gain.

285 *God thy Refuge.*
ARLINGTON. C. M. p. 27.

1 How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever Thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give Him all.

I AM THE LORD'S, AND HE IS MINE. L. M.

R. L., by per.

1. I am the Lord's, and He is mine; O sacred ground where strife doth cease!

He takes the heart that I resign, And grants me pardon, light, and peace.

REFRAIN.

O blessed Lord! Thou art my richest joy; In Thee for ever

sweetly I a-bide; If I am Thine, and Thou art mine, What can I want beside?

286 *My Beloved is mine.* L. M.

- 2 I am the Lord's; O blessed thought! Since I am His, and He is mine,
All gain or loss He doth decree; The living Christ can make me
And, every day, whate'er my lot, whole.
He works His gracious will in me.
- 4 Lord, I am Thine, for ever Thine;
This precious truth Thou hast re-
vealed;
O blessed portion, Thou art mine!
And by Thy blood the bond is seal'd.
- 3 What though the flesh doth shrink
and pine?
No pain or grief can harm my soul;

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. 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;
D. s.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.

In sea-sons of distress and grief, My soul has oft - en found relief,

287 *Sweet Hour of Prayer.* L. M. D.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour
of prayer!

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 every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of
prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour
of prayer!

May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
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 thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of
prayer.

288*The Mercy-seat.*

RETREAT. L. M. p. 78.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,—
'Tis 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;
Tho' Sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

SWEET MOMENTS OF PRAYER. 6, 4.

W. H. D., by per.

Gently.

1. Here from the world we turn, Je-sus to seek; Here may His

lov - ing voice Ten - der - ly speak; Je - sus, our

dear - est friend, While at Thy feet we bend,

Oh, let Thy smile de - scend; 'Tis Thee we seek.

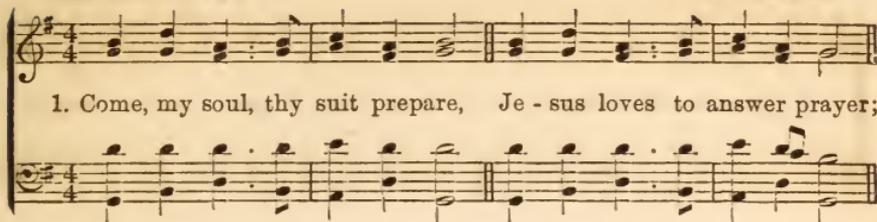
289 *Sweetness of Prayer.* 6, 4.

2 Come, Holy Comforter,
 Presence divine,
 Now in our longing hearts
 Graciously shine;
 O for Thy mighty power,
 O for a blessed shower,
 Filling this hallowed hour
 With joy divine.

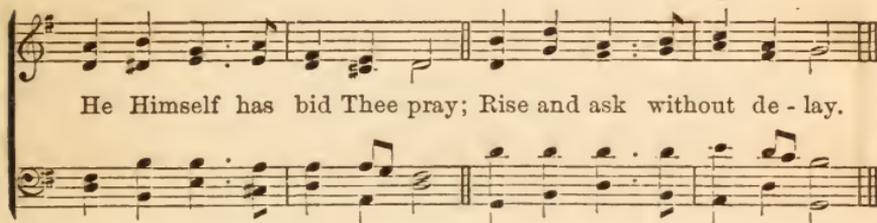
3 Saviour, Thy work revive;
 Here may we see
 Those who are dead in sin
 Quickened by Thee;
 Come to our hearts to-night,
 Make every burden light,
 Cheer Thou our waiting sight;
 We long for Thee.

PLEYEL'S HYMN, 7.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, Je - sus loves to answer prayer;



He Himself has bid Thee pray; Rise and ask without de - lay.

290 *Encouragement to Prayer.* 7.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

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

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
tain,
And without a rival reign.

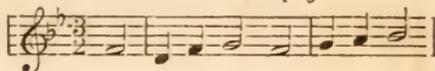
291 *Prayer for Grace.* 7.

1 Son of God, Thy blessing grant;
Still supply mine every want;
Tree of life, Thine influence shed;
From Thy fulness I am fed.

2 Unsustained by Thee, I fall;
Send the strength for which I call;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

3 All my hopes on Thee depend,
Love me, save me to the end;
Still preserve me by Thy grace;
Take the everlasting praise.

HEBRON, L. M. p. 32.

**292** *Hindrances to Prayer.* L. M.

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds
withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor
bright;

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly
spent

To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would often be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for
me!"

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR. 6, 4.

R. L., by per.

1. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.

REFRAIN.

I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - ery hour I need Thee; Oh,

bless me now, my Sav - iour; I come to Thee.

293 *Christ always needed.* 6, 4.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

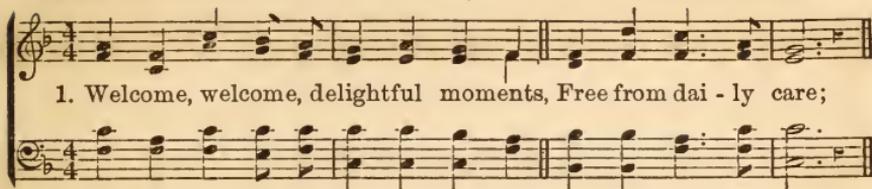
3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

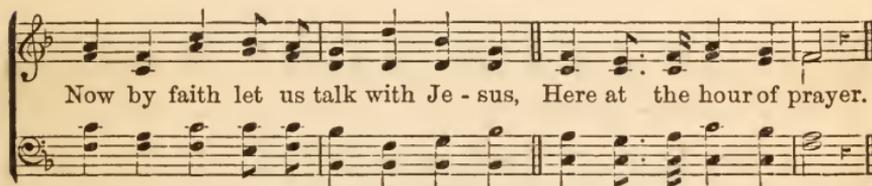
5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

HERE AT THE HOUR OF PRAYER. 9, 5.

W. H. D., by per.

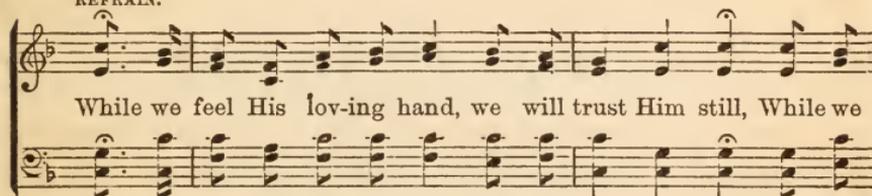


1. Welcome, welcome, delightful moments, Free from dai - ly care;

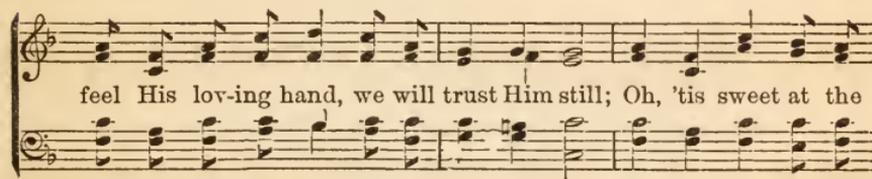


Now by faith let us talk with Je - sus, Here at the hour of prayer.

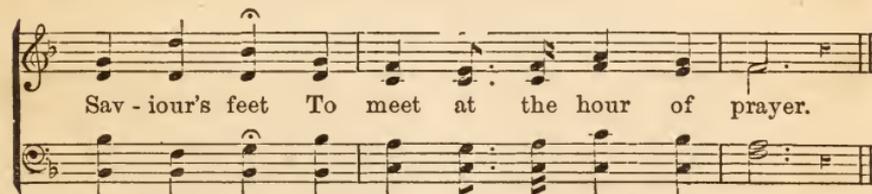
REFRAIN.



While we feel His lov-ing hand, we will trust Him still, While we



feel His lov-ing hand, we will trust Him still; Oh, 'tis sweet at the



Sav - iour's feet To meet at the hour of prayer.

294 *The hour of Prayer.* 9, 5.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 O how near to the fount of blessing,
We by prayer may live; | O for faith that will hold us ever
Near to His throne above. |
| All we ask, if we come believing,
Freely the Lord will give. | 4 Surely ne'er is a pray'r unanswer'd,
Surely ne'er unheard; |
| 3 O for more of His power within us;
O for deeper love; | If in faith it is humbly offered,
Jesus will keep His word. |

TARRY WITH ME. 8, 7, D.

R. L., by per.

1. Tarry with me, O my Saviour, For the day is passing by;

See, the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh.

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows, Paler now the glowing west,

Swift the night of death advances; Shall it be the night of rest?

295 *Tarry with me.* 8, 7, D.

2 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
 Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
 Tarry with me thro' the darkness;
 While I sleep, still watch by me.
 Tarry with me, O my Saviour;
 Lay my head upon Thy breast
 Till the morning; then awake me—
 Morning of eternal rest!

296 *I would Love Thee.* 8, 7, D.

1 I would love Thee, God and Father,
 My Redeemer, and my King;

I would love Thee, for, without Thee,
 Life is but a bitter thing.

I would love Thee; every blessing
 Flows to me from out Thy throne:
 I would love Thee; he who loves Thee
 Never feels himself alone.

2 I would love Thee; look upon me,
 Ever guide me with Thine eye:
 I would love Thee; if not nourished
 By Thy love, my soul would die.
 I would love Thee; I have vowed it;
 On Thy love my heart is set:
 While I love Thee, I will never
 My Redeemer's blood forget.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

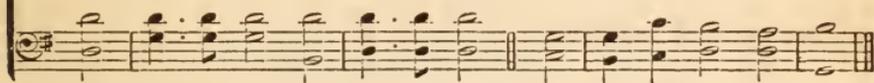
DEODATUS DUTTON, JR.



1. There is no sorrow, Lcrd, too light To bring in prayer to Thee;



There is no anxious care too slight To wake Thy sympa - thy.

**297** *Divine Sympathy.* C. M.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

298 *The Nature of Prayer.* C. M.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

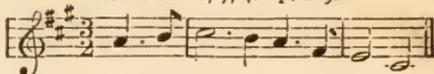
2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

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

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air

His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

AUTUMN. 8, 7, 4. p. 119.

**299** *Prayer for Guidance.* 8, 7, 4.

1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Thro' this gloomy vale of tears,
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling thro' this wilderness.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.
Oh, refresh us, etc.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
Oh, refresh us, etc.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Lead us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
Oh, refresh us, etc.

ONE BLESSED HOUR WITH JESUS. 9, 10.

W. H. D., by per.

1. One blessed hour with Je - sus our Lord, One blessed hour to

feast on His word; One blessed hour with Je - sus a - part,

One bless - ed hour to calm the troubled heart.

REFRAIN.

One sweet hour of ho - ly, calm de - light, One sweet hour of ten - der,

melting love; One sweet hour, O precious Saviour, One sweet hour with Thee.

300 *At the hour of Prayer.* 9, 10.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 One blessed hour with Jesus to
plead,
One blessed hour to tell Him our
need; | Loving and loved, His favor to share,
One blessed hour of soul reviving
prayer. |
| One blessed hour refreshing and
sweet,
One blessed hour to sit at Jesus' feet. | 4 One blessed hour with Jesus our
King,
One blessed hour to speak and to sing;
One blessed hour -with Jesus, how
dear! |
| 3 One blessed hour from labor to rest,
One blessed hour to lean on His
breast; | Surely 'tis Heaven, and Heaven itself
is here. |

NAOMI. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Fa-ther, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies,

Ac-cepted at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:

301 *Prayer for needed Grace.* C. M.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art
mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

302 *Parting with carnal Joys.* C. M.

1 My soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
On things of sense why fix my sight?
Why on its pleasures dwell?

2 There's nothing round this spa-
cious earth
That suits my soul's desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

3 No longer will I ask its love,
Nor seek its friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within its power.

4 Oh, for the pinions of a dove,
To mount the heavenly road;
There shall I share my Saviour's love,
There shall I dwell with God.

WINDHAM. L. M.

303 *The Road to Life and Death.* L. M.

1 Broad 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 esteemed 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.

BLESS ME NOW. 7.

R. L., by per..

Tenderly.

1. Heavenly Father, bless me now; At the cross of Christ I bow;

Take my guilt and grief a - way; Hear and heal me now, I pray.

REFRAIN.

Bless me now, bless me now, Heavenly Father, bless me now.

304 *Prayer for Blessing. 7.*

2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power;
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord!

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.

4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show Thy grace.

305 *Taking Christ as a King. 7.*

1 King of kings, and wilt Thou deign
O'er this wayward heart to reign?
Henceforth take it for Thy throne;
Rule here, Lord, and rule alone.

2 Then like heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for Thy high commands,
All my powers shall wait on Thee,
Captive, yet divinely free.

3 Tuned by Thee in sweet accord,
All shall sing their gracious Lord;
Love, the leader of the choir,
Breathing round her seraph fire.

4 Be it so: my heart's Thy throne;
All my powers Thy sceptre own,
And, with them on Thine own hill,
Live rejoicing in Thy will.

306 *All in All. 7.*

1 Jesus, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child;
On no other arm but Thine
Would my weary soul recline.

2 I am weakness, Thou art might;
I am darkness, Thou art light;
I am all defiled with sin,
Thou canst make me pure within.

3 Jesus, Saviour all divine,
Hast Thou made me truly Thine?
Hast Thou bought me by Thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?

4 Harken to my humble prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear;
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till I reach the blissful shore.

HIGHER THAN I. 11.

OLD MELODY.

1. In sea - sons of grief to my God I'll re -

pair, When my heart is o'erwhelm - ed with sor - row and care;

From the ends of the earth un - to 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.

307

Christ a Rock. 11.

- 2 When Satan, the tempter, comes in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I will pray to the Lord, who for sinners did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
- 3 And when I have finished my pilgrimage here,
Complete in Christ's righteousness I shall appear,
In the swellings of Jordan all danger defy,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

BETHANY. 6, 4.

DR. LOWELL MASON, by per.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, —Nearer to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross

That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my

God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

308 *Nearer to God.* 6, 4.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
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 And when 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!

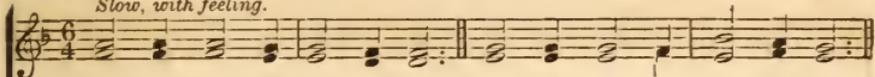
309 *Fountain of Life Divine.* 6, 4.

1 Fountain of life divine,
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly Thine
For evermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Thy light restore.

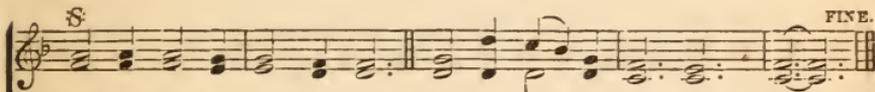
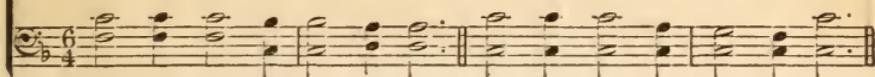
2 Though to our eyes unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On Thee by faith we lean
While life remains;
By Thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains.

MORE LIKE JESUS. 7. D.

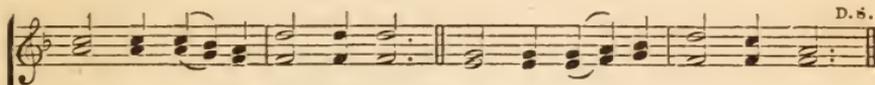
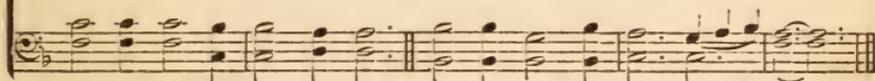
w. H. D., by per.

Slow, with feeling.

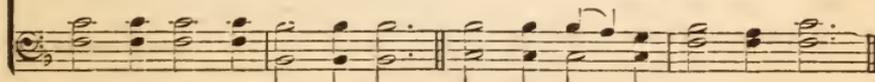
1. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Saviour dwell in me,



Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gentle as a dove.
 d. s. Poor in spirit would I be— Let my Saviour dwell in me.



More like Jesus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low;

**310** *More like Jesus. 7. D.*

2 If He hears the raven's cry,
 If His ever-watchful eye
 Marks the sparrows when they fall,
 Surely He will hear my call.
 He will teach me how to live,
 All my sinful thoughts forgive;
 Pure in heart I still would be—
 Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus when I pray,
 More like Jesus day by day,
 May I rest me by His side,
 Where the tranquil waters glide.
 Born of Him, thro' grace renewed,
 By His love my will subdued,
 Rich in faith I still would be—
 Let my Saviour dwell in me.

311 *Following Jesus. 7. D.*

1 Christ to heaven is gone before
 In the body here He wore;
 He that as our Brother died,
 Is our Brother glorified.
 Fear not, ye of little faith,
 For He hath abolished death;
 And no longer now we die,
 We but follow Christ on high.

2 And before each fainting one,
 Dreading the dark way alone,
 Now appear His footsteps bright,
 Far diffusing holiest light.
 As our Shepherd He is there,
 With the comfort of His care;
 Fear no evil, doubt no more,
 Christ to heaven is gone before.

BINGHAM. 7, 6, 8.

ARR. BY HUBERT P. MAIN.

FINE.

1. { Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of creature good! }
 { On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with His blood; }
 D. C. — On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

D. C.

All thy pleasures I forego, I trample on thy wealth and pride;

312 *Christ and Him crucified.* 7, 6, 8.

2 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.

3 Oh, that I could all invite
 This saving truth to prove,
 Show the length, the breadth, the height
 And depth of Jesus' love!
 Fain would I to sinners show
 The precious blood by faith applied:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

This I should have long implored,
 For Thou hast all my vileness known;
 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.

313 *The Backslider's Prayer.* 7, 6, 8.

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

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through Thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart;

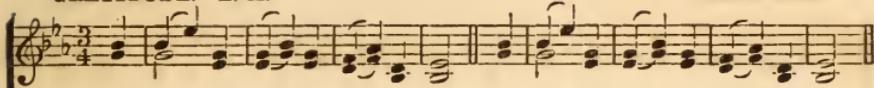
314 *The Spirit Witnessing.* 7, 6, 8.

1 Saviour, I Thy word believe;
 My unbelief remove;
 Now Thy quickening Spirit give,
 The unction from above.
 Show me, Lord, how good Thou art;
 Thy gracious word in me fulfill;
 Send the witness to my heart;
 The Holy Ghost reveal.

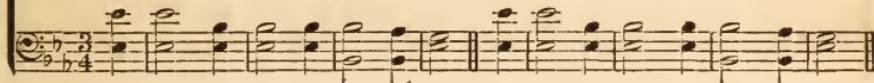
2 Blessed Comforter, come down,
 And live and move in me;
 Make my every deed Thine own,
 In all things led by Thee.
 Bid my sin and fear depart,
 And now within me deign to dwell;
 Faithful witness in my heart,
 Thy perfect light reveal.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

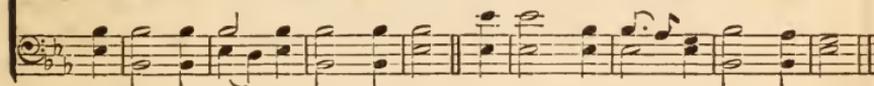
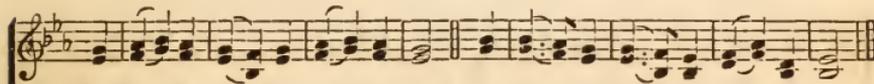
REV. AMI BOST.



1. My God, permit me not to be A stranger to myself and Thee;



Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, Forget - ful of my highest love.

**315** *Holy Aspiration.* L. M.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,

And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;

I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes with-
drawn:

Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

316 *Exemplifying the Gospel.* L. M.

1 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,
Ambition, 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.

317 *Sufficiency of Grace.* L. M.

1 In vain my roving thoughts would
find

A portion worthy of the mind;
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.

2 Can lasting happiness be found
Where seasons roll their hasty round,
And days and hours, with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?

3 Arise, my thoughts; my heart, arise;
Leave this vain world, and seek the
skies;

There purest joys forever last,
When seasons, days, and hours are
past.

4 Come, Lord, Thy powerful grace im-
part:
Thy grace can raise my wandering
heart

To pleasure, perfect and sublime,
Unmeasured by the wing of time.

BALERMA, C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

318 *Longing for God.* c. m.

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.

319 *Purity of Heart.* c. m.

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

2 Oh, for a heart submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,

Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 Oh, for a humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Oh, write Thy name upon my heart;
Thy name, O God, is Love.

320 *Desires for Holiness.* c. m.

1 Oh, could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His rod.

2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest 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 frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.

CLOSER TO THEE. 10, 12.

w. H. D., by per.

1. Clos - er I'd live to Thee, clos - er to Thee; Hid 'neath Thy

shelt'ring wing my soul would be; This still my song shall be to all e -

ter - ni - ty— Clos - er I'd live to Thee, clos - er to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Closer to Thee, Closer to Thee, Closer, dear Lord, to Thee, Closer to Thee.

321

Living near to Christ. 10, 12.

- 2 Often the narrow way seems clouded o'er;
The eye of faith grows dim; doubts come before;
Yet, 'tis my prayer to Thee, O that my heart may be
Closer brought unto Thee, closer to Thee.
- 3 Footsore I onward press, trusting and true,
Knowing Thy loving arm will bear me through;
This theme, eternally, my prayer and song shall be,
Closer I'd live to Thee, closer to Thee.
- 4 When on my vision falls the morning light,
O what a glorious crown shall greet my sight!
Then I shall go to be closer, dear Lord, to Thee,
Closer, dear Lord, to Thee, closer to Thee.

NETTLETON. 8, 7. D.

OLD AMERICAN MELODY.

FINE.

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
d. c.—Praise the mount—oh, fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love.

Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise;

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above; D. C.

322 *The Fount of Blessing.* 8, 7. D.

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 save my soul from danger,

Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor

Daily I'm constrained to be!

Let that grace, Lord, 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.

Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;

All Thy faithful mercies crown;

Jesus, Thou art all compassion;

Pure, unbounded love Thou art;

Visit us with Thy salvation;

Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy Holy Spirit

Into every troubled breast;

Let us all Thy grace inherit;

Let us find Thy promised rest:

Take away the love of sinning;

Take our load of guilt away;

End the work of Thy beginning;

Bring us to eternal day.

DISCIPLE. 8, 7. D. p. 126.

323 *Desiring Sanctification.* 8, 7. D.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,

Joy of heaven, to earth come down;

3 Carry on Thy new creation;

Pure and holy may we be;

Let us see our whole salvation

Perfectly secured by Thee;

Change from glory into glory,

Till in heaven we take our place,

Till we cast our crowns before Thee,

Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

I AM PRAYING FOR YOU. 11, 12.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing

Sav - iour, tho' earth - friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in

ten - der - ness o'er me; And O that my Sav - iour were

f CHORUS. your Saviour too! For you I am pray - ing, For you I am

f pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you. *pp* *rall.*

324

Prayer for the Sinner. 11, 12.

- 2 I have a robe; 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!
- 3 I have a peace; it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And O could I know it was given to you!
- 4 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

DENNIS, S. M.

HANS GEORG NÄGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;

The fel-lowship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.

325 *Christian Fellowship.* S. M.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

326 *Compassion of Christ.* S. M.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

327 *Attachment to the Church.* S. M.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
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 prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly 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 every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

ONE IN CHRIST. 7, 6. Pec.

w. H. D., by per.

Slow and gliding.

1. Here in Christian love we meet, One in Christ, One in Christ;

Precious bond of un-ion sweet, One in Christ, One in Christ;

Here be-fore His throne we bend, Heart and mind and spir-it blend,

While our pray'rs of faith as-cend; One in Christ, One in Christ.

328 *Christian Love.* 7, 6. Pec.

2 Filled with rapture, lost in praise,
 One in Christ, One in Christ;
 Here our grateful song we raise,
 One in Christ, One in Christ;
 Blessed name! our Saviour dear;
 May we feel His presence near,
 Making of His children here,
 One in Christ, One in Christ.

3 May we still in love abide,
 One in Christ, One in Christ;
 Walking ever by His side,
 One in Christ, One in Christ;
 When our trials all are o'er,
 May we reach the heavenly shore,
 There to dwell forever more,
 One in Christ, One in Christ;

329 *Importance and Influence of Love.*
 DOWNS. C. M. p. 57.

1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast;
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear;
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move;
 The devils know, and tremble too,
 But they can never love.

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

PORTUGUESE HYMN, 11.

JOHN READING.

1. How firm a found-a - tion, ye saints of the Lord,

Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word!

What more can He say than to you He hath said,

You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?

You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?

330 *The firm Foundation.* 11.

2 In every condition,—in sickness At home and abroad, on the land, on
and health, the sea,—
In poverty's vale, or abounding in As thy day may demand, shall thy
wealth, strength ever be.

3 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, 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 leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake!

331 *Unbelief Banished.*
PORTUGUESE HYMN. II. p. 150.

1 Begone, unbelief, for my Saviour is near,
And for my relief He will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Determined to save me, He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I was sporting with death;
And can He have taught me to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?

3 Though dark be my pathway, since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, and 'tis His to provide;
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

4 His love, in time past, must forbid me to think
He'll leave me at last in my trouble to sink;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song!

332 *The Pilgrim's Song.*
PORTUGUESE HYMN. II. p. 150.

1 My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hush'd, my dark spirit; the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Or building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city that hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy;
The bitterest tears, if He smiles but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

4 Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at its close;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my Saviour will make up for all.

WARD. L. M. p. 17.



333 *Walking by Faith.* L. M.

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

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

3 With joy we tread the desert thro',
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Tho' lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

BEULAH LAND. L. M.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, With all its riches free - ly mine;

Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land, As on thy highest mount I stand, I

look away a - cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me, And

view the shining glory shore, My heav'n, my home for-ev - ermore!

334 *Beulah Land.* L. M.

2 The Saviour comes and walks with me, Then I rejoice in deep distress,
And sweet communion here have we; Upheld by all-sufficient grace.
He gently leads me with His hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 The zephyrs seem to float to me All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody, Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
As angels, with the white-robed throng, While He my sinking head sustains.

335 *Strength from Christ.*
ROCKINGHAM. L. M. p. 48.

1 Let me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak then I am strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

DUNDEE. C. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC.

1. Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by every foe;

That will not tremble on the brink Of any earthly woe;—

336 *Prayer for strong Faith.* C. M.

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief and pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A Friend and Helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And His shall be the praise.

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 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed
bliss
Of an eternal home.

337 *Divine Help.* C. M.

1 Forever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends His Spirit with His word,
To arm me for the field.

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

DENNIS. S. M. p. 148.

338 *Gentleness of God's Commands.* S. M.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's
throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. 6, 5.

R. L., by per.

1 In some way or oth - er, The Lord will pro-vide;

It may not be *my* way, It may not be *thy* way,

And yet, in His *own* way, "The Lord will pro-vide."

339 *Jehovah-jireh.* 6, 5.

2 At some time or other,
The Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time,
And yet, in His *own* time,
"The Lord will provide."

3 Despond, then, no longer,
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious
With shoutings victorious,
We join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

340 *God's Will.* C. M.

1 I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love Thee more and more.

2 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

3 Ill that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His dear will.

4 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

MANOAH. C. M. p. 109.

GILMORE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. He leadeth me! O blessed thought, O words with heav'nly comfort fraught,

Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He leadeth me;

His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.

341 *He Leadeth Me.* L. M.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfil,
In life, in death, Thy perfect will;
No succors in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

3 Our days are numbered: let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care;
'Tis Thine to number out our days;
'Tis ours to give them to Thy praise.

342 *Resignation to Christ's Will.* L. M.

1 If life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it; I am well content;

4 Faith is our only business here,—
Faith simple, constant, and sincere;
Oh, blessed days Thy servants see,
Thus spent, O Lord, in pleasing Thea

GUIDE ME. 8, 7, 4.

R. L., by per.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy powerful hand:

Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

343 *God the Pilgrim's Guide.* 8, 7, 4.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 2 When we halt, no track discovering,
Fearful lest we go astray,
O'er our path the pillar hovering,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Shall direct us;
Thus we shall not miss our way.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.
- 3 When we hunger, Thou wilt feed us,
Manna shall our camp surround;
Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt lead us;
Streams shall from the rock abound:
Happy Israel,
What a Saviour thou hast found!

344 *Christ our Leader.* 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Saviour, through the desert lead us,
Without Thee we cannot go;
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
Thou hast laid the tyrant low;
Let Thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.
- 4 When our foes in arms assemble,
Ready to obstruct our way,
Suddenly their hearts shall tremble,
Thou wilt strike them with dismay;
And Thy people,
Led by Thee, shall win the day.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

G. W. MORNINGTON.

1. Laborers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil;

The dew of promise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.

345 *Work in my Vineyard.* S. M.

- 2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.
- 3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.
- 4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love,
A mantle, round your breast.
- 5 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

346 *Heartily as to the Lord.* S. M.

- 1 Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.
- 2 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.
- 3 If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

347 *Active effort to do good.* S. M.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.
- 4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

348 *Bear ye one another's Burdens.* S. M.

- 1 O praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.
- 2 O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe,
By deeds of holy love!
- 3 Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

THIS I DID FOR THEE. 6, 5.

W. H. D., by per

Slow.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransom'd be,

And quickened from the dead; I gave my life for thee; What hast thou done for Me?

CHORUS.

This I did for thee; What hast thou done for Me?

This I did for thee; What hast thou done for Me? Yes,

This I did for thee; What hast thou done for Me?

this I did for thee;

349 *I gave My Life for Thee.* 6, 5.

2 I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity

Of joy thou mightest know;
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent one for Me?

3 My Father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for Me?

4 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,

Of bitterest agony,

To rescue thee from hell;
I suffered much for thee;
What dost thou bear for Me?

5 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My house above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to Me?

6 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Give thou thyself to Me,
And I will welcome thee!

WORK. 7, 6, 5.

DR. LOWELL MASON, by per.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;

Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid springing flowers:

Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glowing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

350 *Work while it is called Day.* 7, 6, 5.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies:
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

351 *Clinging to Jesus.* 7, 6, 5.

1 Follow the paths of Jesus,
Walk where His footsteps lead;
Keep in His beaming presence,
Every counsel heed:
Watch, while the hours are flying,
Ready some good to do;
Quick, while His voice is calling,
Yield obedience true.

2 Cling to the hand of Jesus,
All through the day and night;
Dark though the way and dreary,
He will guide you right:
Live for the good of others,
Helpless, oppressed, and wrong;
Lift them from depths of sorrow,
In His strength be strong.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6, 4.

R. L., by per.

1. { Saviour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gavest me, }
 { Nor should I aught withhold, Dear (Omit.) . . } Lord, from Thee; In love my
 soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.

The musical score is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It features a treble and bass clef. The first system includes first and second endings. The lyrics are written below the notes.

352 *What wilt Thou have me do?* 6, 4.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
 Pleading for me,
 My feeble faith looks up,
 Jesus, to Thee;
 Help me the cross to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Some song to raise, or prayer,
 Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
 Likeness to Thee—
 That each departing day
 Henceforth may see

Some work of love begun,
 Some deed of kindness done,
 Some wanderer sought and won,
 Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have—
 Thy gifts so free—
 In joy, in grief, through life,
 Dear Lord, for Thee!
 And when Thy face I see,
 My ransomed soul shall be,
 Through all eternity,
 Something for Thee.

STOCKWELL. 8, 7.

REV. DARIUS R. JONES.

1. He that go - eth forth with weeping, Bearing precious seed in love,
 Never tir - ing, never sleeping, Findeth mercy from a - bove.

The musical score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a treble and bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

353 *Zeal Rewarded.* 8, 7.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
 Bright the rays celestial shine;
 Precious fruits will thus be given,
 Thro' an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
 Let no fears thy soul annoy;
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

W. H. D., by per.

1. Res-cue the perish-ing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from
Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, Tell them of Jesus, the

1st. sin and the grave; }
(Omit.)..... } mighty to save. Res-cue the perish-ing,
2d. CHORUS.

Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

354 *Rescue the Perishing.*

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can
restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate
once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will
provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has
died.

Life's Work.

355 STOCKWELL. 8, 7. p. 160.

1 Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.
2 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Pressing Onward.

356 STOCKWELL. 8, 7. p. 160.

1 Like the eagle, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne;
Calmly gazing skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn.
2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be.
3 Oh, may I no longer, dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward press my way.

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK.

R. L., by per..

1. One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is

nearer, And Christ is dearer Than yester-day, to me; His love and

CHORUS.
light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for Jesus, One

more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me.

357 *One more day's work for Jesus.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 One more day's work for Jesus!
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak His beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought,
How Christ my life has bought.</p> | <p>4 One more day's work for Jesus!
O yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all,—
Before His face I fall.</p> |
| <p>3 One more day's work for Jesus!
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!</p> | <p>5 O blessed work for Jesus!
O rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet;
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!</p> |

IVES, 7. D.

Arr. by ELAM IVES, JR.

1. Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but should not fear;

Foes we have, but we've a Friend, One that loves us to the end :
D. s. Soon the joyful news will come, "Child, your Father calls,—come home!"

Forward, then, with courage go, Long we shall not dwell below;

358 *The Conflict short.* 7. D.

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:
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 oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls,—come
home!"

359 *Fight the good Fight of Faith.* 7. D.

1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of life:
Let no sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your
need.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song:
Onward, then, to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

Vigorously, in march time.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry; See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm, ev - ery one;

CHORUS. *f*
Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word. Rouse then, soldiers,

ral - ly round the banner; Ready, steady, pass the word a - long;

Onward, forward, shout aloud Hosanna! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

360 *The Fight of Faith.*

2 Strong to meet the foe,
Marching on we go,
While our cause we know
Must prevail;
Shield and banner bright
Gleaming in the light,
Battling for the right,
We ne'er can fail.

3 O Thou God of all,
Hear us when we call,
Help us, one and all,
By Thy grace;
When the battle's done,
And the victory won,
May we wear the crown
Before Thy face.

361 TUNE—"HOLD THE FORT."

LABAN. S. M. p. 45.

1 Forward, brave men, to the battle,
Hear the call of God;
Prove your courage in the conflict,
Tread where worthies trod.



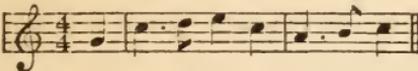
CHO.—
Lift aloft the cross of Jesus,
Hold it high and strong;
Shout aloud the name of Jesus—
Swell the battle-song.

2 Faith our shield, and hope our
helmet,
Satan's hosts we face;
Marshaled in the might of Jesus,
Win we by His grace.

3 Catch the order of our Captain;
Wield the Spirit's sword;
Onward, fearless, press to conquer,
Slaying with His word.

4 Sharers in the glad hosanna,
All who will believe,
And who, joyful, hail His banner,
Crowns of life receive.

BROWN. C. M. p. 4.



362 *The Christian Soldier.* C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

363 *Watchfulness Inculcated.*

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

2 Oh, 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.

364 *Christian Soldier's Strength.* S. M.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God sup-
plies,
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle and fight and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

LET US BOLDLY STAND,

w. h. b., by per.

1. With the eyes of our faith on the Hill of the Lord, And our strength in the

arm of His might; With the buckler and shield He commands us to wear,

CHORUS.
Let us boldly stand up for the right. Pressing on - ward, Pressing
ever on,

on - ward, With the day star of Hope beaming bright, Pressing on, ever
ever on,

on, Pressing on, ev - er on, Let us boldly stand up for the right.

365

By Faith ye stand.

- 2 Let us learn of our Saviour, the lowly and meek,
For His yoke and His burden are light;
In the conflict of life we shall triumph at last,
If we boldly stand up for the right.
- 3 There's a morn that will dawn on the faithful and just,
And dispel every shadow of night;
There's a crown for the cross that is borne to the end;
Let us boldly stand up for the right.

WEBB. 7, 6.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1830.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
D. s. Till ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my shall be led,

366 *Stand up for Jesus.* 7, 6.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

367 *The Christian Race.*

CHRISTMAS. C. M. p. 39.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly 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 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

MY SOUL WILL OVERCOME. C. M.

R. L., by per.

1. Helpless I come to Je-sus' blood, And all myself resign; I lose my

REFRAIN.

weakness in that flood, And gather strength divine. My soul will o-vercome

by the blood of the Lamb, My soul will overcome by the blood of the Lamb; Over-

come, o-ver-come, O-vercome by the blood of the Lamb.

Overcome, My soul will o-vercome,

368 *Overcoming the World.* C. M.

2 'Tis Jesus gives me life within,
And nerves me for the fray;
He spoiled the hosts of death and sin,
And took their power away.

3 Tho' clouds of conflict hide my view,
And foes are fierce and strong,
In Jesus' name I'll struggle through,
And enter heaven with song.

ZION. 8, 7, 4.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. { Zi - on stands with hills surrounded, — Zi - on kept by power divine; }
 { All her foes shall be confounded, Tho' the world in arms combine: }

Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine;

Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!

369 *God the Defence of Zion.* 8, 7, 4.

2 Every human tie may perish,
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish,
 Heaven 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.

2 Through ten thousand channels
 flowing,
 Streams of mercy find their way;
 Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
 Waking beauty from decay:
 O ye nations,
 Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
 All-enriching as it goes,
 Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
 Buds and blossoms as the rose;
 Lo! the desert
 Sings for joy where'er it flows.

370 *Zion a Blessing.* 8, 7, 4.

1 See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
 Streams of living water flow;
 God has opened there a fountain
 That supplies the world below;
 They are blessed
 Who its sovereign virtues know.

371 *Doxology.* 8, 7, 4.

Glory be to God the Father,
 Glory be to God the Son,
 Glory be to God the Spirit,
 Great Jehovah, Three in One;
 Glory, glory,
 While eternal ages run.

HALLELUJAH! WHO SHALL PART? 7. 6L.

R. L., by per.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah ! who shall part Christ's own church from Christ's own heart?

Sev - er from the Saviour's side Souls for whom the Saviour died?

Dash one precious jew - el down From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?

372 *Who shall Separate us?* 7. 6L.

2 Hallelujah ! shall the sword
Part us from our glorious Lord?
Trouble dark or dire disgrace
E'er the Spirit's seal efface?
Famine, nakedness, or hate,
Bride and Bridegroom separate?

3 Hallelujah ! life nor death,
Powers above nor powers beneath,
Monarch's might nor tyrant's doom,
Things that are nor things to come,
Men nor angels, e'er shall part
Christ's own church from Christ's own
heart.

373 *Doxology.* 7. 6L.

Praise to God on high be given;
Praise Him all in earth and heaven;
Praise Him at the dawn of light;
Praise Him at returning night;
Saints below, and saints above,
Praise, O praise the God of love.

374 *The Church, God's Dwelling.*

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.
Lord, Thy church is still Thy dwelling,
Still is precious in Thy sight,
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

2 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
Round her habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

AUTUMN. 8, 7. D. p. 119.

HINDER ME NOT. C. M.

OLD MELODY.

1. In all my Lord's appointed ways My journey I'll pur-sue;

"Hin - der me not," ye much loved saints, For I must go with you.
"Hin - der me not," ye much loved saints, For I must go with you.

For I must go with you, For I must go with you;

375

Hinder me not. C. M.

- 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 Thro' duties, and thro' 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,
death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.—

- Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
- 2 'Tis done,—the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
- 4 High heaven that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HAPPY DAY.

376

The Baptismal Vow. L. M.

- 1 Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God;

That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HOWELL. 8, 7, 4.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. { Thou hast said, ex - alt - ed Je - sus, "Take thy cross and follow me;" }
 { Shall the word with terror seize us? Shall we from the burden flee? }

Lord, I'll take it, Lord, I'll take it, And, re - joicing, follow Thee.

377 *Buried with Christ by Baptism.* 8, 7, 4. And He who came our souls to save,
 In Jordan bowed His head.

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.

2 He taught the solemn way;
 He fixed the holy rite;
 He bade His ransomed ones obey,
 And keep the path of light.

3 Blest the 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:
 Oh, what pleasure,
 Buried with my Lord to be!

3 Blest Saviour, we will tread
 In Thy appointed way;
 Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
 And smile on us to-day.

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
 Should I suffer shame or loss,
 Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
 I have been where Jesus was,
 Will revive me
 When I faint beneath the cross.

379 *The Spirit desired.*
 ROCKINGHAM. L. M. p. 48.

5 Fellowship with Him possessing,
 Let me die to earth and sin;
 Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
 Which the faithful soul shall win:
 May I ever
 Follow where my Lord has been.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
 On these baptismal waters shine;
 And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
 To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We love Thy name, we love Thy laws,
 And joyfully embrace Thy cause;
 We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain,
 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We sink beneath Thy mystic flood;
 Oh, bathe us in Thy cleansing blood;
 We die to sin, and seek a grave
 With Thee, beneath the yielding wave.

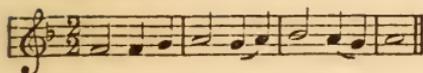
STATR STREET. S. M. p. 65.

378 *The Baptism of Christ.* S. M.

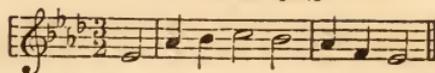
1 Down to the sacred wave
 The Lord of Life was led;

4 And as we rise, with Thee to live,
 Oh, let the Holy Spirit give
 The sealing unction from above,
 The breath of life, the fire of love.

HAMBURG. L. M. p. 33.



MELODY. C. M. p. 43.



380 "In Remembrance of Me." L. M.

1 Draw near, O Holy Dove, draw near,
With peace and gladness on Thy
wing;
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,
And light, and life, and comfort
bring.

2 "Eat, O my friends; drink, O beloved!"
We hear the Master's voice exclaim;
Our hearts with new desires are moved,
And kindled with a heavenly flame.

3 No room for doubts, no room for
dread,
Nor tears, nor groans, nor anxious
sighs;

We do not mourn a Saviour dead,
But hail Him living in the skies.

4 While this we do, remembering Thee,
Dear Saviour, let our graces prove
We have Thy blessed company,
Thy banner over us is love.

381 *Forget not Christ.* L. M.

1 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 Renounce thy works and ways with
grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In Him, and He himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms,
forget?

4 Oh, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my
heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

382 *For Me.* C. M.

1 Here at Thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
Oh, what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

3 Sure, there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour,—so divine:
Well Thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to Thine.

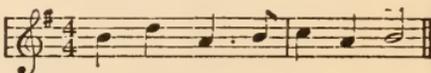
383 *Christ's Love to Us.* C. M.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song;
Oh, may His love,—immortal flame,—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can
reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

PLEVEL'S HYMN. 7. p. 131.



384 *Prayer to Christ.*

1 Jesus, Master, hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record Thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding there for me.

FELLOWSHIP. 7.

R. L., by per.

1. Peo-ple of the liv-ing God, I have sought the world around,

Paths of sin and sor-row trod, Peace and comfort no-where found.

385 *The Convert's Choice.* 7.

- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, 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.

The fields of Zion thirst for rain,
Oh, send a gracious shower.

- 2 Our hearts are filled with sore distress,
While sinners all around
Are pressing on to endless death,
And no relief is found.
- 3 Dear Saviour, come with quickening pow'r;
Thy mourning people cry;
Salvation bring in mercy's hour,
Nor let the sinner die.

386 *My Sheep hear My Voice.* 7.

- 1 Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on Thee my every care,
Bear me, on Thy bosom bear.
- 2 Let me know my Shepherd's voice;
More and more in Thee rejoice;
More and more of Thee receive;
Ever in Thy Spirit live,—
- 3 Live till all Thy life I know,
Following Thee, my Lord, below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.
- 4 Oh, that I at last may stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand,
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by Thee to heaven!

388 *Pardoning Love.* C. M.

- 1 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;
Oh, 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?
- 4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
Oh, keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

ST. MARTINS. C. M. p. 55.

387 *Converting Grace implored.* C. M.

- 1 Come, Lord, in mercy come again,
With Thy converting power;

KENTUCKY. S. M.

AARON CHAPIN.

1. O Lord, Thy work re - vive In Zi - on's gloomy hour,

And let our dy - ing graces live By Thy re - stor - ing pow'r.

389 *Revive Thy Work.* S. M.

- 2 Oh, let Thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their sacred vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend Thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
Oh, come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on Thee rely.

390 *Joy in Salvation.* S. M.

- 1 Who can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King,
His saving power displays?—
- 2 When sinners at His feet,
By mercy conquered, fall?
When grace and truth and justice
meet,
And peace unites them all?
- 3 Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming
grace
Invites our tongues to sing?

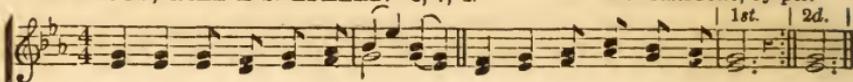
391 *Prayer for Revival.* 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Saviour, visit Thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come 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 Thine assistance,
Every 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 prayers;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares:
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.
- 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.

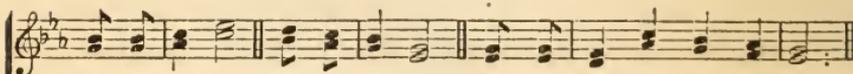
NETTLETON. 8, 7, 4. p. 146.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8, 7, 4.

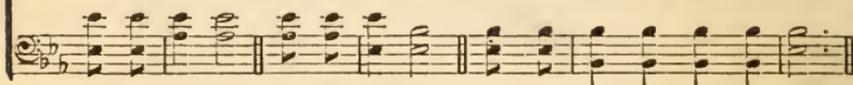
WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



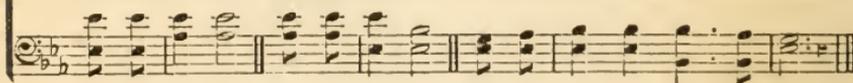
1. { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend' rest care; }
 { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre- . . . } pare:



Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;



Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

**392** *Like a Shepherd.* 8, 7, 4.

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, oh, hear us, 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,
 We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

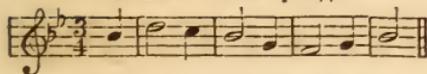
393 *Youthful Workers.* 8, 7, 4.

1 In the vineyard of our Father,
 Daily work we find to do;
 Scattered gleanings we may gather,
 Tho' we are but young and few;
 Little clusters
 Help to fill the garner too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
 Catching moments through the day,
 Nothing small or lowly scorning,
 Will we work, and watch, and pray;
 Gathering gladly
 Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,
 Heavenly Father, may we be;
 And for ever, and for ever,
 We will give the praise to Thee;
 Hallelujah
 Singing, all eternity.

BALERMA. C. M. p. 144.



394 *Importance of Religion.* C. M.

- 1 Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May we its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amid our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the solemn tomb.
- 3 Oh, may our hearts, by grace renewed,
Be our Redeemer's throne;
And be our stubborn wills subdued,
His government to own.

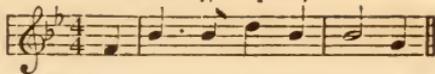
395 *The kind Shepherd.* C. M.

- 1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent
prayer,
And yield them up to Thee;
With humble trust that we are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

396 *Happiness of Early Piety.* C. M.

- 1 How happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His 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 hoary head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

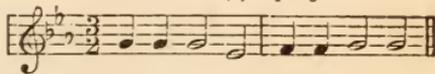
WEBB. 7, 6. p. 167.



397 *Children's Praises.* 7, 6.

- 1 O dear and blessed Jesus,
We come with songs of praise;
Our thankful hearts and voices
To Thee we gladly raise;
Though Thou art high and holy,
'Mid angels bright above,
Yet we on earth so lowly
May reach Thee with our love.
- 2 For Thou in Thy compassion
Didst leave Thy heavenly home,
And didst in Bethlehem's manger
A little child become;
Didst live a life of sorrow,
And die a death of shame,
That Thou might'st give salvation
To all who trust Thy name.
- 3 O dear and blessed Jesus,
Accept our loving song,
As now we come to praise Thee,
A thankful, happy throng;
As we recount Thy story,
We wonder and adore;
Oh, may we sing Thy glory
Both now and evermore.

TALMAR. 8, 7. p. 25.



398 *Prayer for the Children.* 8, 7.

- 1 Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding,
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
And the feeble gently leading
While the lambs Thy bosom share,
- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way.
- 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

GO PROCLAIM THE WONDROUS STORY. 8, 7. D.

R. L., by per.

1. Go proclaim the wondrous story, Tell how Jesus loved and died,

Till the world, redeem'd, shall glory In a Sav - iour cru - ci - fied;

Blessed day! 'tis now be - gin - ning; Orient beams a - dorn the sky;

Glorious triumphs dai - ly winning, "Vic - to - ry!" the heralds cry.

399 *Preach the Gospel.* 8, 7. D.

2 Dally not in vain debating;
Men of Israel, to the strife!
Hear the cry of millions waiting,
Asking for the Bread of Life;
Pray and labor, bring your treasure,
Give yourself, if Jesus need;
Let it be supremest pleasure
Hungry souls for Christ to feed.

3 Up, ye men of God! nor dally;
Consecrate yourselves to-day;
Round the cross of Jesus rally,
He will lead you to the fray;
To the battle, brave and steady!
"Onward!" bethewatchword, "On!"
Crowns and palms for all are ready,
When the final day is won.

400 *Work for All.* 8, 7. D.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus, crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

2 If you can not cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you can not give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1824.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,

Where Af - ric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand,—

From many an ancient riv - er, From many a palmy plain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

405 *Conversion of the Heathen.* 7, 6.

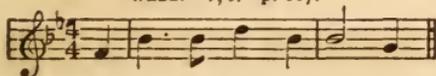
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

WEBB. 7, 6. p. 167.

**406** *Success of the Gospel.*

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

407 *Home Missions.* 7, 6.

1 Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies:
Day gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore:
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the Western Vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest:
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

DUKE STREET. L. M. p. 127.

**408** *Christ's Universal Reign.*

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

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

STRIKE THE HARP OF ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. ^{1st.} Strike the harp of Zi - on, wake the tuneful lay; Bear the joyful
Lo! the morn is breaking, morn of pur - est love; (Omit.....)

tidings far a - way; } Praise forev - er, praise to God a - bove.
.....) ^{2nd.}

CHORUS.
Glory! glory! hark! the angels sing; Glory! glory! hear the echo ring!

Strike the harp of Zi - on, wake the tuneful lay; Bear the joy - ful

ti - dings far a - way, far away, Bear the joyful tidings far a - way.

409

Bear the joyful Tidings.

- 2 Over distant regions veiled in error's night,
See the holy dawn of gospel light;
See the nations coming at the Saviour's call,
Coming now to crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 O the joyful story, life to every soul!
Like a mighty ocean let it roll.
Bringing home the lost ones from the path of sin,
Till the world shall all be gathered in.

AMERICA. 6, 4.

UNKNOWN.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev - ery mountain side Let freedom ring.

410 *National Hymn.* 6, 4.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

411 *Prayer for our Country.* 6, 4.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;

When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

412 *The Lord our Help.*
DUNDEE. C. M. P. 153.

1 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

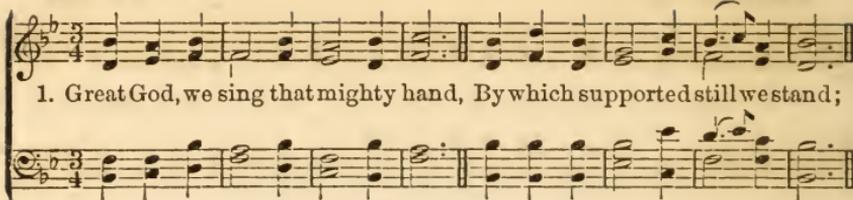
2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

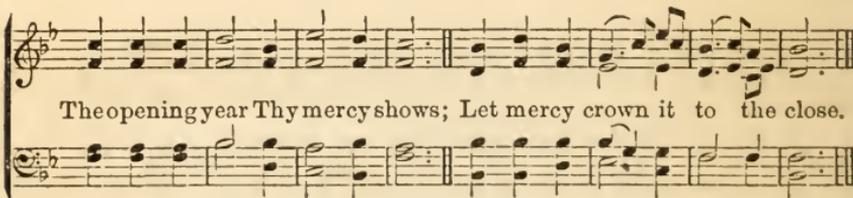
4 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

MENDON. L. M.

GERMAN.



1. Great God, we sing that mighty hand, By which supported still we stand;



The opening year Thy mercy shows; Let mercy crown it to the close.

413 *Gratitude for the Past.* L. M.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led,

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future,—all to us unknown,—
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored thro' all our changing days,

5 When death shall close our earthly
songs,

And seal in presence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.

414 *The Year crowned with Goodness.* L. M.

1 Eternal Source of every joy,
Thy praise may well our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling
year.

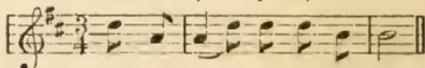
2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;

The summer rays of vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Thro' all our coasts abundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a dreary aspect wear.

5 Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade;
Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise.

AMBOV. 7. D. p. 124.

**415** *Thanksgiving.* 7.

1 Swell the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from His liberal hand
Flow around this happy land;
Kept by Him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod;
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

COME, LET US ANEW. 5, 12.

R. L., by per.

1. Come, let us a-new Our journey pursue,—Roll round with the
 year, And nev-er stand still till the Master appear; His
 a-dorable will Let us glad-ly ful-fill, And our talents im-
 prove By the patience of hope, and the la-bor of love.

416 *The New Year.* 5, 12.

2 Our life is a dream;
 Our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
 The arrow is flown;
 The moment is gone;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's
 near.

3 O that each, in the day
 Of His coming, may say,
 "I have fought my way thro';
 I have finished the work Thou didst
 give me to do;"
 O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done;
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on
 my throne."

Close of the Year.

417 ROCKINGHAM. L. M. p. 48.

1 Our helper, God, we bless Thy name,
 Whose love for ever is the same;
 The tokens of whose gracious care
 Begin and crown and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
 Supported by Thy guardian hand;
 And see, when we review our ways,
 Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far Thine arm has led us on;
 Thus far we make Thy mercy known;
 And while we tread this desert land,
 New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
 Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
 Then bear, in Thy bright courts above,
 Inscriptions of immortal love,

WE SHALL MEET. 8, 7. Pec.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. We shall meet beyond the riv - er, By and by, by and by;

And the dark-ness will be o - ver, By and by, by and by;

With the toilsome journey done, And the glo-rious bat-tle won,

We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.

418 Meeting By and by. 8, 7. PRC.

2 We shall strike the harps of glory,
By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story,
By and by, by and by;
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us,
By and by, by and by;

And the angels who fulfill
All the mandates of His will,
Shall attend and love us still,
By and by, by and by.

4 Wearing robes of snowy whiteness,
By and by, by and by,
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
By and by, by and by,—
Then, our storms and perils passed,
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast,
By and by, by and by.

DRAWING NEARER. 12.

w. H. D., by per.

1. Drawing nearer my home, drawing nearer to-day, Still my barque hurries

on to its har-bor a-way, And I smile at the waves while a-

round me they roll; There is peace in my heart, there is joy in my soul.

REFRAIN. *p* *rit.*
Drawing near-er home, drawing nearer home, Home, sweet home, home, sweet home.

Drawing nearer my home, drawing nearer my home,

419

Drawing Nearer Home., 12.

- 2 Drawing nearer my home, drawing nearer the shore,
Where the wiles of the tempter will vex me no more;
And the light which I now in the distance behold,
On my vision will break with a splendor untold.
- 3 Drawing nearer my home, and the fruitage that grows
On the fair tree of life, where the pure river flows;
There the saints with their harps on its margin recline,
Giving glory to God for His mercy divine.
- 4 Drawing nearer my home every moment I am,
Drawing nearer my home and the throne of the Lamb,
Where the ties that were broken again shall unite,
And our hearts shall be one in eternal delight.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER. 8, 7.

R. L., by per.

1. Shall we gather at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod,

With its crystal tide for ev - er Flowing from the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beautiful riv - er,

Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows from the throne of God.

420 *Gather at the River.* 8, 7.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We shall walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour King we own,
We shall meet and sorrow never,
'Neath the glory of the throne.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Tho' we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to Thee, Thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given;
Grateful for Thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever Thine.

HENDON. 7. p. 14.

421 *Parting and Praise.* 7.

1 Christians, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart

BY AND BY. 8, 10.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. By and by, when the reapers come, And we hear the song of the

har-vest home, 'Twill be sweet to think of our la-bor done, Of the

REFRAIN.
gold-en sheaves in the set-ting sun. By and by, when the

an-gel reapers come, We will join the song of the harvest home; O
By and by,

by and by, when the angel reapers come, We will join the song of the harvest home.
By and by,

422

Harvest Home. 8, 10.

- 2 By and by, when at home we meet,
When we cast our sheaves at the Master's feet,
In the land of rest 'twill be joy to know,
It was not in vain that we toiled below.
- 3 By and by, if we watch and wait,
We shall enter in at the pearly gate;
We shall sit us down with our friends above,
'Mid the songs of joy in a feast of love.

SHINING SHORE. 8, 7. Pec.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would

not de - tain them as they fly, These hours of toil and dan - ger.
D.S. just be - fore, the shining shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over; And,

423 *The Shining Shore.* 8, 7. Pec.

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,
Forever, oh, forever.

Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

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

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

AVON. C. M. p. 8.

424 *The Brevity of Life.* C. M.

1 How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!

MENDEBRAS. 7, 6.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. { As flows the rap-id riv-er, With channel broad and free, }
 Its wa-ters rippling ev-er, And hast-ing to the sea, }

So life is on-ward flow-ing, And days of offered peace,

And man is swift-ly go-ing Where calls of mer-cy cease.

425 *Life rapidly passing away.* 7, 6.

2 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.

And the cup of thanksgiving with
 penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—wel-
 come 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.

426 *Longing for Heaven.*
 PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11. p. 150.

1 I would not live alway; I ask not
 to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark
 o'er the way;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn
 on us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough
 for its cheer.

4 Who, who would live alway, away
 from his God,—
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful
 abode,
 Where rivers of pleasure flow bright
 o'er the plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally
 reigns?

2 I would not live alway thus fettered
 by sin,—
 Temptation without and corruption
 within;
 E'en the rapture of pardon is min-
 gled with fears,

5 There saints of all ages in harmony
 meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transport-
 ed to greet;
 While anthems of rapture unceasing-
 ly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast
 of the soul.

NEARER MY HOME. 6.

JOHN M. EVANS, by per.

1. One sweet-ly sol- emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er:

I'm near-er home to - day Than e'er I've been be - fore.

CHORUS.

I'm nearer my home, nearer my home, Nearer my home to - day;

Yes, nearer my home in heav'n to-day, Than ever I've been be-fore.

427 *Nearer my Home.* 6.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

3 For even now my feet
May stand upon its brink;
I may be nearer home,
Nearer than now I think.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh, make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by Thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

428 *Flight of Time.*
KENTUCKY. S. M. p. 175.

1 To-morrow, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

4 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

CHINA. C. M.

TIMOTHY SWAN.

1. Why do we mourn de-part - ing friends, Or shake at death's alarms?

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to His arms.

429 *Death of Christian Friends.* c. m.

- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

ZEPHYR. L. M. p. 25.

430 *Death not to be Feared.*

- 1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 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 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

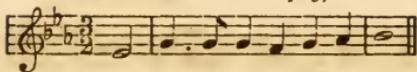
4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HENRY. C. M. p. 26.

431 *Death a temporary Separation.*

- 1 Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 3 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
- 4 O Saviour, be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

MERIBAH. C. F. M. p. 57.

**432** *Be Thou my Hiding-place.*

1 When Thou, my righteous Judge,
shalt come

To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?

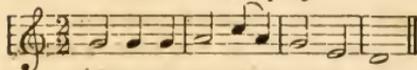
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this, th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall
sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions
ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

ZEPHYR. L. M. p. 25.

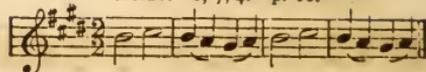
**433** *Asleep in Jesus.*

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his 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 power.

SICILY. 8, 7, 4. p. 10.

**434** *Saints and Sinners judged.*

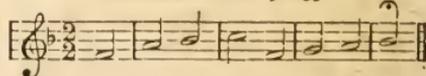
1 Day of judgment, day of wonders,—
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

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 powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confesséd,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blesséd;
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

DUNDEE. C. M. p. 153.

**435** *Absence of God intolerable.*

1 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 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands;
Show me some promise in Thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

REST OVER JORDAN.

w. H. D., by per.

1. 'Tis a blessed hope, and it cheers my soul, I shall rest by and

by o-ver Jor-dan; When my work is done and my crown is won,

REFRAIN.

I shall rest, sweetly rest o-ver Jordan. O-ver Jordan, o-ver

Jor-dan, I shall rest, sweetly rest by and by; 'Tis a precious

hope, 'tis a blessed hope, I shall rest, sweetly rest o-ver Jordan.

436 *The Promised Land.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 'Tis a blessed hope which my Sav-
iour gives,
I shall rest by and by over Jordan;
I shall see Him there in His man-
sion fair,
When I rest, sweetly rest over Jor-
dan.</p> | <p>3 With a steadfast faith I will labor on,
I shall rest, sweetly rest over Jor-
dan;
O what joy 'twill be the redeemed to
see,
When I rest, sweetly rest over Jor-
dan.</p> |
|--|---|

SWEET BY AND BY.

JOSEPH F. WEBSTER, by per.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see

it a - far; For the Father waits o - ver the way, To pre-

CHORUS.

pare us a dwelling place there. In the sweet by and
In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the
by and by, by and by,

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by and by, In the sweet by and by,

437 *The heavenly Home.*

- 2 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
- 3 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,
In that land where the saved never die;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.

MOUNT PISGAH. C. M.

J. C. LOWRY, 1820.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye.....

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

Where my possessions lie, Where my possessions lie,.....

438 *Heaven in Prospect.* C. M.

- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face
And in His bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
I'd fearless launch away.

439 *The Realms of the Blest.*
SWEET BY AND BY. 8. p. 196.

- 1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there!
- CHO.—To be there, to be there,
O what must it be to be there;
To be there, to be there,
O what must it be to be there!
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked 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!

HOME OVER THERE.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. O think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of

light, Where the saints, all immor - tal and fair, Are
o - ver there,

CHORUS.
robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o - ver
o - ver there.

there, O think of a home o - ver there, O - ver
o - ver there, o - ver there,

there, o - ver there, o - ver there, O think of a home o - ver there.
over there,

440

The Home Beyond.

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on their,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there,
O think of the friends over there.

3 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see,
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

BEAUTIFUL CITY. L. M. 61.

ТНОС. J. СООК.

mf

1. Beautiful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beautiful cit - y, that I love,

cres. *f*

Beautiful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple, — God its light, —

mp

He who was slain on Cal - va - ry Open those pearly gates to me.

f

Zi - on, Zion, love - ly Zion! Beautiful Zion, city of our God!

441 *Beautiful Zion.* L. M. 61.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir, —
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace, —
There shall my eyes the Saviour see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

442 *The Faithful Friend.*

1 This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

DE FLEURY. 8. p. 116.

HAPPY PLACE. C. M.

OLD MELODY.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies,
 CHO.—O the place, the hap - py place, The place where Jesus reigns,

CHORUS. D. S.
 I bid farewell to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
 The place where Christians all shall meet, And nev - er part a - gain!

443 *The Title Clear.* C. M.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

444 *The New Jerusalem.* C. M.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy and peace, in thee?
- 2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know;
 Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes,
 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 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

445 *The Attractions of Heaven.*
 WOODSTOCK. C. M. p. 135.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-fading flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 That heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green,
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,—
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unbelclouded eyes,—
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,—
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

OAK. 6, 4.

DR. LOWELL MASON, by per.

1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; }
 { Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home; } Danger and sorrow stand

Round me on ev-ery hand; Heav'n is my fatherland,—Heav'n is my home.

446 *My Home is in Heaven.* 6, 4.

2 What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Time's cold and win'try blast
 Soon will be overpast;
 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 loved most and best,
 And there I, too, shall rest;
 Heaven is my home.

FOR EVER THINE. 5, 6, 4.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. Thine, Lord, for ev - er, Pur-chased by blood di - vine;

Res - cued and saved by Thee, Lord, I am Thine.

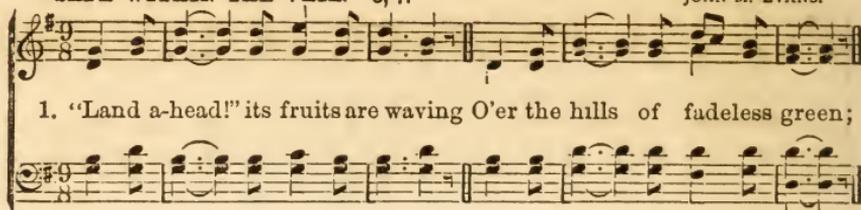
447 *Thine forever.* 5, 6, 4.

2 Thine, Lord, for ever,
 Though death shall lay me low;
 E'en in that dreadful hour,
 Thine, Lord, I know.

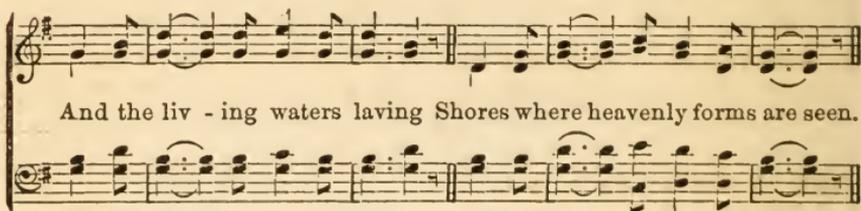
3 Thine, Lord, for ever,
 When safe before Thy throne
 I stand, for evermore
 Thine, Thine alone.

SAFE WITHIN THE VEIL. 8, 7.

JOHN M. EVANS.

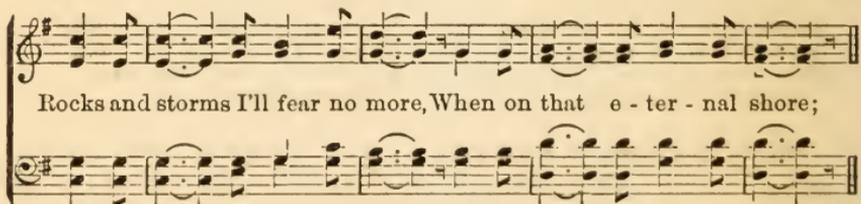


1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green;

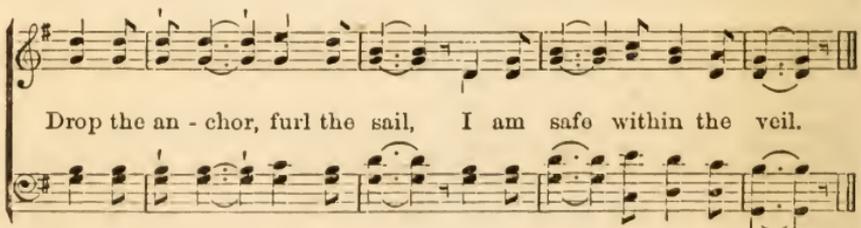


And the living waters laving Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

CHORUS.



Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore;



Drop the an - chor, furl the sail, I am safe within the veil.

448 *Within the Veil.*

- 2 Onward, bark, the cape I'm rounding; Seaward fast the tide is gliding,
See the blessed wave their hands; Shores in sunlight stretch away.
- Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands.
- 4 Now we're safe from all temptation;
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation,
We are safe at home at last!
- 3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;

WOODLAND. C. M. 51.

NATHANIEL DUREN GOULD.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers
given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A
balm for ev - ery wounded breast,—'Tis found a - lone in heaven.

449 *Rest in Heaven.* C. M. 51.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear,—'tis heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven,
And 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 dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

450 *Dwelling with God.*
MORNINGTON. S. M. p. 157.

- 1 "Forever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,—
'Tis 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,
Thy golden gates appear!

- 4 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

451 *The Heavenly Land.*
ROCKINGHAM. L. M. p. 43.

- 1 There is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught.
- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

w. H. D., by per.

1. When Je - sus comes to reward His servants, Whether it be noon or

night, Faith - ful to Him, will He find us watching,

Rit. REFRAIN.
With our lamps all trimmed and bright? Oh, can we say we are

ready, brother? Ready for the soul's bright home? Say, will He

find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

452 *The Lord will Come.*

- 2 If at the dawn of the early morning,
He shall call us one by one,
When to the Lord we restore our
talents,
Will He answer thee, "Well done"?
- 3 Have we been true to the trust He
left us?
Do we seek to do our best?

- If in our hearts there is naught con-
demns us,
We shall have a glorious rest.
- 4 Blessed are those whom the Lord
finds watching;
In His glory they shall share;
If He shall come at the dawn or mid-
night,
Will He find us watching there?

AMSTERDAM. 7, 6. Pec.

DR. JAMES NARES.

2d. FINE.

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; }
 { Rise from transi - to - ry things, Toward heaven, thy native place; }
 D. C. — Rise, my soul, and haste away To (Omit)..... seats prepared above.

D. C.
 Sun and moon and stars decay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;

453 *Looking unto Jesus.* 7, 6. Pec.

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 our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies;
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

PILGRIM'S SONG. S. M.

REV. E. W. DUNBAR, ARR.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And
 CHO.—Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day; Oh,

D. C. CHO.
 we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep within the tomb.
 wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way.

454 *The Pilgrim's Song.* S. M.

2 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.
 3 A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way,

And we shall reach the endless rest,
 Th' eternal Sabbath-day.
 4 'Tis but a little while,
 And He shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, who lives
 That we with Him might reign.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES. C. M.

WILLIAM MILLER, M. D.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come,

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?

CHORUS.

We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes,

We'll wait till Je . sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes,

We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And then be gath - ered home.

We'll wait till Je . sus comes,

455 *Waiting for Jesus.* C. M.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side;
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

5 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

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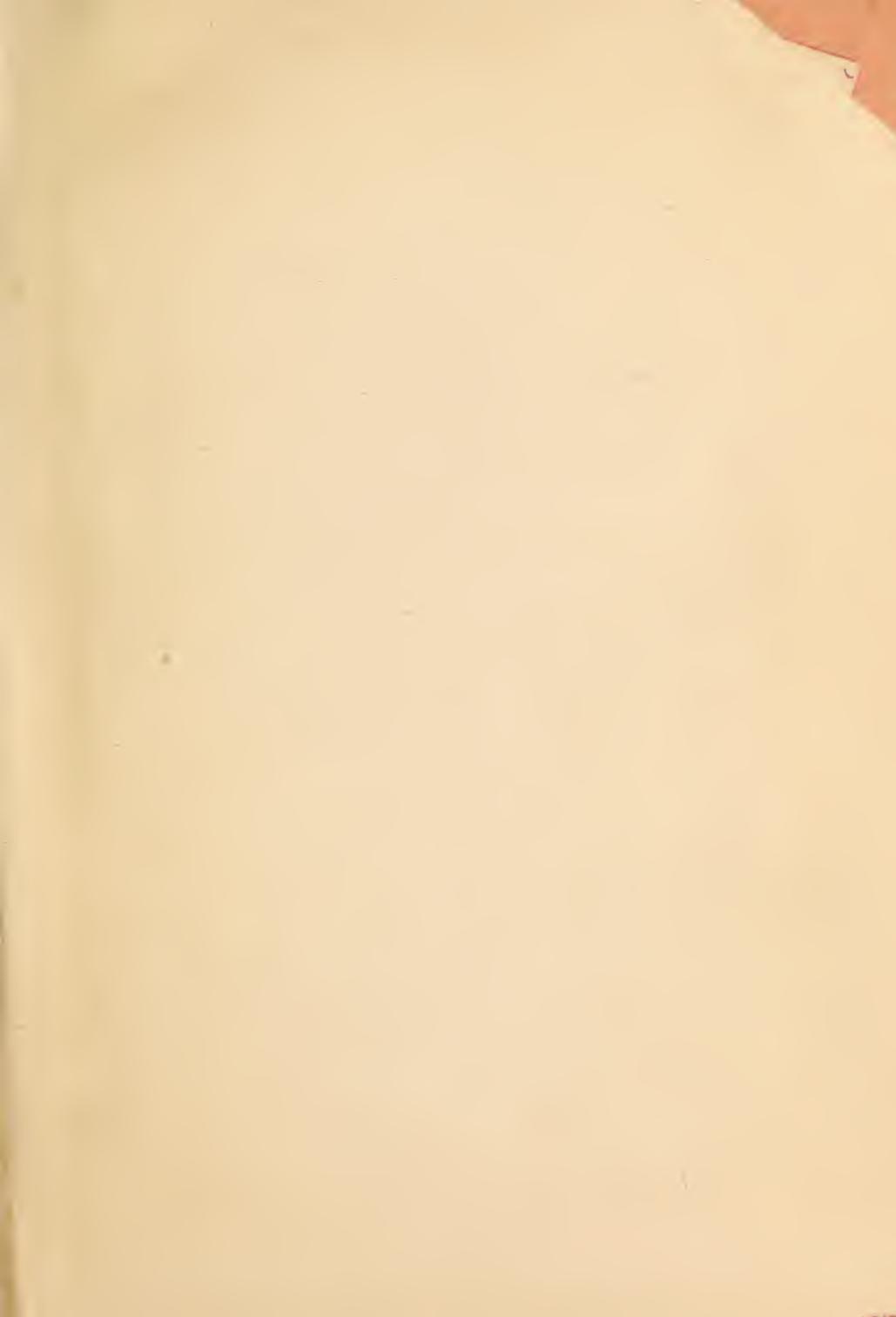
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